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ERRATA.

Page 18, col. 3, line 6, for "Thompson" read "Thomson."

Page 28, col. 1, line 41, for "echoes that of the" read "echoes the formal letter of members of the."

Page 36, col. 1, line 21, for "Kerzer" read "Karzer"; col. 2, line 41, for "Mayne" read "Maync"; line 51, for "Reformatorum" read "Reformatorium."

Page 38, col. 2, lines 39, 48, for "Hughes" read "Douglas."

Page 115, col. 3, line 38, for "Immigration" read "irrigation."

Page 192, col. 2, line 10, for "Cincinnati" read "Chicago."

Page 201, col. 1, line 70, for "Patemann" read "Pateman."

Page 235, col. 1, line 35, for "Palmbrin" read "Palmgren"; line 39, for "preliminary report" read "interview."

Page 358, col. 3, line 60, for "James Wilson Bright, Catherine Donovan" read "James Wilson Bright, Caroline Donovan professor of English Literature in the Johns Hopkins University."

Page 180, col. 3, line 31, A "topical index" will be found in Vol. II., page 695.

Page 435, col. 1, line 69, for "ten" read "six"; line 71, for "1892" read "1886."

Page 536, col. 1, line 67, for "Deane" read "Donne."

Page 574, col. 2, line 38, for "movement" read "moment."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908.

The Week.

The controversy as to whether hospital ships should be commanded by surgeons or line officers is nearly as old as the hills; and, as Surgeon-General Rixey points out, the army has long since decided it in favor of the Medical Department. To surgeons, the putting of a line officer over a floating hospital is analogous to putting a layman in charge of one on land. Moreover, the pacific character of a hospital ship requires that the commander shall be a non-combatant. This was the Japanese policy in the war with Russia, and, if we are correctly informed, is necessitated by recent action at the Hague Peace Conference. But the technical naval officer at once quotes the colloquy said to have taken place on the army hospital-ship Relief when a visitor asked for the captain. "Which do you want, the quartermaster-captain, the soldier-captain, the doctor-captain, or the captain of the ship?" There is no need for two of these, the soldier-captain and the quartermaster-captain, for soldiers are bound to obey the orders of a medical officer, and the quartermaster duties can be performed by an assistant surgeon, detailed as acting quartermaster. There must be a navigating master, of course. To our mind, he should be a civilian who would bear to the commanding surgeon the same relationship which the master of a yacht bears to its owner. The commanding of improvised hospital ships by belligerent officers has more than once done great harm to the patients. Civilian masters, be it noted, are employed on most of the navy's colliers to-day.

If the Reuterdahl charges, recently printed in *McClure's Magazine*, and the dispute between line and staff as to the command of the hospital ship shall lead to a reorganization of Navy Department bureaus, the outcome of present trouble will be happy. Some way of consolidating the bureaus should be found, so that public business may proceed properly, and a battleship commander may not receive conflicting orders as to sailing from a navy yard. The need of the hour is coördination; the House and Senate Naval Committees are reported to have discovered how antagonistic the bureaus are, or at least how independent of one another. There are seven of them, all vital to the efficiency of the fleet; if they pull together, they can accomplish much; if they work at cross purposes, the result is delay, waste, and inefficiency. Some time ago it was proposed to combine them into two great departments, but the project was defeated. As for the strife between the line and staff, it has been going on for at least fifty years; between the engineers and the combatant officers it grew so bitter that the two classes were finally amalgamated—an experiment of doubtful value, which certainly has not ended the bickerings. A Congressional inquiry would be just the medicine to cool the hot-bloods of the service, who are now crying out in fear lest Congress give them an investigation instead of four new battleships.

The whole country, we believe, is with the President when he insists that it is Nevada's business to protect life and property in Goldfield. As to immediate policy, Gov. Sparks has gained a point in securing the staying of United States troops for three weeks longer, while the President has forced the summoning of the State Legislature in special session. There is no disposition at Washington to do police work, however important, merely because a State government is feeble, indifferent, or timorous. But police work is, after all, only one branch of public activity, and the Administration which now keeps so strictly to its own sphere has been uncommonly ready to undertake tasks that had always been regarded as belonging to the States. We have heard in the last few years of many things which the States really ought to do, but which would not get done at all unless the Federal government did them. Protecting the food supply, animal and vegetable, curbing the railroads, regulating corporations, suppressing child labor, conserving the forests, developing the waterways, have been among them. We are not saying that what the government has done hitherto in connection with such tasks has been unwise. But the burden of proof has been so forced on the *opponents* of every extension of Federal function, that it is a satisfaction to have the opposite doctrine now insisted on so stoutly.

Every fair-minded man should welcome the bringing of a suit to test the President's right to discharge without honor the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, for their alleged failure to confess the plot to "shoot up" Brownsville. The result of the Senate inquiry cannot be satisfactory, because the committee will split on personal or partisan lines. Moreover, the President and the War Department are bent on proving the men guilty, and are therefore far from being in a judicial frame of mind. This fact appears afresh in the recent dispatches. A week or two ago Senator Foraker discovered by chemical analysis that the bullets fired into the houses at Brownsville contained antimony, a substance that, according to the War Department's formula, is not used by the makers of the army bullets. Now Gen. Crozier, the Chief of Ordnance, triumphantly announces that there is antimony in all the army bullets. The makers, he now gladly shows, have long been violating their contracts. Thus Gen. Crozier's ordnance officers, who are appointed to see that the country gets what it pays for, have been negligent in not detecting the cheat. A similar desire to prove that its men were guilty has actuated the Department in the matter of identifying the rifles used. A court review will decide whether the President can violate the government's contract with a soldier on an unverified suspicion that he took part in some wrongdoing.

Other candidates may be boomed for the Presidency by clubs, committees, or conventions, but only Fairbanks is backed by a "love-feast." Last week the Indiana Republicans "in biennial love-feast assembled," praised his "poise" and "conservative courage," and called upon the country to elect him President. Let not the ribald make a mock of this. The very term, love-feast, indicates political strength. It is borrowed from Methodist practice, and recalls the fact that many a successful politician in the Middle West has been—we might almost say, has to be—a Methodist. Grant and Hayes and McKinley were of that denomination, as are a multitude which no man can number of Representatives and Senators. The reasons why the Methodist Church has been a mighty power in politics throughout the Central West, are bound up with the great material development of those States, and the rise of the children of the old circuit-riders and their parishioners to affluence. The denomination has become conscious of its power, and has used it. The result is that being "a good Methodist" is a valuable political asset. Without it, Fairbanks would be negligible: with it—well, there are several million Baptists also, and if it comes to a contest between Fairbanks and Hughes, the doctrine of falling from grace will have a hard struggle with the perseverance of the saints.

Here are the New England cotton-mills cutting down production by 25 per cent., and there is no man to shake his gory locks at tariff-revision and say thou didst it. Nor did "standing pat" prevent it. Senator Lodge ought to be seen about this. No statesman has explained to his thick-witted constituents more patiently than he, that to touch the tariff would be to make the tall chimneys stop smoking, and the turbines cease revolving. Well, the tariff is untouched, but business is not. What has happened to the Republican magic that its efficacy has thus failed? Inquiry ought to be made of President Roosevelt. A late convert is often the most zealous expounder of the faith; and as a former free-trader now become a pillar in the stand-pat church, Mr. Roosevelt ought to be able to explain why Providence has suddenly resigned as the leading member of the Republican party. Some one ought to put a question to Secretary Taft, also. He is a paulo-post-future tariff reviser, and elaborately argued in his Columbus speech that nothing should be done till after the next Presidential election, since if the subject were even discussed now, a chill would fall upon manufacturing industries, and our great goddess prosperity would feel outraged. A public man so in the secrets of destiny ought to be just the one to tell us why the high tariff is of no avail to prevent a panic and depression which the soothsayers of his party have assured us it would forever avert.

The War Department has advertised for bids on military airships in the same matter-of-fact way in which it might ask for proposals for stoves or wagons. If anybody can deliver a machine which is up to the requirements, our government will pay liberally; if not, it will go without. Surprise is expressed at Washington that the tests prescribed are considerably more rigid than those for the still unclaimed Deutsch prize. Yet they look to the only type of airship which would be of any real use in warfare. It must be able to navigate against the wind, to stay in the air continuously for an hour, to make a speed of forty miles per hour, to ascend under any conditions, to land in a field without damage, and to be manageable by any operator of reasonable expertness. There has been much enthusiasm over the European successes with propelled gas-bags, but the machine of practical utility must certainly possess all the qualities which our authorities have noted in their memorandum, if not more. Whether it would have been wiser to encourage inventors by offering rewards for partial successes—as Congress subsidized the Langley aerodrome—is a question of policy. The War Department has decided not to spend money for playthings. If it should succeed in obtaining the first real flyer, the result would be both a vindication and a triumph.

One of our readers wrote recently to inquire whether the enlightened self-interest of private forest-owners would not be a stronger force toward the perpetuation of our forests than any governmental regulation. "If private management of enterprises generally is conceded to be superior in foresight and economy," he asked, in effect, "why should it be assumed that forestry is an exception to the rule?" It is, indeed, customary to point to the growth of forestry schools and the general employment of trained foresters by lumber companies, and other users of timber, as evidence that the country has at last seen the error of its ways. Conclusions like these, however, though sound enough in some ways, need still to be qualified. As Ernest Bruncken points out in the current number of *Forestry and Irrigation*, the scientific forestry of to-day "is still principally 'extractive' forestry, the harvesting of the supply furnished by unaided nature, only some care is taken to avoid unnecessary waste." "Productive" forestry, which looks toward securing a new future supply, "is still a rare exception in this country." What the American forest offers to-day is practically government-bond interest with lumber-yard security. Fire is an ever-present danger, and systems of taxation have yet to be adapted to the culture of so slow-growing a crop as the lumber-yielding trees. Added to these factors is the temptation to anticipate future profits. Our forests, it is estimated, will supply our industrial needs if they can be made to yield thirty cubic feet of lumber per acre annually. The annual growth at present averages far less than that—some say as low as ten feet to the acre, though European countries have proved it possible to produce much more than thirty. The owner of an American forest to-day must either content himself with cutting only the annual increase, which will provide him but the smallest return on his investment, or else cut more than the annual growth, and thus in time destroy his forest. By doing the latter he can probably make generous profits during all the time that he, personally, is likely to need the money. It is this condition which has made students of the subject practically a unit in advocating public control. This does not mean that private interests are having no part in the great work of "conserving our natural resources." Industrial corporations, plagued by the rising price of wood, have protected themselves extensively by buying woodlands. The railways East and West have planted millions of young trees which will furnish the ties of the future. The paper mills own tracts of forest, as do some of the furniture factories. It is in connection with these special uses that the conservative tendencies through private agencies are best seen.

"Alcohol," so the dictionary informs us, "is a powerful stimulant." We would suggest, on contemporary evidence, that the mere idea of alcohol—denatured alcohol—is a stimulant also. Otherwise, why have the prophecies of cheap industrial alcohol for this country gone so wofully wrong? Two years ago Congress removed the tax from industrial alcohol. One year ago it so far removed other restrictions that the farmer could manufacture alcohol in his own backyard without maintaining a Federal inspector on the premises. Spurred by this doubled generosity, the 10,438,217 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits have, among them, set up exactly ten stills. This is in approximately the ratio of one to the million. In Germany there is a still to every 120 farmers and farm workers. Various explanations are given of the fiasco. Some say we need new patterns of lamps and stoves, some that we need more thrift, some that we need a tariff, though how a tariff can defend the farmer against the competition of native petroleum is another matter. Farmers are not the readiest people in the world to avail themselves of such brand-new opportunities as this, and it may be that if the daring ten are successful, ten thousand will follow their lead next year. Even if they do not, it is no argument against the wisdom of removing needless restrictions from what may be an important industry.

The leader of the New York Oratorio Society makes a proper but, we fear, hopeless plea for the recognition of other oratorios than the "Messiah." He contends that oratorio-goers have not done, as they seem to think, the whole duty of man, when they have gone piously through their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Handel. But ingrained habit cannot be overcome by the most convincing argument. Just as there are thousands of people to whom a book means a novel, so there are excellent thousands more to whom an oratorio means only the "Messiah." You may talk to them till your breath is gone about "Gerontius" and the "Vita Nuova," but the very existence of such works they will go on blissfully ignoring. We can only wish Frank Damrosch success in his efforts to broaden the musical taste of his public, but it is an up-hill work which he has undertaken. Indeed, if he were actually to compass such a revolution, he would destroy one of our most venerable definitions of a certain order of citizenship—the man who has mutton-chop whiskers, wears "spats," dines at twelve o'clock, votes the straight Republican ticket, and goes to the "Messiah."

The agreement finally arrived at between the Foreign Office at Tokio and the Canadian Minister of Labor may be regarded as ending the present phase of the anti-Japanese movement in Canada and this country. Without abandoning any of its treaty rights, the Mikado's government has agreed for the future so to "control" emigration as practically to prohibit the influx of laborers into Canada. A similar agreement is on the point of conclusion with our own Ambassador. Wise foresight counsels Japan, while yielding to the present outburst of anti-Japanese feeling on the American Pacific Coast, not to abandon rights which may prove valuable when the present agitation shall subside. If Asiatic emigration is as sensitive to economic conditions in the United States as European emigration has recently been, the task of holding back the Japanese from America should not now be difficult.

The Central American republics have searched their hearts thoroughly, and for every transgression they have concluded a treaty. No less than eight separate agreements are the result of the recent conference in Washington. The final treaty, in which the signatory Powers pledge themselves not to recognize any government established in a neighboring state by violence or other extra-Constitutional means, shows with what painful anxiety the conference delegates sought for guarantees against their own weaknesses. Yet the efficacy of the new treaties will depend largely on the influence which the United States and Mexico, as officially recognized friends, may come to exercise. That Central America itself may grow distinctly more sober in the near future is not improbable. The very conference at Washington is indicative of aspiration for more stable government and the resulting industrial development.

The reason given by Lord Curzon for his decision to enter the House of Lords as a representative Irish peer, instead of seeking a seat in the Commons, embodies, unintentionally perhaps, as biting a criticism of the British upper house as any Radical politician has lately been known to utter. It had long been his ambition to enter the House of Commons, declared Lord Curzon, "but the strain of his work as Viceroy had proved too much for his strength, and the opinion of his medical advisers had driven him reluctantly to the conclusion that he could not reënter that House." Among the legislating peers, of course, there is no probability of Lord Curzon's endangering his health. Convening as they ordinarily do at 4:17 P. M., and adjourning at 4:45 P. M., no overstrung or fever-eaten servant of the Empire could find the pace more than the gentle exercise needed to keep up one's interest in life. In Lord Curzon's case, it is a misfortune that ill-health should prevent his entering a sphere where his great powers could best be exercised. On his return from India two years ago, Curzon was looked upon as the man who might rehabilitate the fortunes of the Unionist party, standing apart as he did necessarily from either faction, Chamberlainite or free-trade. Whether Arthur Balfour would have been entirely pleased with the presence in the House of Commons of a political heir whose importance was derived in part from the fact that his views were different from Mr. Balfour's, is a question.

The arrest of the Irish member of Parliament from Westmeath after he had been condemned to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court, shows that the Liberal Government has finally been spurred into taking cognizance of the cattle-driving agitation in Ireland. Mr. Ginnell, the imprisoned M.P., has been the most outspoken advocate of that method of coercing the landlords into placing their pasture lands on the market for purchase through the Land Commission. To force the government to take action, has been the object of the cattle-drivers, and if they have not accomplished all they have expected, they have certainly brought the question squarely before the public. The martyrdom of Mr. Ginnell should not matter greatly. In fact, it helps a Nationalist cause to be able to point to its confessors now and then, and Ireland without one or two members of Parliament who have worn stripes would be like Germany without any incarcerated Socialist leaders, or France without a Monarchist felon or two, or Hungary without a jailed Croatian Deputy. At the same time, the Liberal Cabinet incurs no particular odium for arresting and trying by due process of the law a man who has been clearly guilty of disturbing the public order. That the Irish Parliamentarians are confident of the future would seem to be indicated by the impending reëntrance of William O'Brien, the dissident member from Cork, into the Redmond ranks. A little disunion, a little public disorder, a new bill, reunion, and peace, and then over again—that seems to be Ireland's slow and painful way towards better things.

Berlin's two Harden trials have aroused a good deal of pleasurable emotion on the other side of the Rhine. French public feeling seems to be growing sensitive about the "holier-than-thou" attitude which the rest of the world maintains towards the wicked Gaul. In the case of Great Britain and the United States, the French are attempting to vindicate the general character of their misunderstood literature. As for Germany, Frenchmen make use of an emphatic *tu quoque*. The well-known critic, Gaston Deschamps, in a recent review of the philosophy of Alfred Fouillée, took occasion to draw up a formidable indictment against the spirit that animates modern Germany. Deschamps asserts that, with all her supposed vices of the body, France has nevertheless remained the country where the "idea"—the idea of justice, of internationalism, of humanity, of the superiority of right over violence—has retained its sway. German science and learning, on the other hand, have surrendered themselves to the vindication of brute force over moral ideals. German savants have been Jingoes and worse. Mommsen, in his deification of violence, cunning, and success as personified in Julius Cæsar, is really the progenitor of Nietzsche's frank anarchism. When the war of 1870-71 broke out, David Strauss, author of the "Life of Jesus," was one of those who cried loudest for the utter annihilation of "debauched" France; and it was a Frenchman, Renan, who addressed to the enraged theologian an exquisitely moving letter, in which he deplored, without anger, that one whom he revered as his *maître* should be also his country's enemy.

The Russian government, like every honest and staid man of business, has been actively paying off its old debts and balancing its books for the New Year. Not long ago it squared accounts with twenty-seven members of the second Duma, who received, in full payment of their claims, varying terms at hard labor in the mines and Siberia. Last week, it began negotiations with no less than 169 of its creditors, all members of the first Duma, who signed the celebrated Viborg manifesto in the summer of 1906. The 169 deputies, all charged with high treason, include the president of the first Duma, its vice-president, and the leading men of Russia in every intellectual field. Unlike some American depositors, these creditors of the Russian government are pretty sure of getting what is coming to them. Three years' imprisonment and the loss of civil rights is a fair dividend. Having disposed of the claims arising from the first Duma, the Czar may go still further back, to the leaders of the professional unions which combated the manifesto of August 19, 1905; to the leaders of the Zemstvo Congress who demanded Constitutional government in December, 1904; and so finally, perhaps, to the leaders of the previous Zemstvo Congress, which, without mentioning Constitutions, dared to appeal for relief from intolerable conditions. The Czar has still twelve days until *his* December 31 comes, and in that time an active and determined autocracy may accomplish much.

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IMPERIAL FATALISM.

A foreigner can put some things more bluntly than a native likes to. In a recent address by Lord Curzon, he stated the case of American Imperialism in a way which is more truthful than flattering—though he did not intend to be in the least uncomplimentary. Lord Curzon knows this country well. It is evident, too, that he must have kept himself informed of the movement of public opinion among us; for he is aware that the bloom is off our first Imperialist enthusiasm. Lord Curzon declared that, in his belief, if this country could now be polled on the issue of Imperial expansion, "a large and possibly an overwhelming majority would be against it." Yet he went on to say that circumstances are too strong for this puissant people. They are caught in the toils, and cannot escape. They will do nothing except to moan at their own helplessness. Political parties might denounce the policy entered upon after the Spanish war, as "the more thoughtful Americans might deplore it," but no President and no Congress would take steps to revoke it.

What Lord Curzon was really after was an argument to bring to bear upon Englishmen. They have lately shown signs of lagging in the Imperial struggle. The weary Titan would like to lay down a part of his load—is, indeed, already doing so in South Africa. But this will never do. John Bull must be flogged to his task, and Lord Curzon reaches for the whip of American example. If even a nation with "so little of the instinct of militarism or aggrandizement as America" is swept into the vortex of Imperialism, and finds herself utterly unable to get out, how can England hope to hold aloof from a movement which is so plainly world-wide, and so charged with inexorable fate? We will leave Englishmen to answer that question for themselves; what concerns Americans is to decide whether it is true that they have become slaves of "the strong god circumstance."

It is too late, now, to go back to the might-have-beens. We cannot undo the past, but we can mend the present. For our part, we shall never agree that the annexation of the Philippines was inevitable; but that is now a vain dispute. The islands are ours, and it is for us to say what we shall do with them. And there certainly could be no more bitter humiliation for a great country than to tell it that it cannot do what it wants to with its own property—and this, not because some other and stronger Power forbids, but because the national will and vigor are paralyzed by a mysterious and unescapable fate. This is the doctrine of Imperial fatalism. We are not the lords of our own souls. A strong man has entered our house and bound us, and we have to do his bidding. The national preference is powerfully in one direction, but the national action must be wholly in the opposite. The *vox populi* goes for nothing.

Now, if we are compelled, as Lord Curzon thinks, to lie down ignominiously before a hated Imperialism, then that subject stands apart from all others in the political field. Everywhere else, the argument is that, if we have got into a mess, we must set to work to get out of it. As regards what other matter could it be said that a large and even overwhelming majority of the voters must remain powerless to translate their wishes into action? We have not been bred to think ourselves so fettered. In the spirit of our own ancestors we have been accustomed, when some nerveless man breathed the pious wish, "Well, God mend all," to reply with energy, "Nay, but we'll help him to mend it!"

Any vigorous and self-respecting nation ought to regard it as a libel to say of it that it is so hampered by circumstances that it cannot do justice, cannot deal with great problems in accordance with its own fixed principles. But nobody asks of Americans that they should do anything for the Philippines but treat them in the American way. And there is a visible and strengthening movement to do that very thing. The United States is neither so helpless nor so despairing, in this business, as Lord Curzon imagines. Plans to withdraw from the Philippines are broached and pushed as never before. Resolutions to that end crowd the calendar of Congress. So far from being a closed question, it is more open than ever. There has been, and there still is, much popular indifference on this subject. This is partly the mortified reaction from the ignorant vainglory of 1899. Those who then shouted with joy over the Philippines, now do not want to hear a word about them. But the Americans who to-day are active at all in the Philippine question, are almost all in favor of ending our expansion in the Orient as speedily as may be. Whether by neutralization, by a mere protectorate, or by granting independence outright under suitable guarantees, the thing is urged to-day by more men of more influence than at any time since the war with Spain. Americans have not yet become quietists. If they have made up their minds, as Lord Curzon admits, that Imperialism is a failure, they will find a way to end it.

CAPITAL IN FIXED FORMS.

The recent course of the money market illustrates the old difficulty of periods just before prosperity culminates —the community tends to convert its savings too rapidly into fixed capital. The need of new plants for manufacturing and of new means of transportation becomes so pressing, and promises such generous returns, that the creation of new stock companies for such purposes, with the issue of new securities by old companies, goes on at a bewildering pace. The result is that the capital left available for carrying on the ordinary processes of production—in the form of raw materials, wages of labor, consumable goods in process of marketing, and banking resources—becomes at length inadequate. The supply of surplus capital thus becomes deficient for both purposes—for carrying on current production on the one hand, and for the creation of new enterprises on the other. New issues of stocks and bonds cease to find ready purchasers, and the surplus of these new securities reacts upon security prices all along the line.

The distinction between fixed and circulating capital has been obscured in recent years by the fact that fixed capital acquires a character readily negotiable when put into the form of securities. This makes the titles to fixed property easily transferable from one person to another, but does not change the form of property itself. Securities as a rule do not represent circulating capital, in the economic sense of the word. Commercial paper represents such capital, because it is the outcome of the conversion of raw materials into consumable goods, and the entire operation is completed within a limited period of time. Essentially different in character are loans upon Stock Exchange collateral. So carefully organized is the system of loans upon securities in the New York market, and so amply protected are sound banks and trust companies by the margins which they require, that many bankers have lulled themselves into the idea that such loans are as safe as loans upon commercial paper, while more negotiable. For practical purposes and under normal conditions, this is to a large degree true; but there is an economic error in the popular view of the character of such loans.

When Union Pacific stock rises from 168 to 195 in the course of a few weeks, as occurred in the summer of 1906, the increased amount of money required to buy 100 shares is simply an increase in the investment of fixed capital. If this be taken from the existing fund of savings, it diminishes the fund available for current production. So long as everything goes well, the holder of such securities finds them as convertible into cash as he would find commercial paper, but if it becomes apparent that too much capital has been put into permanent forms, those who wish to get it back into the form of circulating capital may be compelled to make serious sacrifices. This distinction has been so much obscured by the convertible form of stocks and bonds that its real significance has almost escaped the attention even of our most enlightened and far-sighted captains of finance.

The existing absorption of saved capital duplicates in a mild way that of 1857 and that of 1873. All available capital has been taken for extending plants or building new ones, and no more can be obtained for such purposes without trenching upon the stock of circulating capital necessary to carry on the operations of the community. This condition may arise, even though all the investments in the form of fixed capital are sound. The community is in the position of the individual who may be convinced that a new invention or an extension of his business involving an investment of $50,000 will bring him profits of hundreds of thousands; but he is helpless if he lacks the $50,000.

If conditions at present require the cessation of further railway extensions and other business improvements because of the lack of capital, the results are certain to be felt in many lines of production and distribution. Maladjustment of supply to demand will follow in many fields the curtailment of operations. If, for instance, the demand for steel rails relaxes very greatly, workers in the rail mills will be without employment; their demand for goods will fall off; and if similar conditions extend through varied industries, other workers will be thrown out of employment and will diminish their demand for goods. Distributors of commodities will begin to cut prices to get rid of their goods for cash, and producers will cut down production in the face of diminished demand.

The country is to-day in a plight very different from previous periods of depression. Our monetary system is sound, the leading manufacturing and railway corporations have surplus reserves of cash and credit, and production has not apparently outrun the reasonable anticipation of future demand. Those railroads and other corporations which have, however, postponed new bond issues and other appeals for capital, are undoubtedly acting wisely in diminishing the pressure for converting the savings of the community too rapidly into fixed forms.

COAL-MINE DISASTERS.

The United States Geological Survey brings out a report on "Coal-Mine Accidents, Their Causes and Prevention," at a time when the memory of two recent mine disasters is still fresh. The information here contained gains rather than loses in interest from the fact that it is not the result of a special sensational inquiry, but came from studies "carried on in connection with the general investigation of the waste and destruction of coal in mining operations."

In this instance the work of trained investigators supports the popular belief that something is radically wrong when accidents like those of the last few weeks can occur so frequently. Coal mining, of course, must always be hazardous; and, generally, a more or less plausible explanation is offered to prove that the accident is "unavoidable." The figures presented in this report, however, make it incredible that this country's unenviable record is purely the result of ill luck. In the first place, the authors of the bulletin, Clarence Hall and Walter O. Snelling, declare:

> It is very doubtful whether natural conditions in any other country in the world are so favorable as in the United States for getting out coal with the minimum amount of danger to the workmen employed.

More of our developed coal properties than in any other country present "almost ideal conditions for mining." Nevertheless, in the last five years for which statistics are available, there were killed in our mines an average of 3.39 every year to every thousand employed, as against 2.06 for Prussia, 1.28 for Great Britain, 1.00 for Belgium, and .91 for France. What is more, our ratio of accidents has increased, while those of all these other countries have been materially reduced, as is shown by these figures, taken from more extended tables:

	Killed per thousand employed.	
	1895.	1906.
United States	2.67	3.40
Prussia	2.54	(1904) 1.80
Great Britain	1.49	1.29
Belgium	1.40	.94
France (1901)	1.03	(1905) .84

The ratio of deaths to the tonnage of coal mined has varied greatly from year to year in the United States without showing a steady tendency in either direction. In Great Britain, France, and Belgium it has within the same period decreased almost continuously. In absolute numbers, the return is that in the year 1906 there were 2,061 men killed in American coal mines and 4,800 injured. Since 1890, our total death record has been 22,840.

Why has mining become more dangerous in the United States, while it became safer everywhere else? Joseph A. Holmes, in charge of the technologic branch of the Geological Survey, in an introduction to the present bulletin, makes this summary of causes:

> This increase has been due in part to the lack of proper and enforceable mining regulations; in part to the lack of reliable information concerning the explosives used in mining, and the conditions under which they can be used safely in the presence of the gas and dust encountered in the mines; and in part to the fact that in the development of coal-mining not only is the number of miners increasing, but many areas from which coal is being taken are either deeper or farther from the entrance, where good ventilation is more difficult and the dangerous accumulations of explosive gas more frequent.

Needless to say, the last-named reason applies with even greater force in the older mines of the European countries.

Last year's accidents in this country were classed under four causes. Of the deaths, 1,008, or about half, and 1,863 of the injuries, were caused by falls of roof and coal; 228 deaths and 307 injuries by gas and dust explosions; 80 deaths and 215 injuries by powder explosions; and 732 deaths and 2,192 injuries from "other causes." The restrictions imposed in foreign countries on the use of explosives were originally designed for the prevention of explosions of gas and dust; but they have had an equally gratifying effect in preventing falls of roof and coal. In Belgium, for example, where "fire damp" is exceptionally troublesome, the death rate from explosions has been reduced to one-tenth what it was thirty years ago, while that from falls of roof and coal has been reduced in the same period from .661 to .406 per thousand. The details of the various regulations which have proved effective abroad are matters for expert judgment. In general, experiments have shown that some explosives are much safer than others of equal power. Experiments have also been made to ascertain the charges which may be used without excessive danger. The miners' safety lamp, of course, is familiar to every student of elementary physics. In applying these scientific results the European authorities have been zealous where ours have been lax. They provide for the periodical testing of safety lamps, license certain kinds of explosives, and sometimes require that all charges be placed by expert "shot-firers." In some places sprinkling of the mine passageways is required, in some the installation of rescue tanks of compressed air or oxygen. Finally, inspection is in general more thorough, and penalties for violations of regulations are enforced more strictly on both miner and operator.

To be sure, peculiar conditions are to be reckoned with in this country. Most of our mine workers are foreign-born, and a large proportion do not understand English. Many are inexperienced, and many more careless. With the best intentions in the world, the strict enforcement of regulations cannot be easy. Nor is our national temper favorable to extreme caution. Some of the factors of haste and recklessness which make our mines exceptionally dangerous are to be found also in our railways, our factories, and our methods of building. It may be too optimistic to affirm, as the Geological Survey expert does, that "these mine accidents may be reduced to less than one-third their present number in the United States," or that there is "promise of results which in the future may at least approach complete prevention." No doubt, however, if Legislatures, and the mine-owners as individuals, would only profit by the lessons which other countries have learned, conditions could be vastly improved.

THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH AND PREACHING.

A series of articles on "The Social Work of the Church" almost entirely fills the latest *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Certainly, the extraordinary and continuing growth of these forms of religious activity merits such a comprehensive survey. Men and women in the thick of the work, here bring together their various reports, criticisms, and proposals. None of them speaks with more authority, or a clearer philosophy, than the Rev. Edward Judson of this city. Himself at the head of an institutional church of multiform effort, he is the frankest of men in stating the reason of its being. It is "adverse environment" which compels a given church to "institutionalize." The ordinary religious appeals wholly fail; and so the church has to turn to educational, charitable, and social endeavor. Besides the religious services on Sunday, it has to take up such tasks as Mr. Judson specifies in his own field of labor—"gymnastic classes for women and girls, gymnastic classes for men, gymnastic classes for boys, boys' clubs, singing classes, sewing school, children's hour with the stereopticon and moving pictures, men's tea on Sunday nights, Young People's Literary Society, and so forth."

With every aim of this sort at the physical, mental, and social betterment of people who will not go to church, but flock to clubs, no man of just feeling can fail to sympathize. If it breaks with the old tradition, it allies itself with the new humaneness. Though it may seldom satisfy those who wish to bring sinners under pious influences unawares, and make philanthropy a lure to religion, yet the incidental benefits remain. Incidental disadvantages also necessarily accrue. One of them is, undoubtedly, a lowering of the prestige of preaching. The institutional church tends in two ways to rob the pulpit of its glory: it subordinates the sermon, even when it is good, and, by its tax on the time and strength of the minister, makes the good sermon still rarer.

It might not be possible to work out a causal connection between the two, but it is at least suggestive that the great heightening of the social function of the church has gone with a decline in the reputation of the preacher, as such. One does not need to have a very long memory to recall the time when the names of eloquent preachers in this city counted for more than the designation of their churches. The visitor over Sunday knew in advance of the "men worth hearing." To "hear" Mr. Beecher or Dr. Storrs, John Hall or Dr. Taylor, was an object with many in coming to New York at all. It seems safe to say that, with the possible exception of Dr. Parkhurst (and his fame is different in kind from that of the others mentioned), no name stands to-day for that kind of attraction to the sojourner in New York. Strangers nowadays go to church; they do not go to listen to renowned pulpit orators.

In individual cases, at least, the breaking down of the preacher by the cares of the administrator, seems clearly traceable. It may have happened in the old days that a clergyman was invisible all the week, and incomprehensible on Sunday; but to-day the trouble is apt to be that he is only too visible all the week, "running" the church, and exhausting his nervous energy in serving tables to such an extent that he is in speech contemptible on Sunday. You cannot plough with a race-horse and expect him to keep his speed. A man absorbed in business for six days, cannot emerge as an uplifting speaker on the seventh. An orator must be *plus* who hopes to be a true master of assemblies—not one whose thoughts and spring have been drawn down to *minus* by exacting labors as a collector of funds and a manager of clubs. The great preachers have been seers who were given leisure through the week in which to dream their dreams and shape their prophecies. But the institutional church leaves the clergy no time even to think.

The church cannot afford to still the voice of her prophets. Christianity has been preëminently the preached religion. Its Founder sent forth the Apostles to preach. All through the history of the Christian Church, the living utterance of spiritual men has been the great corrector and quickener. Inspired preaching has in it the greatest power known to man—that of a kindled personality. It is the most potent fascination which anything exterior in the church can wield—more vivid than music, more direct than even grand architecture and fit adornment of the temple. With the right man in the pulpit, allowed time for brooding thoughts and careful choice of form, nowhere else can speech be so clothed upon with power. If the institutional church were inevitably to degrade that great Christian function to the droning of imbecilities, its condemnation could not be too strongly pronounced.

This, however, is by no means necessary. A division of labor would meet the difficulty. Means should be found to maintain and even extend the social activities of the church, without crushing the born preacher under a burden of administration grievous to be borne. If the institutional church is finally to justify itself, it must provide methods and money by which the organizer and the superintendent may be set apart for their special work, while he whose lips have been touched with a live coal can be free to flame and thunder in the pulpit. We ourselves believe that dearth of great preachers is only temporary. The high themes are there; the human heart remains the same; the opportunity and the aspiration appeal to lofty natures as of old. A time of theological break-up is apt to be sterile in eloquence. Doubt chokes full utterance. But when the servants of the church find their mental footing firm again, we shall once more hear the sincere and moving human voices which, from the beginning till now, have best carried Christian truth into the hearts and lives of men.

THE COLLEGE GRINDSTONE.

The recently published "Life and Letters of Sir Richard Jebb" must fill the occupants of academic chairs in America with envious despair. This picture of the life of a college professor in Great Britain is far different from that of the college professor in America. It is different, of course, from that of the average university teacher in England; for Jebb was a man of exceptional parts; he was able to do large amounts of various kinds of work—teaching, investigating, lecturing, and writing—all of it brilliant. Nevertheless, he represents an ideal of accomplishment and achievement toward which the English university teacher more or less consciously strives. In America, on the other hand, this notion of the scholar and man of letters combined in one person is but dimly conceived by most members of the academic body; and it has apparently never entered the heads of many college trustees. We have had a Longfellow and a Lowell; and among the living we might name a few more who enjoy something beyond parochial fame; but the vast majority can hope to be nothing more than competent teachers and the editors of useful text-books—a respectable but not an inspiring career.

The reasons for this shortcoming—if we may use so harsh a word—are not far to seek. We need only refer to the fact that in but few places in this country is any tradition of culture firmly established. We have not half a dozen university seats where a man like Jebb would have received strong encouragement, to say nothing of stimulation. Moreover, he would be something of an alien within the university itself. The steady mediocrities and the glib talkers who figure so largely in our boards of trustees and who are not infrequently chosen to college presidencies, are naturally biassed by an unconscious but none the less genuine distrust of men who are not of their own kind. These authorities, though they nominally desire to encourage scholarly production, really like best the solid teacher who carries a huge amount of class and committee work capably and without flinching, or that other one who dissipates his energies in keeping the college constituency "warm"—talking at all the teachers' meetings and similar gatherings. These are the activities that, in the eyes of college administrators, actually count, and therefore win solid rewards. Nor is this surprising. Most American colleges are much straitened for money. The one thing which they must do is to maintain the classroom instruction as well as may be, and keep growing in numbers so as to appeal to the public as an institution deserving of more liberal support. To these two ends other aims are, by the pressure of a growing population, clamorous alumni, and an empty treasury, ruthlessly sacrificed.

To the merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, who constitute the backbone of our intelligent and public-spirited boards of trustees, it appears absurd that a professor should find fifteen or twenty hours of class-work a week a heavy load. Three or four hours of teaching or lecturing a day, for nine months in the year, seems to your business man mere play. Yet the truth is that six or eight hours a week of first-rate class work, informed as to the latest results of research, thoroughly digested, and carefully presented, will keep a professor busy. If he attempts more, he degenerates into a machine; he offers the same lectures and cracks the same jokes year after year. That is, he has no chance to refresh himself, to get new points of view, in fine, to think. For the professor the time spent in experimentation that is not immediately productive of striking results, in reading, in mulling over his ideas while he walks, plays golf, or rides the bicycle, and in discussing with a colleague the newest theory as to the constitution of matter or the recently discovered fragment of Menander, is not pure loafing or genteel recreation. This is the very process by which he subjugates his facts, assimilates his learning, and ripens his scholarship. But the unhappy truth is that thinking is a luxury in which our average underpaid and over-driven college teacher cannot afford to indulge. Whatever his personal inclinations, he knows that the people to whom he must look for approval, for means to extend his department, for library books and laboratory apparatus, for bread and butter for himself and his children—that these people are primarily interested in other things; and that he is at liberty to do only so much thinking as is compatible with devoting all his time and energy to classes and committees.

Of Jebb at Glasgow we read that his work was heavy, but that the six months of vacation were priceless. In them he wrote for the better English periodicals, brought out his "Attic Orators," composed his book on Bentley, visited Troy in order to study Schliemann's theories, wrote his "Introduction to Homer," and published his Sophocles. To this statement our hard-headed American administrator may reply that if a man has in him the stuff of great scholarship, if he really has a message for the world, he will find a way to deliver it. True, men of extraordinary capacity will surmount all obstacles; but that is not precisely a reason for putting obstacles in their way. We grant also that a capable teacher is more useful than a tenth-rate author. But there is much writing, now tenth-rate, that might be solid and valuable, though not necessarily inspired, had our college professors the opportunity to make the most of their material, and, indeed, of their own minds. We grant also that too much leisure might make dilettantes of those teachers who fancy they have a strong bent toward literature simply because they are too lazy to do anything but sit and read a book or amuse undergraduates with slap-dash generalizations. Creatures of this type will never be chosen to a college faculty by a president who is a keen judge of men. These dangers that we have mentioned are, however, negligible. The plain fact is that under present circumstances a college career offers too few attractions to men of intellectual energy and ambition. If they are to be teachers, they should enjoy teaching; but that pleasure is destroyed by the consciousness that the task is perforce done poorly. And even if the teacher can offer the world no important by-products—a process which may do much to expand and broaden both him and his pupils—he must at least be allowed to keep himself flexible and alert by wide intellectual ranging. For how many college teachers in America is it even physically possible to keep the teaching up to the highest standard, to say nothing of undertaking such scholarly enterprises as Jebb's? For not one in twenty.

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, December 28.

At the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, which has just been held at the State University of Ohio, the attendance was large, Western men naturally predominating, but with a goodly representation from the East. From the opening session to the very end, every reader had a sufficient audience. in spite of the inevitable and agreeable congregation in the lobby. There were the customary social affairs, including a reception by President and Mrs. Thompson, and a humorous, though partly serious, "smoke talk" by Prof. Josiah Renwick Smith.

Among the papers on the philological side special mention should be made of "Some New Facts About a Manuscript of 'Godefroi de Bouillon'" by Prof. Hugh A. Smith of Wisconsin and "The Syntactical Development of the Spanish Second Imperfect Subjunctive" by Dr. Arthur R. Seymour of Illinois, investigations of too technical a nature for summarization here. But while there was the usual quantity of special studies on linguistic details, origins and analogues, sources, manuscripts, dates, and authorship, a majority of the papers, as has been the custom in recent years, were, in both topic and treatment, of general interest. A few only can be more particularly referred to. Prof. Thomas S. Baker of Jacob Tome Institute, discussing "Early Conceptions of America in European Literature," pointed out that in this respect America had its greatest intellectual value while still uncivilized. The New World was then regarded as a Utopia, where freedom, courage, dignity, and happiness were striking features of Indian life. Just at the time when the spirit of the revived classical antiquity was losing its freshness and force, came the scientific, poetic, and philosophical influence of the explorers, and of the literary men inspired by their works. Prof. Robert H. Fife, jr., of Wesleyan gave an interesting literary review of the German *Märchen*, leading up to the determination of that impalpable quality which, however diverse may be the species bearing the name, from the satiric to the naïve, is still distinctively present in all types. This quality he found to be the suspension of the logical faculty under the sway of childlike fantasy. A study by Prof. John M. Clapp of Lake Forest College, showed conclusively that, contrary to all received opinions, there was in England between 1660 and 1700 an astonishing production of short novels which were chiefly based, not upon the heroic romances hitherto considered the dominant form of fiction at that time, but upon the shorter and more realistic *nouvelles*. Another long standing misconception was overthrown by Prof. Edward P. Morton of Indiana who, in his paper on "Non-dramatic Blank Verse Between Milton and Young," demonstrated the fact that the prevalence of the heroic couplet had by no means precluded an extensive production of non-dramatic blank verse. The influence of Milton was in fact dominant in a considerable number of poems composed by his immediate successors, and Addison's praise of "Paradise Lost" actually voiced a general judgment. "Elizabeth Barrett's Influence on Browning's Poetry" was the subject of Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of Wisconsin. With sure critical instinct and remarkable literary charm, Mr. Cunliffe traced to the intimacy of spiritual communion in the poet's married life his growth in human sympathy, passionate fire, and lyrical beauty. It might even be said that Mrs. Browning's best work is to be found, not in her own poems, but in those of her husband.

The Presidential address, "The Genesis of Speech," by Prof. Fred N. Scott of Michigan, deserved and received unusual attention. Whatever view may be adopted concerning this obscure matter, such a sane, learned, and methodical discussion, always distinctly separating theory from fact and assigning to each its due weight, cannot fail to be of value. The starting point of the argument was the division of all bodily movements on grounds either of utility or of expression, the former often passing into the latter and thus giving rise to gestures, to muscular contractions, to disturbances of respiration, and in this way ultimately to significant vocal sounds. The exposition was clear and orderly in each step, the illustrations abundant and original, and the complicated evidence was unfolded, and finally reduced to simplicity and definiteness by the picture, confessedly imaginative, of a mother and child teaching each other the elements of the earliest human language.

At the business meetings two important matters were taken up. On motion of Professor Cunliffe, a committee was appointed for the promotion of the following aims: (1) The acquisition of photographic reproductions of earlier English texts by American university libraries; (2) the circulation of index cards of reproductions so acquired; (3) the cataloguing of original English texts prior to 1660 in public and private libraries in the United States and Canada; (4) a consideration of the feasibility of doing the same for texts in other modern languages. The members appointed to this committee were Professors Cunliffe, C. M. Gayley of the University of California, J. M. Manly of Chicago, H. A. Todd of Columbia, and G. L. Kittredge of Harvard. At the same session was adopted a resolution introduced by Prof. E. C. Roedder of Wisconsin, that it is desirable to adopt some plan of obviating, as far as possible, the duplication of work in doctoral theses intended for publication. Prof. William H. Carpenter of Columbia will bring the matter before the Association of American Universities, which meets at Ann Arbor on January 9. Prof. Charles H. Grandgent of Harvard was induced to accept again the secretaryship; the treasurer, William G. Howard of Harvard, was also reëlected. The officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, Frederick M. Warren, Yale; vice-presidents, John A. Walz, Harvard; Benjamin L. Bowen, Ohio State, and J. Douglas Bruce, Tennessee. For the Central Division Prof. O. F. Emerson, Western Reserve, was elected chairman, and Prof. C. B. Wilson, Iowa, secretary.

The report of the secretary of the general association regarding membership was particularly gratifying. Since 1902, when he first assumed the office, there has been an increase of 50 per cent., a rate which should be continued and even surpassed in the future, for the larger the body becomes the more effective must be its influence. Of the present members, 491 are from the North Atlantic States, 82 from the South, and 305 from various regions of the West. The proportion of articles from different parts of the country appearing in the publications corresponds very closely to the proportions of the membership list.

At the meeting of the Dialect Society Professor Emerson was reëlected president, Professor Mead, secretary, and Professor Fife, treasurer. The treasurer's report showed the society to be in excellent condition, and it was determined to authorize the secretary to renew investigations by means of circulars. It is much to be hoped that this organization will get further support in the prosecution of its work upon dialect peculiarities, which are fading so fast that they must be registered at once or be forever lost. M.

NEWLY DISCOVERED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE BIBLE.

CHICAGO, December 30.

At the meeting of the Archæological Institute of America, Prof. H. A. Sanders of the University of Michigan reported on four manuscripts of the Bible, now in the possession of Charles L. Freer of Detroit. The manuscripts were bought by Mr. Freer early in 1907 in Egypt. They were probably buried or lost at the time of the Moslem conquest in 639 A. D. At any rate the manuscripts all antedate that period, nor, in the opinion of Professor Sanders, do they contain any marks of a second hand even, which can be placed later than this date. Two of the manuscripts are in large uncial hand, two in small, and there are other variations sufficient to convince Professor Sanders that the individual manuscripts were written at different dates, ranging from the third to the sixth century. He refers to the manuscripts by the Roman numerals I., II., III., and IV. Manuscript I. now contains Deuteronomy and Joshua; Genesis to Numbers inclusive, which it once contained, are missing. It is next to the oldest of the four manuscripts, and presents an exceptionally accurate text of this portion of the Septuagint. Manuscript II. contains the Psalms. Although it is the oldest manuscript of the four, and is badly decayed, large portions of every Psalm will prove recoverable. A comparison of a portion of the text shows that it is one of the best manuscripts of the Psalms in existence: in the large portions where the Vaticanus fails, it is perhaps the very best. Manuscript III. contains the four Gospels entire. It was probably written in the fifth or sixth century, and contains many interesting variant readings. It is most important, however, because it contains the following extra paragraph:

> And they answered, saying that this age of unrighteousness and unbelief is under the power of Satan, who does not permit the things which are made impure by the (evil) spirits to comprehend the truth of God (and) his power. For this reason, "Reveal thy righteousness now," they said to Christ, and Christ said to them: "The limit of the years of the power of Satan has been fulfilled, but other terrible things are at hand, and I was delivered unto death on behalf of those who sinned in order that they may return to the truth and sin no more, to the end that they may inherit the spiritual, indestructible glory of righteousness (which) is in heaven."

This new papagraph was known to St. Jerome, and the first few lines of it are cited in Latin translation. It has long been held that Mark xvi., 8-20, was a later addition to the Gospel, thought to have been borrowed from some other unknown Gospel near the end of the second century. This new manuscript probably presents the original form of that part of the lost Gospel, which, mutilated, was added to Mark. The reason for the omission is quite apparent, as the new verse contains the statement that the destruction of sin in the world is near at hand. This idea is found in the epistles of Peter and Paul, but the four Gospels do not have it, and it is avoided by the later church writers.

Manuscript IV. is only a badly decayed fragment. It once contained Acts and the Epistles, but not Revelations. It is an older and better manuscript than the four Gospels, and its readings will be of value to the text wherever they can be deciphered.

THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS.

PARIS, December 14.

The two Frenchmen who have received Nobel prizes this year deserve something more than regulation notes from "Who's Who." And what the French say of the prize for literature awarded to Rudyard Kipling—the first Nobel prize of literature given to any one who writes in English—is also noteworthy. The prize of physics for Professor Michelson of Chicago is so obviously justified by what he has accomplished, that it excites no comment beyond the natural reflection that, as he is a naturalized citizen of the United States, Germany's loss is America's gain.

Dr. Charles Laveran, who receives the prize for medicine, is a product of the old Strasburg faculty, when Alsace was still French. After the war, like many of his fellow-students, he became a French army doctor, and soon was named professor in the Paris military hospital of Val de Grace—a position which he held for twenty years. Perhaps it was the underlying hostility of civilian to military that delayed his election to the Académie de Médecine until the eve of his retirement from teaching in 1893; but the lay Académie des Sciences conferred on him the Bréant prize as early as 1889, and finally elected him to its learned and exclusive body in 1901. He was retired from the army only in 1897, at the age of fifty-two, while still in his prime. He has since worked steadily at the Institut Pasteur, with whose methods he was from the start in full sympathy. His great benefaction to mankind has its origin in such methods; and this is perhaps another reason why the conservative faculty of medicine, notoriously distrustful of Pasteur, who was not even a doctor, so long hesitated to recognize Laveran's discoveries. It was as long ago as 1880 that he read to the Académie de Médecine the first account of what he had been doing in accordance with the new medicine. He had been for two years making researches in the blood of fever and ague patients at the military station of Bône, in Algiers. The low ground of a river delta and more than a thousand years' lack of sanitation had naturally developed malaria, or paludism, to the extreme. Even the Pasteur enthusiasts were at fault; looking for a microbe which always escaped them just as they were finding it. Laveran, who was not a chemist like Pasteur or a civilian professor of orthodox medicine, but just a plain army doctor who had been teaching applied medicine to others like himself for military use, had no theory and used his eyes. In the blood of every one of the victims of malaria he could see black granules, little amœboid spherules, and particularly minute filiform flagella. All this he found whenever he got the blood just as the ague fit declared itself, and before quinine had been administered. He kept on watching these things, which he could see, until he finally made out that they were certainly not vegetable bacteria such as are investigated in culture bouillons. He decided they were animal protozoa, and parasites at that. And so he made the world acquainted with the hidden foe which had so long been troubling myriad human lives—the "hæmatozoa." In 1882 he completed his investigations in Italy, where he came on mosquitoes transporting the malaria which for a thousand years again had depopulated the home of earth's greatest conquering race. Elder physicians and professors still shook their wise old heads. Why, this young army doctor was not even known to them; at most they had seen his name on the title page of a book as having helped one of their number in writing a treatise of pathology. As usual, facts were too strong for theory. Nowadays no physician or scientific man of any authority will deny that Dr. Laveran's discovery justifies the conferring on him of the Nobel prize. In his later years he has found out another microbe, which probably produces that terror of youth—mumps. But his chief present work, long since begun, concerns the "tripanozomes," and the terrible African malady of sleep. The Institut Pasteur continues to furnish him with laboratory and all necessary assistance. The rude soldierly speech in which he indulges on occasion hinders neither students nor rivals from feeling a patriotic pride in this worthy recipient of the Nobel prize.

Two "pacifists" receive the Nobel peace prize. The Frenchman, Louis Renault, a professor of international law, has had a most humdrum life of patient work, recognized by the world's rulers, but hardly heard of by the people whom it has profited. He is now sixty-four years of age; and it is he who has all along been the working member of the delegation of France at the peace conferences of the Hague, and at other congresses where he has engineered the legal battles of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. At the Peace Conference of the present year, he was the author of the agreement for an international prize court—about as interesting a result as the long-sitting conference produced. Among his many books, he has written a notable "Introduction to the Study of International Law."

The Italian, who divides the peace prize with him, has, on the contrary, had the most adventurous and picturesque life imaginable. He is ten years older, and began fighting at fifteen, in 1848, against the Austrian rulers of his native city of Milan. It was a fight that failed; but he succeeded in emigrating quickly beyond the frontier and kept on aiming at his ideal by entering the Piedmont military school. He became an Alpine *chasseur* as a soldier, and then, after a dozen years, Garibaldi called for men for his wild Expedition of the Thousand. Moneta was among the first to enlist, and landed on the Sicilian coast with the Liberator, who made him a major. Following his leader, he climbed up and tumbled down the mountain, which the King's soldiers thought impassable, and so left unguarded—and they conquered Palermo. Now for the first time he was given a peace work to do—to pacify the island which he had upset by war and revolution. But he still kept his place in the army and served seven years longer. Then he went in for a new fight, and became editor of that Milan paper which has existed only to combat—the *Secolo*. Here he remained for nearly twenty years. Since then the wisdom of age has taught him that, as for men so for nations, there is a time to fight—when independence is to be won—and a time to speak of peace—when, being independent, they stand up and talk on a footing of equality with others, splitting differences, swapping, and otherwise arranging disputes like good neighbors. This resulted, in 1890, in the foundation of the Lombard Union for Peace, and of a Pacifist organ with contributors among all the leading peace agitators of Europe—*La Vita Internazionale*. Finally, he put all his eloquence and sympathies into a book—"War, Insurrections, and Peace in the Nineteenth Century"—and this has won for him the prize of peace founded by Nobel, who made his fortune in dynamite.

English readers may be surprised to know that most of Rudyard Kipling's books have been translated into French. But no one certainly would ever guess which of them has pleased most French readers and sold the best. It is "The Light That Failed." The "Jungle Books," which were the first to be translated, were too complicated for the French. Melchior de Vogüé, who loves the exotic and introduced Tolstoi to the Western world, says "Kim delighted me"; but every one else tells him it is mortally dull!

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second volume of Konrad Haebler's "Typenrepertorium der Wiegendrucke" (Leipzig and New York: Rudolf Haupt) contains the catalogue of the printers of Italy, the Netherlands, France, Spain, Portugal, and England, completing the surveys of the printing presses of the fifteenth century. The longest list is that under Venice, with no less than 151 names. Paris comes next with 51, while in Germany not one single city could show even half a hundred presses. Germany, on the other hand, had more printers than all other countries, except Italy, taken together, and German names are found under nearly all important cities outside of it. The third volume of the Repertory, which will follow before long, will contain the classification tables for the whole work, repeating those for Germany in the first volume, thus bringing together under one arrangement the descriptions of all the types used by fifteenth century printers.

Among the autographs to be sold by the Anderson Auction Company, on January 10, is a letter of Benedict Arnold, dated "Head Quarters Robinson's House, Sept. 8, 1780. The maker of the auction catalogue imagines that this letter relates to negotiations with Major André, but that notion is exploded by Worthington C. Ford, in a letter printed on page 10 of this issue. The collection includes also letters of some of the rarest signers of the Declaration. The Hancock letter, July 13, 1776, was addressed to Washington. The Abraham Clark document also bears the 1776 date. Among others are fine A. L. S. of Joseph Hewes and William Hooper, both addressed to the Governor of North Carolina; A. L. S. of Thomas Nelson, jr., resigning his office of Governor of Virginia; A.L.S. of Franklin to his wife; letters or documents of James Smith, Matthew Thornton, Samuel Adams, Josiah Bartlett, Thomas Heyward, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and John Penn, as well as a cut signature of Thomas Lynch, jr., the rarest of the series. The Washington material includes an early autograph survey, dated April 4, 1750; an A. L. S. dated 1794; and two L. S., one written from Morristown, February 15, 1780, to Col. Moylan, the other from New Windsor, May 5, 1781, to Gen. James Clinton. The collection is mainly that of Henry Goldsmith, New York.

Correspondence.

VENTURI'S THEORY OF GIOTTO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For the intelligent amateur perhaps no more useful modern compendium or guide to the history of that obscure period of Italian art which lies between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries could be found than Professor Venturi's history in its second and third volumes. Both student and teacher must also be grateful for the scope, the ordering, and the judicious perspective of this work in a field where the results of special research are seldom accessible to the general public. It would be worth our while to examine at some length Venturi's general theory and his critical principles as exhibited in his history, but this is not my present purpose. I may say, however, that what may appear as a limitation, or even an error, in the main scheme, the comparative neglect of the extra-Hellenic or extra-Latin elements, the more kinetic factors, let us say, in the equation of mediæval art, in favor of its traditional substratum, its classical survivals and revivals, makes for lucidity and consistency, and was to be expected from an Italian historian of Italian art.

In view of the high value of Venturi's work, a word of criticism as to his treatment of a great problem in Italian painting at the dawn of the Renaissance may interest your readers. Many serious students must have found it strange that Venturi, once embarked upon the perilous ocean of Giotto connoisseurship, should have evolved a theory which is radically at variance with traditional opinion, and which may be fairly characterized by the orthodox as heretical, or even extravagant. In fact, Professor Venturi reveals a certain incapacity for grasping the *rationale* of an expert handling of internal evidence. His arguments are amazingly specious for a scholar of his attainments, and unless sternly disciplined and corrected will, in the later stages of his history, mar an able and fervent book.

Let me take first a specimen of connoisseurship which is easily confuted. Speaking of the allegorical figures of Virtues and Vices at Padua, Venturi cheerfully ascribes to an assistant of Giotto the execution in part of some of these figures—as, for example, the Injustice. This judgment reveals a want of ordinary sense for pictorial unity, which is not only distressing, but contradictory of Venturi's general conception of Giotto's essential characteristics. For even if we—wrongly—look upon the revolutionary, the modern, the realistic, the individual side of Giotto's art as its chief feature, nothing could be more characteristic of the Florentine master than the remarkable presage of modern landscape realism, than the limning—by means of the simplest truth to shadow forms—of full sunlight, air, and distance in a composition of almost plastic severity and reticence. The tyro in criticism must see that no one else before Masaccio could possibly have seen his field with this vivid sense of tonality, and that therefore the ascription of part of the work to an assistant of the master is, to speak plainly, stylistic nonsense rather than just *expertise*. Such a judgment will illustrate Venturi's lack of a sort of connoisseurship which any competent modern painter could, or can, teach him in a half-hour round of gallery demonstration. The beauty and power here—the imaginative forecasting of complex landscape effects—is not dependent upon any technical refinement; it can be seen in an ordinary photographic reproduction.

A more serious error may be instanced—more serious because not dependent upon ignorance of painting *per se*, but as against every canon of historical probability. Venturi in his discussion of the so-called Stefaneschi altarpiece, now in the sacristy of the canons at St. Peter's in Rome, asks us to believe that Giotto, executing part of the work, left the chief panel—the Christ enthroned—to be executed largely by a scholar. Great masters do not divide their labor in this fashion—historically.

The denial to Giotto of the chief initiative exhibited in the Vows of St. Francis and other traditionally accepted works in the north transept of the Lower Church at Assisi, is one of the most startling of Venturi's conclusions. It is very important if true. The argument is detailed and specific, but for those who find Venturi's vital error lying deeper than his analysis of Morellian norms—lying, in fact, in a fundamental misconception of the essential genius of Giotto—it will not carry. I cannot, however, discuss it now, except to say that on the internal evidence alone the authorship of Giotto for the famous works in question—and their assignable date as probably earlier than the series at Padua—depends a good deal, in my opinion, upon our theory of the authenticity and the date of the Stefaneschi altarpiece.

It is with the treatment of the Cycle of the Upper Church at Assisi—the monumental Life of St. Francis—that our quarrel with Venturi's theory becomes acute. One may confess ignorance or even despair before the vast problem of this great series, in relation to earlier Italian art and to the traditional theory of Giotto's direction of or participation in the work—without losing one's right as an inquirer to protest against Venturi's ingenious but certainly fantastic argument in the case. Too much space would be needed to expose the misleading but enthusiastic and sincere plea which Venturi urges for the confident identification of Giotto with (in the prevalent view) an able, a vivid, a dramatic scholar; and to restate the more orthodox position on this matter would be gratuitous. I may be allowed, however, to make one or two observations which I hope will lead the student to the heart of the matter.

In the first place Venturi's argument that all the compositions which are most commonly given to Giotto in the St. Francis Cycle are in some way conventional or derivative, while the real Giottos are fresh and novel, proves entirely too much for the critic's own case. I need hardly hint at the obvious reply. The classic reticence, the conformity, the measure and poise and stylistic conservatism of Giotto are as characteristic as his powerful initiative in composition, his fresh, free attack of every problem in thought or form. The real *crux* of the argument is the character of the compositions which Venturi calls derivative or conventional. Orthodoxy will deny Venturi's absolute and comparative judgment of them and find more originality in their organic modification of pre-existent motives than in the brilliant improvisations of the presumable assistant.

But the issue here is not one of taste alone. An analysis of the earlier compositions of the great Cycle, which will bring out the elements of searching, if tentative, effort in the boldest form-building, a variety and flexibility of design within a self-imposed scheme of the noblest severity and the most lucid unity, is, perhaps, yet to be made. The argument from the research, the growth and modification of compositional, formal, ideological motives within that portion of the famous series which, omitting perhaps the first composition of the series, extends along the north wall of the nave of the Upper Church, is the best refutation of Venturi's doctrine. If most of this work be not what most critics have claimed, the real early Giotto, then it is some other pictorial Hercules. The first composition and the first composition on the south wall—The Death of the Knight of Celano—both of which Venturi considers to be especially characteristic of Giotto, excite the doubts of the present writer. Aubert's view of the problem I have not yet seen. Is there an unknown pre-Giottesque genius—not Cimabue? I shall doubt it.

Let me leave these difficult questions with one specific plea for Giotto's authorship of the Sermon to the Birds. The Entombment at Padua is adorned in its background by one of the most if not the most dramatic yet strictly pictorial treatments of a landscape motive which I know in any occidental art. The immortality of Jesus is symbolized in the fig-tree—just at the point of its budding into spring. No tree in art, not Shakespeare's arboreal image of old age in the sonnet, is nobler than this exuberant fig. That it is Giotto's and not an assistant's is one of the things which we cannot prove—nor care to argue about. Is not the oak of the Sermon to the Birds almost a fellow to it, and what Italian artist, *pace* Leonardo, ever so penetrated into the secrets of arboreal life as did the painter of these and other "conventional" landscape presentations?

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Roselle Park, N. J., December 22.

DECEPTIVE AUCTION CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is astonishing to see what pieces reputable dealers in autographs and manuscripts carry in stock and offer to their customers at prices which are little less than extortionate, pieces of doubtful authenticity or of easily recognized fabrication. But this ignorance is only one side of the question. Another phase, even more reprehensible and inexcusable, is the ignorance of those who prepare auction sales catalogues of such material. The language used in describing individual items has been so stretched and misapplied as to have become unintelligible. Every document is labelled scarce, of great rarity, or unique (as though almost any written paper was not unique!); it is a splendid specimen, in extraordinary condition, of the highest importance, and not to be excelled in any known collection! Superlatives are applied generally, and veriest trash is catalogued as of supreme value. When adjectives fail, a commonplace document is held up to the buyer as "in a particularly choice state, and a fine specimen for framing." History is distorted to bolster a mediocre letter, and every trick is used to confer upon the lot a semblance of importance and value. For this inflation, it is to be feared that the dealers who send a part of their stock to the auction room are in a great measure responsible. Naturally the expert collectors, of whom there are very few, are not usually taken in, though there have been shocking examples of misplaced confidence. Dealers have purchased doubtful manuscripts only to resell them at a higher value, with an assurance of authenticity, an assurance which is not based upon knowledge or research, and is therefore worthless. Both dealers and collectors, by countenancing these methods of cataloguing, are doing much to discredit collecting. The prices paid by rich fledgling collectors are ridiculous in themselves, and offer a temptation to dishonesty and the looting of existing collections.

But a case in point is worth columns of generalities. In a sale to be held January 10 by the Anderson Auction Company, New York, is offered a letter of Benedict Arnold to Nathaniel Stevens, dated September 8, 1780. He states in direct language that he has purchased a cow and a calf from one Bullis, who is temporarily gone to the lines with a flag, and will deliver the animals on the following Monday or Tuesday. Arnold sends the money to Stevens, who is to receive the animals. The letter is reproduced in fac-simile, is an undoubted Arnold letter, but no better than two hundred or more other known letters from the same hand.

Note how the sapient cataloguer treats it. In full capitals he describes it as "a Benedict Arnold letter, relating to André," and continues:

> One of the mysterious epistles connected with the deal to betray the American cause. At the date of the above letter, the plot had been brought to a head and Arnold was trying to arrange a meeting with André. A few days previously, an accident prevented this, and, reading between the lines and comparing the character of the letter with those known to have been sent to Major André, there is no doubt that the epistle now offered was one written in order to bring the business to a conclusion.
>
> It is quite certain that at this critical and anxious period Benedict Arnold was not buying cattle. The letter is printed in full below, and we have italicized those passages which seem significant. We can, by the way, obtain no clue as to the identity of "Nath'l Stevens, Esq."
>
> We have not the slightest doubt this letter was for Major André himself, contained a promise to deliver West Point "on Monday or Tuesday next," and acknowledging receipt of part of the price of Arnold's treason.

The process is simplicity itself. Begin with the date, for *cow* read *André*, and for *calf* read *West Point*, and the thing is done. Now Stevens was nothing more or less than the acting deputy commissary-general of issues at Fishkill at this very time. Bullis had been sent by Arnold to the British lines as escort to Susanna Dean, wife of Nicholas Dean, with her two children, bedding, and wearing apparel—rather a cumbrous outfit for conducting a treasonable correspondence. Mrs. Arnold was to arrive in a few days, and milk and meat were scarce. Another letter from the general to Stevens of a later date gives the result. Stevens obtained a good cow elsewhere, and Arnold felt bound to take that offered by Bullis, giving a detailed description of her, lest another animal should be substituted. In short, there is not one word in either letter that could rightly be twisted into a reference to Arnold's treason, and it is a crying shame to find such stuff seriously written, with the sole object of getting some one to pay a high price. Such cataloguing is an insult to intelligence, a nightmare of history, and a trap for the unwary. *Caveat emptor!*

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, December 23.

Notes.

The Macmillan Company announces as forthcoming, "Departmental Teaching in Public Schools," by Van Evrie Kilpatrick, a public school teacher of New York city; and a study of Eastern religion, "The Inward Light," by Fielding Hall, author of "The Soul of a People."

The first two of the twenty-three volumes of the collective edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" has been issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. To each volume the author contributes a preface telling the circumstances under which he composed the story, the purpose he had in view, the difficulties under which he labored, and the final result as he now views it after the lapse of many years. These prefaces will form a *biographia literaria* of uncommon interest and significance. They are written, we regret to say, in Mr. James's most exasperating style. The sentences are clogged with qualifying clauses, as if Mr. James's readers had not sufficient intelligence and imagination to perceive qualifications in the very frame of the phrase and connotation of the words, but insisted that it all be put down to the last syllable. The first volume contains "Roderick Hudson," begun in Florence in 1874 as a serial for the *Atlantic Monthly*. The work was continued during a summer partly spent in the Black Forest, an autumn near Boston, and a winter in New York. On rereading "Roderick Hudson," Mr. James confesses, "it stared me in the face that the time-scheme of the story is quite inadequate, and positively to that degree that the fault but just fails to wreck it." "The American," in the second volume, was begun in Paris in the winter of 1875-76. The notion had come to Mr. James while he was riding in a street car:

> I found myself, of a sudden, considering with enthusiasm, as the theme of a "story," the situation, in another country, and an aristocratic society, of some robust but insidiously beguiled and betrayed, some cruelly wronged, compatriot: the point being in especial that he should suffer at the hands of persons pretending to represent the highest possible civilization and to be of an order in every way superior to his own. What would be "do" in that predicament, how would he right himself, or how, failing a remedy, would he conduct himself under his wrong? This would be the question involved, and I remember well how, having entered the horse car without a dream of it, I was presently to leave that vehicle in full possession of my answer.

The publication of both "Roderick Hudson" and "The American" began before the completion of the work; and Mr. James recalls "the frequent hauntings and alarms; . . . the habit of wondering what would happen if anything *should* 'happen,' if one should break one's arm by an accident or make a long illness or suffer, in body, mind, fortune, any other visitation involving a loss of time." And this habit of apprehension bred in due course a confidence that a special Providence "watches over anxious novelists condemned to the economy of serialization."

"The Romance of an Old Time Shipmaster," edited by Ralph D. Paine (The Outing Publishing Co.), contains the letters and journals of an old-fashioned American shipmaster, which for nearly a hundred years were locked in his hattered sea-chest. This mariner was Capt. John Willard Russell of Bristol, R. I., and the picture he gives of life on American ships between 1796 and 1813 is entertaining and valuable. He was several times captured by French privateers, and was chased all one day by a pirate. Tempted by the large pecuniary rewards, he once made a trip to Africa for slaves, but there dire punishment awaited him. He and his crew were stricken with African fever, his ship was captured, and he was imprisoned for seventy days at Goree. No sooner had he sailed thence on a schooner bound for Charleston, laden with slaves, than the ship was boarded by two French privateers, who stripped her of everything movable, except food. These and other occurrences, together with various voyages to the West Indies, are duly set forth, mostly in letters to his wife, phrased in the quaint language of the eighteenth century. They show Capt. Russell as a man of unusual education and capacity for a shipmaster of that period

"Innocent the Great: An Essay on his Life and Times," by C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon (Longmans, Green & Co.), is the kind of book for which there is no excuse except that it is a firstling of the author's pen. Even this fact cannot justify the learned university men who have allowed him to use their names in commending it to the reader. The subject is one of the most grateful that could be chosen by a student of mediæval history. No adequate treatment of the great personality and achievements of Innocent III. exists in English, and the preparatory labors of many careful students have made the present an appropriate time for such an undertaking. Mr. Pirie-Gordon (though, according to the London *Times*, he is not Catholic) writes as if he were a Romanist acutely conscious of the fact, but desirous also not to appear unduly laudatory of Roman institutions. He has obviously read much and learned something of the technical processes of mediæval study; yet he fails through lack of power to present the results of his work in an adequate and convincing way. His book bears the needful imprimatur; he parades the "courtesy of The Eminence of Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val (Cardinal-Presbyter of the Title of Santa Prassede, and Secretary of State to The Holiness of Pope Pius the Tenth)" and others of almost equally magnificent titles, for procuring him the chance to examine two manuscripts in the Vatican library. He makes a display of learning by comparing a few lines of one of these manuscripts with the text of the same in Migne's "Patrologia." He begins every pronoun referring to a pope—he calls them the "pontifical pronouns"—with a capital, a "usage now happily reviving." His style is a singular mixture of tiresome archaisms, strange affectations of phrase, and slangy modern vulgarisms. In his fatal desire to be picturesque he becomes futile. A hopeless style might be excused if the things it was intended to convey were worth the telling; but at no point of his narrative does Mr. Pirie-Gordon rise to the height of even a modest demand for historical soundness. He gives no rational account of his material; he nowhere states his problem intelligently, nor does he succeed in leaving on the mind of the reader any clear impression of the great issues that were being fought out on such a vast scale in Innocent's time. Even the central figure of Innocent himself receives nowhere an even moderately adequate treatment. It would be only too easy to select specimens of the defects which deface every page; but the book is really not worth while.

Not the least deplorable result of modern wars is the herd of books that follow close. So great is their number, and so various their merits, that it is possible to notice only a few. Among those published on the Russo-Japanese war, Filippo Camperio's "Al Campo Russo in Manciuria, note di un marinaio" (Milano: Pubblicazione della "Tecno-Grafica"), is specially worthy of mention. This is no didactic military *biblion a-biblion*, but a living breathing account of what the author himself saw from the Russian side, and in order to see he always got as close to the enemy as the Japanese fire would allow. Greatly aided in his labors by his extraordinary aptitude for languages (not mentioned by the author himself), Camperio rapidly became a favorite not only with the Russians, but also with the Chinese, with whom indeed he could handy jokes in their own speech. He was, therefore, never in the way, consequently had unusual opportunities to see, hear, and learn; and, as a result, has given us a remarkable book. For example, he always had time to see how the Chinese lived. We thus get an unusually clear perception of the Manchurian atmosphere, a valuable by-product. The work is illustrated by over 200 photographs taken by the author, and by twenty-six maps in a folder. We gather from the narrative that Russian valor equalled Japanese, and under better leadership would have had a better fate.

Henry Jephson, author of "The Sanitary Evolution of London" (New York: A. Wessels Co.), was known, before he threw himself so energetically into local government work in London, as an historical student of assured position. Whatever his intention in this present volume, there never was published a book which so completely demolishes the tradition of the benignity and far-seeing wisdom of the governing classes. It is not part of a propaganda for any constitutional reform. Party politics in their national aspects are scarcely mentioned. There is not even a reference to the governing classes. What Mr. Jephson is concerned with is the neglect of local government in London by Parliament between 1835 and 1888, when the London County Council was created, and the toll in suffering and in life which this long neglect exacted. Not all the wars in which England was engaged between the American Revolution and the Boer War were so destructive of life. Year after year Parliament was in session at St. Stephen's, which abuts on the Thames, while hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of London had no other water to drink than that which was taken from what was then a sewage polluted stream. Within a mile from where Parliament met there were widespread sanitary conditions which would have disgraced a city in Turkey. Neither Government nor Parliament, until half-way through the nineteenth century, pretended to any serious care for London, unless an epidemic of cholera or smallpox was raging or threatening. Moreover powerful vested interests in disease and dirt long stood in the way of sanitary reform. Thus it was not until 1888 that London had a popularly-elected council responsible for its larger affairs; and the new century had opened before London had municipal institutions as efficient as those of such cities as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Leeds. Mr. Jephson recounts the history of the sanitary evolution with the calmness of a scholar. There is a period in the history of the English poor law known as the pig-stye era. Mr. Jephson's book might not inappropriately be entitled the history of the pig-stye era of London municipal government.

A recent number of the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America contains an interesting paper, by William Guild Howard of Harvard, on "Burke among the Forerunners of Lessing." Although Lessing does not mention Burke in his "Laokoön," he, as well as Mendelssohn and Herder, paid a good deal of attention to Burke's æsthetic speculations, and even Kant and Schiller did not escape their influence. Lessing, while writing to Mendelssohn about Burke's "easy philosophy," recommended his treatise as an "exceedingly useful collection of material for a good system, which no one could put to better use than you yourself." Burke and Lessing, as Mr. Howard points out, were at one as regards the notion that poetry is not a so-called "word-painting," but they differed concerning the symbols of poetic expression. There are many interesting quotations given, from both Burke and Lessing, to show their points of difference, as well as of agreement. Perhaps a direct evidence of the influence of Burke on Lessing might have been found in the connection between Lessing's famous dictum: "Raphael would have been the great painter he was even if he had been born without arms," and Burke's description of a poet, "blind from birth, who nevertheless could describe visible objects with a spirit and justness excelled by few men blessed with sight."

The triple number 4-6 of the Bulletin de l'Institut International de Bibliographie for 1906 (Brussels) has recently made its appearance, consisting of a list of bibliographies published in 1904, with not a few (160 out of a total of 729) from earlier years, as far back as 1897. The corresponding parts of Professor Hortzschansky's Bibliographie des Bibliotheks- und Buchwesens for 1904, issued in 1905, and covering the end of 1903 as well as the greatest part of 1904, contained 426 titles. In comparing these figures, however, it should be borne in mind that the Belgian list repeats titles of publications dealing with more than one subject. Absolute completeness, in bibliographical works, is, of course, difficult, if not impossible to obtain, but why a list published in 1907 does not contain all the titles in a list covering the same ground and issued two years earlier, is difficult to explain on any other ground than carelessness. The most glaring omission is that of the various national, German, Polish, etc., issues of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature.

The Clarendon Press, Oxford (New York: Henry Frowde) has issued in a revised form Volume II. of Henry Furneaux's invaluable edition of the "Annals" of Tacitus. The historical notes and introduction were revised by the late Prof. H. F. Pelham, while C. D. Fisher conformed the text to that which he established for his recent edition of the "Annals" in the Oxford Classical Series. As a result of this twofold revision, Furneaux's work has been corrected and supplemented in important details, and has somewhat decreased in bulk.

Besides Mr. Fisher's edition of the "Annals," the Oxford Classical Series has recently included the minor poems ascribed to Virgil ("Appendix Vergiliana"), edited by Prof. Robinson Ellis of Oxford. This edition is an exception to the general plan of the series, which undertakes to present in a critical apparatus only the most important variant readings or emendations. We are not sorry, however, in view of the corruptions to which the text of the "Appendix Vergiliana" has been exposed, that Professor Ellis has constructed an elaborate critical commentary, with which every subsequent editor must reckon.

From the University Press of Cambridge (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) as No. XIV. of the Cambridge Historical Essays, comes a scholarly and well-written "Life of Alexander Serverus," by R. V. Nind Hopkins. The emperor's names, which are only two of many, should read Severus Alexander, but the author adheres sensibly to the traditional order. He is well read in the literature of his subject, and has made commendable use of the Latin inscriptions of the period, which, owing to the paucity of literary information on the career of the emperor, deserve special attention from the historian.

Prof. C. H. Grandgent's "Introduction to Vulgar Latin" (Boston: Heath & Co.) will be welcomed as an indispensable help by students in more than one department of learning. The main headings under which the subject is treated are Vocabulary, Syntax (wisely considered, in this case, out of the order usual in grammars), Phonology, Morphology. The author has brought together a large amount of information from widely separated sources, has correlated it skilfully, and provided references at every turn, thus facilitating further investigation of any usage or form. Such a method is most desirable in view of the material still unexamined. The book has a general bibliography and a serviceable index.

Whatever may be one's individual opinion about the essential value of Nietzsche's philosophy, one could not but deplore the interruption to the publication of his works in English, and cannot but rejoice that the series of volumes is now recontinued. The new issue put out by the Macmillan Company (apparently with Dr. Oscar Levy as its "angel") is "Beyond Good and Evil, Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future," translated by Helen Zimmern. This is Volume IX. of Nietzsche's works, although the fifth to be published, following the "Zarathustra" and to a certain extent elucidating the difficulties of that rhapsody. Miss Zimmern was personally acquainted with Nietzsche, and he looked to her to translate his books; she has in the present volume turned his German into fluent and easy English.

Prof. William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" has been translated into German by Dr. Georg Wobbermin, formerly privat-docent at Berlin and now professor of theology at Breslau. The German title is "Die Religiöse Erfahrung in ihrer Mannigfaltigkeit" (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs).

The future of the Papacy is in some respects the burning question of the day in Catholic lands. Professor Baldassarre Labanca of the Roman University has published under the title "Die Zukunft des Papsttums" (Tübingen: J. B. C. Mohr), a strictly objective work, which puts the matter clearly. The writer first surveys the history of the Papacy and shows, among other things, that the designation "Pope" in early times was not the exclusive privilege of Roman bishops, but meant merely spiritual father. When the Church received from Pepin and Charlemagne the lien that came to be known as the Patrimony of St. Peter, the Pope, according to Labanca, only administered these lands as the vassal of the Emperors. Constantine's famous Donation, to which even Dante refers, is now proved to have been a clerical invention. As Labanca says, Constantine must have been mad if he had thus of his own free will created a state within his own state; it was the disturbed condition of society that permitted the Church to become an Anti-State. What is now demanded by modern society, in the view of Professor Labanca, is that the Church should once more become a juridic institution and should not seek to exert political functions. This is what is meant by the modern demands for the separation of Church and state; and Labanca is convinced that the longer the political pretensions of the Papacy last, the shorter will be its religious power. Indeed Labanca is not at all sure that this is not already doomed, because the people of to-day will not be long willing to take orders from any person, no matter who or what his claims, whose call upon them does not correspond to their national characteristics and traditions. He thinks every nation will make for itself a form of Christianity that best suits its needs.

In the investigation of the intricate Synoptic problem, which seeks to analyze the first three gospels into their original sources, and to adjust these properly as the basis of the story of Jesus and his work, a number of new books indicate a change of base from Mark, to a greater emphasis on Luke. Two or three years ago, Wellhausen, in his *Einleitung* to the first three gospels, gave to Luke an importance altogether unusual. Still more recently came Harnack's volume, "Lukas der Arzt"; and this has lately been followed by another work, largely on Luke, by the same author, "Sprüche und Reden Jesu, die zweide Quelle des Matthäus und Lukas." In this book he assigns to Luke in many particulars a prominence in the gospel story above that given to Matthew. And now Prof. B. Weiss, the tireless octogenarian of the University of Berlin, has just published an investigation along this same line, "Die Quellen des Lukasevangeliums" (Stuttgart und Berlin: J. G. Cotta). In detail he discusses the relation of Luke to Mark, of Luke to the Matthew source, the source of Luke, and the composition of the gospel of Luke. The general tendency is to emphasize Luke as a reliable source for the story of Jesus and His gospel.

Adolf Risch has just issued a book entitled "Die deutsche Bibel in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung," constituting two *Hefte* in the series known as Biblische Zeit und Streitfragen, edited by Prof. F. Kropatscheck, and published by Runge of Berlin. This work traces the influence which Luther exercised on modern thought in the single capacity of a Bible translator, and in this particular makes out a good case for the reformer.

The ninth volume of the Semitic Study Series, entitled by Profs. R. J. H. Gottheil of Columbia and Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania (Leyden: Late E. J. Brill), is "Selected Babylonian Business and Legal Documents of the Hammurabi Period," by Arthur Ungnad, of the Royal Museum at Berlin. This issue is intended as a handbook to introduce the student to the study of these documents, dating from the close of the third and the beginning of the second pre-Christian millennium. The editors announce that three other parts of this Babylonian handbook series will soon appear; one covering the documents of the period of Sargon and Ur-Gur, *i. e.*, the first part of the third millennium; one the neo-Babylonian; and one the Persian period, the two latter including between them a considerable part of the first millennium. These parts are to be by Messrs. Lau, Ungnad, and A. T. Clay, respectively. This leaves untouched the Cassite period, the middle of the second millennium, for which no definite arrangements are yet made. The present volume contains only about sixty pages, giving the cuneiform text of forty-three documents, a list of the 202 signs used in those documents, glossaries of Semitic and Sumerian words, and a list of proper names arranged alphabetically. The introduction includes a brief account of the discovery of the documents and of the literature dealing with them.

One of the most considerable of the Moslem travellers to whom we owe so much information concerning the social and political condition of Western Asia and Northern Africa is the Spanish pilgrim and poet, Ibn Jubair (1145-1217). His *Rihla* ("Travels") was edited by William Wright in 1852 from a single manuscript in the university library of Leyden. The trustees of the Gibb Memorial have now issued a second edition revised by De Goeje (Leyden: E. J. Brill; London: Luzac & Co.). Wright's reading of the manuscript, says De Goeje, was most careful and accurate, so that there was little to change in it; Fleischer declared that Wright had done the work better than many a professor of long standing could have done it. When the edition was first prepared only one manuscript of the Travels was known; since that time it has been reported that another manuscript exists in the library of the principal mosque at Fez, but, so far as appears, this has never been examined by any Western scholar. In the correction of the text Wright made use of whatever quotations he could find in the works of other authors, as Ibn Batutah, Ibn al-Khatib, al-Maqrizi, al-Maqqari, and especially al-Sharishi, the pupil of Ibn Jubair. He has added an index of proper names, and a short glossary containing the explanation of a few architectural and nautical terms, for which he refers also to Dozy and to Jal's "Glossaire Nautique."

M. C. Jacottet of the Paris Evangelical Mission, with the financial support of the London publication house of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., has undertaken the systematic investigation of the languages of South Africa. A beginning is to be made with the Basuto, and the researches are to be historical, linguistic, and literary.

The interesting and important discoveries of Aramaic Papyri at Elephantine, an island in the upper Nile, discoveries discussed at some length in the *Nation* of November 14, 1907, p. 440, are published in facsmile and translation, with explanation and commentary by Prof. Eduard Sachau (Berlin: G. Reimer).

Prof. Dietrich Schaefer, of the University of Berlin, has just published, through E. S. Mittler, Berlin, a "Weltgeschichte der Neuzeit," in two volumes, covering the development of modern culture in its important aspects from the Reformation to the present day.

Library progress in New Jersey during the year ending October last is thus summarized in a recent report by the State Library organizer: The travelling library system was enlarged by the addition of 3,000 new volumes, and 603 travelling libraries were circulated; 18 new libraries were established; 47 were aided by the Commission in improving their methods of work; 107 were aided along other lines. There are still 27 towns in the State without libraries.

The following items are taken from the annual report of the New York State Education Department on Public Libraries, to be submitted to the Legislature this month. The report is based on statistics received from 1,282 libraries, of which 661 are free lending libraries. These report a total of 3,782,600 volumes in stock, and a circulation for the past year of 14,968,722 volumes, an increase over the preceding year of 136,947 volumes in stock, and of 1,135,083 volumes circulated. The average free circulation of books for each 1,000 of the population of the State is 1,855 volumes. Beginning in 1893, with an average of 352 volumes to each 1,000 persons, this item has steadily advanced year by year without one backward step, as shown by the following table:

FREE LENDING LIBRARIES, 1893-1907.

	Libraries		Circulation.	
Year.	No.	Volumes.	Total.	Per 1,000 pop'l'n.
1893....	238	849,995	2,293,861	352
1894....	293	1,049,869	2,766,973	425
1895....	309	1,127,199	3.146,405	483
1896....	351	1,313,299	3,933,623	604
1897....	375	1,446,874	4,904,793	753
1898....	408	1,755.036	6,439,999	989
1899....	431	1,979.319	7.395.527	1,135
1900....	460	2,187,125	8.452,445	1.163
1901....	529	2,425,260	9,232,697	1,270
1902....	550	2,598,472	10.063.703	1.385
1903....	555	2.804.628	10.897,126	1,500
1904....	573	3.108,365	11.347,802	1,561
1905....	655	3,437,876	12.086,816	1.663
1906....	678	3,645,662	13.835,639	1,715
1907....	661	3,782,609	14,968,722	1,855

"The steady advance thus recorded," says the report, "in which the issue of books, from free libraries has increased from 2,293,861 to nearly 15,000,000 volumes, is a striking demonstration of the growing significance of the public library in the economy of the State, and emphasizes the importance of giving it right direction in all its departments." Of the forty-six cities, seven paid nothing last year from taxation for public libraries; four others paid less than $500. The total amount, however, provided by tax in the cities of the State for libraries was $1,102,095, an increase of $77,000 over the year before. Sixteen new library buildings were completed and occupied within the year covered by the report. Seven of these were erected in the several boroughs of this city from the Carnegie fund. In the travelling library system there are now 82,880 volumes, the largest collection of its kind in the world. The total number of libraries sent out during the year was 779, containing 40,377 volumes. More than half of these libraries were sent to registered study clubs, the remainder being sent to groups of citizens in places having no public library, to public libraries wishing to supplement their scanty supply, to public schools, to charitable institutions, to individual families, and to various organizations, such as granges, Young Men's Christian Association, etc.

W. F. Yust, librarian of the Louisville Public Library, reports the following facts regarding library conditions in Kentucky: According to best obtainable statistics there are now in the State seventy-nine libraries of from 1,000 to 10,000 volumes, six of from 10,000 to 20,000, three of from 20,000 to 30,000, one of 50,000, one of 90,000, and one of 100,000. Of the ninety libraries thus enumerated, twenty-one are free public libraries; the others are institutional or subscription libraries. Ten of the public libraries, or almost one-half the total number, have Carnegie buildings. By far the larger part of the free library work of the State is being done in Louisville, where five Carnegie buildings are now being erected, and where last year the appropriation of funds and the circulation of books were probably twice as large as in all the rest of the State. Of the 119 counties there are but sixteen with free libraries and twelve with subscription libraries. The other seventy-one are without libraries altogether. The travelling library system is maintained by a committee of the Women's Federation of Kentucky, containing eighty-four libraries of fifty-five volumes each which are circulated in twenty-four mountain counties.

Joel Chandler Bancroft Davis died December 27 in Washington. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1822, a nephew of George Bancroft. After graduation from Harvard in 1840, he practised law, and afterward entered the diplomatic service. In 1869 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State, and in 1871 he prepared the Case of the United States for the arbitration of the Alabama claims at Geneva. For nineteen years preceding his resignation some five years ago, he was reporter of the United States Supreme Court. In his early days he had been editor of *Massachusetts Justice*. Besides editing the reports of the Supreme Court, he had prepared a volume, "Treaties and Conventions entered into by the United States." He was author of two pamphlets: "The Origin of the Book of Common Prayer," and "The Place and Work of the Laity in the Church."

Andrew Jackson George, head of the department of English in the Newton (Mass.) high school, died December 27. He was born in Goffstown, N. H., in 1855 and was graduated from Amherst in 1876. He had edited some twenty volumes of English classics for school use.

Jean Joseph Cornély, a French journalist, connected at one time or another with the *Journal Officiel, Estaffette, Figaro, Gaulois,* and *Matin*, died December 26. He was born at Nogna in 1845. Among his books are "L'Œil du diable," a romance of adventure; "Le Czar Alexandre III et le Roi (Le Comte de Chambord)," recollections and impressions of travel; "La France et son armée"; "Rome et le jubilé de Léon XIII, notes d'un pélerin."

THE LIFE OF A BUCCANEER.

Dampier's Voyages: Consisting of a New Voyage Round the World, a Supplement to the Voyage Round the World, Two Voyages to Campeachy, a Discourse of Winds, a Voyage to New Holland, and a Vindication, in Answer to the Chimerical Relation of William Funnell. By Capt. William Dampier; edited by John Masefield. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

John Masefield, whose "On the Spanish Main" was reviewed in the *Nation* of October 11, 1906, has done a good piece of work in preparing this edition of Dampier's writings. From Dampier he drew not a little of the material for the book we have just mentioned—an account of the buccaneers and of the English forays on the Isthmus of Darien; and now he has given us the originals in two excellently printed and sufficiently annotated volumes.

"I would ask those readers who find the voyages dull to remember the life of him who wrote them," says Mr. Masefield in an introductory memoir. But the voyages are not dull to one who has acquired the art of skipping. There are many details about winds and currents and shoals, transcripts from a sailor's log, but all these and other technicalities can be passed over at a glance by the reader who is intent upon the real stuff of Dampier's narratives: his observations upon plants and animals, upon the strange manners and customs of the far-away lands he visited, and, above all, his picture—not formally drawn, but built up by little touches here and there—of life among the buccaneers. For Dampier was himself an interesting man. The "Dictionary of National Biography" puts him down as "buccaneer, pirate, circumnavigator, captain in the navy, and hydrographer." Such a person is worth knowing.

The facts regarding his life are drawn mainly from his own writings. The son of an English tenant-farmer, he was born in 1652. At the age of sixteen he went on a voyage to Newfoundland, and was disgusted by the hardships. But in three or four years he was on shipboard again, and he followed the sea almost till his death in 1715. He was in the fleet that fought the Dutch, in 1673; he sailed for the Bay of Campeachy to secure a cargo of logwood in 1675, and for two or three years he alternated between log-cutting and buccaneering. In 1679 he put forth again for the West Indies, crossed the Isthmus, sacked Santa Marta, seized several Spanish vessels, and, plundering and burning, got as far south as the island of Juan Fernandez. After many privations, he made his way back to Virginia in 1682. A year later he set out from there with a party that doubled Cape Horn, ravaged the west coast of South America, and finally started across the Pacific. They visited the Ladrones, the Philippines, the Chinese coast, and New Holland. Dampier and several companions were marooned on Nicobar Island; but, relying on Dampier's skill as a navigator, they boldly ventured in a canoe and made their way to Sumatra. He was desperately ill, but after recovery he spent two years in trading voyages to Tonquin, Madras, and other places. Then he managed to get passage on an Indiaman and reached England in 1691, after an absence of twelve years. Of his life during the next six or seven years we have no account; but early in 1699, under authorization of the Admiralty, he commanded an exploring voyage in the region of New Guinea; in 1703 he made another expedition to the south seas. The history of these efforts is a history of discontent, quarrels, and mutiny, and at least one wreck. On his last voyage he was pilot on the Duke, a privateer, commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers. The Duke, with the Duchess as consort, sailed from England in 1708, passed round Cape Horn into the Pacific, rescued Alexander Selkirk—the supposed prototype of Robinson Crusoe—from his solitary imprisonment on Juan Fernandez, crossed the Pacific, and came home by the Cape of Good Hope.

Through this crowded and active career, through all privations and perils, he doggedly kept a journal which he worked over into the volumes enumerated in the title. The "New Voyage" was published in 1697, and his last work, the "Vindication," in 1707. How he found time, energy, or inclination, surrounded as he was by pirates, logwood-cutters, and carousing and ignorant sailors, to note with such care the appearance and habits of every plant, fish, bird, or beast that he saw, and to chronicle the traits of the painted savages and the yet more savage Englishmen of his crews—this is the mystery. Yet his "Discourse on the Wind" may, according to the "Dictionary of National Biography," be "even now justly regarded, so far as it goes, as a textbook of that branch of physical geography." Moreover, Humboldt declares that such distinguished savants as Condamine, Juan, and Ulloa added little to Dampier's observations on the objects that fell under his eyes. His pages do not lend themselves readily to brief quotation, but here is a sample, an account of the almost human intelligence and ethical code of the man-of-war birds and the boobies on islands off the coast of Yucatan:

> If one of these lame [man-of-war] Birds found a young Booby not guarded, it presently gave him a good Poult on the Back with his Bill to make him disgorge, which they will do with one Stroak, and it may be cast up a Fish or two as big as a Man's Wrist; this they swallow in a Trice, and march off, and look out for another Prize. The sound Men-of-War will sometimes serve the old Boobies so at Sea. I have seen a Man-of-War fly directly at a Booby, and give it one blow, which has caused it to cast up a large Fish, and the Man-of-War flying directly down after it, has taken it in the Air, before it reach'd the Water. (Vol. II., p. 129.)

Readers who have not the taste of a naturalist, but who think that the proper study of mankind is man, will find scattered here and there much about wild peoples and their ways; for Dampier had an insatiate curiosity. He informs us, in his "Supplement to the Voyage Round the World," that whenever he reached a new settlement, "usually after Supper, if the Day was not shut in, I took a ramble about the Village, to see what was worth taking notice of, especially the Pagoda of the place." He jots down the looks of the people, their dress, food, social customs, the relations of the sexes, the methods of government, and the worship. If we may believe him, the administration of anæsthetics in surgery was practised in China at least as early as the year 1688:

> 'Tis reported, that they first put the Patient into a Sleep: But how long they are curing him after the Operation is over, I know not. (Vol. II., p. 15.)

But, as we have said, the significant thing is not so much what he offers us directly, as the reflection in his writings of the desperate trade of the buccaneer and pirate. "What a set! What a world!" was Matthew Arnold's exclamation on reading Dowden's "Life of Shelley." Arnold would have found the set of gentleman adventurers to which Captain Dampier introduces us even less attractive. They were a crew of drunken cutthroats, brawling, fighting, and murdering. Dampier passes very lightly over their exploits in capturing Spanish ships and robbing and destroying villages; but their mutinies and their squabbles over booty tell the tale in unmistakable terms. And then their sufferings from scurvy and from tropical fevers, their wounds, their bad food, the drinking water, which "looked more like ink than water," their hunger and thirst, the storms at sea, the impenetrable thickets of the tropical forests through which they hacked their way—all these make one marvel what a man could find in a life so destitute of all that seems to us worth while. The buccaneers could not enjoy even the coarsest gratifications of the senses. For some of them the prize was indubitably the heaps of gold for which they staked their bodies and souls. Yet they seem to have had no clearly formulated plan for doing anything with the treasure when once they got it. They were apparently actuated by sheer blind, brutal lust of possession.

But with some of them—with Captain Dampier himself, we believe—the impelling motive was something nobler than the mere greed of the miser; it was the love of adventure and romance. The wonders of the universe were unrolling before their gaze; lands of almost fathomless mystery stretched before them; their ears were filled with the call of the wild; and battle and tempest and hair-breadth escape set their hearts flying. Their gusto for changes and for hazards is that which Kipling celebrates in his "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" and again in his "For to Admire"—

For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all—
The different ways that different things are done.

Dampier had his moments of repentance. "A sudden skirmish or engagement, or so, was nothing when one's Blood was up, and pushed forwards with eager expectations"; but "a lingring view of approaching Death" sapped his courage:

> I made very sad Reflections in my Former Life, and look'd back with Horror and Detestation on Actions which before I disliked, but now I trembled at the remembrance of. I had long before this repented me of that roving course of Life, but never with such concern as now. (Vol. I, p. 482.)

But the danger passed, he fell back into his old view of life:

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

CURRENT FICTION.

The Altar Fire. By A. C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Benson grows not a whit less ingenious or more conclusive as time passes. His power of production seems to have no limit. To bring out as many as four or five books a year has been scarcely possible hitherto even for a novelist. The putting forth in so brief a time of several volumes of intimate essays dealing with the more subtle and difficult problems of human experience is nothing short of a prodigy. The mere fact of it reduces one to the Johnsonian attitude of wonder at the achievement itself and not at its quality. In a sense, no doubt, the author would be justified in thinking that the author's pace is none of the reader's business. So be it. The fact remains that Mr. Benson's half-dozen books of confession (whether personal or dramatic) give one a sense of continued effusion, rather than of steady growth or even accumulation. They are ingenuous, sympathetic, graceful, moving—what you will; only they do not seem to "get anywhere." Such literature, when it impinges on the graver sphere of human experience, is not without its dangers. It is in the way of stimulating the spiritual sense for a moment, only to leave it, so to speak, with the pores open.

"The Altar Fire" is more nearly akin to "The Gate of Death" than to any other of its predecessors. Its theme and mood are similar. In the later study, however, the problem is more complicated. The diarist in "The Gate of Death" survives, as it were, his physical self, and records the data of his strange experience. The diarist of "The Altar Fire" survives his creative self, his ambition, and his family. In itself the record of his transition from the artist's absorption to a contented domesticity, and from that to a condition of spiritual well-being altogether independent of toward or untoward circumstance, is interesting and even edifying. The protagonist is initially well favored rather than strong. Ample means, a happy marriage, and an early literary success have brought him well toward middle life without subjecting him to the storm and stress from which character springs. The suddenly realized exhaustion of his literary impulse brings home to him with a first shock the fact of his essential limitation. The groanings of spirit which follow remind one of Tennyson's "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not at one with itself." All the conditions of his life are fair; only he himself is worth nothing. But gradually the desire to write leaves him, and at last even the regret of that desire. He finds it possible to busy himself contentedly with the humble affairs of daily life, his estate, his neighbors, the education of his children. Then his family are taken from him, one by one: his son, his wife, and his daughter. The numb despair which follows is gradually displaced by faith, and by the resolve to hear a part honestly and humbly in the work of the world. Certainly this is a credible, even a common, experience. That it is not altogether a healthy one, Mr. Benson freely admits:

> No doubt the subject is a morbid one, because the book deliberately gives a picture of a diseased spirit. But a pathological treatise, dealing with cancer or paralysis, is not necessarily morbid, though it may be studied in a morbid mood. . . . Morbidity only begins when one acquiesces in suffering as being incurable and inevitable; and the motive of this book is to show that it is at once curative and curable, a very tender part of a wholly loving and lovable Fatherly design.

Ah, one reflects, but is such truth to be best shown by such means? It is the hysterical self-consciousness of this sufferer, the insatiable self-pity, which must repel robust minds. Even at the end, in his resignation, his piety, his aspiration, there is more than a trace of the flattering unction which is the unfailing solace of an infertile egoism. Is it unfair to hint that to protest too much is the perilous tendency, not only of Mr. Benson's interlocutors, but of Mr. Benson himself?

Jesse ben David, A Shepherd of Bethlehem. By James M. Ludlow. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Of the many literary crimes that are yearly committed in the name of Christmas, none, surely, is more deplorable than the inveterate production of a certain number of stories in which stars, camels, sheep, and Roman chariots figure conspicuously among the properties. A curious pseudo-Biblical vocabulary is one hallmark of the *genre*. And for plot, the procedure is to weave certain strands of the sacred story, more or less re-colored to suit modern taste, into the fabric of some trite melodrama. Listen to the latest rendering of the shepherds' message:

> "Peace, friends! peace!" cried Jesse. "Let Joshua speak, or Boaz," addressing the foremost of the herdsmen.
>
> "We know not how to tell it," said Boaz, his excitement confusing his words. . . . "Suddenly the sky burst with light. . . . Then there sounded a mighty voice as of the angel of the Lord. The heavens shook and the stars were jarred out of their places with the noise, as are the figures wrought into a tent when a great wind falls upon it. Yet was that voice softer than the chords of the harp—and this it said, 'There is born to you this night in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host. Each star bore the face of an angel, and the fleecy clouds were changed to wings. Then the angel-faced stars sang together. . . ."

Here is imagination! How barren, how meagre, appears the traditional narrative of the shepherds watching their flocks by night, beside the new and improved version, in which angel-faced stars ingeniously play their rôle. It remains to provide the text with "lavish" marginal decorations, representing tables of the law, doves, harps, helmets, and what not; to insert a number of primitive-looking woodcuts and a colored plate of the Nativity; lastly, to bind the volume in cream, blue, and gold—there you have a perfect gift-book and an ornament to any marble-topped parlor table.

The Heart of Jessie Laurie. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

First may we call attention to the absurd character of the head by Harrison Fisher which decorates the cover and fronts the title-page of this book? It seems to us that the so-called illustrator waxes in pure impudence day by day. The mere writer is more and more helpless in his hands. Vain are the stipulations of the text, vain the carefully expressed opinion of the author that his people have a certain appearance, or do certain things. This lady may be recognized as a Fisher girl, but she is not the fisher lass of Mrs. Barr's story; in place of the "gayly striped fisher gown and bright blue kerchief" with which the author feebly accredits her, the artist has thoughtfully provided a modish "shirtwaist" and stock. The young person on this cover may be a local concession.

In itself, this is a good story by an experienced story-teller. Its atmosphere is that in which Mrs. Barr breathes most easily. Jessie Laurie is an Effie Deans of a sturdier mould. She abandons a lover of her own class in response to the call of an aristocratic young Lothario. He gains possession of her by a form of marriage which he intends to be a mockery, but which turns out to be legal, so that technically she is not betrayed. The child of the union becomes the scapegrace's heir, and the scapegrace, taking himself off by drowning, leaves her free to marry the faithful and magnanimous lover. If the sum of all this is not a story of remarkable power, it is certainly a story told with more than ordinary intelligence and control. The character of Jessie herself, at first emotional, selfish, and headstrong, is shown to be developed, not violently converted, by suffering, into a strong, loving, by no means mawkishly repentant, womanhood. So long as fiction is recognized as something more than a trick to amuse, novels like this will continue to be accepted with respect, if not precisely with awe.

The Affair at Pine Court. By Nelson Rust Gilbert. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"In the Adirondacks, in this year of our Lord, it is incredible." So one of the characters describes the doings at Pine Court, and we are inclined to agree with him; but if the writer has strained for the unusual in somewhat too obvious a fashion, at least he has avoided the Scylla of the stereotyped. Chenberger-Vogel, the pivotal personage, is only an impossible cad instead of a potential Satan, and his tirades grow tiresome at times; but on the whole the book is entertaining, especially in the bits of naïve moralizing on every subject from the cleanliness of the poor to Christian Science, that cling like mistletoe to the trunk of the story, and appeal potently, if unconsciously, to the reader's sense of humor.

The Interrupted Honeymoon. Jane Grosvenor Cooke. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This story begins pleasantly—so pleasantly that for the sake of the beginning one wades in exasperation through sloughs of despond, doggedly determined to unearth the reason why Sarah left William on their wedding journey. The behavior of this misguided pair is a fine example of the good old New England trait of "cussedness": and the convalescence of their happiness is attended by an exhausting number of relapses. "The Interrupted Honeymoon" would have made an excellent short story of the kind made famous by Mary Wilkins, but in its present state, it recalls the comment of the bored guest in "Trelawney"—"Sit down; you finished long ago."

Reconstruction, Political and Economic, 1865-1877. [The American Nation, Vol. XXII.] By William A. Dunning. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Two points only in this volume seem to call for comment. The first, always especially significant in a work which, like this, deals with a transition period, is the point of view. Professor Dunning states his position clearly in the following sentences from his preface:

> We must regard the period [of reconstruction] as a step in the progress of the American nation. In this aspect the North claims our principal attention. The social, economic, and political forces that wrought positively for progress are to be found in the record, not of the vanquished, but of the victorious section. In this record there is less that is spectacular, less that is pathetic, and more that seems inexcusably sordid than in the record of the South; but moral and dramatic values must not have greater weight in the writing than they have had in the making of history.

How well the author has adhered to his purpose, even a cursory examination of his book would suffice to show. Throughout, accounts of purely political matters directly affecting the South are rigidly condensed, while discussions of constitutional questions are reduced to their lowest terms. Professor Dunning has not, to be sure, lost sight of the fact that the greatest question before the nation, in the twelve years whose story he tells, was the rehabilitation of the South; but he has succeeded in pointing out, better than any other summary writer on the period, the wide variety of other interests with which the people were at the same time concerned. Thus, we have brief and incidental, but relatively fitting, discussions of the tariff, currency, public lands, and the settlement of the West, railroad extension and consolidation, and the general course of trade and commerce; together with such special topics as the Whiskey and Tweed rings, the Crédit Mobilier, the Belknap and other investigations, civil service and spoils, the panic of 1873, the granger movement, and the recurring Indian outbreaks. Similar in treatment are the accounts of foreign relations, including such important matters as the Fenian raid, the Alaska purchase, the negotiations regarding San Domingo and the Danish West Indies, Maximilian and the French in Mexico, the "Virginius" affair, the Alabama claims and the treaty of Washington, and the fisheries arbitration.

The other point is the author's judgments of men. Towards the Republican policy as a whole, Professor Dunning's attitude is prevailingly critical, though he does not fail to diagnose the political situation with detailed care, or to give due weight to the enormous difficulties which the problem of reconstruction presented. On the whole, his sympathies seem to lie in this respect with the Liberal Republicans. In his estimates of Republican leaders, however, his criticism is caustic. Thaddeus Stevens, for example, appears in the Congress of 1866-67 "truculent, vindictive, and cynical," his "keen and relentlessly logical mind" and "ever-ready gift of biting sarcasm and stinging repartee" balanced by "a total lack of scruple as to means in the pursuit of a legislative end." Sumner's forte was "exalted moral fervor and humanitarian idealism":

> He lived in the empyrean, and descended thence upon his colleagues with dogmas which he discovered there. . . . He would shed tears at the bare thought of refusing to freedmen rights of which they had no comprehension, but would filibuster to the end of the session to prevent the restoration to the Southern whites of rights which were essential to their whole conception of life. He was the perfect type of that narrow fanaticism which erudition and egotism combine to produce, and to which political crises alone give the opportunity for actual achievement.

Henry Wilson is pilloried as a Senator "whose sympathy for the down-trodden was no less demonstrative than his colleague's, but whose tears in their flow never for a moment distorted his count of the votes to be gained for his party"; while George S. Boutwell "exemplified perfectly the hard, merciless type which the Puritan conscience makes of a mediocre man." As for Grant, his "malodorous" career as President showed him to be, what he was at the beginning, "a narrow, headstrong, and politically untutored military chief," with a "lack of matured judgments on public affairs," and "an utter lack of ability to judge men."

These are unquestionably severe judgments, though the careful accuracy of Professor Dunning's narrative, well fortified with references to the sources, forbids us to pronounce them hasty. Revealing, as they do, sides of personal character on which writers of the patriotic sort do not care to dwell, they serve to show how far the pendulum has swung from the time when those who carried through the policy of reconstruction were saints or seers, and those who opposed it were fools or knaves. Perhaps, if Professor Dunning had been permitted to work on larger lines, the weaknesses and asperities of his figures would have blended better with the something impressive which men of the time recognized in them; though it has to be confessed that, if one must have a hero, the reconstruction period is a barren field to search.

The Near East. Anonymous. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.

Through Savage Europe. By Harry de Windt. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Russia and Austria, as the agents of the European Concert for the pacification of Macedonia, have recently been showing signs of renewed activity, an activity which has brought the Balkan peninsula and its crucial problem into increased prominence. Both these volumes, therefore, have timeliness in their favor. It may be said at the beginning, however, that their contribution to a possible better understanding of the Balkan Question consists far less in any addition to our knowledge of actual political conditions than in a description of the Balkan country and of the people among whom the historic problem of the Near East is being painfully worked out. Harry de Windt needs no introduction as an old traveller and a pleasing raconteur whose light narrative carries with it the evidence of close and just observation.

So much cannot be said for the English author of "The Near East," who starts out under the serious handicap of a pompous introduction which the contents of the volume do not at all justify. We are told in the Preface:

> The reason of the anonymity of this book is obvious. Revealing as it does the actual state of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula in this present year of grace 1907, it contains many plain truths and much outspoken criticism. By a long journey of close, confidential inquiry through Montenegro, northern Albania, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Turkey, and Macedonia, I have at risk of betraying certain information imparted to me under seal of secrecy endeavored to place the actual and serious truth before English readers. . . . Private audiences were granted me by various kings and princes of the Balkan States and by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, so that I was enabled to gather information, some of which is, of course, known in the chancelleries of Europe, while other facts will probably come as a revelation, even to Balkan diplomats themselves.

Now this is silly pretence. All the political information contained in "The Near East" is not only known to the European chancelleries, but almost all of it is known to the keeper of the files of American newspapers. According to the author's own account of his interviews with royalty, the kings and princes of the Balkan peninsula seem to have agreed in declaring that they admired England, were on the best terms with Germany, Austria, France, and Italy, entertained the warmest sentiments for Russia, maintained the most amicable relations with their Balkan neighbors, and had nearest to their hearts the welfare of their subjects and their land, whose just interests they were prepared to maintain without trespassing on the rights of others. These are not particularly inflammatory sentiments, and the traveller who gave them to the world, might have laid aside his anonymity without exposing himself to the serious consequences of royal and princely resentment.

It is such affectation that makes it hard to do justice to the elements of merit in the volume—its description of men and manners, which though frequently overpicturesque is nevertheless instructive; its account of the little known territories of Bosnia-Herzegovina under the Austrian régime, which is depicted in very black colors, and its statement of the case for the present régime in Servia. The style of the book is slovenly. Such expressions as "The rival one night took his rifle and laid in wait for my brother," and "Palok, whom I found was not known," are quite as atrocious in their kind as anything the Turks have done in Macedonia.

Mr. de Windt's itinerary was largely the same as that of our other traveller. His Savage Europe comprises Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Servia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and southern Russia. Of the mountainous western portion of the peninsula the impression given is altogether pleasing; a Switzerland inhabited by a semi-Oriental people, where racial and personal feuds appear only to invest care-free life with an additional charm. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the author of "Savage Europe" takes a view quite opposite to that we find in "The Near East," with regard to the Austrian rule. The difference in attitude is still more marked when we come to Servia, which the reader will find the most absorbing portion of the volume. Mr. De Windt's condemnation of the series of events by which the present King came to power is thorough, and his account of the assassination of the young King Alexander and Queen Draga is the most vivid we remember reading. The culmination of the tragedy is thus described:

> Even his enemies admit that Alexander's last moments were characterized by almost superhuman coolness and heroism. Both he and Draga must have known from the moment Maschin and his cut-throats burst into the sleeping apartment, that their fate was sealed. Draga was cowering in a corner shaking with terror, while the King, revolver in hand, tried to shield her person from the gaze of the brutal intruders. Colonel Maschin was the first to stride up to the King with a document for his signature—a promise to banish Draga forever from Servia, or abdicate. Alexander made no reply but fired point-blank at the speaker—missing him—upon which a volley laid the King low. It was now Draga's turn. . . . The corpses were thrown into the gardens below, where they lay until the Russian minister found them at daybreak. The King had lost the fingers of both hands, and had received no less than thirty-six bullet wounds, the Queen only sixteen.

And to the present day Belgrade has remained a city of assassination and ominous unrest. It is all the more surprising therefore to read of rural Servia as a "garden land" and of its inhabitants as a peaceful, laborious and prosperous peasantry, quite undisturbed by the murderous dissensions of their rulers. These facts help the historical imagination to recall how the Roman world once lived in security under a succession of Neros and Domitians.

The Tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou. The Finding of the Tomb, by Theodore M. Davis; Notes on Iouiya and Touiyou, by Gaston Maspero; Description of the Objects found in the Tomb, by Percy E. Newberry; Illustrations of the Objects, by Howard Carter. Folio. Pp. xxx., 48. 44 plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12.50.

One can find only words of praise for the work done by Mr. Davis in his explorations in the "Valley of the Kings" in Egypt, opposite Luxor and near the site of ancient Thebes. Those who visited the museum in Cairo early in the season of 1906-7 saw the things which he found in a tomb in a most unexpected place and in an unpromising site in January, 1905; and those who were late in Egypt last winter saw some of the objects which he had just unearthed. First came the funereal furniture and the mummies of the parents of the great Queen Tii, and second the remains of the Queen herself. To have found these things is a sufficient honor for one man but they are only the crown of former achievements.

In his publications also, Mr. Davis shows excellent taste. His own contribution to his book is brief and modest, but it is the story of a man who knows whereof he speaks. In the present volume, as in those which have preceded, he has enlisted the aid of specialists, so that the publication takes its place at once as a valuable contribution and as a definitive work.

The significance of the present find from a historical point of view is in the fact that the supposed Asiatic parentage of Queen Tii is seen to be based upon erroneous grounds. This exploded theory was used to account for the origin of the new form of religion introduced by Khuenaten, the "heretic" King, son of Tii, as though it were a Semitic importation. But it is now seen that the parents were native, and undoubtedly of humble if not obscure origin; that they held inferior positions in the Court retinue, and were far from having the royal blood of Syria in their veins. We get a hint, at least, of a possible romance in the marriage of the King with a lowly maiden; but subsequent events show that she was held in the highest honor. The King, her husband, goes out of his way to mention both her and her parents in as unlikely a place as some huge scarabs on which he records his exploit of killing with his own hands "one hundred and ten lions fierce ones." Three of these scarabs are now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant. Unpublished Letters, edited by Baroness Elisabeth de Nolde; translated from the French by Charlotte Harwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

What little is known of Mme. de Staël's correspondence is both disconnected and scrappy, the result of publications undertaken, at long intervals and somewhat at random, generally by unauthorized editors. From letters written by the Duchess de Broglie in 1831, and a statement by the Duke de Broglie, in 1844, we gather that the heirs of Mme. de Staël, and Mme. de Staël herself, were strenuously opposed to such publications. This last batch of letters has been unearthed from the archives of the Marenholtz family in Hanover, and edited by the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Constant's second wife. The editor has not been content to give what unpublished letters, some twenty-eight in number, she found among those that Mme. de Staël wrote to Constant from England, Paris, Coppet, and Pisa during the years 1813 to 1816. With the aid of Constant's "Journal Intime," and some other correspondence already published by A. Strodtman in his "Dichterprofile," the Baroness de Nolde set out to give us a complete and interesting, if not very well composed, history of the whole *liaison*. We learn little in it, however, that we did not know already, and we understand the repugnance of the family to have their ancestor's sentimental life exposed once more to the public gaze. These whinings of a jilted woman, these love quarrels, complicated by business differences, this exchange of bitter words and ugly threats between two great minds make unpleasant reading, in spite of occasional flights into the more serene realm of political philosophy.

The reader may smile at the efforts of this mother to "establish" her daughter and her naïve complaint that England offers few matrimonial chances, because "there are so many women and so much money." It is also pathetic to see Corinne clamoring to recover her 40,000 francs from a man whom it would "hurt less to see her die of grief" than "to have to pay his debts." But these earthly cares, if they disillusion us a bit, do not detract from our admiration for a great writer who happened, at the same time, to be also a woman and a mother. Benjamin Constant, on the other hand, to whom she once wrote, "No one can have loved you as I love you," and again, "O, Benjamin, you have destroyed my life," and finally, "It [your conduct] passes all that I believed of the human heart," appears all through this correspondence, where he plays a silent part, a monster of flippant selfishness.

This edition, prepared by two women, bears many marks of inexperience. It might have been easy to spell at least the name of Rocca, Mme. de Staël's second husband, without a mistake.

Science.

American Birds. By William L. Finley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

On opening this book one is struck by the unusual excellence of the illustrations, most of them by H. T. Bohlman. Even in this era of nature photographs these of wild birds, their nests, and their young, are remarkable, perhaps, as a whole, the best thus far produced. Unhappily, they have suffered considerable reduction, in order to put three or four on each inset page.

The text is divided into twenty-one chapters, each treating some one species or group of species, from the hummingbird to the golden eagle. Since most of the studies were made in the extreme West, many of the species are little known in the East; but with few exceptions all have closely related Eastern representatives, with habits differing but slightly. The facts relate chiefly to the conduct of parents at the breeding season and to the appearance, growth, and general characteristics of the young. The text is uneven. Some chapters are excellent and thoroughly enjoyable: others are spoiled by a padding of unimportant details of uninteresting actions. Many new points in avine economy are, however, brought out, such as the division of the labor of feeding the young by the grosbeak, the parents bearing the brunt of the work on alternate days. The action of the male wren is unusual, when he takes the worms from the too fond mother, and, by tantalizing the young, inveigles them from the nest to their first flight. It will be news to many that the kingfisher, "in the Southern States, where the streams are few and run dry in summer, . . . takes to a fare of grasshoppers and mice." Mr. Finley's frequent allusions to the value of birds to man and the importance of protecting them more adequately are timely, for the day is rapidly approaching when every farmer must give this question more serious attention or lose an increasing percentage of his crops from the depredations of insects.

Mr. Finley seems rather uncertain of his scientific names, as instanced by the spelling of those on pages 109 and 115. The brief family summary at the end of each chapter is of little use and might better have been omitted. The work is accurate as to observation and forms a real addition to our knowledge of Western bird life. It is, however, as a splendid record of the photographer's skill in portraying the more intimate home life of wild birds that the volume deserves especial mention.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication early this year "The Prolongation of Human Life; Optimistic Essays," by Elie Metchnikoff, sub-director of the Pasteur Institute. This, the authorized English translation, is edited with an introduction by P. Chalmers Mitchell, secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London.

Henry Holt & Co. are issuing at once in their American Nature Series a popular one-volume work, "Fishes," by President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, which contains virtually all the non-technical material from the author's larger work in two volumes, "A Guide to the Study of Fishes." There are nearly 700 illustrations, 18 of them colored.

Dr. Hermann Hack's "Geographen-Kalender, fünfter Jahrgang 1907" (Gotha: Justus Perthes), records the geographic movement, so to say, of 1906 with German thoroughness. Opening with a biographical sketch of Professor Dalla Vedova, of the University of Rome, the compiler goes on with a *geographische Chronik* arranged by countries giving every item that could possibly concern a map-maker. To illustrate, our eye falls on the statement that on May 22, a forest fire destroyed seven villages in Michigan, besides partly burning others. Thousands of other similar records show how broad is the German conception of the basis of geographic science. This department is illustrated with maps, among which we notice one of the proposed channel tunnel, another of the lava flow of Vesuvius in 1906, and still a third of the African Railway system. Parts III. and IV. are respectively devoted to the explorations of 1906 (with maps), and to a very full geographic bibliography of the same year. Part V. is necrological, and VI. is a directory giving the name, place of residence, position, and where possible, date and place of birth of every living person in any way connected with any subject bearing on geography. There are indexes of both subjects and names.

The well-known "Allgemeiner Handatlas" of Andree, in large folio, 17x11½ inches, has just been issued by Velhagen & Klasing, Leipzig, in a fifth edition, correctly described as *vollständig neu bearbeitet und vermehrte*, under the editorship of Dr. H. Scobel. It contains 130 chief charts and 162 of a secondary character, published on 207 sheets, and costs 32 marks. A list of more than 240,000 geographical names, with reference to the different charts, is a valuable feature of this standard work.

The radio-activity of mineral springs has been one of the year's subjects of investigation with some curious results which, with increased observation, may have an influence in therapeutics. Pierre Curie had already collected helium in many mineral springs, and it has been found in the air. Prof. Charles Moureu of the École Supérieure de Pharmacie has studied various springs at the spot where the water gushes from the ground. He finds that they give out continuous emanations of radium and comparatively large quantities of such rare gases as argon, neon, and helium. The single spring of the Lymbe at Bourbon-Lancy yields annually more than 10,000 litres of helium. The Académie de Médecine commissioned three young physicians, having proper scientific attainments, to study certain well-known springs. M. Ameuilles found Plombières and Bad Gastein in Austria the most active, with an emanation which has all the properties of radium emanation. The sediment is also radio-active, and the surrounding atmosphere lightly so. An observation, which explains why it is not the same thing to use bottled waters and "take the waters" at the springs, shows that this radio-activity disappears in a short time; within four days half of it was lost in water taken away from the spring. It is even probable that all spring water, taken at its source, is slightly radio-active.

Coleman Sellers, engineer and scientist, died in Philadelphia December 28. He was born in Philadelphia in 1827, and while still a young man invented a number of tools and machines. In 1861 he patented the kinematoscope, a forerunner of the modern moving-picture machine. He became much interested in photography, was one of the founders of the Philadelphia Photographic Society, and acted as American correspondent of the *British Journal of Photography*. He also invented some useful aids in microscopic work; and for three years he served on a commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania in 1884 to study the phenomena of spiritism. When the project of generating electricity at Niagara was set on foot, he represented America on a commission of five members, headed by Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thompson. He acted as chief engineer of the construction, and devised important features of the great dynamos. He was a member of many learned societies.

Drama.

Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama, By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

The Austrian drama plays an important part in German literature and the German theatre; and the life and work of its foremost representative in the first half of the nineteenth century have been the subject of much psychological speculation and æsthetical analysis. Mr. Pollak's book is the first attempt, outside of our college world, to introduce Franz Grillparzer to American readers. He has written a sympathetic study of a character very difficult of comprehension if viewed apart from the circumstances of time and place. As a son of the country which gave birth to the poet, Mr. Pollak is singularly fitted to interpret Grillparzer's isolation in life and unique position in letters.

Many threads connect Franz Grillparzer with his contemporaries and compatriots. He stands among them a typical Austrian of the Metternich period, loyal to the monarchy and unquestioning in his attitude toward the privileges of bureaucracy and the prejudices of caste. But while as a man he upheld principles fast becoming obsolete in other parts of Europe, as artist he chafed under the pressure which resulted from the enforcement of these principles, and disastrously affected the intellectual growth of Austria. This somewhat aristocratic attitude set him apart from his forerunner in the Austrian drama, Raimund, as also from his greatest successor, Anzengruber. A son of the people, Raimund wrote out of his proletarian consciousness. He strove to console the poor by idolizing poverty. Grillparzer, however, had no sympathy with the people as such. Keeping aloof from his own class, he revelled in morbid self-analysis. Engrossed with the eternal conflict between instinct and reason, he made this the pivotal point of his works. This weary pessimism hung like a cloud over his life, and vibrated like a dismal undernote through his writings. It began, as Mr. Pollak points out, in the sombre parental home, ruled with the iron rod of discipline by a stern father, who sought no intimacy with his children and rigidly suppressed his emotions. Yet the poet had inherited his father's clearness of intellect. The first play by Grillparzer, "Die Ahnfrau"—The Ancestress—was written in a gloomy old house with "enormous rooms, into which a ray of sunlight rarely penetrated." Only the mother, emotional and impulsive and endowed with an extraordinary gift for music, which the children had inherited, could have given the poet the affection needed to balance his intellectuality. But after having so long repressed his feelings, he was hardly capable of apppreciating affection. Indeed, after a betrothal of five years' standing to Katharina Fröhlich, he came to the conclusion that he was incapable of true love. These points, so essential to a just estimate of Grillparzer's work, Mr. Pollak makes clear.

The connection between the life and the work of Grillparzer is very close. Mr. Pollak finds in the plaint of Sappho, beginning with the line "To lose and to renounce has been my lot," a direct allusion to his own misfortunes. Founded upon the conflict of art and actuality, the "Sappho" is hopelessly pessimistic. The first play, which suggests a brighter outlook upon life, was written during his early acquaintance with "Kathi"—that masterly historical drama "König Ottokar's Glück und Ende"—embodying the glorious past, the perilous present, and the brightly dawning future of the Austrian empire. Mr. Pollak's exhaustive quotations are likely to create an interest in this too little known yet remarkable work. Of all his works, "Libussa" has the most hopefulness. It contains prophetic lines which show that the author had caught a breath of the new spirit. In the splendid procession of his heroines—Sappho, Medea, Hero, Esther, Rachel and others—the superb figure of Libussa is the crowning achievement.

One chapter of Mr. Pollak's interesting volume is devoted to Grillparzer's miscellaneous writings. The author justly remarks:

> A certain acerbity of sentiment and obscurity of expression—occasionally even a slovenliness of form, of which his dramas fortunately bear so few traces—detract from the value of his poems.

Mr. Pollak quotes from the prose writings numerous passages, remarkable for their critical insight and independent judgment. Grillparzer's only attempt at fiction, the well-told story "Der arme Spielmann," might have received a little more attention, for, although it reflects throughout the poet's resigned mood, it strikes one note foreign to his other writings in the passage where he says that at the feasts of the people "Men as a mass forget for the nonce individual aims and feel themselves as a part of the whole, in which, after all, the divine element is to be found."

The contrast between Grillparzer and his great successor, Anzengruber, is striking. The son of a petty official, but a child of the second half of the century, Anzengruber was the mouthpiece of the democratic consciousness to which the people of Austria had begun to awaken. The first and perhaps the greatest of German realists, Anzengruber, created characters which are genuine products of the soil. and made them utter all the new aspirations that were working their way upward out of the people's soul. A final chapter tracing the development of the Austrian drama since the death of Anzengruber would have been welcomed by some readers. For, though the boundary lines between Germany and Austria are beginning to fade away in the literary world, there is still a quality in the work of the young generation of that country which is typically Austrian. As the spirit of Anzengruber's social consciousness seems to linger in Langmann's "Barthel Turaser" and the shadow of Grillparzer's pessimism to hover over the poetical dramas of Hoffmannsthal, so Schnitzler and Bahr represent the cosmopolized Vienna of to-day.

The metrical translations are an important feature of the book. With few exceptions they render with uncommon success the meaning and melody of the original.

Among the younger English actors there is perhaps no one more likely to become a dominant figure than H. B. Irving, the eldest son of the late Sir Henry. Not only has he inherited no small share of his father's histrionic ability, but he is a man of studious and scholarly habit, industry, and ambition. There is abundant evidence of his solid character and capacity in his "Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical," now collected in a convenient volume and published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. These essays, although dealing for the most part with rather hackneyed subjects, are nevertheless written with so much comprehension, directness, and sobriety of judgment that they make pleasant and by no means unprofitable reading. His account of the eighteenth century stage is an admirable summary, notable for compact arrangement and judicious selection of vital matter. He fails, however, to perceive that the brilliancy of that theatrical period was due, in large degree at all events, to the adverse social conditions which he deplores, and that the deterioration of theatrical art has proceeded in almost exact ratio with the increase in the general popularity of the stage, and the success, both social and commercial, of its professors. What the stage needs to-day for its rehabilitation is not, as he seems to think, a larger measure of patronage and protection, but a time of adversity and trial, to purify it of its diseases, starve out its weaklings and impostors, restore a healthful if cruel competition, and so prepare, through a survival of the fittest, for the establishment of a new era of literary and dramatic achievement. What he has to say about the art and position in the world of the actor shows sanity and shrewdness of observation, together with a realization of the obligations and opportunities of his calling, and a proper pride in belonging to it. He also makes out a good case in defence of actor-managers, to whom, as a class, the stage doubtless has owed in the past much of its progress; but, there is another side of the picture, which shows the evil influence of a theatrical dictator whose sole aim is to make money and gratify his own vanity. His plea that a manager ought not to be blamed too severely for occasionally stooping to folly in order to win from the public the support upon which his very existence depends is plausible but specious. The ideal, and, in the long run, the wisest policy, is to woo success, after failure, by providing something that is more, not less, worthy of it. Mr. Irving ekes out his theatrical papers with one or two of his criminological studies, which are, perhaps, more curious than valuable. But lovers of the stage will find in this book assurance that the author has at least one rare qualification for the theatre, namely, brains.

The performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" in the Lyric Theatre, Monday evening, attracted a large audience, and was received with appreciative applause for the actors, but with very little enthusiasm. There is small ground for belief that the experiment will prove popular. It would be difficult to name another play, of equal dramatic quality, more empty of inspiration. The peculiar genius of the author is displayed in the smooth, compact, and rapid mechanism, in the graduated climaxes leading to the final catastrophe, in the vital portraiture of the male characters, and in the vigorous political satire; but these merits are not sufficient compensation for the gloom and morbidity of the central theme. The various political types—Rosmer, the unpractical idealist; Kroll, the conscientious but narrow and bigoted conservative; Brendel, the visionary wastrel; and Mortensgard, the unprincipled trimmer—are drawn to the life; but Rebecca West, the embodiment of free will and the force that dominates the whole dramatic action, is a creature as impossible as she is detestable. Her conversion is incredible, and her so-called expiation absurd. Nor has Mrs. Fiske, who now assumes this part, the requisite power of emotional expression to disguise the dramatic and psychological unreasonableness of the closing situation. Rosmer's faith in the miracle of her transformation, supposed to have been effected by his own goodness, and his agreement that suicide may be equivalent to atonement and the symbol of a purified love, carry no conviction. The general representation was uncommonly good, George Arliss distinguishing himself by a very clever sketch of Brendel.

Judging by the printed reports, Sardou's latest theatrical invention, "L'Affaire des poisons," recently produced at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, is in no wise inferior to his earlier melodramas, in respect of compact construction, ingenious plot, cumulative interest and striking climaxes. The question of its actual artistic, literary, dramatic, or historical value, is another affair, of course. But there seems to be no doubt that it is good carpentry. Coquelin is reported to do excellent work as the central figure, an escaped prisoner, who having obtained a clue to a plot against Louis XIV., in which Madame De Montespan and the chemist, La Voisin, are concerned, makes use of his knowledge to secure a pardon for himself.

The Vicomte Robert d'Humières, the French translator of Kipling, Barrie, and others, has recently organized a Theatre of the Arts. His object is to introduce to the Parisian stage a certain number of pieces characteristic of foreign art. The plan is to alternate French and foreign works. The dramatized version of "The Light That Failed," by Kipling, adapted by the Vicomte d'Humières; "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "Iris," by Pinero; revivals of the Elizabethan drama, and of the comedy of the Restoration, Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Hedda Gabler" and "Electra," are English items on a list that includes works by Wedekind, Kampf, Sudermann, Maurice Maeterlinck, Tristan Bernard, Renan, "Gyp," Georges Courteline, and Mme. de Régnier ("Gérard d'Houville"). On Tuesdays and Saturday matinées are to be given at five o'clock, consisting of a series of lectures on literature, science, painting, music, travels, etc. MM. Saint-Saëns, Vincent d'Indy, Paul Adam, Comte de Montesquieu, Dr. Charcot, and Dr. Mardrus will lend their aid.

Music.

Richard Wagner. Von Max Koch. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

While Karl Friedrich Glasenapp is still at work on his monumental life of Wagner, which threatens to comprise as many volumes as a Chinese cyclopædia, others have not been idle in appropriating the fruits of his labors. The latest German biography of the great composer is by Prof. Max Koch of the University of Breslau. Only one volume is in print so far; it comprises the years 1813-1842, and contains nearly four hundred pages. The two remaining volumes will thus help to make a work of about 1,200 pages. This will hardly suffice for an exhaustive work on Wagner; but that it will be exhausting, is indubitably proved by the first volume.

No musician ever had so romantic and dramatically interesting a career, from beginning to end, as Wagner. It seems impossible to write an uninteresting account of his life, yet Professor Koch has accomplished this feat. His story of Wagner's life is about as absorbing as a textbook of archæology to the general reader. He seems to have an aversion to those minute details which help to give a life-like view of a man, while on the other hand he dotes on the minutest details regarding matters which have only the remotest bearing on the subject in hand. There is seldom a page of straightforward narrative, the discourse being interrupted every moment by irrelevant, or, at any rate, superfluous, matter. An amusing illustration of this pedantic method occurs on p. 184, on which reference is made to Wagner's first visit to Vienna, where, as the composer adds casually, he was annoyed by hearing the "Zampa" tunes everywhere. This leads our author to inform the reader:

> The most successful opera of the Frenchman Louis Joseph Herold (1791-1883) "Zampa, or the Marble Bride," had its first performance in Paris on May 3, 1831; in Vienna on May 3, 1832—Leipzig followed on September 17—and, as later, in the case of "Tannhäuser," the playwright Johann Nestroy had in 1832 at once prepared a parody, "Zampa the Sluggard, or the Bride of Gypsum," which during Wagner's sojourn in Vienna, was as popular as the opera itself.

There is hardly a page without an interpolation of this sort, and sometimes several pages are thus filled. An explanation of this peculiar method of literary composition may be found in the fact that Koch dispenses with the footnotes so dear to the German professor.

A careful examination of this volume has failed to reveal any important fact bearing on Wagner's life not noted by previous biographers. The facts regarding Wagner's doubtful paternity are more fully presented than elsewhere (pp. 36-37) and they make it almost certain that his real name should have been Richard Geyer. The author lays much stress, and properly, on the fact that it was through poetry that Wagner, from the beginning and always, approached music. He corrects a prevalent misconception in pointing out that Liszt was not a pupil or imitator of Wagner in composition. Liszt was already writing his symphonic poem "Ce qu'on entend sur la montagne" when Wagner was at work on his utterly unoriginal juvenile symphony. In commenting on the fact that Wagner's setting of Heine's "The Two Grenadiers" never became as popular as Schumann's (both introduced the Marseillaise at the end), our author mentions the fact that while Schumann gave this melody to the singer Wagner placed it in the piano part, but he apparently fails to see that this error on Wagner's part accounted for the preference shown for Schumann's song. Professor Koch is obviously one of the old guard who are convinced that Wagner never erred.

By far the most valuable section of Professor Koch's book is the bibliographic appendix of forty pages. He complains that his predecessors, including Glasenapp, did not sufficiently indicate the sources of their information. His appendix goes far toward remedying this omission, and he promises to complement the list in the two volumes still to come.

Prof. Ernst Wolff of the Conservatory of Music in Cologne, whose excellent biography of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy appeared in 1906, has just published (Berlin: Behr) an admirable selection of the letters of the distinguished composer. Wagner, it will be recalled, described Mendelssohn as "a first-class landscape painter," a designation which applies with equal force to his letters. They are remarkable for clearness and vividness of delineation. Thus in a letter from Switzerland written when he was thirteen years old to his teacher Zeller, he shows a fine observation of nature rare in a boy of that age. Peculiarly interesting are the letters to Goethe and Moscheles and the descriptions of his life in Munich in 1830 and 1831, which he found more congenial than any other German city.

Eugen D'Albert has been chosen director of the Berlin Royal Academy of Music, as successor to Joachim—one of the most coveted and influential positions in Europe. But it is as an opera composer that he has chiefly come into prominence lately. After writing several operas which were failures, he at last composed one—"Tiefland"—which nearly every German opera house hastened to perform. Spurred on by this success D'Albert's pen in a short time turned out another score, which was promptly produced at Hamburg. It is "Tragaldabas," based on a French comedy of that name by August Vacquerie. This play was produced in Paris in 1848, and gave rise to a good deal of literary skirmishing. Among those who took part in the fight were Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, Murger, Balzac, George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Girardin, Musset. There were violent protests against the play, but finally it conquered, and its admirers proclaimed its immortality. Oblivion followed soon. Accounts agree that the Hamburg audience which was first to hear the opera was not particularly edified. D'Albert makes much use of stopped trumpets and trombones, and vies with Offenbach in searching for humorous effects. But the opera was evidently written in a hurry, and there is not enough melodic invention to float it to success. It is not his first comic opera. His "The Departure," and "Flauto Solo" belong to the same genre. Both were failures.

Art.

The Gothic Quest. By Ralph Adams Cram. Pp. 358. New York: Baker & Taylor Company. $1.50 net.

This little book is made up of twelve distinct essays, some of them public addresses, some reprinted from the *Catholic World*, the *Magazine of Christian Art*, and certain American architectural journals. The dates of their first appearance range from 1893 to 1907. They are, however, singularly alike in tone and spirit: they breathe the same lofty purpose; they preach one uniform doctrine of fine art as a form of religious thought and religious enthusiasm. In saying "enthusiasm" there is always implied excess, however worthy the theme, and a tendency to unsupported assertion. For example, page 100 contains this sweeping generalization:

> We must cease looking on the house of God as a Sunday club; we must give as men gave in the fourteenth century; we must give with the spirit in which they gave, for if we give from motives of ostentation, emulation, self-glorification, our work will be as hideous as it is now, and we ourselves shall be deservedly damned.

It would not be fair to select that passage if it stood alone, but there is the frequent assertion and constant assumption that mediæval architecture in western Europe was indeed religious in its suggestion, pious in its purpose, and almost faultless in artistic character. Now the cautious historian may admit that there is a basis of truth in such dicta as these (p. 101):

> Luther killed all art but music in Germany. . . Calvin killed all righteous art in France. . . . Henry VIII. killed all art whatever in England.

Moreover, if the historian be also a worker in modern architectural art, he may regard as tenable the further proposition: "We must go back to mediæval times . . . and take up the work where then it was broken off." Where it was broken off: *i. e.*, not the early prime, not the thirteenth century, but the latest English Gothic is held up as a proper starting point for modern art.

Indeed, those of us who watch the growth of American art are aware of Mr. Cram's serious design. We know that the churches of his firm (Cram, Wentworth & Goodhue, or later Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson), when they are what Mr. Cram would call churches indeed, that is, buildings for Catholics or Anglicans, are always in a style founded upon just such study of the latest English Gothic, the Perpendicular, the Fan-Vaulted, the Tudor form of Gothic, which the above quotations bid us expect. Some years ago we used to hear in architectural circles the term Extended Gothic, used perhaps loosely for this modern development. The churches designed in this style by this firm are worthy of close study, and of much admiration; they show that the seemingly impractical aspiration of the writer has already been put into a way of realization. The artist and author is therefore properly impatient in asking that not merely the outward appearance of the places of worship, not merely the interior decorations, with sculpture and appropriate painting, that not merely these be brought back to the fourteenth-century stage of perfection, but that the whole body of the ceremonial be treated as a great fine art, and every part of it—costume, furniture, music, chanting, and recitation—that all be brought up to the noble standard set for us by mediæval Catholic worship. His thesis is:

> There is no other work of art more entirely perfect than a solemn High Mass forging its splendid way through the mysterious lights and the veiling incense of an old Gothic cathedral, to the sonorous beating of deep Gregorians. It takes rank with, and even above, the other triumphs of art.

With this as his aspiration the author cannot but be somewhat despondent. But the thoughtfulness of his reasoning, and his protest against the evil tendencies in modern architecture, deserve the attention even of those persons who cannot accept to the full the remedies suggested by Mr. Cram.

In the December number of the *Burlington Magazine* the department of Art in America spills over, so to speak, into the body of the magazine; for the frontispiece is a photogravure of Renoir's Mme. Charpentier and her Children, now in the Metropolitan Museum, and the leading article is a commentary on that work by Léonce Bénédite, who writes from the point of view of an ardent admirer of the much-discussed picture—a picture which, with all its impressionistic technic and its blue and pink coloring, has yet a certain kinship with the paintings of fashionable ladies by Cabanel. There are other works by Renoir, to say nothing of greater artists, unrepresented in our museums, that would have been better worth the great price paid for this one. The American section proper includes a reproduction of Brandegee's portrait of Miss Porter with a brief note upon it, a list of the works of Saint-Gaudens, which, though it includes one hundred and seven numbers, is far from complete, and an illustrated article on the Burgundian tapestries in the Metropolitan. The rest of the issue is of the usual varied substance, one of the most interesting items being the clear evidence of Watteau's borrowings from Rubens shown in a drawing in the British Museum after one of the paintings now in the Louvre.

"The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders," by Angelo Mosso, an account of the results of the excavations in Crete by the British and Italian Schools of Archæology, will soon be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An important fresco by Masolino da Panicale has been discovered by F. Mason Perkins, who communicates his find to the *Rassegna d'Arte* for December. The group, an enthroned Madonna and Child with angels, appears to be the central portion of a larger composition. It may be seen in the Church of S. Fortunato at Todi. The article is accompanied by several cuts of details on a generous scale which fully establish the attribution. One wishes that the *Rassegna* might always practise this wise liberality, for its illustrations are too often in disheartening contrast to the valuable text they accompany. In this number, Dr. Gerevich continues his exhaustive study of the beginnings of the revival of painting in Bologna. Lorenzo Costa is the theme of the present instalment.

If it was worth while to do over again so soon what Samuel Isham had done so well in his "History of American Painting," Charles H. Caffin has done it fairly well in "The Story of American Painting" (F. A. Stokes Co.). If not an original critic, Mr. Caffin generally knows where to go for opinions or information, and seldom makes serious mistakes. In type, paper, etc., the book is an ugly one, and the printing of illustrations on both sides of the paper is an ill-judged economy, while the lines of comment, in italic type below the pictures, are disagreeably disturbing. For these things Mr. Caffin is, presumably, not responsible, and he has provided an amount of information and of sensible remarks thereon that will doubtless be welcome to the public for which such books are provided.

For a similar public, anxious for easily assimilable instruction in art, Miss Estelle M. Hurll has provided a very rudimentary form of it in her "Portraits and Portrait Painting" (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.). Any child should be able to understand all that she has to say, or at least to repeat it with an air of understanding, which is perhaps, all that is necessary. There are errors in the book, which it is hardly worth while to point out, but it is harmless and unexciting.

The special committee of trustees of the American Academy in Rome, empowered to select three scholarship men, one each in architecture, sculpture, and painting, to receive $1,000 a year for three years, has chosen Ernest Farnham Lewis of Boston for architecture, and Sherry E. Fry, now in Europe, for sculpture. It was decided not to appoint a painter this year. For the proposed endowment fund of $1,000,000, subscriptions of $100,000 each have been received from J. Pierpont Morgan, Henry Walters, William K. Vanderbilt, James Stillman, Henry C. Frick, and Harvard University through Henry L. Higginson. Efforts to raise $100,000 each are also being made by Yale University, Columbia University, the University of Chicago, and the Society of Beaux Arts Architects. None of the subscriptions has been called in; but the founders have placed in the treasury of the academy an amount equivalent to 4 per cent. on their subscriptions to meet the current expenses.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are water colors by Herbert W. Faulkner, at Powell's, till January 11; modern Dutch, Barbizon, and early English paintings, Scott & Fowles's; etchings by Miertatz, William Schaus's. An exhibition of drawings by Rodin will be held at the rooms of the Proto-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, January 2 to 21.

John Lambert, painter, died December 29 at Jenkintown, Pa. He had been ill for some time, and late last summer was compelled to cease working in Spain because of failing eyesight. Born in Philadelphia in 1861, he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and afterwards in New York, Paris, and Naples. He first exhibited at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts in 1895, and his last work was a portrait of Albert Chevalier, the coster singer, in the character of "'Awkins." Among his other pictures were portraits of Selden Miller, John R. Read, and Miss Cecilia Beaux.

Finance.

THE REPORTS OF THE BANKS.

When the reports of the national banks of New York city, made under the call of December 3, were compiled more than a fortnight ago, they threw on banking conditions but little more light than the weekly statements. But some questions of interest remained. Had interior banks reduced their loans while New York banks were increasing them, and added to their cash reserve while New York's was being depleted? Between October 24, the panic day, and December 3, the date of the reports, $41,000,000 in cash had been deposited at New York by the government, and not much less than $70,000,000 of gold had come in from Europe. Yet in that period cash holdings of the Associated Banks of New York city had actually decreased $43,000,000. Where had this $154,000,000 of actual money gone? Partly into the hoards of private individuals; partly into other local institutions. But inland banks are known to have drawn cash heavily from New York. Was this currency used to make good the ravages of hoarders at other cities than New York, or was it added outright to interior bank reserves? Only the statements of these inland banks could tell the story.

These are the changes, between August 22, the date of the preceding call for reports, and December 3; the comptroller of the currency's compilations are used:

	N. Y. City alone.		Outside of N. Y.	
Loans	Inc.	$59,396,000	Dec.	$152,643,000
Individual deposits	Inc.	96,266,000	Dec.	238,428,000
Due from other banks	Dec.	6,216,000	Dec.	140,726,000
Due to banks & trust cos...	Dec.	27,412,000	Dec.	196,265,000
Cash	Dec.	43,159,000	Inc.	2,320,000

The figures for national banks outside New York will be received with astonishment. That these institutions should have cut down loans enormously while New York was increasing them, was expected; the change is explicable mainly through the recall by Western banks of their large credit accounts outstanding in New York—a process which forced New York institutions to replace a part of these loans by actual increase of credit facilities on their own account. But what was not expected is the evidence from these figures, first, that interior banks have not called in, from New York and elsewhere, as much of their own deposits with other institutions as they have lost through recall of similar deposits from themselves; and second, that these inland banks have not heaped up a pile of needless cash in their own vaults.

It is true that while New York's national banks lost $43,000,000 cash between August and December, banks in the rest of the country have lost none. But the $2,300,000 increase, at other places than New York, is a bagatelle when one considers the money poured into the banks in the interval. The difference in the result, at New York and elsewhere, is a plain enough consequence of the converging of the trust company run and the attendant money-hoarding, on this city; but the fact of an actual and heavy net loss of cash, by the whole system of national institutions, leaves the problem, as to the disposition of the gold imports and the treasury's cash deposits as puzzling as before.

The government did not restrict its deposits to New York; between August 22 and December 3, its deposits, in the national banks of the country as a whole, increased $80,000,000. This, with the gold importations of the period, must have added $150,000,000 to the joint holdings of these institutions; yet the comptroller's compilations of this week show that all the 6,600 national banks held less cash by $40,800,000 in December than in August. The use of cash in the harvest districts does not at all explain it. In the similar months of the normal years 1904 and 1905, the national banks lost respectively $19,000,000 and $43,000,000 from their cash reserves; in 1906, when we were large gold importers, they actually gained $8,000,000. None of these figures provides a parallel for the disappearance, during the same three months in 1907, of nearly $200,000,000 cash.

What is manifest, however, so far as these national bank reports are witness, is that the West has suffered with the East, that there is little ground for sectional recrimination, and that the salient fact of the period has been the prodigious extent to which these banks were entangled among themselves, and the violence of their raid upon one another. The evidence that this was largely a panic of banks, as distinguished from a panic of individual depositors, is quite irrefutable.

A curious light is thrown on the affair by comparison with the national bank returns of 1893. Between June 12 of that year—two weeks before the panic day—and October 3, the statements show the following changes:

	N. Y. City alone.	Outside of N. Y.
Loans	Dec. $27,300,000	Dec. $158,700,000
Individual deposits	Inc. 2,800,000	Dec. 107,800,000
Due to banks & trust cos...	Dec. 9,600,000	Dec. 6,400,000
Due from banks	Dec. 5,000,000	Dec. 16,000,000
Cash	Inc. 32,000,000	Inc. 24,600,000

In the matter of loans, these banks then acted much as they have done in 1907. But the $59,000,000 gold imported in the panic of 1893 had very clearly gone into bank reserves and stayed there, while the quite insignificant changes in the accounts of the banks with other institutions showed that no such tangle of institution credit can have existed then. But the currency premium, and the restriction on depositors at New York, disappeared in 1893 on September 2, and that of itself accounts for much.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Almanach de Gotha, 1908. Lemcke & Buechner.
Aulard, A. Taine, Historien de la Révolution Française. Paris: Armand Colin.
Ballard, Eva C. She Wanted to Vote, or Home Influences. Crawfordsville, Ind.: T. F. Ballard. $1.40 net.
Barth, Fritz. The Gospel of St. John and the Synoptic Gospels. Eaton & Mains, 40 cents net.
Beth, Karl. The Miracles of Jesus. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.
Browne, Sir Thomas. Hydriotaphia or Urne-Buriall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Bruce, Wallace. Scottish Poems.—Leaves of Gold.—Wanderers. 3 vols. Bryant Union Co. $3.
Calvert, Albert F., and C. Gasquoine Hartley. Velazquez. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Corfort, William Wistar. Exercises in French Prose Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cents.
Grutzmacher, Richard H. The Virgin Birth. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.
Hartog, P. J. The Writing of English. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Hase, Karl von. New Testament Parallels in Buddhistic Literature. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.
Hebbard, S. S. The Philosophy of History. Maspeth Publishing House.
Heine's Die Harzreise. Edited by B. J. Vos. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Holmes, T. Rice. Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Cæsar. Henry Frowde.
James, Henry, Novels and Tales of. New York edition. Vols. I. and II. Scribners. $2.
Liefmann, Robert. Ertrag und Einkommen auf der Grundlage einer rein subjektiven Wertlehre. Jena: Gustav Fischer.
Macdonald, D. The Oceanic Languages. Henry Frowde. $4.20.
Meyer, Max. The Sinlessness of Jesus. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.
Miller, Elmer I. The Legislature of the Province of Virginia. Macmillan.
Mitchell, Donald G., the Works of. Edgewood Edition. Vols. XIII., XIV., XV. Scribners.
Mosenthal, S. H. Stories of Jewish Home Life. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Old Buildings of New York City. Brentano's.
Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part V. Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. London: Egypt Exploration Fund.
Riggenbach, Eduard. The Resurrection of Jesus. Eaton & Mains. 40 cents net.
Shakespeare's Sonnets. Introduction by W. H. Hadow. Henry Frowde. $1.75.
Sidney's Apologia for Poetrie. Edited by J. Churton Collins. Henry Frowde. 60 cents.
Sterne, C. A. When Things Were Doing. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Strobridge, Idah Meacham. The Loom of the Desert. Los Angeles, Cal.: Artemisia Bookbindery. $1.75.
Thomson, William de Forest. The Passing of Time. Robert Grier Cooke.
Underwood, Joseph Harding. The Distribution of Ownership. Macmillan.
Vigny, Alfred de. Servitude et Grandeur Militaires. Edited by C. L. Freeman. Henry Frowde.
Wendling. George R. The Man of Galilee: A New Enquiry. Washington: Olcott Publishing Company. $3.
Whitaker's Almanack, 1908. Peerage. London.
Wiedersheim, Robert. Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates. Translated by W. N. Parker. Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

KINGSLEY'S GUIDES FOR VERTEBRATE DISSECTION
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1908.

The Week.

Two criticisms will probably be directed against the currency bill which Senator Aldrich has prepared: one, that it is an "emergency currency bill" rather than a comprehensive measure of reform; the other, that it adopts a highly questionable principle in accepting State, municipal, and railway securities as a basis for this currency. The plan provides for emergency bank circulation not to exceed $250,000,000; secured, not by United States bonds, but by the collateral authorized for savings bank investments by the New York and Massachusetts laws; taxed at 6 per cent. to ensure its retirement when the emergency is past; and limited by the veto power of certain designated Treasury officials. The authorization of miscellaneous collateral is not a new idea; it has already been applied in the matter of collateral against public deposits. In the case of banknote issues, however, it would mark a distinctly vicious tendency. Banknote issues must be regulated on one of two principles—automatic expansion or contraction in response to the needs of a season's trade, or artificial limitation by requirement of a collateral security whose total amount is known and whose soundness is recognized by every citizen. To neither of these theories does the Aldrich plan conform. Automatic contraction gets no encouragement at all, except from the 6 per cent. tax upon the notes, and conceivably banks might not wait for the real emergency to apply for the extra circulation, but might use their new powers to help along such Wall Street inflation schemes as those of 1905 and 1906. As for arbitrary limitation, the note-issues would be restricted, short of the quarter-of-a-billion maximum, only by the extravagance of cities and railway companies in their recourse to the money market.

Rear-Admiral Brownson's letter of resignation is dignified, admirably phrased, and strong in its presentation of his case. With his attitude in regard to the command of hospital ships, we do not agree; in this matter, the President seems to us in the right. We have also had occasion to regret Rear-Admiral Brownson's zealous advocacy of a huge fleet, and his stanch support of the bureau system, which is, we hope, now in a fair way to be abolished. But against his treatment by the President, we cannot protest too strongly. Mr. Roosevelt has often enough preached to the country about its duty to the veterans. Well, here is a man who fought through two wars with honor to himself and his country, and who, until he dared to disagree with Mr. Roosevelt, held the most influential post in the navy. But all this is forgotten in the President's anger at Brownson's refusal to continue to serve after he had lost the President's confidence, and this veteran naval officer is reviled in precisely the same intemperate terms as were the colored troops whom Mr. Roosevelt suspected of "shooting up" Brownsville.

The Supreme Court has cut up by the roots one of President Roosevelt's pet laws. The Constitutionality of a Federal employers' liability act was gravely questioned when the measure was under debate. As soon as it was passed and put into effect, it was contested in the lower Federal courts. On appeal, the Supreme Court, though by a divided vote, pronounces it beyond the powers of Congress, and so void. Thus ends one more attempt to draw out of the interstate commerce clause whatever may occur to any President as desirable. What the court has now done is once more to deny that the power of Congress extends to "every conceivable subject, however inherently local," and to affirm again that there is an "authority of the States" which Congress cannot obliterate. The President has been jauntily secure about this particular law, his only complaint being that it was not sufficiently "thoroughgoing." In his last message he declared that it "should be" extended. But now its fundamental principle has been destroyed by the Supreme Court.

A splendid display of loyalty to the President, Secretary Taft's address in Boston last week surely was. Though the Secretary has not been long enough back from the Philippines to get fully in touch with public opinion, he plainly has discovered that thousands of the President's former admirers and unthinking supporters are now covering him with reproaches. But Mr. Taft, in identifying himself with Mr. Roosevelt, steps forward to take his share of the obloquy. What the Secretary had to say about the genesis of our recent panic and continuing business depression seems to us in general entirely sound. He repeated the familiar arguments about inflation, top-heavy speculation, and reckless strain upon capital and credit. But Secretary Taft ought to understand that there is a sharp difference between the economic and the political explanation and effects of the panic. After you have proved to demonstration that bad financiering caused financial disaster, the fact remains that widespread financial disaster will be laid to the charge of the President in office and the party in power. There is a brutal side to politics, as Mr. Taft's party illustrated in the case of President Cleveland in 1893-95, and it is simply the same kind of political brutality from which President Roosevelt and the Republican party are now suffering, and will suffer. The times are bad; hence the imbecile party in office must be turned out. That was the invincible syllogism which the Republicans employed in 1893, and they cannot dodge its application to-day. Now, this consideration evidently haunts the whole of Secretary Taft's speech. He put the policy of the President in as engaging a light as possible. It was the policy of simple honesty and legality; a brave fight against giant corporations, and so on. Yes, but it was primarily a *political* policy. Political success was Mr. Roosevelt's great aim; indeed, it was essential to his method. But panic and depression have made that success highly doubtful. There may be a recovery of it; but at present it is admitted in Washington that the President's course is completely blocked. Congress will not assent to a single item of his distinctive programme. Thus a halt has necessarily been called in the policy which was never anything if it was not politically triumphant. But Mr. Taft stakes his fortunes upon it. He still sees in it what De Quincey called a "dower of golden hopes." At present, however, it must be confessed that it is a crushing burden for any candidate to carry.

Twice since the passing of the "Virginia dynasty" has a President of the United States undertaken to name his successor. Singularly enough, the principal in the second attempt has been a thoughtful critic of the first. Theodore Roosevelt wrote in his Life of Benton:

> The Jacksonian Democracy was already completely ruled by a machine, of which the most important cogs were the countless officeholders, whom the spoils system had already converted into a band of political mercenaries. . . . Besides this, such an organization requires . . . to have as its leader and figure-head a man who really has a great hold on the people at large, and who yet can be managed by such politicians as possess the requisite adroitness. . . . Jackson liked Van Buren because the latter had served him both personally and politically—indeed, Jackson was incapable of distinguishing between a political and a personal service. . . . [The members of the kitchen cabinet] used his name and enormous influence with the masses, coupled with their own mastery of machine methods, to bring about the New Yorker's nomination.

Who could have believed that these lines would one day apply with hardly more than a change of names to the ardent civil service reformer who penned them in 1886? If the Federal officeholders were "countless" then, what is to be said of their number to-day, when, despite the extensions of civil service rules, nearly 150,000 still remain outside the classified service? Washington gossip concerns itself just now with the prospect of having the First Assistant Postmaster-General, an official of the department charged with the destinies of 50,000 fourth-class postmasters, conduct the Taft campaign without giving up his post. To all appearances, Federal patronage is everywhere to be employed for the securing of Taft delegates.

The proposal to establish a commission to investigate and recommend changes in the tariff is backed this year by so loyal a Republican as Senator Beveridge. That it stands no chance at all of adoption is not due to any fear that such a commission would be dominated by free-traders, or that a really low tariff would result from its deliberations, but to the doctrine that to touch the tariff law at all would be to unsettle its structure so completely that it would be liable to topple over at any blow. For many years this has been good tariff logic, but it was seldom until this year that any one thought of applying it to other departments of legislation. The following extract from the correspondence of an important Republican paper is typical of what has been said since Congress convened this year about the revision of the reform legislation of 1905 and 1906, the rate law, the pure food law, the meat inspection law, and the like:

> Now that these enactments are on the statute books, and are in the main approved by the people, the legislators are not disposed to disturb them. The year just passed has unquestionably shown some defects in the laws in question, but the legislative leaders say that if an effort is made to correct the small defects the way might be opened for a general assault on the legislation, and so they are inclined to let the laws stand as they are.

Everybody agrees that, other things being equal, the less our laws are tinkered with the better. We are dealing now, however, with changes which, after such a trial as alone can demonstrate the qualities of any statute, commend themselves to the same wisdom that conceived the original laws. To refuse to amend amounts to a denial of the right to atone for a mistake or recognize a changed condition. The conception of these complete and self-sufficing statutes appears doubly strange when we contrast it with the traditional methods of our law-making. It is rare indeed to find all the law relating to a given subject in one place. As a rule, there is a nucleus somewhere, possibly far back in our national history, but to this are added amendments after amendments. Many of the methods of our lawmakers are to be condemned; but there has been a rough-and-ready flexibility about their work. The proposal to change all this, to draw the line at "reforming the reforms," is, to use a homely illustration, like trying to replace one of the loose-leaf railway guides by a duodecimo library edition of the time-tables, bound in morocco to last a generation.

Ambassador Aoki's declarations in San Francisco would seem to have omitted nothing that candor or fairness could demand. Japan's representative spoke almost wholly as a man and not as a diplomat; in response to a pertinent question he admitted that the Japanese people are probably resentful of the Pacific Coast's treatment of the Mikado's subjects, but drew an emphatic distinction between the attitude of the Japanese people and that of their government. He further asserted that the government was for peace, not on exaggerated grounds of amity, but because it was for the interest of Japan to keep the peace. Yet war the Mikado is bent upon, and war we are going to have, if the *Petite République* and other Paris papers know anything about it. It does not matter that the same French press is replete with accounts of Japan's marvellous activity in Korea and Manchuria, where, on the face of things, her interests should be enough to keep her from seeking foreign adventure elsewhere for years to come. If Japanese coolies come to Vancouver, they are formidable competitors. If they return to Japan, for reasons seemingly obvious to Vancouverites, it is because they are veterans, and the Mikado has recalled them with dire intent. Some day, educated Japanese will be reading interpretative books on "The Soul of the West," explaining why Americans refuse to believe the solemn assurances of the Emperor, foreign minister, Parliament, and diplomats of another nation, but do believe in patent medicines and Christian Science.

The announcement that the Marine Corps is recruited to its maximum strength, 8,700 men, and can accept no further applicants, is in startling contrast to the army, which was 20,178 short of its maximum on October 15, and is probably worse off to-day. The reason given for the success of the marines is the industrial depression; but this ought similarly to have affected the army. The causes, in our opinion, are deeper. In the first place, enlistment with the marines means an opportunity to see something of the world; and the navy is at present far better advertised than the army. Again, the discipline of the marines is much better than that of the army, which is torn by internal dissensions, and by dissatisfaction with the pay, and which has had many incompetent officers foisted upon it by the reorganization of 1901. The army is in politics; the marines are fortunately out of it. Whatever the latter's grievances, they are not publicly aired, officers are held to high standards of efficiency, and the corps makes a far better appearance whenever the two services are brought together, as in Cuba. In the marines there is a spirit which makes for soldierliness; in the army there is an indefinable something which is breeding unhappiness and discontent.

Europe is now temporarily frightening herself again with the "American Peril," or the "American Invasion." Not since Count Goluchowski unfolded its scaly horrors has that particular dragon received so much attention as during the past few weeks. At Paris an entire meeting of the Federation of Manufacturers and Merchants, which has a membership of some 4,000, was given up to a discussion of the crisis in America and its probable effects on Europe. Financial effects were, of course, primarily meant, but there was also an undercurrent of apprehension lest the depression in the United States should lead, as in 1893-95, to the "dumping" of a vast amount of American manufactures upon the defenceless shores of France. As a matter of fact, this has already begun, if we may credit trade reports. Both to maintain prices at home, and to make up for a slackened domestic demand, our protected manufacturers will be tempted to sell more goods abroad cheaper than ever before. Meanwhile, a good example of what American enterprise can do when it sets about it, is furnished by a series of articles in the *Westminster Gazette* describing how our beef exporters are gradually monopolizing the meat trade of England. Though present prices ought to give the English farmer a fair profit on cattle, there is a steady decline in the amount of English meat upon the market. Singularly enough, our dull cousins across the water ascribe our success in this matter to skill and organization, and wholly forget the tariff, from which all blessings flow—except when they don't.

To the majority of the German people the outcome of the second Harden trial will be almost a literal realization of justice as practised in the legendary kingdom where the verdict of guilty is followed by the dismissal of the accused and the imprisonment of the plaintiff. The sentencing of Maximilian Harden to four months' confinement in jail for criminal libel, after a lower court had decided in his favor on the same issues, will be taken by the world at large to mean that "high" influence was brought into play to minimize the impression of grave conditions in the German court and exalted military circles, produced by the writings in Harden's *Zukunft*. We do not mean to assert that pressure was brought to bear directly on the court: the administration of justice by the German tribunals has been generally regarded as above reproach. The testimony seems to have weighed against Harden. But when it is remembered that the testimony which counted against him was obtained by a startling reversal in the position taken by witnesses in the previous trial, the suspicion rises that in this direction pressure from on high had been exercised. An editor's going to jail is not a rare thing in Germany, and the editor of the *Zukunft* has every reason to believe that, in spite of his conviction, the effect of his revelations on the political and personal morality of a certain portion of the ruling classes will be a salutary one, while the bulk of the people will, we think, look upon him as a scapegoat rather than as an offender.

Italy has scarcely begun to settle down to the Nasi case when another political scandal involving maladministration and embezzlement comes to the front. The commission appointed to investigate the expenditure of the funds raised for the relief of the Calabrian sufferers in the earthquake of 1905 has presented a report laying bare corruption like the stealings from the Russian famine relief funds revealed last year. Of the sum of 40,000,000 lire ($8,000,000) contributed by the state and private charity, the great bulk has been wasted or misapplied. Money was distributed for political reasons, and the authorities were especially open-handed towards "sufferers" who were well off:

> The richer a man was, the more he received of charity, because his position enabled him to exercise pressure on his own behalf.

The tents for housing the real victims were given away in lots; one man received 120, another 30, and few homeless families got any tent at all. The commission publishes the names of twenty-five millionaires, among them a Senator and several noblemen, who received donations from the fund. It is hardly necessary to say that the Calabrian deputies have attacked the report on "patriotic" grounds, just as the Sicilians are attacking the prosecutors of ex-Minister Nasi. Other countries have been known to reveal similar symptoms of local patriotism in the case of prominent government-land grafters, and the like.

England is reported to be awakening to the seriousness of the problem of Asiatic immigration; yet every reason exists why the British public should have been awake for some years. In Australia, the question has long been a vital one. In the Transvaal, the crisis that has resulted from the refusal of thousands of Hindus to submit to the terms of the new registration act has been preparing for some time. Canada is only the latest and most conspicuous Imperial baby to cry out at the sight of the Oriental bogeyman. Still, Canada has to deal with a Power which, with all good will, has shown itself ready to insist on a decent degree of fairness for its subjects; and the practical British genius may be trusted to recognize the argument of facts. The case is different with the natives of India, whose natural protector is the British government itself; for the Hindus may bitterly complain that no class among them receives the protection due to it. Hindu coolies are not wanted in Canada, and Hindu traders are now being expelled from the Transvaal. Great, raw spaces like South Africa and Australia, with room seemingly for everybody for hundreds of years to come, are jealously guarded against the competition of the terrible brown man, whereas India, with a swarming population that has made the struggle for existence such a bitter one, is left open to the enterprise and ambition of the superior white man. In India, if anywhere, a tariff system that might build up native industries is conceivable; but such a measure would not be "thinking Imperially." On the other hand, when a small overflow of India's hungry millions seeks a living elsewhere under the British ægis, the colonies rise in fury against the threatened "competition."

When a newspaper that has been called, with such a show of reason, "the foremost journal of the world," changes hands, the event has its light to cast upon the whole drift of the age. That the proprietor of the London *Daily Express* should acquire the *Times*, is much as if the owner of the New York *Journal* should purchase the *Tribune*. All the protestations that might be made could not persuade the public that radical alterations of policy and of method would not ensue. Indeed, under the old control, the *Times* had suffered many unfortunate changes in recent years. Financial stress had led it into various questionable enterprises. Its credulous acceptance of the Pigott forgeries was a fearful blow to both pocket and repute. Of late years, it has too often pursued a malign policy in international affairs. It was almost as much responsible for the Boer war as it was for the war in the Crimea. Towards Germany, it has persistently followed a nagging and inflammatory course. For these and other reasons, its influence had visibly declined, yet it retained a prestige not equalled by that of any other newspaper in existence. It was, in the first place, the favored means of publicity for the leading men of the time. If Carlyle or Swinburne had a letter to write to any newspaper, it was certain to be sent to the *Times*. Furthermore, the columns of the *Times* were a sort of refuge for the oppressed of other nations. Manifestoes from Egypt and Bulgaria and Macedonia and Montenegro were regularly sent to it. But its supreme reputation was won by its unexampled corps of foreign correspondents. Its readers might feel sure that, if anything of importance happened anywhere, the *Times* would be certain to have a correspondent on the spot to telegraph an intelligent account. Blowitz was a sort of unaccredited ambassador to France, and let the *Times* into many a secret of diplomacy. His securing for it in advance a copy of the Treaty of Berlin was one of the most famous "scoops" of newspaper history.

Above and beyond all these titles to distinction, there was for years a quality in the *Times* which really gained for it the name of "The Thunderer." This was its ability to hit English public opinion between wind and water. When it spoke, its voice was really that of England. This did not mean that it set about shaping men's thoughts; it was rather assiduous in finding out what the average man's thoughts were, and then uttering them like a threatening Jove. This is not an exalted conception of the journalist's function—to lead by following; to give back to the public what it first gives to you; such a theory of the conduct of a newspaper may, however, lead to the appearance of extraordinary power. When an editor cries aloud what he has first heard ten thousand people saying, he is certain to appear a miracle of wisdom—to that ten thousand. The plan also has its embarrassments. Sometimes the *Times* found the popular oracles dumb, or mistook them. In 1880, for example, it misread the political signs, and was totally surprised by Gladstone's victory in the general elections. It is thus a sort of journalism not wholly admirable, not entirely consistent, not always successful, for which the London *Times* has stood all these years. But it was of a high type, admittedly; dignified and intelligent; and it is a melancholy reflection that the flashy and clamorous journalism has now pushed it to the wall. This concerns not merely the newspaper business. It shows which way popular taste is inclining. If every people has as good political representatives as it deserves, and as worthy priests, it certainly has as good newspapers. Just at present, England (to say nothing of other lands) seems to think that the newspapers she has had have been too good for her.

THE GOVERNOR IN THE MESSAGE.

At a time when the attention of the whole country is fixed upon the Governor of New York, in a degree unequalled since the days of Tilden and Cleveland, his annual message can but have unusual importance. It will be heard, not only by the State, but by the entire nation. And men will search it, not so much for particular measures, as for its revelation of the whole temper and attitude of the man who wrote it. People rightly infer that the way in which an executive deals with the affairs of a State is the surest earnest of the methods he would apply to national concerns. He that is faithful in that which is little will be found faithful in that which is much.

Scrutinizing Gov. Hughes's message from this point of view, men will find it illustrating his habit of absorbing himself in the business in hand. He is one who sticks to his job. Having, as he once phrased it, taken a retainer from the people of New York, he attends strictly to their business. If any one had imagined that the talk about Hughes as a Presidential candidate would lead him, as Governor, to produce some "views" for general consumption, a reading of the actual message will show how that would be to misjudge the man. It is a straightforward, unemotional, and thoroughly businesslike document, with no thought but of State affairs. There is not a word in it which a lawyer would call, in a Governor's message, *aliunde*.

More suggestive still is the progressive disclosure of the Governor's way of looking at public problems and searching out for evils their appropriate remedies. It is clear that he casts about, first of all, for some general principle. Having once grasped that, he proceeds to explain and enforce its necessary consequences. In his recommendations, whether about trust companies in the banking business, racetracks in the gambling business, ballot reform or primary reform, we can see that a principle is always operative in Mr. Hughes's mind. Equally visible is his steadiness of purpose. The quiet way in which he urges the widening of the scope of the Public Service Commissions, so as to bring the telephone and telegraph companies within their jurisdiction, is the best answer to those who assert that the Governor is a "reactionary." The difference between him and some men is that he can progress without yelling. One careful step after another is his method; and that he moves forward without clamor or abuse, does not alter the fact that he moves forward.

The most "sensational" part of the message is that relating to the racetracks. But it is sensational only in the meaning of being unexpected. Here, too, the treatment is throughout simply to apply the dry light of reason, and to appeal for essential justice. The principle from which the Governor proceeds is primarily legal. Here is an explicit provision in the Constitution, with its direction to the Legislature to pass laws against poolselling and bookmaking, so that they may be neither "authorized nor allowed within this State." On the other side, the Governor finds the tricky racing law which, while pretending to comply with the Constitution, nullifies it. This is wholly repugnant to the legal mind of the Governor. Without heat, and with only an incidental reference to the "demoralizing influences" and "economic waste" involved in the permission of public gambling, Mr. Hughes demands that the Legislature "carry out the clear direction of the people," and comply with the Constitution. The artificial discrimination between gambling on one side of a high fence and on the other, he declares to rest on "no distinction that is justified to the popular mind." Thus does the Governor put himself in the lead of a reform which is as much demanded on legal as on moral grounds. If the laws are not to be brought into contempt by indirection, and if thousands more are not to be tempted to their ruin by gamblers whom the Constitution outlaws, but whom the statutes practically license, then the Legislature must give heed to these recommendations of the Governor.

Turning to the other contentious parts of the message—those relating to a fairer and surer form of the ballot, and to greater freedom of the party primaries and party nominations—we find Gov. Hughes following the same path to his goal. In this case, his principle is simply that of democracy itself. All parties and all candidates should be given an equal chance, and no more, on the ballot; every voter should be free to choose the men he pleases for the different offices, and clearly to express his choice. Under our present ballot, these fundamentals are notoriously wanting; therefore, the Governor urges the simpler and more equitable form commonly known as the Massachusetts ballot. This is distasteful to machine politicians, but it is favored by ballot-reformers. By neither is Gov. Hughes apparently so much influenced as by his desire that the people be given the fullest expression of their wishes in elections. The same motive leads him to advocate primary reform and direct nominations. He would see the members of all parties protected by law from "despotic proceedings" in the name of party.

Gov. Hughes's second message could not, in the nature of the case, make so deep an impression as the first. But the two are of a piece. The later one shows that the qualities by the display of which the Governor burst upon the world a year ago as a man of first-class calibre, still animate him. Any State, any nation, is lucky that can command the services of a man so clear-headed, so forward-looking, so steadfast.

THE PROPOSED BANK LAW.

With the report of the State Superintendent of Banking, submitted to the Legislature January 1, and with Gov. Hughes's emphatic comments in his message of the same day, the question of the remodelling of the law which governs the New York banks and trust companies is now fairly before the public. In these two documents the salient points of the problem are presented with a clearness and force which make possible a grasp of the issue, even by the citizen unfamiliar with the intricacies of banking.

Superintendent Williams thus introduces his discussion:

> In my judgment nothing will meet the situation with fairness to the interests of the banks, of the trust companies, and of the public which deal with both, which does not require that each distinct field of operation should carefully be delimited and that any corporation transacting business in a particular field shall be subject to the obligations and restrictions which pertain to that field. Whatever reserves, or other restrictions, may be deemed advisable with reference to demand deposits in the case of a bank should be equally obligatory with reference to the same sort of deposits in the case of a trust company. Similarly, the savings bank business is a distinct field, and business of this sort should be transacted only by institutions subject to the restriction of the savings bank law.

Mr. Williams proposes, in the matter of banks that have opened "savings departments" which pay interest, and which, as the law now stands, are protected by no special safeguards beyond those imposed on ordinary commercial accounts, that "the investment of such deposits should be limited to securities approved for savings banks"; and he advises that the savings deposit business opened by business concerns, such as department stores, should be prohibited by law. Turning, then, to such trust companies as conduct a pure deposit banking business—that is, which receive deposits subject to check and repayable on demand—Mr. Williams advises that every trust company in a city of over 800,000 inhabitants shall "at all times have on hand a reserve fund equal to at least 15 per cent. of the aggregate of its deposits," and that the whole of this reserve shall be lawful money. But he makes the highly important stipulation that, in estimating the total deposits on which such reserves must be kept, there shall be excluded, first, deposits held in trust, "the disposition whereof is wholly within the control of the trust company as executor, administrator, etc."; and, second, "time deposits not payable within thirty days," and represented by certificates bearing such stipulation. This suggestion we regard as not only wise, but as essential to any comprehensive reform.

The deposits thus excepted represent the class of business with a view to which the present trust law was framed. Requirement, against such deposits, of the same cash reserve as against deposits repayable on demand and subject to such a run as that of last October, would be as manifestly unfair as to require maintenance of such a cash reserve by an individual executor or trustee. The Bankers' Committee, in our judgment, with the exception of A. S. Frissell, missed this point completely. In advising a 15 to 25 per cent. reserve on all deposits of the companies, the bankers proposed what appeared to us a distinct injustice to such institutions as have continued to do the old-fashioned "trust company business" and nothing else. Mr. Williams also urges the necessary imposition of severe penalties on any trust company officer who evades the "time deposit notice" by private agreement for repayment in advance of the certificate's maturity.

So far, good; there remain, however, one or two points on which the Banking Superintendent's plan fails, we think, to meet all needs. Glancing over the broad field in which trust companies may, under the law, invest demand deposits while banks may not, he advises restriction on the amount of funds which an institution may thus invest, but he would not forbid the use of demand deposits for such investment. Furthermore, while recommending a 15 per cent. cash reserve against such deposits in trust companies, he would increase the required reserve of State banks to 25 per cent., of which 10 per cent. may be placed with other institutions. This discrimination Mr. Williams bases on the statistics of actual exchange of checks, showing that such daily drafts on trust company deposits average only 7 per cent. of the similar drafts on banks. From this, he reasons that "a large proportion of the trust companies' deposits are inactive," and do not, therefore, require the maximum reserve. This inference we cannot accept, in so far as it applies to demand deposits. The safeguard of reserves and the restriction on investments are applied, not with a view to what depositors are doing every day, but to what they may do in a day of panic. In 99 per cent. of the days during which the banks do business, a nominal reserve and the widest permission for use of demand deposits would probably cause no trouble. It is such days as October 21 which the law must always keep in mind; and no law can meet the emergency unless it recognizes that the depositor's power to take out cash instanter, and not his presumed or customary *wish* to do so, is the root of danger.

Holding this belief, we regard the remarks of Gov. Hughes of the highest value:

> It was evidently the original legislative intent that the different classes of financial institutions should confine their public service to their own particular spheres. Lack of a clear differentiation between the functions of each class and confusion as to statutory limitations have prevented the holding of these institutions strictly within the original lines of their intended activity. As a result the encroachment of one upon the legitimate field of another has ensued. It was not the original legislative intent that the trust company should engage in commercial banking, trespassing upon the field of the bank of discount. It was not the original legislative intent that the bank of discount should engage in the business of a savings bank.

To us, this appears as not only sound finance, but as plain common-sense.

WALL STREET VINDICATED.

To avoid being classed with the malefactors, we begin by saying that we refer to Wall Street as an institution. With the dealings of individuals in Wall Street we are not here concerned. They may be as predatory as you please. Nor do we mean to speak of the wisdom or folly of the enterprises and speculations which have had their birth in the shadow of Wall Street. It is not a question of such operations being "vindicated": some of them never can be except by the disgrace and ruin of the operators. Putting all these things to one side, there remains that Wall Street which is, as Major Henry L. Higginson calls it in his *Atlantic* article, "The money shop of our country." And what we wish to do is to point out how convincingly the course of events during the past year has shown that this institution is still discharging accurately its old functions.

Wall Street has demonstrated again that it is the financial barometer of the nation. Of course, it often records fluctuations which have no meaning except a temporary one. There are sometimes flurries in the Street, corners and squeezes, manipulated prices, which signify no large change in the financial weather. This everybody understands. But when, during a long period, Wall Street is set foul, foul weather is certain. In other words, when the great finance of this country has thoroughly discounted a future event, that event is bound to come. This was disputed by foolish people all last spring and summer. Myopic optimists could not see the facts: in the steady depression of the stock market, they perceived only the machinations of wicked men. This was the view which the President took in his Provincetown speech. Into his ken, the real function of the money shop of the country had not at that time swum. And when the storm finally broke, there were multitudes whose first angry thought was to run and smash the barometer which had foretold its coming!

A knowledge of the truth has since been making its painful way. People have discovered, as Major Higginson says, that it is of no avail to call Wall Street "hard names." Whether we like the individuals connected with it or not, the thing they do, in their united capacity, is both useful and indispensable. They bring to bear upon trade and finance a collective judgment which is more valuable than that of any one banker, merchant, manufacturer, or any one group of business men. It is a judgment, too, backed by the hazard of great fortunes. Hundreds of men, with thousands of millions at stake, give their nights and days to the closest scrutiny of the widest facts obtainable, and their inference, after comparing notes and checking off data, must be nearer the truth than that of observers less skilled. It is the business of these men, thus equipped, to "make a market," in Bagehot's phrase; and when their deliberate opinion is that the market should be made continuously lower, the prophecy of slackening industry and a time of depression is almost infallible. At all events, it is the surest word of prophecy we have. During all the months before the October panic, Wall Street's indications of coming trouble were treated by many as only so many Cassandra warnings; but the prudent foresaw the evil and hid themselves—or their money.

Another way in which the hard fact has again put the uses of Wall Street beyond cavil, is in the proof that it still is the financial brain of the nation. That the West was at last financially independent of the East, we heard many asserting as the country entered into the penumbra of depression. Look at the vast agricultural and mining resources, consider the banking deposits, in the States bordering the Mississippi and beyond. How could a disturbance in Wall Street shake that solid structure of prosperity? This question was asked triumphantly in the West; and even in the East magazine editors were gravely appealing to financial writers for articles showing that Wall Street might go to the bow-wows without affecting the proud and independent West. Even in the panic week, the Chicago and St. Paul and Kansas City newspapers made light of the comic fright of Wall Street. New York banks might suspend, but just watch the great institutions of the West. Well, we did watch them, and saw them almost immediately fall into greater straits than our own. Any other result was, from the first, unthinkable. With capital now one of the most fluid things on earth, it was certain to go where capital was most sought and could be best employed. That place was Wall Street. To it, as Major Higginson writes, goes the man who would "build a railroad or factory, or open a mine." He comes to Wall Street to hunt for capital when he begins his enterprise, and he returns when he needs more to prosecute it. Consequently, if there is anywhere in the land money seeking investments, it responds, as quickly as the *jinn* to the rubbing of the ring, to a summons from the place where investments seek money. In fact, from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000 of Western money was in Wall Street all along. This is the main reason why it is folly to talk or the possibility of Wall Street's being dangerously ill while the rest of the country is in sound health. It is equivalent to saying that a man with a violent brain fever is fit to run a foot-race.

Wall Street has justly to bear the burden of many sins. That is one reason why it is popular to lay others wrongfully at its door. But leaving personalities and particular operations out of view, Wall Street may be thought of as a scientific instrument to measure financial movements. It is the province of science to predict; and in the presence of ample fulfilment, we cannot deny that the predictive function of Wall Street has once more been placed beyond dispute.

HILPRECHT AND HIS PREDECESSORS.

The Hilprecht case is before us again—this time through a resolution of the American Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, declaring that "charges reflecting on American-Oriental scholarship have been publicly made against Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht," and asking him for a "complete reply." This resolution but echoes that of the American Oriental Society. Professor Hilprecht, however, maintains a stubborn silence. We need not repeat here the details of the indictment; it is enough to say that he is accused of lying persistently in regard to his excavations at Nippur. He declared that he had personally discovered certain clay tablets (the so-called "Temple library"), which were in reality unearthed by Dr. John Henry Haynes, field director of the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania; and he gave this "Temple library" at Nippur as the source of certain tablets which had been purchased or discovered elsewhere; in fine, he had deliberately and elaborately falsified scientific records. The evidence in support of these charges has convinced the experts; and the simplest explanation of Professor Hilprecht's failure to clear himself is that he cannot.

This affair, extraordinary as it is both in motive and action, is not without precedent. We do not refer to the vulgar forgeries of literary and artistic wares, intended to empty the pockets of the unwary collector. To this sordid level Professor Hilprecht has not sunk. Nor are Ireland's spurious Shakespeare play, "Vortigern," Macpherson's Ossian, and Chatterton's Rowley poems quite in the same class with Hilprecht's tablets, though in each of these cases a not ignoble ambition for fame rather than mere money did, in part at least, prompt the deception. There is a closer resemblance to Solon's supposed forgery of a line in Homer's Catalogue of Ships, in order to prove that Salamis belonged to Athens; or Onomacritus's forgery of oracles of Musæus and Bacis; or such classical forgeries as the Letters of Phalaris. Professor Hilprecht, however, is not accused of manufacturing his tablets out of whole clay; we may liken him to a scholar who, in order to develop or sustain a pet theory in regard, say, to Menander, should declare that irrelevant fragments of papyrus found in Elephantine were parts of a play of Menander dug up at Ichgaou.

The most notable instance in point is probably that of John Payne Collier. The story, as told in the "Dictionary of National Biography," throws light, we think, on Professor Hilprecht's performance. Collier, like Hilprecht, was a scholar of indubitable attainment. In 1852 he announced in a letter to the London *Athenæum* that he had bought from a bookseller for thirty shillings a Second Folio of Shakespeare, 1632, annotated throughout in a hand of about the middle of the seventeenth century. On nearly every page were changes in punctuation, cancellings, stage directions, and textual emendations. In the same year, 1852, Collier printed "Notes and Emendations to the Plays of Shakespeare," said to include all the "essential" manuscript annotations. Then in 1853 Collier got out a one-volume edition of Shakespeare, with these anonymous corrections incorporated wholesale in the text, without a mark to distinguish them. These readings were attacked by such scholars as Dyce, Knight, Staunton, Halliwell, and C. W. Singer, but Collier's reply was that his critics were actuated by the meanest motives. Professor Hilprecht, we may note, denounces the proceedings against him as "cowardly." But to return to Collier—in 1854 he "discovered" his own long-lost shorthand notes of Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, delivered in 1811; and in 1856 he published the "Seven Lectures," together with interesting particulars of his early intercourse with Coleridge and Wordsworth. These "Lectures" were gravely suspect, but since they were professedly worked up from Collier's own notes, no complete proof of inaccuracy could be adduced. Finally, in 1858, Collier reached the climax of his career by issuing a six-volume edition of Shakespeare, in which he declared his conviction that his corrections "were made not from better manuscripts, still less from unknown printed copies, but from the recitations of actors."

Up to that time Collier's folio had never been submitted to experts. But some years earlier he had given it to the Duke of Devonshire, whose successor in 1859 turned it over to the British Museum for examination. At once the frauds appeared gross and palpable. The manuscript notes were seen to be recent fabrications, the seventeenth-century hand merely imitated. Indeed, many of the notes had been first written with modern pencil and then traced in ink. Collier contented himself with denying that he had written either the ink-notes or pencillings; but, like Professor Hilprecht, he refused to discuss the matter farther. The textual critics then analyzed his other work, and found out that a number of the Shakespearean documents published by Collier had been similarly doctored. A reference to Shakespeare, for example, had been inserted in one of the papers of Edward Alleyn, the actor. Indeed, it is now believed that a dozen different documents which Collier had personally discovered and published were purely the product of his imagination. His lengthy reply to these later accusations is described as "weak, disingenuous, and ineffective."

So much for the facts. No one theory wholly accounts for them. In general, his character was irreproachable: he was described by Lord Campbell as "a most honorable man." In his social relations, he was genial and kind-hearted. His labors as an historian of English literature, and particularly of the drama, had won for him an enviable reputation. But apparently he was not content with such fame as he might attain by fair means. He wished to eclipse every one in his own field, and to that end he sacrificed everything. He may have had an imagination which made it impossible to distinguish between truth and falsehood. Such an infirmity is not rare outside the realm of scholarship. But the writer in the "Dictionary of National Biography" believes that in literary matters Collier "was apparently devoid of conscience"; and that probably he had always thought of himself as living up to a motto from Milton prefixed to one of Collier's earlier works: "I have done in this nothing unworthy of an honest life and studies well employed." Professor Hilprecht also may be quite as conscious of his own rectitude.

"THE FORSAKEN MERMAN."

An interesting literary parallel is briefly presented in the London *Nation* of December 14 by L. I. (Louise Imogen?) Guiney—the likeness between Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" and "The Deceived Merman" in "Romantic Ballads Translated from the Danish" by George Borrow, London, 1826. The resemblances between this earlier work and Arnold's most popular poem are sufficiently striking to warrant reprinting Borrow's now generally inaccessible version:

THE DECEIVED MERMAN.

Fair Agnes alone on the seashore stood:
Then rose a Merman out of the flood.
"Now, Agnes, hear what I say to thee:
Wilt thou my leman consent to be?"
"Oh, freely that will I become!
If thou but take me beneath the foam."
He stopped her ears and he stopped her eyes,
And into the ocean he took his prize.
The Merman's leman was Agnes there:
She bore him sons and daughters fair.
One day by the cradle she sat and sang,
When heard she above how the Church bells rang.
She went to the Merman and kissed his brow:
"Once more to Church I would gladly go."
"And thou to Church once more shalt go!
But come to thy babes back here below."
He flung his arm her body round,
And he lifted her up into England's ground.
Fair Agnes in at the Church door stepped,
Behind her mother, who sorely wept.
"O Agnes, Agnes! daughter dear!
Where hast thou been this many a year?"
"Oh, I have been deep, deep under the sea,
And lived with the Merman in love and glee."
"And what for thy honor did he give thee,
When he made thee his leman beneath the sea?"
"He gave me silver, he gave me gold,
And sprigs of coral my hair to hold."
The Merman up to the Church door came.
His eyes they shone like a yellow flame;
His face was white, and his beard was green;
A fairer demon was never seen.
"Now, Agnes, Agnes! listen to me:
The babes are longing so after thee!"
"I cannot come yet: here must I stay
Until the priest shall have had his say."
And when the priest had had his say,
She thought with her mother at home to stay.
"O Agnes, Agnes! listen to me:
Thy babes are sorrowing after thee."
"Let them sorrow, and sorrow their fill;
But back to them never return I will."
"Think on them, Agnes, think on them all:
Think on the great one, think on the small!"
"Little, oh little care I for them all:
Or for the great one, or for the small!"
Oh, bitterly then did the Merman weep!
He hied him back to the foamy deep.
But often his shrieks and mournful cries
At midnight's hour from thence arise.

Arnold is so familiar that we need quote but a few lines:

——When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green
  sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the gray little church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-
  caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the
  bay.
Children, dear, was it yesterday?

Legends of this sort, as the writer in the *Nation* notes, are common in literature:

> The mortal who marries a water-god, the neckan who is flouted by Christian children for having no soul, the sirens who bewitch the fishing-fleet, the merbaby who is washed ashore and buried among the graves of landsmen—these poetical traditions haunt every sea coast of the north.

The article closes with the question whether Arnold took this theme "from some fragment of oral or printed folk-song, from the 'Kiaempeviser' itself [the Danish collection on which Borrow has presumably drawn], or from a glimpse of the baldest page in dear George Borrow." As a partial answer to these inquiries, we venture to suggest a line of search which admirers of Arnold or of Borrow may be interested to follow.

The bibliography of the subject is found at page 360 of Vol. I. of Child's monumental collection of "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," Boston, 1882-1898. Professor Child there discusses the variants of "Hind Etin," a story which appears also under the title, "Young Akin" and "Young Hastings." In this Scottish version Lady Margaret, a king's daughter, hears a note in "Elmond's wood":

She loot the seam fa frae her side,
  And the needle to her tac,
And she is on to Elmond's wood
  As fast as she coud gae.

As she picks a nut, she is captured or captivated by Young Akin, who builds her a bower. There she lives till she has borne him six children; but finally she is seized by longing and goes home with the children:

But as they were at dinner set
  The boy asked a boun:
"I wish we were in the good church,
  For to get christendoun."

They accordingly go to church for christening. But the ballad ends happily; for they all, including Young Akin, stayed in the royal court,

And livd in mirth and glee.

In another version the lady dwelt with her lord in a "dungeon deep." In all these English versions, as Professor Child points out, the "fine romantic features, preserved in Norse and German ballads, have been quite effaced." In Scandinavia and Germany Hind Etin, or Young Akin, becomes a dwarf-king, an elf-king, a hill-king, or a merman. In the Danish "Agnes and the Merman," the woman has lived beneath the sea eight years and has seven children. While singing by the cradle one day, she hears the church-bells ring, and asks if she may go home. When the merman comes to the church for her, all the images turn their backs. He tells her the children are crying for her, but she refuses to return. They divide the children between them, cutting the odd one in half. In the German ballad, also, "Die schöne Agniese," the mother is moved by the bells to go back to church.

From this brief summary of points which Professor Child treats at length, it is evident that, though Borrow's translation might have given Arnold the idea of "The Forsaken Merman," the mere parallels prove nothing; for they run with the German ballad as well as with the Danish. The German, however, is probably better known, and is therefore more likely to have fallen under Arnold's eye; moreover, Arnold's biographers tell us that at the period when he wrote this poem he had been studying French and German. But whatever his source, some of the finest passages in the poem are exclusively his own. The descriptions are a purely modern addition—notably the often quoted lines beginning:

Sand-strewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam.
Where the salt weed sways in the stream.

And again:

But, children, at midnight,
  When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
  When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom—

In touches like these and in the delicately portrayed pathos of the merman we have the crudeness and even brutality of the ancient legend refined and sublimated; we have a vision of that eternal conflict called human life; we have that alliance between feeling and thought which Arnold in one of his letters defined as the essence of "great poetry."

THE ASSOCIATIONS AT MADISON.

MADISON, Wis., December 31.

Aside from the social features, which were as manifold and enjoyable as ever, the meetings of the American Historical Association, American Economic Association, American Political Science Association, and American Sociological Society at Madison, Wis., December 27-31, were notable for the exceptional degree of scholarly and practical interest which attached to the majority of the papers and discussions. The combined programmes formed an imposing intellectual array; indeed, the very magnitude of the offering constitutes with some members an argument against too frequent joint sessions, notwithstanding the many points of contact between the fields of the several societies, and the professional interest of many teachers in more than one field.

This disadvantage aside, however, the fact remains that one could not easily fail to hear profitable talk. Of the four presidential addresses, that of Dr. J. Franklin Jameson of the Carnegie Institution of Washington before the Historical Association was easily first in importance. Under the title "The American Acta Sanctorum," Dr. Jameson called attention to the historical value of the lives of American ministers, missionaries, and priests, especially in the Colonial period and in the early West. Scattered, often, in little-known books and pamphlets, and cumbered with a vast deal of negligible chaff and vain repetition, there is nevertheless to be gleaned from this class of literature material of primary value relating to the social, economic, and religious life of our American communities. The literary manner of the address was as admirable as its matter. Frederick N. Judson of St. Louis, president of the Political Science Association, spoke on "The Future of Representative Government," commenting particularly on the influence of a deteriorating citizenship on representative methods; while Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell, president of the Economic Association, discussed some of the principles of governmental control of business.

Discussion in detail of even the most important papers among so many is, of course, out of the question. In the historical field, marked interest was aroused by a conference on the relation between geography and history, where the claims for "geographic control," as urged by Miss Ellen C. Semple of Louisville, Ky., and Prof. Orin G. Libby of the University of North Dakota, were sharply, though courteously, traversed by Prof. J. L. Burr of Cornell, who insisted that the power of man over nature was far the larger factor. It would be well if this question, just now a good deal under discussion by both historians and geographers, could be more fully threshed out. A session on European history brought out five noteworthy papers, the most striking, perhaps, being that of Roger B. Merriman of Harvard on "The Elizabethan Government and the English Catholics," in which some interesting evidence bearing on Walsingham's connection with a plan for a Catholic colony in America was presented. A morning was given to conferences on special fields of work, including mediæval and modern European history, Oriental history and politics, United States Constitutional history, and United States history since 1865. The last three evoked the greater interest. In the field of American economic history a paper by Alfred H. Stone, whose studies of the negro problem in the South have won him recognition as a foremost authority on the subject, was easily first in both general and scientific value. Mr. Stone also contributed to the proceedings of the Sociological Society a masterly paper on the topic, "Is Race Friction between Whites and Blacks in the United States Growing and Inevitable?" Among the younger scholars who concern themselves with recent history, opinion grows that the negro question comes near to being our gravest social problem, and that investigation of its racial and economic aspects must precede a rational treatment of its political side. If it be true that the negro is what he is partly because of slavery, it seems to be at least equally true that he was, and in some essentials still is, a slave largely because he is a negro.

Economics and political science naturally afford better occasion than history for the discussion of practical current topics, and the programmes this year made much of this class of material. The Political Science Association, for example, planned a session devoted to the South American republics, though only two of the four papers announced were given. The Hon. John Barrett, however, came nobly to the rescue, expanding a twenty-minute paper into a stump speech of nearly an hour. A valuable card catalogue of material relating to South America, in process of development by Hiram Bingham and now accessible at Yale, gave opportunity for a brief description of the possibilities of South American history and politics as a field for research. Another session of the same association, on the "Newer Institutional Forms of Democracy," treated such varied topics as the Massachusetts public opinion bills, recent primary election laws, and disputed points in primary election legislation. The important subject of colonial administration was represented by papers on the merits and defects of the present French colonial system, and inter-colonial preferential trade. Much of what was said, moreover, in the conference on Oriental history bore more or less directly on colonial affairs. Legal aspects of political science were accorded two full sessions, one on comparative legislation, the other on the administration of punitive justice. Under the former head was included an account by Charles McCarthy of the interesting legislative reference department of the Wisconsin State Library.

Neither the Economic nor the Sociological Association seems disposed to allow the practical to predominate wholly over the theoretical in the programmes. The theoretical question before the economists this year was, "Are Savings Income?" while the sociologists wrestled with such more or less abstract topics as "The Basis of Social Conflict," "Social Classes in the Light of Modern Sociological Theory" (the presidential address of Prof. Lester F. Ward of Brown), and "What Conflict Stimuli Are Active in Contacts between Orientals and Occidentals?" The subject before the Sociological Society which aroused the greatest interest, however, next to Mr. Stone's discussion of the negro, was the question, "Is Sectionalism in America Dying Away?" opened by Prof. F. J. Turner of Wisconsin. Professor Turner, who illustrated his argument by some interesting diagrams, contended that sectionalism, in its comprehensive sense, still flourished vigorously and showed few signs of disappearing. The debate which followed showed pronounced difference of opinion at the latter point, Prof. F. W. Blackmar of the University of Kansas voicing the opinion of many that sectionalism, though admittedly a condition to be reckoned with, was nevertheless on the wane.

The American Association for Labor Legislation, established in 1906 as a branch of the International Association for Labor Legislation, held its sessions at Madison this year, in one of them joining with the economists to hear the address of the president, Prof. Richard T. Ely of Wisconsin, and to discuss the normal work day in coal mines and workingmen's insurance in Illinois. The Mississippi Valley Historical Asociation, organized to facilitate co-operation between State and local historical societies in the Mississippi Valley, held several sessions; and there was also a conference, as last year, on the problems of historical societies.

The activities of the American Historical Association continue to gain strength and volume with the years. The Historical Manuscripts Commission has ready two volumes of the diplomatic archives of the republic of Texas, one of which will appear in the 1907 report of the association. The Public Archives Commission, in addition to its work on State and local archives, is continuing its supervision of transcripts of English documents for the Library of Congress, and will also make available the documents in England relating to the proceedings of colonial councils and assemblies. For new enterprises, there is a grant in aid of the transcription and printing by English hands of the entries in the Privy Council Registers relating to the colonies; a tentative plan for a series of prize essays, separate from the other publications of the association; and a commission to prepare a plan for the publication of historical material in the Federal archives at Washington. The Herbert B. Adams prize in European history was divided between E. B. Krehbiel, who wrote on the interdict, especially in the time of Innocent III., and W. S. Robertson, whose subject was Miranda and the revolutionizing of South America.

Next year the associations separate, the Economic Association, whose new president is Prof. S. N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, going to Atlantic City, while the Political Science Association, fortunate in the choice of Ambassador Bryce as its president, will meet in Richmond. The Historical Association, with Prof. George B. Adams of Yale as president, will meet at Washington and Richmond.

MEETING OF THE PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, December 30.

The Archæological Institute of America and the American Philological Association have completed their joint annual meetings, just as the scientists in much larger numbers appear upon the scene at the University of Chicago. Sessions began on Friday, December 27, and were so arranged as to avoid the usual conflicts—a notable improvement as compared with former years. There were the usual joint sessions, three in number, at the first of which the societies were welcomed by President H. P. Judson of the university, and were then addressed by the president of the Philological Association, Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of Michigan, on the question, "Is There a Science of Classical Philology?" At the second session, papers were read by Prof. Frank Bigelow Tarbell of Chicago, on the palm of victory, demonstrating the comparatively late emergence of the familiar symbol (fourth century B. C.); by Prof. George F. Moore of Harvard, on a valuable find of Aramaic papyri, as old as the fifth century B. C., at Assuan (Syene); by Prof. Frank Frost Abbott of Chicago on the theatre as a factor in Roman politics under the republic; by Prof. J. M. Manly of Chicago, on Chaucer's knight, and possible historical sources of his adventures; by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of American antiquities, on the year's work in American archæology. The special feature of the third joint session was the lecture of the English archæologist, D. G. Hogarth, director of the Cretan Exploration Fund, on the early temples at Ephesus, with special reference to the third Diana temple of the sixth century B. C., which was of the same dimensions as the wonder-temple, except in height and expanse of steps. An account was also given of the large find of articles of jewelry in gold and electrum, coins, ivories, terra-cottas, etc., found in the centre of the oldest temple, and dating from about 700 B. C. It was proved that the art influences at Ephesus were Greek, and not Asiatic; that Artemis was not the later *Multimammia*, but, as a mother, the prototype of countless madonnas.

Both societies suffered by the absence of several prominent scholars, whose names appeared upon the programme. Death had taken Prof. Minton Warren of Harvard, and the illness and death of Prof. Seymour of Yale deprived the Archæological Institute of its president.

The Philological Association voted to reject the proposed constitution, which would have established local sections under the general society. Philology still refuses to be locally subdivided, in spite of hard times and costly journeyings. The association expressed its sympathetic interest in the movement in the Eastern States towards uniform college entrance requirements in the classics, expressed in identical terms, with announcement of the texts required in each of the next four or five years, after the method now made familiar by the Rhodes examinations. Prof. Francis W. Kelsey was elected president of the Archæological Institute and Prof. Mitchell Carroll of George Washington University, secretary. The new president of the Philological Association is Prof. Charles E. Bennett of Cornell. The next meeting of the two societies will be held in Toronto, Canada.

THOMAS DAY SEYMOUR.

The sudden death of Professor Seymour of New Haven, December 31, brings sadness to the hearts of all classical scholars in the land. During the twenty-seven years in which he nobly represented Greek letters at Yale he made himself familiarly known to every school and college in which Greek was studied. His sound scholarship, which was conspicuous in all that he said or wrote, and his absolute freedom from display of doubtful erudition, gained him universal respect.

He was born in 1848 in Hudson, Ohio, where his father, Nathan Perkins Seymour, was professor of Greek in the Western Reserve College. He was thus early inspired by that love of classical studies which governed his whole life. He took his bachelor's degree in 1870 at the Western Reserve, and afterwards studied at Berlin and Leipzig. He was professor of Greek at the Western Reserve from 1872 to 1880, when he was called to the chair of Greek at Yale, which he held until his death. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the Western Reserve in 1894, from the University of Glasgow in 1901, and from Harvard University in 1906. He was president of the Archæological Institute of America, chairman of the Managing Committee and trustee of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, associate fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Massachusetts, honorary member of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies of London and of the Archæological Society of Athens.

We cannot attempt to mention all Professor Seymour's editions of Greek authors and other valuable contributions to classical learning, many of which appeared in the College Series of Greek Authors, of which he was coeditor with Profs. John Williams White and Lewis R. Packard. His little volume of "Selected Odes of Pindar" (1882), with excellent notes, first made Pindar easily accessible to our students. His most elaborate work, that on which his reputation as an author will undoubtedly rest, has just been published, "Life in the Homeric Age." This book (reviewed in the *Nation* of November 21, 1907, p. 472) is the fruit of many years of close and careful study of the Homeric poems and the traditions of the Homeric age, and its value to students of Homer can hardly be overestimated. His wise and careful method of dealing with disputed questions is perhaps best seen in his Introduction, especially where he discusses the present stage of the "Homeric Question." He thus states his general position (p. 13):

> At present, and for the chief questions before us, we are obliged to consider the Homeric poems as units, although we may hope that in secondary matters archæology will come to the help of philology in determining what passages are to be regarded as containing particularly ancient material, and what must be recognized as of comparatively late composition.

While he does not maintain that the Iliad and the Odyssey are "due to a single poet in the sense in which 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' are the work of John Milton," he still believes that a real poet, "whom we and the Greeks call Homer, used with absolute freedom the poetic material which he in common with other bards had inherited, and which had been gathering for generations by a process of gradual accretion, and that additions were made to the poem by his successors." He further says:

> The stamp of a great personality seems to lie upon each of the two poems. These poems have such unity as cannot be explained if they are the work of several poets.

Not many years ago this would have seemed to many an antiquated view of the matter. But Seymour fully appreciated the complete revolution in the whole Homeric Question which recent discoveries in Crete and other lands have made, carrying us back (in many points) to what was believed a hundred and fifty years ago, before Wolf's "Prolegomena" was written. He says (p. 35):

> No scholar would now set the Trojan War before the age of the palace of Cnosus, in which thousands of written documents are found. The art of writing was known, then, not merely in the poet's own age, but also in that of his warriors and his warriors' grandfathers.

Whatever view we may take of the disputed relationship of the Cretans, Egyptians, Mycenæans, and Achæans, there can be no doubt that alphabetic writing was well known in the Ægean lands long before the Homeric poems came into being. In Arthur Evans's circular, issued a few weeks ago, asking for help to finish his work in Crete, he declares that this work has carried back the date of alphabetic writing on Greek soil two thousand years. If all this had been known in Wolf's day, it is hardly conceivable that the famous "Prolegomena" would have been written. The further question of the relation of the Greek alphabet to these older forms of writing is the most important of those in which (in Seymour's words) "archæology will come to the aid of philology" in due course of time. Some ominous hints in this direction have already been given. Among the 174 characters which Mr. Evans has given us in print from the Cretan inscriptions, most of which are probably syllabic, there are ten or twelve which can easily be recognized as wonderfully like older Greek letters. And we must hope that some explanation may be given of the startling similarity to Greek letters of some twenty of the marks on pottery found by Petrie in the tombs of Abydos, of the first and twelfth Egyptian dynasties, which even the reduced "Berlin chronology" assigns to the years 3000 and 1789 B. C. and most Egyptologists place much earlier. Of these characters Petrie can now suggest only the cautious and unsatisfactory explanation:

> A great body of signs—a signary—was in use around the Mediterranean for several thousand years: whether these signs were ideographic or syllabic or alphabetic in the early stages we do not know; certainly they were alphabetic in the later stage.

He adds: "The history of the alphabet is as old as civilization."

Seymour's remarks on Homer must be read with an understanding of these discoveries and their new perplexing questions. Scholars are to be greatly congratulated that this valuable work was finished and published during the author's lifetime; and it is pleasant to remember that he himself lived to see the beautiful volume and to hear and read its well-merited praises. It will remain a lasting memorial of a scholar whose influence in the cause of learning has been great and will be enduring. The loss of such a man is a heavy blow to all who could appreciate his work; but it falls with far greater weight on those to whom he was endeared by friendship and affection. These feel that his early death has bereft them of what was an important part of their own lives.

W. W. GOODWIN.

Cambridge, Mass., January 2.

Among Professor Seymour's books may be mentioned: "Introduction to the Language and Verse of Homer," 1885; an edition of the Iliad, books i.-vi., 1887-90; "Introduction and Vocabulary to School Odyssey," 1897; and "Homeric Vocabulary," 1889. Professor Seymour was a highly valued contributor to the *Nation*, for which he reviewed many of the more important books on Homer and the Homeric age.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

While Longfellow was teaching at Bowdoin, he wrote to a friend that the best way to study a language thoroughly was to write a grammar of it; and in his early years he prepared a number of school books for use by his classes at the college. These books are now much sought after by collectors. His first effort was to translate the "Elements of French Grammar," by M. Lhomond, and to prepare a volume of "French Exercises" to accompany it. Both were printed in 1830 at the local press in Brunswick. Sometimes the two books were bound separately, sometimes in one volume, with the label "French Grammar and Exercises." The "Grammar" should have errata slips pasted in at pp. 34, 38, 60, 73, and 78. These slips were twice printed, the earlier in smaller type. The title-pages of these two books read simply "By an Instructer." In the second edition, 1831, this was altered to "By H. W. Longfellow, Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College." After the "Grammar and Exercises" the next issue was the "Manuel de Proverbes Dramatiques," a collection of short plays chosen from a French work of similar title published in eight volumes, 1768-1782. The first plan was, evidently, to publish this selection in two volumes, and the earliest issue has "Tome I" on the label and contains 156 pages only. The second issue has the same title, but has 288 pages (the last misprinted 188). In the first printing the title of one of the sketches was misprinted "Diette" for "Diète"; and the types of a considerable part of the book were reset for the second issue. The next year, 1831, appeared "Le Ministre de Wakefield," Boston. This seems to have been merely a reprint of a Paris edition, and it is doubtful if Longfellow did more than select it as one volume of his Cours de Langue Française. A contemporary advertisement of this series announces the following issues:

Vol. I. Elements of French Grammar—With Notes and Exercises.
Vol. II. Le Ministre de Wakefield.
Vol. III. Proverbes Dramatiques.
Vol. IV. Selections in French Poetry.

The last was, apparently, never published.

Two text-books for his Italian classes, a "Syllabus de la Grammaire Italienne" and "Saggi de Novellieri Italiani," were published in 1832. The earliest copies of the Grammar have a misprint "la traité" in line 13 of the "Avertissement," p. [iii]. This page was reprinted and "la" corrected to "le." Longfellow prepared no grammar for his classes in Spanish (though from one of his letters it is known that he contemplated doing so). He did, however, prepare a reader, "Novelas Españolas," Griffin, Brunswick, 1830. The leaf "Al Lector" was twice printed. In the original form there are seven words in the last line; in the reprint two words only.

The above notes are, for the most part, made from the copies in the collection of the late J. C. Chamberlain. They will be more fully described in the Bibliography which Mrs. Chamberlain is having printed at the De Vinne Press. First editions and earliest issues in choice state are rare.

Hiersemann of Leipzig has just published a second and enlarged edition of Comte Émile de Budan's "Bibliographie des Ex-Libris," an octavo of 68 pages, with 34 reproductions. Two hundred copies only are printed for sale. The same publisher is about to issue a volume of Ex-Libris by Georges Hantz, director for twenty-three years of the Museum of Decorative Arts at Geneva, and himself an engraver. The volume will contain 25 plates on copper, and only 100 copies will be issued.

The Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell on January 8 and 9 the library of Lewis H. Brittin of Englewood, N. J. It is largely made up of books relating to the Indians and Western Americana, but includes also first editions of Dickens's "Memoirs of Grimaldi," 1838, with the plate "The Last Song," in the earliest state; Gray's "Poems," 1768; and Lowell's "Fable for Critics," 1848. The series of publications of the Bibliophile Society is the longest ever offered at auction; and besides the André Journal, the Horace, and the Lamb Letters, it includes the two Thoreau volumes printed by the society from Mr. Bixby's manuscripts. On January 13, 14, and 15, the same company sells the library of H. F. Vories of New Orleans, including an unusual series of books on the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period, many in handsome bindings. In addition there are a few items of Americana, books illustrated by Cruikshank and Leech, and first editions of Dickens and Thackeray. On January 17 the same firm offers a collection of Civil War autographs, including a number of naval items.

On January 16, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers a miscellaneous collection, including a manuscript Book of Hours of the fifteenth century; a copy of the "Narrative of Col. Ethan Allen's Captivity," Boston, 1779; "Poems" of the Brontë Sisters, 1846, with Smith, Elder & Co.'s imprint; and first editions of Dickens's Christmas Books.

The second part of the library of the Duc d'Altemps will be sold at auction in Rome January 20 to February 10. The catalogue, describing 2,871 lots, fills 298 pages. Many early printed Italian books in their original bindings are included, among them a perfect copy of the Statutes of the City of Rome, first edition, printed at Rome by Ulrich Han about 1467; St. Bonaventure's "Meditatione sopra la passione del nostro Signore," Venice, about 1490; and the original Aldine edition of the famous "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili," 1599. Among the manuscripts is the earliest known copy of the Commentary on the "Divine Comedy" by Dante's son Pietro, 1359. The volume contains 134 leaves, of which the first six are on vellum, and the rest on paper. It is surmised that the first six leaves are in the author's own autograph. At the end of the catalogue, sold as the property of a Roman lady, is a copy of the Dante of 1564, printed by the Sessas, with 250 pretty drawings on the margins by an artist of ability, and many marginal notes which are attributed to Tasso.

At the book auction held by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, in the week ending December 14, the following prices were paid: Book of Hours, illuminated, vellum, 32 miniatures, fifteenth century, £40; another, French, 25 miniatures, £95; "Missale ad Usum Sarum," Paris, Regnault, 1527, Catherine of Aragon's copy, £44; Tylney Book of Hours, fourteenth century, £112; Hakluyt's "Virginia Richly Valued," 1609, poor copy, £31; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621, first edition, poor copy, £27 10s.; Peter Martyr's "Opera," 1511, £41; B. Mecom's "A Poem," 1757, first book printed in Antigua, £28 10s.; "Tristan de Leonnoys," Paris, 1533, £50; Burns's "Poems," Kilmarnock, 1786, poor copy, £118; second edition, Edinburgh, 1787, with autograph, £31; A. L. S. to his brother and two autograph songs, £88; two letters of Lord Nelson, 1796, £38 10s.; "Imitation of Christ," executed on vellum by the brothers Pape, 1850, £225; Shakespeare's Second Folio, 1632, £115; Poems, 1640, £260; eighteen autograph letters from Thackeray, Dickens, and others to Mrs. Gore, £116.

George H. Richmond, who announced recently that his experts had discovered that signatures in the so-called Milton Bible purchased by him at an auction in this city, were forged, has made public a letter from W. H. Buckler, secretary of the American Legation at Madrid and the latest owner of the book, ordering the auctioneer to release the purchaser from his contract. Mr. Buckler says:

> If the Bible is a forgery, the sooner it is exposed the better. If it is even seriously questioned by reputable experts its value is, of course, so greatly impaired that nobody could be expected to want it at any price.

This Bible is described in the *Nation* of December 12, p. 539.

Correspondence.

A NOTE ON "THE PLEASANT ART OF READING ALOUD."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following extract, with its pleasant picture of domestic life in the early part of the seventeenth century, may serve as a note to your article in last week's *Nation* on "The Pleasant Art of Reading Aloud." It is from the dedicatory epistle to his father, prefixed by Henry More to his "Philosophical Poems," published in Cambridge, England, in 1647.

> You deserve the patronage of better poems than these, though you may lay a more proper claim to these than to any, you having from my childhood tuned mine ears to Spencer's rhymes, entertaining us on winter nights with that incomparable piece of his, "The Fairy Queen," a Poem as richly fraught with Divine Morality as Phancy.

C. E. N.

Cambridge, Mass., December 23.

HOFFMANN AND LONGFELLOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Robert H. Fife's letter, "The Real E. A. Hoffmann" (*Nation,* November 28), is interesting and instructive; he might have added a reference to Longfellow's introduction of the Hoffmann legend in his "Hyperion." In Book iv. ch. 3, "Shadows on the Wall," Hoffmann is introduced *à la* Hitzig; ch. iv., "Musical Sufferings of John Kreisler," is a pretty literal translation from Kreisleriana in Hoffmann's "Fantasiestücke in Callot's Manier." Prof. Gustav Gruener has helped me to a clearer perception of these facts. I write of them, not with a view to sharing, however slightly, in German literary research, but solely for the object of recalling the younger set of our scholars to a more careful consideration of Longfellow, especially of his "Hyperion." That curious medley of romance and autobiography was German literature for the ordinary American of the '40's and '50's. And most deservedly, for "Hyperion," despite its obvious faults, was a work of genius. It influenced the New England mind profoundly; it used to be a Harvard classic "before the war." In my judgment its influence was far more pervasive than that of Longfellow's other early writings; it set the fashion for German literature *of a certain kind.* Its very limitations explain to us the old-fashioned American ignorance of the greater German literature: Lessing, Goethe, and so on down to Heine. I hope that some one of our younger set may be moved to make a careful study of Longfellow's German studies.

J. M. HART.

Ithaca, N. Y., December 23.

MR. BERENSON'S "NORTH ITALIAN PAINTERS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is so little precedent for us bookworms turning that I venture reluctantly to question the adequacy of your notice of Bernhard Berenson's "The North

Italian Painters of the Renaissance" (*Nation*, December 5). I forbear to raise issues of opinion between your reviewer and a mere reader; our quarrel is on matters of fact. He writes: "At the end there are the usual tables of works by the artists considered in the text, etc." Now, in the first place, the works of twenty-four artists, not even mentioned in the text, much less "considered," are listed at the end. And next does the phrase "the usual tables" convey even to the average *Nation* reader that these tables contain practically all known works by the painters of the North Italian school, and that Mr. Berenson has not only located dozens of paintings personally and for the first time, but also has laboriously compiled these registers from obscure publications? Finally, does the statement that the attributions "will probably arouse the usual amount of discussion among experts" give any hint of the many ascriptions that will be accepted without discussion, as absolutely convincing? Possibly your reviewer assumes that the golden adjective "usual" applied to Mr. Berenson's connoisseurship tells all these things to most of your public. If so he takes a more hopeful view than do your critics usually, or than does your DEVOTED READER.

New York, December 26.

[Our review was unquestionably inadequate. The pressure on our columns at the time of publication made anything more than a cursory note impossible, unless the review was postponed until after the holidays. We may flatter ourselves too greatly in thinking that our readers have seen our former notices of Mr. Berenson's work. If they have they should know, approximately, what his "usual" tables are like. And "discussion" does not necessarily imply dissent, though it would be strange if there were not dissent also, the connoisseurship of painting not being as yet an exact science. By "the artists considered in the text" we meant the North Italian painters of the Renaissance. It might have been more exact to have said "the usual tables of works of the schools considered in the text." We hoped we had conveyed with sufficient clearness our sense of the difference between Mr. Berenson's writings and those of the "usual" purveyors of art-books for the holiday season.—ED. THE NATION.]

CONDITIONS OF FREE ACCESS TO ITALIAN MUSEUMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In consequence of a misconception prevalent among a large class of American travellers, attention should be called to the conditions under which the Italian government issues tickets, giving free access to national museums and excavations. It is not true, as stated recently in a publication distributed widely in America by a semi-philanthropic tourist association, that if a woman "has a diploma from an American university and sends it to the American consul in Rome, it will admit her to the art galleries of the state throughout Italy, free of charge." The law on this subject expressly limits such privileges, among foreigners, to artists; to students of the history of art and of artistic criticism who have brought out noteworthy publications (a copy of one such work is required); to professors of archæology, history, literature, and art; and to students actually matriculated in either Italian or foreign institutes of archæology, history or art, or of faculties of letters and philosophy or schools for engineers. Applications under each of these classifications must be accompanied by academic documents, visèd "by the Italian diplomatic agent or consuls in the country from which the applicant comes or by the ambassador of his country in Italy." Applications based solely upon "holding a diploma from an American university" are refused. H.

Rome, December 12.

NEW YORK'S UNWIELDY SCHOOL BOARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is great need in New York city for the same efficiency in public educational administration which has revealed itself in Boston since the Boston School Committee three years ago was reduced from twenty-four to five. The question arises, Would not the concentration of power and responsibility involved in the same cutting-down process produce corresponding results here? I know of no more admirable summary of the arguments for such a change than "School Reform in Boston," a short and vigorous article in the July *Atlantic*, to which I would specially commend your readers. I have no idea of reproducing those points in this letter, but I beg to call attention to a few local considerations, in the hope that influential persons may take this matter up.

The same ratio of reduction as that applied in Boston would give us a board of nine or ten members, instead of forty-six, as at present. I fully believe that a board of this size, whether appointed or elected, paid or unpaid, would be far more efficient than the present board can possibly hope to be. This reduced number, however, would be still more efficient, if organized, as in the case of the Public Utilities Commission, in two distinct boards, or committees. Just as municipal problems are separated from State problems in the action of these two distinct small commissions, so I would separate secondary school problems from elementary school problems in their administration.

The tendency of the age is to divide education into three periods of six years each under the heads of elementary, secondary, and university training. University training is always controlled by a separate board; why should not secondary education be thus developed? The differences of subject-matter, method, and purpose are so great as to constitute distinct problems which can best be solved by separate groups of men. The youth is as distinct from the child as from the man, and his progress should be as carefully guarded. Before adolescence the child recites in each subject to one woman teacher; after twelve the youth recites in each subject to a different teacher, more and more commonly a man, and the object is differentiation not unification of studies. Self-government is instilled by college-bred teachers in the period of youth, while obedience is planted in childhood by the training-school graduate. Varieties of direction, speed, and general intensive suggestiveness are indicated by these and other distinctions which might be made between the scope, the method, and the purpose of secondary education and of elementary education. In conclusion, therefore, I submit that two small commissions or committees, of five men each, with full power and responsibility to manage respectively the first and second periods of six years each in school education, would prove a step forward in New York city.

ELRES.

Brooklyn, N. Y., January 3.

Notes.

A life of Thomas Chatterton has been written by Charles Edward Russell and will soon be published by Moffat, Yard & Co. Mr. Russell has a new thesis, that the so-called Rowley forgeries are the work of another hand than Chatterton's.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready for publication "A Pocket Full of Sixpences" by G. W. E. Russell, "With the Border Ruffians" by R. H. Williams, "The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins," "English Children in the Olden Times" by Elizabeth Godfrey, and "Saint Catherine of Siena" by Edmund G. Gardner.

At the annual meeting of the Scottish Text Society, held recently at Edinburgh, it was reported that the concluding volume of Wyntoun will soon be issued; also the concluding volume of the text of Henryson is nearly ready, while the text of "John of Ireland" is making progress.

Archibald Constable & Co. will soon publish a work by Prof. J. Garstang of Liverpool on "Burial Customs in Ancient Egypt," being an account of excavations made during 1902-3-4 in the necropolis of Beni-Hassan. Professor Garstang's labors were discussed at some length in the *Nation* of October 31, 1907, p. 405.

The Literary Walloon Society of Liège has undertaken to publish a dictionary of the Walloon dialect, spoken in the provinces of Liège and Luxemburg.

A life of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts is to be written by Charles Osborne.

Hereafter Moffat, Yard & Co. will be the American publishers of the *Burlington Magazine*.

The new *Theological Review*, edited by the faculty of divinity in Harvard University, makes its appearance as a quarterly, published by the Macmillan Company. The keynote of the periodical may properly be looked for in the introductory article by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, "The Call to Theology," with its hopeful utterance: "The period of indifference seems approaching its close, and an era of promise for theology seems to be at hand." Other articles, such as A. C. McGiffert's "Modern Ideas of God," T. N. Carver's "Economic Basis of the Problem of Evil," and C. F. Dole's "Divine Providence," carry out the impression that the aim of the magazine is to find a new justification of theology in the present results of scholarship.

The report that Dr. Prothero has given up the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* is now denied. He has merely handed over the control of the *Review* to J. C. Bailey for a time, owing to ill-health.

Further volumes of the World's Classics published by Henry Frowde contain Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling," Anne Brontë's "Agnes Grey," Lesage's "Gil Blas," translated by Smollett; "The Poems of Coleridge," and Trollope's "Three Clerks." Several of these have excellent introductions. To the Coleridge, for instance, A. T. Quiller-Couch contributes a brief life of the poet and study of his work. We observe that the editor, who writes of Coleridge with even more than the usual enthusiasm, has the courage to say that "there are some to whom 'Christabel' rings false, painfully false, here and there, in spite of its witchery."

We take pleasure in recording the appearance of the fifth volume of Beaumont & Fletcher, edited for the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putman's Sons), by Prof. A. R. Waller. The plays included are "A Wife for a Month," "The Lovers' Progress," "The Pilgrim," "The Captain," and "The Prophetess." As in the earlier volumes, the text is a literal reproduction from the folio of 1679, with a record of variant readings.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their limited editions, printed at the Riverside Press, with large type and on fine paper, Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia or Urne-Buriall." The text follows that of the first edition, 1658, and rectifies errors which have crept into later issues. The archaic spelling of the first edition has been retained, "save for a few deviations toward uniformity." The number of copies is 385; the binding is full red leather, with abundant gilt tooling. Altogether this is a worthy reproduction of one of the stateliest pieces of composition in our tongue.

A call has come already for a second edition of Dr. J. E. Sandys's "History of Classical Scholarship" (Putnam's) and the author has taken this occasion to make some changes in the form of his work and to add some twenty-eight pages of new matter. It is agreeable to hear that a continuation of this history, bringing the record down from the end of the Middle Ages (when the first volume closes) to the present day, is now in the press.

W. A. Butterfield has published a facsimile of Henry Pelham's "Plan of Boston in New England with its Environs, including Milton, Dorchester, Roxbury, Brookline, Cambridge, Charlestown, parts of Malden and Chelsea, with the military works constructed in the years 1775 and 1776." This large map, made under the authority of J. Urquhart, Mayor of Boston, and dedicated to Lord George Germain, is of the first importance historically.

The ninth volume of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Government Printing Office), covering the period from October 3, 1777, to the end of the year, finds the Congress sitting at Yorktown, Pa. The most notable work of these three months was the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, the ratification of which by the States, however, was to be delayed for more than three years. The surrender of Burgoyne brought much business, including a tedious wrangle over the execution of the terms of the capitulation. Thanks were voted to Gates, Lincoln, and Arnold, followed immediately, however, by resolutions regarding Gates's movements which came near to ignoring Washington's authority as commander-in-chief. There was renewed hope of winning Canada, for on November 29 the Articles of Confederation were ordered translated into French, and circulated there, together with an address to the people; while three days later an elaborate plan for the enlistment of Canadians was submitted. On October 17 a board of war was established. The Continental paper money was no longer a sufficient resource, and on November 22 the policy of requisitions was entered upon with a call on the States for $5,000,000, to be raised in taxes, the issue of State paper money to cease. The futile attempt to regulate prices took form in the recommendation that commissioners meet at New Haven, Fredericksburg, and Charleston to deal with the matter. On the twenty-seventh of November the confiscation of loyalist property by the States, and the investment of the proceeds in loan office certificates, was recommended, followed within a week by the authorization of a loan of two million sterling from France and Spain. In October, John Hancock, president of Congress since May 24, 1775, resigned, his successor being Henry Laurens of South Carolina. A resolution of thanks to the retiring president encountered considerable opposition, but was finally voted. Mr. Ford's notes continue to be informing, and there is a useful list of committees, besides the usual index to the journal for the year.

"Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," by David H. Bates (The Century Co.), is an entertaining book of reminiscence in a comparatively unfamiliar field. While Mr. Bates does not pretend to go much beyond his own personal experience as manager of the War Department telegraph office and cipher operator from 1861 to 1866, his personal contact with Lincoln, who spent long hours in the office, was exceptionally close, and the pleasantly written story traverses a good many interesting incidents. Specially important, perhaps, are the author's firsthand accounts of how the military supervisor of telegrams, Edward S. Sanford struck out from McClellan's famous dispatch of June 28, 1862, to Stanton, the paragraph containing the words, "You have done your best to sacrifice this army," before delivering it; of the feverish efforts of the War Department to discover the source of the bogus proclamation of May 17, 1864, calling for 400,000 men; and of the plot to burn New York. These general matters, indeed, predominate over those relating specially to Lincoln, of whose personality Mr. Bates gives, however, many illustrations confirmatory of the general estimate long since formed by those who knew him. The proofreader should have prevented the repetition, on pages 86 and 87, of two paragraphs already printed on pages 28 and 29.

The history of "The Twenty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, 1861-1866," by Alfred S. Roe, recently published by the regimental Veteran Association, Worcester, is a valuable contribution to the literature of the civil war. Its term of service was longer than that of any other Massachusetts regiment but one; its operations in some six States included the Burnside expedition to North Carolina, the assault on Fort Wagner and the siege of Charleston, and the campaign on the James. The aim of the work is not to give an historical account of the events in which the regiment took part, but simply to tell what the officers and men "saw, said, thought, and, above all, did." Consequently the book is full of personal incidents and anecdotes, many of which are amusing and give graphic pictures of soldier life and humor. The largest contributor is Gen. Francis A. Osborn, the original lieutenant-colonel, who kept a diary of the daily happenings during his term of service. There are numerous portraits and pictures, including scenes in camp and on battle field by members of the regiment, as well as maps and a roster.

There is but one honest thing to say about G. S. Layard's "Shirley Brooks of Punch" (Henry Holt & Co.)—it is at least three times too long, an exaggerated example of the dropsy that has laid hold of English biography of late years. Shirley (his real name was Charles Williams) Brooks was born April 29, 1815, and lived until 1874. He was from an early age a voluminous contributor to the press, besides writing a number of novels, now as completely forgotten as his leaders and critiques. He became a member of the *Punch* circle, and, after the death of Mark Lemon, in 1870, assumed the head of the table. He was a great talker of the old sort, sometimes getting himself up for a dinner-combat by an hour's deliberate meditation; a tremendous writer, turning out notes, jokes, poems, Parliamentary reports, any kind of "copy," with incredible ease—a born journalist. His letters are of the kind that must have filled the recipient with joy, but that somehow in cold print, half a century later, sound forced and schoolboyish. They should never have been published. The most human note in the book is the pathetic account of his death:

> On the morning of the 23rd he looks over the forthcoming number of *Punch*, and makes some suggestions. A boy is waiting below for "copy." Shirley writes a small make-up paragraph, asks for a cigar, takes a couple of whiffs, "*looks very surprised*," and falls back dead.

The only information of any particular value is the determination of the fact that *Punch's* famous apology to this country after the death of Lincoln, was written, not by Brooks, who opposed the project, but by Tom Taylor.

Four of Vernon Lee's books have recently been published: By John Lane Co., "The Sentimental Traveller: Notes on Places," and second editions of "Genius Loci" and "Pope Jacynth and Other Fantastic Tales"; by Mitchell Kennerley, a little reprint of "Sister Benvenuta and the Christ Child." The stories are in Vernon Lee's familiar manner: the style studied and polished, at times precious, often delicately ironic; the setting, a monastery or a nunnery or a feudal castle; the characters, burning with zeal, say, for religion or art, conceived in a vein of high fantasy. These stories are not for the ordinary palate, but for those who have cultivated a taste for the romantic and exotic. This limitation lies also upon the two books of travel, which continue in the line of "The Enchanted Woods and Other Essays on the Genius of Places." Vernon Lee is nothing if not a connoisseur in art, music, and literature. She sees everything projected upon the background of wide reading and wide seeing. Her allusions, her figures of speech, are suggested by books and pictures. "Genius Loci" is full of uncommonly clever description and happy observation. "The Sentimental Traveller" is the same thing, though a little less fresh and spontaneous. The reader carries away the feeling that the author's note-books were skimmed of their best for the earlier books, and that this is a sweeping up of unconsidered trifles. The descriptions are still admirably done; but there is a surfeit of them. The reflections are still those of a highly cultivated mind, but nothing new or moving. The countries included in the itinerary are Germany, Italy, France, and Switzerland. The quest of the Traveller is for "the enclosed places of the spirit, little regions of tender memories and peaceful hopes, set with wonder-trees, bearing deathless blossoms and fruit, . . . those vanishing, longed-for isles, those closed valleys, where the gold-dust of sunset lies tangibly on all things, and our own thoughts all wear an aureole." One of the most interesting papers, in which the writer's emotion is moved directly by the spectacle before her, not indirectly through its suggestions as to art and literature, is "The Chapel of the Sick Children at Berck." Were more of the pages in this tone, the total impression would be of sincerity rather than of sophistication and artifice; and the author would not be provoked to that despairing utterance at the end: "Of all vain dilettanteish writings, these essays of mine must therefore be the most dilettanteish and futile."

E. V. Lucas's "Character and Comedy" (The Macmillan Co.) freshly illustrates the sad truth that making books is too easy. Mr. Lucas has collected a number of light and agreeable essays from *Cornhill Magazine*, the *Outlook*, *T. P.'s Weekly*, the *Country Gentleman*, the *Academy*, and *Punch*. The best of them is "My Cousin the Bookbinder," a view of Charles Lamb as Mr. Lucas imagines the humorist would appear to that cousin, the bookbinder, "who is now with God." The last half of the book is made up of a series of amusing sketches, in epistolary form, from *Punch*: "Life's Little Difficulties." Each paper must have served its purpose admirably as a contribution to journalism; but as a whole the articles are too thin to merit the dignity of permanent form.

Stopford A. Brooke's new "Studies in Poetry" (Putnam's) are a pretty thin gleaning. There is an essay on Blake, well enough, but giving no fresh light on that much-bewritten poet; Keats is treated at some length, and three papers deal with Shelley and the Shelley Society. But the best of the book is the essay on Scott, a fair and discriminating appreciation of his poetry. Dr. Brooke takes up Ruskin's thesis that Scott was sad and gives to it another turn. He was not sad because the age was sad, and he represented it, but because he was, in his poetry, at least, so completely out of touch with his own time. Dr. Brooke makes a sharp distinction between Scott's verse and his novels, which are free from sadness because here the author is in close harmony with his age. It would be difficult to carry such a distinction through. Ivanhoe is not sad, yet it is as antiquarian as any of the poems. More fruitful is Dr. Brooke's long discussion of the Celtic elements in Scott's genius, although he treads on quaking ground.

In bringing together the principal treatises and *loci* on "Theories of Style" from Plato to Frederic Harrison (The Macmillan Company), Prof. Lane Cooper has made a book useful at once for the classroom student and the professional writer. One may object to the exorbitant value given to Wackernagel by placing extracts from his "Vorlesungen" as an introduction to Plato and Aristotle, and one may feel that J. Addington Symonds's three essays on style should not be totally neglected in a book which has room for Frederic Harrison, but these are minor points. The whole of Longinus, in Havell's translation, is included, which will compensate for any omission; and there are chapters from Voltaire, Buffon, De Quincey, Schopenhauer, and others.

The aim of Miss Tereza Stratilesco in her "From Carpathian to Pindus" (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.) has been to show what the Rumanian nation is, and especially to describe "the genuine and most interesting part of it, the peasants." With this end in view, after a brief outline of history, she sets forth at length the peasant's relation to the soil (that is, the manner in which the land is held), to the state, and to foreigners. His home life and industries are described, together with his amusements and pastimes. Much space is also devoted to an account of his religious life, his social relations, and customs at births, christenings, weddings, and deaths. But the book is more than a mere record of historical, ethnological, and sociological facts in regard to the Rumanian. It is a treasure-house of folklore, legends, ballads, and songs, often with the music attached. All are interesting, and some are very amusing. One of them is about a Jew who "went once to heaven, and, taking the guardian angel unawares, walked into God's gardens. When the angel caught sight of him he tried all means to get him out, but in vain: the Jew maintained that he had as much right as anybody else to be there, as there was no entrance fee to be paid. St. Peter was called, and tried to reason the Jew out of Paradise, but with no greater success; neither could David or Solomon persuade him to leave heaven. But a little angel took a drum, and, standing outside of the wall of heaven, began to drum noisily. 'What is the matter?' was the general inquiry. 'An auction.' 'Oh, wait a moment,' the Jew ejaculated, 'I will bid!' and out he fled, and the doors were closed upon him." The book is written in excellent English, and its attractiveness is much increased by the sixty-three illustrations which enable one to realize vividly many of the conditions of peasant life. There are also two maps and an index.

A translation of a translation is not the most satisfactory medium through which to learn about an original, but perhaps it is better than nothing; and a first-hand translation "from the ancient royal Abyssinian manuscript 'The Glory of the Kings'" is not to be hoped for. This manuscript is said to contain one hundred and sixty-four folios of goatskin, written in the Geez dialect. After the battle of Magdala, in 1868, it was removed from the room in which Theodore, the Ethiopian King, had committed suicide, and taken to the British Museum. Upon request of King John it was returned in 1872, and was carefully secreted; but later it was placed in the hands of the translator at the direct command of King Menelik. No attempt is made to date the manuscript itself, or to assign a period to its original composition further than to call it very ancient. The English translation, recently published under the title "Magda, Queen of Sheba" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.), was made by Mrs. John Van Vorst from the French version of Hugues Le Roux, member of the Rouen Académie des belles lettres. It gives an account of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to the court of Solomon, with many details not hinted at in the Biblical narrative. Familiarity with the Hebrew Scriptures is shown in many passages, but only in such a way as to indicate that the work was a compilation made at a much later date, with the purpose of fortifying the claims of the reigning house of Ethiopia, whose descent is ascribed to Solomon and the queen. Their son grows to the likeness of the father, whom he visits. The attempt is made to retain him as king over Israel, but when he insists upon returning to his mother and to his own people, a large delegation of the sons of priests and princes is sent with him to be the nucleus of a theocracy in the South. These young men lament the separation not only from their parents, people, and native land, but from the "Ark of the Covenant," which is called "Sion" and is treated as a sort of fetich. So they steal the Ark and take it along. Their journey is magically swift, pursuit is vain, and their arrival is marked with pomp and the establishment of an extensive kingdom whose law is an abstract of the Mosaic code.

Who the editors of the new "autograph" edition of "Hoyle's Games" are does not appear, but the publishers, the McClure Company, have given the book an agreeable form, and it may be recommended as a useful reappearance of an old friend.

By order of the trustees the speeches given and letters of congratulation read at the "Memorial of the Celebration of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 11, 12, 13, 1907," have been printed in a handsome volume by the De Vinne Press.

The seventeenth volume of "Minerva" (1907-8) bears appropriately as frontispiece a portrait of Dr. Karl Trübner, founder and editor of the yearbook, who died June 2, 1907. The present issue has received more than the usual revision and is considerably increased in bulk. Lemcke & Buechner are the American agents of this indispensable dictionary of the academic world. From the same house comes the one hundred and forty-fifth annual issue of the "Almanach de Gotha," with its revised information in regard to the families of the *haute noblesse* and the governments of the world. We have again to acknowledge from the London publisher "Whitaker's Almanack" and "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" for the new year. The editor has succeeded in adding more information to volumes already highly compact.

A new pedagogical journal intended especially for young teachers is now being published twice a month by Gerdes und Hödel, (Pädagogische Verlagsbuchhandlung), of Berlin, entitled *Blätter für die Fortbildung des Lehrers und der Lehrerin* It is edited by Doctors W. Wolffgarten, G. Roth, Johannes Meyer, and Alfred Pottag.

"Einführung in das Gotische," by Dr. F. v. d. Leyen, University of Munich, constitutes one volume in the series, Handbücher des deutschen Unterrichts, edited by Adolf Matthias (Munich: C. H. Beck). It contains all the material needed for the beginner in Gothic—grammar, chrestomathy, and vocabulary. In the arrangement of matter the verb precedes the noun.

Ernst Eckstein's "Gesammelte Schulhumoresken" (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.) contains not only his most famous sketch, "Der Besuch im Kerzer," but such other favorites as "Katheder und Schulbank," "Stimmungsbilder aus dem Gymnasium," together with several stories never before published. All the school world knows or should know the first-mentioned tale, one of those rare bits of dialect from school-boy life that breathes a language universal, whether it tells of mischievous and refractory pupils in the Rosegger forests or under the glances of an Ichabod Crane on the Hudson. What is interesting if not strange about Eckstein and his saucy lad is that the story has been condemned again and again, and indeed ever since it was written, by pedagogues and dominies; and still it has lived on, passing into edition after edition, chiefly, we suppose, because of the ever-present desire to read what the teacher has advised was pernicious. Taken as a whole, the book gives a fair idea of several sides of German school life.

Prof. Martin Hartmann of Berlin, who has recently returned from a long trip through Central Asia, will publish as one of the series known as Angewandte Geographie (Halle: Gebauer-Schmetscheke), "Kultur und Wirtschaftsgeographie Turkestans," chiefly on the basis of his own research. The work begins with a history of Turkestan. Another chapter is devoted to language and literature, furnishing among other things a large collection of popular poetry. Present economic conditions and possibilities of development in trade and traffic are to be fully discussed.

In the flood of new literature on Japan a noteworthy production is a work in German, "Die Kultur Japans" (Berlin: Curtius) by Dr. Daiji Itchikawa, lecturer in the Japanese department of the Oriental Seminary in Berlin. The book, which deals chiefly with the history and the present character of civilization in Japan, has something of the nature of an *apologia pro domo*. The author defends the imitation of Western civilization by modern Japan; but further declares that if Japan had not excluded Christianity in the seventeenth century and later, it would have shared the fate of India in becoming subject to Western peoples. He deplores the educational ideals that now prevail in the higher circles of Japan, compelling the acquisition of so many Western languages and literatures in addition to the native Japanese, and wonders how long the Japanese student will be able to stand the strain. Every Japanese student must acquire at least three foreign tongues, Chinese, English, and German. He tells us that the Japanese are naturally a religious people, and have already absorbed many elements of Christianity, and that the coming faith of the country will be a unique Japanese type of Christianity.

Under the title "Oestliches Werden," the well-known German essayist Dr. Hermann Brunnhofer publishes a series of articles the purpose of which is indicated by the sub-title: "Kulturaustausch und Handelsverkehr zwischen Orient und Occident von der Urzeit bis zur Gegenwart, (Bern: Victor Schlüter). These essays are chiefly historical, depicting the interchange of culture between the East and the West at different periods.

When the copyright on a German author's works expires, thirty years after death, the larger publishing houses compete in getting out good and cheap editions. Athenasius Grün, Simrock, and Freiligrath all died in 1876, and now their works have appeared in one of the best of these cheap series, Max Hesse's neue leipziger Klassiker-Ausgabe: Grün complete in ten parts, bound in two large volumes, cloth, 4 marks; the select works of Simrock, 12 parts in 4 volumes; and the entire works of Freiligrath, 10 parts, in 2 volumes, 6 marks. Literary introductions, and in some cases explanatory notes, accompany these editions, the texts of which have been critically prepared by recognized scholars. The Bibliographisches Institut of Leipzig and Vienna is publishing similar editions, known as Meyer's Klassiker-Ausgaben, the latest addition being Immermann's "Werke," with biography, in 5 volumes, at 2 marks per volume, edited by Dr. Harry Mayne.

A new journal intended to bring about an understanding between modern culture and religion is being published by Vanderhoeck & Ruprecht, Goettingen, entitled *Religion und Geisteskultur*. It is edited by Th. Steinmann. Among its contributors are leading theological and non-theological savants of different countries; naturally Germans are most largely represented.

Of the Corpus Reformatorum, Huldreich Zwingli's "Sämmtliche Werke," edited with the assistance of the Zwingli Verein of Zürich, by Profs. Emil Egli and Georg Finsler, and published by M. Heinsius of Leipzig, 14 *Lieferungen* of the proposed 120 which are to contain all the writings of the Swiss reformer have made their appearance. The editors have paid special attention to correct textual readings, and have added historical and bibliographical introductions and explanatory notes, chiefly linguistic. In many respects this will be a parallel to the great Kaiser edition of Luther's works, upon which the scholars of Germany have been engaged for more than two decades.

The old problem as to the relation of the doctrines of Jesus to those of the best Jewish teachers of his times, especially of Hillel, is being actively discussed in Germany. A small work lately published under the title "Christentum und Judentum, Parallelen" (a revision of a discussion originally printed in the Jahrbuch des Verbandes der Vereine für jüdische Geschichte und Literatur) offers an interesting set of parallels, particularly on ethical themes, between Christianity and Judaism. To show, however, that such parallels are merely an illustration of the old dictum: "Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem," is the purpose of Prof. Ed. Koenig of the University of Bonn in "Talmud und Neues Testament," an issue in the well-known series Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen.

Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch of Berlin, whose lectures and pamphlets on "Babel und Bibel" caused such a stir a few years ago, recently delivered in Berlin under the auspices of the Lessinggesellschaft two popular lectures, "Weiterbildung der Religion," which promise to be equally sensational. He declares that the first purpose of the scientific investigation of religion must be to rid Christianity of elements from Oriental religions, chiefly Babylonian. He traces in the literature of Babylonia the beginnings of such *Beimischungen* as angelology and demonology, and the ideas of Jesus concerning hell, heaven, paradise, and the fall of man. Even the sacrificial idea in the Lord's Supper he traces to Babylonian sources, where, too, the Trinity is already important. Faith in miracles and in the miraculous healing of the sick is common to Oriental religions. Again, such conceptions as those connected with the birth of Jesus he traces back to a misunderstanding of the Old Testament passages, especially as these are reproduced in the Septuagint. The lectures will be published at once.

Prof. A. W. Hunzingen of Leipzig has written a new work on Christian apologetics, entitled "Zur apologetischen Aufgabe der Kirche der Gegenwart," published by A. Deichert, Leipzig. His attempt is to demonstrate that modern natural science, philosophy, and history have not damaged the Christian conception of things (Weltanschauung).

We had occasion to mention, some years ago, the appearance of the first (Danish) section of the "Palæographic Atlas," published in the year 1903 by the Arnamagnæan Commission through the Gyldendal Publishing Company of Copenhagen and Chicago. This publication, which is patterned mainly on the series of reproductions published by the English Palæographical Society, deserves more than a passing mention now that the second and third sections have appeared (in 1905 and 1907, respectively). The editor of this collection of reproductions of sample pages of old Scandinavian manuscripts and documents is Dr. Kr. Kaalund, librarian of the Arnamagnæan collection of manuscripts in the University library of Copenhagen. The first portfolio contains, on thirty-eight folio plates, a collection of sixty-four reproductions, chronologically arranged, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century; the second and third portfolios consist of thirty-seven plates each, containing fifty-three and fifty-seven reproductions, respectively, of old Norwegian and old Icelandic manuscripts. Opposite each phototype reproduction is a rendering of the text introduced with a brief description of the manuscript by the editor. The expenses of the publication of the last portfolio published have been defrayed by the so-called Carlsberg Fund, an endowment established for the promotion of science by the late Danish brewer Jacobsen. These reproductions testify to the high state of development which the art of writing, as well as that of illuminating, had attained in the Scandinavian North. Particularly deserving of mention in this respect are the Codex Frisianus of the Norwegian King's Sagas; the Flateyjarbók, which is probably the handsomest old Norse manuscript extant, containing among other things the earliest and best version of the discovery of Vinland; and some Norwegian law codices. The scientific importance of a publication like this needs hardly to be emphasized. A copy of this series ought, indeed, to be found in the library of every university where philological. and, particularly Germanic, studies are carried on. The editor's name is a sufficient guarantee of scientific thoroughness, and the mechanical part of the work does all possible honor to Danish bookmaking and reproductive art. The price of each portfolio is 30 crowns (about $8.00), to which must be added cost of carriage.

American scholars are more or less familiar with the work of the French universities in the study of English literature, but the remarkable progress of the French in Germanic studies has not received the same recognition here. No more pleasant introduction to a German classic could be desired than Paul Bastier's "Friedrich Hebbel, dramatiste et critique" (Paris: Larose), which contains, besides an interpretative introduction of two hundred pages, a free adaptation of Hebbel's chief play, "Maria Magdalena," and translations of his chief critical works. Hebbel's æsthetic theory is now attracting more and more attention in Germany; and though his name does not appear in Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," readers of this volume will readily recognize the unusual significance of his critical work.

In a few cities and villages in this and other States, some of them important, the proposition to turn the subscription library into a free library is persistently rejected. To abolish the fee, it is argued, would only cheapen the library and lower the esteem in which it is held even by those who are not willing to pay for use. As bearing on this question, statistics just reported by the public library of Olean, N. Y., are of interest. For many years this institution, under the name Forman Library, was maintained on the principle that if the public wished the use of it, the privilege could be had for a fee which any one could pay who was in earnest. Unlike many subscription libraries in small cities, it was maintained on a liberal scale, with an attractive building, good supplies of standard and new books, generous hours of opening, and was administered by librarians of skill and culture. Yet in a city of some 12,000 people, it had at the end of the year 1906 only 237 registered borrowers, and its monthly issue of books averaged only 716 volumes. About the middle of January last, without any important change in other respects, the fee was abolished and the library was made public. At the end of ten months, the list of borrowers had increased to 2,617 and the average monthly issue of books to 4,211 volumes, an eleven-fold gain in the number of borrowers and a six-fold gain in the number of books issued. The fact seems to be that the average man and woman are *not* greatly in earnest regarding the library. They can be moved out of their inertia and brought under the influence of good books only by removing all excuses for neglect and by supplying conditions that will appeal even to the indifferent and lethargic.

Special interest attaches this year to the report of the Royal Library of Berlin, both because liberal rules regarding the hours of opening and the use of the library have been recently introduced, and because it is the first report issued since the appointment of Prof. Adolf Harnack as chief librarian. The report shows a growth during the year of 32,979 volumes, of which 12,892 were added by purchase, 10,296 by gift, and 9,791 by deposit under the copyright law. Accessions deemed worthy of special mention are twenty-five incunabula and a collection of 1,600 volumes of modern drama and poetry. Of the incunabula the most noteworthy was a copy of the Fust-Schaeffer Psalter of 1459, costing 86,000 marks. The collection of German music, founded in April, 1906, by large donations from German music dealers, already contains 33,000 works; and the hope is expressed that eventually it will contain the works of every German composer. The reading-room was used during the year by 135,380 persons, 7,516 of whom were women; 367,300 volumes were issued for home reading, and 247,145 volumes were consulted at the library.

The midwinter meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America was held this year in connection with the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago, on January 1. The papers of the forenoon session were devoted to the bibliography of science. Dr. Cyrus Adler of Washington restated, with some new facts, the well-known story of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature; A. L. Voge presented the case for the Concilium Bibliographicum in Zürich, treated this time from the point of view of the technical man; and W. A. Beale gave an account of "The Contributions of the United States Department of Agriculture to the Bibliography of Science." The last-named paper was a record of much creditable work done, while that from Zürich was chiefly concerned with plans for the future. On the suggestion of Dr. C. B. Davenport, the zoölogist, a motion was passed recommending the case of the Concilium and its appeal for funds to the consideration of the council of the society. It is proposed that funds collected in America be held in trust by an American board, soon to be created. In the evening the members of the society and their friends were the guests of the Caxton Club, in the rooms of which they listened to an illustrated lecture by W. D. Orcutt of the University Press, Cambridge, Mass., on "Printing as a Fine Art." The speaker dealt with the development of the type, its form, and its proportionate arrangement on the page, beginning with the scribe, here represented by the facsimile edition of the Breviarium Grimani, continuing through Gutenberg's forty-two-line Bible, and representative examples from the principal countries, down to William Morris, in whom the artist worked destruction to the purpose of the printer to present a readable page.

The Third International Congress for the History of Religions is to be held at Oxford September 15 to 18. The sections will deal with the following peoples and their religions: (1) the Lower Culture (including Mexico and Peru); (2) the Chinese and Japanese; (3) the Egyptians; (4) the Semites; (5) India and Iran; (6) Greeks and Romans; (7) Germans, Celts, and Slavs; (8) Christianity. English, French, German, and Italian will be recognized as official languages.

At the annual meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, held last week at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Prof. D. G. Lyon of Harvard announced that the Turkish government has granted to Harvard University a firman to explore the site of ancient Samaria, the modern Sebastie. The excavations are to be under the direction of Dr. G. A. Reisner, who expects to begin about April. This place is by many, if not most, Old Testament archæologists regarded as the most promising site for excavation in Palestine, provided always that funds are forthcoming to conduct the work on a sufficiently large scale, and for a sufficient period of time. On recommendation of the council the society took cognizance of the Hilprecht controversy, adopting the following preamble and resolution:

> Whereas, charges reflecting on American Oriental scholarship have been publicly made against Prof. H. V. Hilprecht,
>
> Resolved: That this society shares the desire expressed by a number of American Orientalists that a complete reply to these charges be made in the journal of this society or elsewhere.

The death is announced from Cambridge, England, of Gen. James John McLeod Innes, late of the Royal Engineers. He was born in India in 1830, and served through the Mutiny campaign. Among his books are "Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny"; "The Sepoy Revolt," 1897; "Sir Henry Lawrence" (Rulers of India Series), 1898. He also edited a memoir of Gen. Sir J. Browne.

On the basis of a press dispatch announcing the death of Alfred Stead, son of W. T. Stead of London, a brief obituary note was printed in the *Nation* of December 19. Word now comes that the death is that of a brother of Alfred Stead.

THE CHARM OF VENICE.

Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginning to the Fall of the Republic. Part II. The Golden Age. By Pompeo Molmenti; translated by Horatio F. Brown. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 2 vols., $2.50 per vol.

The Sea Charm of Venice. By Stopford A. Brooke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.

Venice on Foot. With the Itinerary of the Grand Canal and Several Direct Routes to Useful Places. By Hugh A. Douglas; 75 Illustrations and 11 Maps. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Venetian Life. Revised and Enlarged. By William Dean Howells. 20 Illustrations in Color by Edmund H. Garrett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Old Venetian Palaces and Old Venetian Folk. By Thomas Okey; with 50 colored and other illustrations by Trevor Haddon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

The second section of Professor Molmenti's elaborate work deals with the sixteenth century—the climax of the magnificence of the

Republic, and the period which the world generally regards as most characteristically Venetian. Then flowered Venetian painting, then the architecture of the Renaissance began to run its riotous course, then pageants, luxury, and dissipation allured and amazed the pleasure-seekers of Christendom. But the historian knows that the Golden Age was really the age of decadence; and he measures the greatness of Venice by the many generations which were required before wealth and excesses finally sapped her vitality. Professor Molmenti describes this period more fully than it has ever been described before in English. The mass of material about it is almost endless; for, with the introduction of printing at the end of the fifteenth century, books and pamphlets were added to the usual store of public and private documents. Professor Molmenti explores every field—the political, the artistic, the social, the scientific, the educational. He naturally expatiates on the ceremonies and pageants, and he gives a dispassionate account of the judicial and criminal procedure which historical novelists have fastened upon for their lurid effects. In order to place Venice in the proper perspective, however, he should have stated what were the judicial methods and the tortures and punishments in vogue at this time elsewhere in Europe.

His chapter on the private life of the artists assembles many entertaining details, but it will be less novel to American readers (who may be presumed to have some acquaintance with the lives of Titian, Tintoret, and the rest) than his account of the authors and poets. He traces also the development of the drama, from the early mummeries to the beginnings of opera, in a fashion not elsewhere accessible in English. Since the "private life" is the central object of his study, we have very full descriptions of the daily habits of the rich and the poor, of the country-places of the former and the occupations and amusements of the latter, and of the customs attending birth, marriage, and death. A chapter on the type of Venetian beauty gives much curious information, which leads us to infer that beauty among the women was as rare in the sixteenth century as it is to-day. The few magnificent faces which survive in the portraits of Titian, Giorgioni, Palma Vecchio, Tintoret, and Bordone seem to be exceptions and not to belong to a widely diffused type. Professor Molmenti closes this section of his work with a study of the corruption of manners, a topic which has never been neglected by a certain class of investigators, but which he treats as an historian. Here again, it would be well to furnish some means for comparing the sexual license of Venice with that of other contemporary capitals: Rome, for instance, was rotten from top to bottom, and Naples reeked with all sorts of iniquity. Venice seems to have got the worst reputation because, like modern Paris, she advertised her licentiousness, instead of pretending to a decency which did not exist. Certainly, no apologist can deny the well-attested facts, which simply prove, in the last analysis, that wealth and luxury are the most dangerous enemies of a nation.

The admirable illustrations of these volumes have been chosen with such fine judgment that they really illustrate most of the subjects touched upon. Even specimens of Venetian lace are reproduced in half-tone. Horatio Brown's translation reads fluently, almost as if he had written it originally in English; but we must again express our surprise that he should leave untranslated many passages in mediæval Latin, Italian, and Venetian, besides many Venetian words and phrases, which most of his readers will find puzzling. It may be proper to quote authorities in the original for the footnotes; but such quotations in the text ought to be translated. The great number of works cited shows the range and minuteness of Professor Molmenti's researches.

Stopford A. Brooke's little volume contains an unusually good essay on "The Sea-Charm of Venice." In it he blends impressions and emotions, history and art. He is not the hasty tourist, who peers, and nods, and hurries on, but the lover of Venice, who has returned to her again and again, seen her under many aspects, thought upon her glories, and felt her fascination. He writes with genuine enthusiasm, but without gush, and displays also an unusual skill in description.

We have long wondered why no one has compiled a guide for those who wish to see Venice on foot, for that is the way by which, after you have made your first acquaintance with the canals by gondola, you can come to know the city best. Hugh A. Douglas has at last produced just such a book. It is a model of clearness, conciseness, and concrete information. In the course of ten walks, Mr. Hughes visits every part of the city. He describes also the Grand Canal, which must necessarily be viewed from the water, and the Place of St. Mark's. A map elucidates each walk, and numerous half-tones enable the stranger to identify the principal buildings. There is much miscellaneous information, packed into the smallest space. Moreover, Mr. Hughes has mapped out fifty direct routes, which show how to reach a desired point without delay. The book contains a list of noble families, and a section of general notes in which are treated such matters as the councils, the original citizens, the Tiepolo conspiracy, and the value of the ducat. Exhaustive indexes make it easy to find every name mentioned in the text. The book slips easily into the pocket, and ought to be the companion of every visitor to Venice.

It is more than forty years since Mr. Howells gathered into a volume his fugitive papers on Venetian life. They are still the best in their field; and now their author, having revised them, sends them forth in a definitive edition. He adds a pleasant introduction, telling why he has pruned or amended certain phrases or statements. That is, we feel, a dangerous pastime for an author of three score and ten to engage in. "The flourish set on youth" belongs to sketches of Venice written by an enthusiast of twenty-five. Suppose letters were to be toned down to suit the sobriety of the lover turned grandfather? But we would not insist too much in the case of Mr. Howells, for he has not really mutilated his classic volume, which may well delight another generation of readers. The publishers have brought out this *édition de luxe* in model form. Mr. Garrett's colored sketches are carefully reproduced, but they add little, in our opinion, to the charm of the book.

Mr. Okey turns his hand readily to almost any Italian subject, but he has never, we think, done so more successfully than in the present case. This book is not only much better intrinsically than his historical sketch of Venice, but it also is free from the pot-boiler aroma that pervaded that effort. He takes up chronologically the palaces of Venice, tells what is known about the building of each, describes (in many cases) the owners or dwellers, and surrounds each subject with its proper atmosphere of associations and traditions. He has had the happy inspiration to go direct to Malipiero, Priuli, and Sanudo for concrete examples of Venetian life in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and, as he has excellent judgment in selecting and skill in presenting, he makes a varied, vivid, and trustworthy story. Those three great diarists did for their age much more than Pepys did for his; but Mr. Okey supplements their stories and their gossip with references to the professional historians, to Sansovino, the authority on customs and institutions, and to Tassini, learned in "Curiosities." Mr. Okey is a Ruskinian, yet he forms his own opinions on works of art, and does justice to the palaces of the later Renaissance which Ruskin condemned. But when justice has been done to those elephantine edifices—the Palazzi Grimani, Rezzonico, Manin, and Pesaro—one turns with a sigh of relief to the Gothic and Byzantine types in which is embodied the real Venice. Mr. Haddon's colored illustrations deserve high praise. Although here and there the colors may be too intense, yet the scenes are well chosen and the general color effects excel those of any similar book with which we are acquainted. The pen-and-ink sketches, drawn after the fashion of the architect's clerk, are better than similar work by Mr. Pennell, but they are at best less satisfactory than artistic half-tones. As a whole, the book is a delight, rich in the color, the glow, the gorgeous life of Venice.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The sentimentality of these idyls of old age is so effusive and unabashed as to discount in advance whatever reflections might be made upon it by the unemotional critic. There is something of the daring, of the *risqué* even, in such an exhibition of decrepit amorousness. That is a graceless way of putting it, and perhaps expresses too much. There is, let us say, a touch of indecorum in the unveiling of this belated dalliance; or would be if the spectator were not secretly aware that the whole affair is merely a piquant masquerade. These people are not really old, though they wear the garb of age. Supposing, however, it were possible for seventy to live and disport itself habitually in the mood of seventeen, you would suppose a Pelleas and Etarre. The fact that physically they are no longer as young as they used to be, would then be for them a matter of humorous and half-surprised recognition. They would dance, and picnic, and go upon endless honeymoons, always with their best foot forward, as these two charming old frauds delight one by doing. They would present, with a kind of defiant jauntiness, the spectacle of youth and crabbed age amicably dwelling together at very close quarters. Whatever extravagance, from a literal point of view, may inhere in these sketches, is at all events a very pleasant kind. No doubt there are a good many persons who have passed the threescore and ten, and who have their good moments of feeling themselves "seventy years young." Heaven forbid that any of us should find himself incapable at that age of some, at least, of the pretty follies which Pelleas and Etarre so gayly commit.

The Broken Road. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Americans have often read of those Indian princes who, sent to England to be educated in the English way, have distinguished themselves at Oxford and Cambridge, perhaps in scholarship, certainly in cricket and polo. "The Broken Road" is, in one sense, a sort of tract exhibiting the evils of this kind of training for the best class of Indian youth—the class of the native rulers. It is rather rare among Anglo-Indian novels in regarding the matter from the native point of view, as well as in its bearing upon British preëminence in India. The author's patriotism, however, sufficiently vindicates itself in the fact that the latter consideration is the chief one. The problem is expressed concretely: For generations the English policy has been to push a great highway through "Chiltistan" to "the foot of the Hindu-Kush." But on the part of the Chiltis there had been stubborn though secret opposition, which, in connection with the natural difficulties of the country, had delayed the execution of the project. The building of this road is understood to be essential to the establishment once for all of the British power upon the frontier. The plan had been originally conceived by an English engineer named Linforth, and had been carried forward by later Linforths, destined in one sense or other to lay down their lives for the project, without seeing its fulfilment. At the time when the story begins, the future of the road is seen to depend upon the new-born heir to "Chiltistan." The "political officer," who knows most about the frontier, and who is near his last days, urges that on no account shall the young prince be sent to England for his education. His plea is that in England the boy will be treated as an equal, while upon his return to India he must be treated as an inferior, the almost certain result being a desperate reaction on the part of the native against the government which insists upon his inferiority. Chief among the causes of his embitterment is likely to be a hopeless passion for some Englishwoman who has found it possible to dance and flirt with him in London, but could not possibly marry "a nigger." This prophecy is disregarded; the young prince is sent in due time to Eton and Oxford, where the latest Linforth becomes his closest friend. The two boys covenant solemnly for the building of the road. But the obstacle of the Englishwoman intervenes. The prince returns to India, already embittered, to find himself under the thumb of English officials. He reverts to his people, organizes a revolt, and the road, under the young Linforth, crushes him out of sight as it goes upon its predestined way. It is a moving story, well told. Perhaps the most striking thing about it to an American reader is the plain fact that the narrator, whatever his sympathy with the individual native victim, believes that the British power in India must be maintained at all cost.

Admiral's Light. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Rideout is making himself known as a writer of fiction whose work, though small in amount, is unusual in quality. Against his background of the New England coast village he is throwing a series of bold human figures such as it is the ordinary fashion of our story-writers to look for in Brittany or Cornwall. His themes are simple; he does not balk either the ugly or the heroic aspects of the life he is portraying. "Admiral's Light" is more picturesque, more amiably romantic than some of the earlier tales. It lacks the grim and really tragic force of such a story as his "Wild Justice," one of the most remarkable American short stories of its generation. "Admiral's Light" is an unfinished boy-and-girl romance, an apotheosis, one might rather rudely call it, of calf-love. The boy is a lighthouse-keeper, or, rather, does the work of one as self-appointed deputy for his aging grandfather. The girl is a foundling ward of a gypsy stroller. Their special virtue is that though circumstance throws them together and temptation is strong to seize the sweet of the passing hour, they are discreet enough to part, so that the boy may go away and find his place in the world. The persons and incidents which complicate this situation give one a little the impression of being contrived for the purpose. The increase of scale has perhaps been an embarrassment, as it is likely to be with the thumb-nail artists of the short story. And perhaps one's sense of a loss in directness and energy is corollary to one's impression of an increase of self-consciousness. Mr. Rideout's is a manner which in seeking distinction may become over-elaborate, meticulous, and ultimately barren. There is always danger that the well-bred style will become a mere polite murmur, sliding gently toward the ear, but not quite reaching it. And there is always danger that the literate style will become a creation of obvious artifice instead of a true vehicle. The chief thing we may wish of Mr. Rideout is more abandon, less attention to the rules of the game.

The Fair Lavinia and Others. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Bros.

This volume of tales may lead one to speculate as to whether it is for better or for worse that Mrs. Freeman is more frequently abandoning her stern New England portraiture for sentimental dallying with the past, for the production, as it were, of imitation miniatures. It is impossible to feel that she is adding anything distinctive to that literature of powder and patches, of lavender and old lace, which has been so thoroughly developed by our literary collectors of antique furniture. All the old properties are trotted out and put through their paces, with a result that would doubtless be called "pretty" and "sweet" by a certain type of reader. The persons use the queer lingo commonly foisted upon the eighteenth century hero and heroine: "She has no megrims, nor need to dose with salts, and the like, for swooning, like most of her sex." Glance at a page of Fielding, or Smollett, and contrast the vigorous talk with this kind of verbal "dandering." "I could love her not" is apparently the kind of locution by which one of these bogus antiques most readily convinces the general customer of its authenticity.

But if such a tale as "The Fair Lavinia" may be dismissed as sham, there are one or two stories in the collection which are altogether worthy of the author; hardly the graceful idyl "The Willow Ware," or the extravagantly romantic tale, "The Underling"; but stories like "The Pink Shawls," and "The Secret," with their simple and faithful realism. Altogether the most striking story in the group, however, is called "The Gold," a sombre study reminding one, as much by what it is not as by what it is, of Hawthorne. A soldier of the Revolution has set out for the war immediately after receiving a legacy in gold from England. He has hidden it, and has refused to tell his young wife where it is. After his departure she searches for it in vain. Noise of it gets abroad, leading to her murder by unknown hands. The soldier returns, to live alone the rest of his life, shunned by his fellow-villagers, since he is suspected of being in some way implicated in the murder of his wife, and of another person. One day he is found frozen to death with a letter in his hand which reads: "The andirons, the fire-set, the handles on the high-boy. . . . Gold." Hawthorne would have embroidered the grim fabric of this tale with an arabesque of symbolism. Mrs. Freeman tells it as if she had no curiosity whatever as to the spiritual experience involved in the fate of the wretched man. The plain narrative has a force of its own.

Bonaparte in Egypt and the Egyptians of To-day. By Haji A. Browne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

The title of this book, together with that of its author, arouses a delusive hope. At a moment when the East, Near and Far, is engrossing more and more attention, it is natural that men should turn more and more anxiously to the fundamental question: What is the inherent difference between the Western and the Eastern mind? An Englishman who has worshipped at Mecca appears as though he might be the Œdipus to solve the problem of the Sphinx. And there is something so inherently alluring in this notion of a fundamental problem with a possible solution, that even a case-hardened reviewer may, for a moment, fall victim to the Haji. But, after a careful examination of Haji Browne's book it appears clearly enough that he must be accounted only as one of the predecessors of Œdipus.

The internal evidence shows pretty clearly how the book is made up. Nearly three-quarters is a paraphrase of an Arabic chronicle recording the history of Bonaparte's expedition of 1798-99, plentifully seasoned with the somewhat vague commentary of the author. Long resident in the

Orient and a convert to Islam, Haji Browne's point of view is too personal to find a large audience, too heterogeneous to convince, and too discursive to please. His hold on fact is slight. He not only follows his Arab authorities into the most obvious errors, but presumably, owing to the failure of his authorities, he skims the period 1800-1898 in eighteen pages; yet that period saw the piercing of the Suez Canal—an event which profoundly affected the destinies of Egypt—and the creation by Mahomed Ali out of purely Oriental material of a highly effective military machine—a fact worth pondering at the present day. In the few pages devoted to Mahomed Ali one is most struck by the following remark, revealing as it does to the full the naïveté of the author's judgment. When the Pasha was carried to his rest not a few natives and some Europeans were moved to tears, which proves, according to our author, "that at bottom of all his sins and all his crimes the essential element of the man himself was good."

There is further ground of complaint against the Haji; his style is tedious; his egotism insistent. Thus he alludes to a speech of Beaconsfield in which that erratic but occasionally prophetic statesman drew a brilliant picture of the possible regeneration of Islam under the ægis of Britannia, only to point out that he himself, A. Browne, had previously placed the same opinions before an unappreciative world. "The imperial views of Lord Beaconsfield," he tells us, "were relegated to a pigeonhole, where, if the rats have not devoured them, they are still lying." We can no more picture the rats of the India Office devouring the views of Lord Beaconsfield than we can the public swallowing the opinions of Haji Browne. Clearly those opinions are not profound, not even original.

William Allingham, a Diary. Edited by H. Allingham and D. Radford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

Before his death Allingham had begun to write out his autobiography, and the few completed pages dealing with his early life excite a regret that the work was not finished. He has left a charming picture of an imaginative child growing up with uncles and aunts in Ballyshannon, on the west coast of Ireland. But far the greater part of the present volume is made up from his diaries—hasty notes of the events and conversations of the day. A good deal of this is entirely trivial, and ought to have been suppressed. There would still be sufficient left to fill a fair-sized volume.

William Allingham was born in 1824. His schooling was brief. From the age of fifteen to twenty-two he was clerk in a bank, and from that time during the greater part of his life he held various offices in the customs service. In 1863 he was moved to a post at Lymington, which looked across the water to the Isle of Wight and Tennyson's home, about five miles away. During these years he was much at Farringford. He died in 1889.

The interest of the diary depends very little on Allingham's own literary achievements and much on the fame of his friends. It is evident that he was *persona grata* to the lions of the day, bestowing upon them just the right degree of respect to flatter their vanity without arousing their suspicion. His reverence, we hasten to add, was entirely creditable and showed not the least touch of subservience. The protagonists are easily Carlyle and Tennyson, but Rossetti and Browning come in now and then, not to mention a host of lesser names. Perhaps the most curious trait of the record is the fact that it shows us these men in very human attitudes, yet never lets us forget their greatness. Evidently Allingham knew how to draw the best from them in conversation. And how they talked about one another! At the very beginning we hear Leigh Hunt say that "Browning lives at Peckham, because no one else does! a horn poet, but loves contradictions. Shakespeare and Milton write plainly, the Sun and Moon write plainly, and why can't Browning?" On the whole the impression of Browning we get is not an alluring one. As characterized by others, and, more particularly, as he presents himself, he appears as a man of enormous activity and equally enormous vanity—something of a *poseur* withal. Perhaps the most significant of his own speeches is this, which may throw a good deal of light on the poet's persistent eccentricities:

> We ought to take up the hall at the furthest point to which it has been thrown. I should be sorry to think that any one was in advance in any way of me in my new Poem.

Columns might be quoted from the conversation of Carlyle and Tennyson, and from the account of their daily habits. How characteristic of Carlyle, for instance, that in crossing the most crowded thoroughfares he simply plunged in without pause, holding out a stick to poke into the nose of any horse that came too near. Tennyson is constantly reading his own verse. That is an old story, but Allingham has been remarkably successful in conveying to the reader the very tones and accents of the reader. We seem to be still nearer to him when we hear Coventry Patmore say: "When Tennyson finds anything in poetry that touches him—not pathos, but a happy line or epithet—the tears come into his eyes."

Not much is reported of politics, but "Dizzy," as all Allingham's circle called him, comes in for constant reprobation. One bit of conversation on that head is so remarkable that it cannot be passed over:

> Enter Sir John Simeon with Mr. Austin Bruce (M. P. for Merthyr-Tydvil). Sir J. presses me to go back to Swainston with him. I hesitate, then agree, and we walk off over the Downs. Dine at eight—they talk of Parliament behind the scenes: Dizzy often *vinosus*—one evening he spoke in such a state (keeping his legs with much difficulty) that Sir J. S. feared a public scandal, and was in pain for the credit of the House. (N. B.—Simeon is no scandal-monger.)

It is probable, nevertheless, that Sir John indulged in reckless scandal at this particular dinner.

Haiti: Her History and Her Detractors. By J. N. Léger. New York: Neale Publishing Co. $3.

Haiti, at last, has a champion who is entitled to be heard; for he speaks from fulness of knowledge, and from a position of political eminence sends forth no uncertain sound. It is not too much to say that the latest book on Haiti is also the best that has ever appeared respecting the so-called "Black Republic." Minister Léger has struck a new note, for, unlike others who have written on the subject, he places himself against a veritable wall of facts, and not only wards off the blows that are aimed at his country, but takes the aggressive against her critics. He relates the history of hitherto "unhappy" Haiti (and relates it well); he takes up the assertions of her "detractors," and ably refutes them one by one.

Now, of course, the chief offender is Sir Spencer St. John, whose "Black Republic" has done more than any other book to spread the impression that the government is a farce, and the people incapable of civilization. Sir Spencer, during his twelve years there, as minister resident and consul-general at Port au Prince, saw no light. On his title-page he quotes the exclamation of Napoleon III.: *Haïti, Haïti, pays de barbares;* and he repeats with evident relish a remark of his Spanish colleague: "*Mon ami*, if we could return to Haiti fifty years hence, we should find the negresses cooking their bananas on the site of these warehouses!" Well, nearly twenty years of those fifty have passed, and yet we find Haiti more prosperous, more certain of attaining its goal—which Minister Léger declares is the same as the white man's goal—and with stability more assured than ever before. How these things have come about, the talented author tells in his book, which all interested in Haiti's progress should read. He also shows how Haiti has, slowly and painfully, worked out her salvation; and—though through seas of blood, and sometimes with misguided pilots at the helm—brought the ship of state into a peaceful haven.

Sir Spencer St. John, and others (nearly all, in fact, who have written of Haiti in recent years) have repeated the tales of cannibalism and the voudou, so prevalent in Haiti; but Minister Léger declares that, while the negro mountaineers are, perhaps, given to superstition, and there may be *papa lois* and *maman lois* dwelling within the secret recesses of the hills, they never have descended to the gross barbarism of devouring human flesh. Sir Spencer gives facts and figures; Minister Léger gives figures and counterfacts: the one to prove the existence of cannibalism in Haiti, the other to disprove it. We are inclined, on the whole, to give credence to the minister.

Science.

Fortification: Its Past Achievements, Recent Development, and Future Progress. By Sir George Sydenham Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50 net.

Fortification is a dry subject, dry even to most soldiers. It is, therefore, next to impossible to treat it interestingly. But this is just what Col. Sir George Clarke has succeeded in doing in this, the second, as well as in the first edition of his work, originally published in 1890. And the reason is clear; he has discovered, or stated, the human element in a subject heretofore supposed to be merely a matter of traverses and caponiers, of defilade and demi lune. Now let it be said here once for all that the human element has always been present; but it has somehow or other always yielded precedence to the material. No campaign, in the days when war was chronic, was respectable that did not involve a few sieges, generally in that classic land of sieges, Flanders. And thus the science or art of sieges, whether offensive or defensive, took high rank. The professors of the art were mighty and exalted, and untold sums of money were spent, with one almost invariable result: a place besieged nearly always fell. Nevertheless the bastioned trace dominated all military thought to such an extent, that even in our own land, our coast bristles with fine cut stone examples of it. One of them, Fort Trumbull, according to tradition, had been sandpapered on the outside to make it look smooth! So long did this influence last with us that it is within comparatively recent times that the profound study of the bastioned system ceased at the Military Academy. The cadets used to be told indeed that no more such forts would ever be built, and in particular that the Noizet front, the finest flower of the French school at Metz, which all had to draw, never had been and never would be constructed, that it was the mere academic limit of the possibilities of the trace in question; but, so great is the momentum of conservatism that every cadet addled his brain with its monstrosities and burned out his eyes with their projection on paper. To many of Sir George's readers, no passages of his work are more agreeable than those in which he pays his addresses to the engineering tyrants of helpless and innocent cadets.

The bastioned system got its first black eye, not from any disciple of the art in general, but from an officer of French cavalry, the Marquis de Montalembert. Driven out of court by a discussion lasting even to our own days, the place of this system was, in a moral sense, so to say, taken by steel and iron construction, by the disappearing turret, the steel casemate, the "pepper-pot" fort. These forms, too, are going out, for they are subject to the fundamental fallacy of all other systems, of the polygonal as well as of the bastioned, namely, that they become or tend to become the end, instead of the means to the end. In fact, it is largely in protest against this very error, costly almost beyond computation, that Sir George originally wrote his book. His dominant idea is that all fortification is necessarily controlled by the military conditions; that the soldier must prevail over the engineer pure and simple; in short, that to win in war, one must beat the hostile army. A moment's reflection shows that this precept at once puts fortification into its true place of subordination, and makes possible logical results, both in offence and in defence. It is no boasting on our part to say here that this precept, unconsciously perhaps, was put into practice by both sides in our own great war, and that the system of fortified defence developed at Petersburg in 1864 has become typical in our own day, even if it has as yet found no formal expression in the textbooks to the exclusion of other ideas. For what we then and elsewhere accomplished under the stress of war, contains at least the germ of what should be done everywhere in preparation for war, so long as this dreadful solution of international difficulties is suffered to exist.

The further investigation of this interesting question would be out of place here, but it is interesting to note that the whole body of doctrine laid before the world by Sir George excited the angry dismay of the Continental engineers. For Col.—then (1890) Major—Clarke uttered a protest, and in no uncertain tone, against the monstrosities of steel and iron put forward as the latest expression of military engineering skill. Indeed, the unconventional tone of the protest formed then, as it does now, an unusual charm. A work on fortification that raises a smile of delight is assuredly unique. But this was the insult that accompanied the injury, an injury none the less keen that it came, not from a heretic, but from an officer, himself an engineer, and, therefore, necessarily initiated into all the mysteries of the art. To the rest of us, however, the book came as an inspiration; and we hear very little now of the steel-cased hole in the ground covering a gun or two and worked by a few burrowing mechanics.

In his treatment of the great subject of coast defence, Sir George has naturally and properly kept in view the needs of the British Empire. Whether the conclusions reached are applicable in every other case, we are inclined to doubt. Like the tariff, coast defence is a local issue, and we believe that further study of our own conditions would lead to some modification of the views set forth in this book. In particular, the effect of mortar-fire is, in our opinion, underrated; similarly the advantages of submarine mines are minimized by what appears to us to savor of special pleading. The point of view is British.

We are heartily obliged to Col. Clarke for a second edition. A great part has been rewritten in the light of the experiences of the last fifteen years, and in every point the book is up to date. Apart from the special features on which we have briefly dwelt, it gives us pleasure to note in general the sane reasoning leading to sound conclusions. The appendices give complete and valuable data regarding the sieges in the chief European wars since the days of Marlborough. Another edition should correct the few misprints, especially in the French quotations. The work naturally appeals directly to the officer, and especially to the artilleryman and the engineer, but it should do more than this in helping to shape an intelligent public opinion.

This month Bowes & Bowes of Cambridge (England) issue a new edition of G. J. Gray's "Bibliography of the Works of Sir Isaac Newton." Many additions have been made, extending the work to twice its former size.

The Swedish scholar, Prof. Yngve Sjöstedt, who has recently returned from an expedition of zoölogical investigations in German East Africa, which he undertook with other scholars, under the direction of the Stockholm Academy of Sciences, will publish the results of his research, but in German. The title of his volume will be "Wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse der swedischen zoologischen Expedition nach dem Kilimandscharo, dem Marn und den umgebenden Massaisteppen in Deutsch-Ostafrica, 1905-1906."

The latest news of Sven Hedin comes in a dispatch from Calcutta, giving the points of a letter written from a place called Gargunsa, in November. In it he records that among other things he discovered the true source of the Brahmaputra River—namely, the Kubitsampo, which rises from an enormous glacier on the northern side of the northernmost parallel range of the Himalayas. The Mariumchu, which has hitherto been regarded as the source, is, he says, merely a small tributary flowing in from the west. After a careful study of the hydrographic problems regarding the Manasarowar and the Sutlej, Dr. Sven Hedin proceeded round the Troly Kailas, discovered the true source of the Indus, and travelled northeast to the thirty-second degree of latitude north.

John B. Francis Herreshoff will be awarded the first Perkin medal for achievements in applied chemistry at the January meeting of the New York Section of the Society of Chemical Industry. This medal was established a little more than a year ago, on the occasion of the visit to this country of Sir William Henry Perkin, whose discovery of mauve was the beginning of the coal-tar product industry. The first medal struck was presented to Sir William Perkin at a dinner in his honor. In the case of Mr. Herreshoff, the award will be made, not for any single achievement, but for his improvements in chemical processes, in roasting furnaces, and in other chemical machinery for the reduction of metals.

Charles Augustus Young, formerly professor of astronomy at Princeton, died at Hanover, N. H., January 4. His maternal grandfather, Ebenezer Adams, filled the chair of natural philosophy and astronomy at Dartmouth; his father, Ira Young, held the same position. He was born at Hanover in 1834, and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1853. He first taught at Phillips Academy, Andover, and then from 1857 to 1866 he was professor at Western Reserve. His work here was interrupted by four months of service in the civil war. In 1866 he came back to Dartmouth to the chair which his grandfather and his father had held; and in 1877 he became professor of astronomy at Princeton, where he remained till his retirement in 1905. In 1869 he had charge of spectroscopic observations of the solar eclipse at Burlington, Ia.; and on that occasion he discovered the green line of the coronal spectrum, and identified it with the line 1474 of the solar spectrum. At Jerez, Spain, in 1870, he discovered the "reversing layer" of the solar atmosphere, which produces a bright-line spectrum correlative to the ordinary dark-line spectrum of sunlight. In 1874 he was associated with Prof. J. E. Watson in the observation of the transit of Venus, at Peking, China; and in 1878 he was at the head of the Princeton astronomical expedition to observe the eclipse of that year. He was also in charge of the Princeton expedition to Wadesboro, N. C., to observe the total eclipse in May, 1900. Of his work in general it may be said that besides making a large number of new and important observations on solar prominences, he verified by experiment Doppler's principle as applied to light, by which he was enabled to measure the velocity of the sun's rotation. Among his inventions is an automatic spectroscope, which has been widely adopted. For his contributions to scientific knowledge he received in 1890 the Jannsen medal from the French Academy of Sciences. He was a foreign associate of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, honorary member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of the Manchester (England) Literary and Philosophical Society, of the Cambridge (England) Philosophical Society, of the Società degli Spettroscopisti Italiani; life member of the Astronomische Gesellschaft; a fellow of the National Academy of Sciences, an associate fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Boston, a fellow of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, and a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was president in 1883. He had also received honorary degrees from the University of Pennsylvania, Hamilton, Wesleyan, Columbia, New York University, Western Reserve, and Dartmouth. Professor Young was author of: "The Sun" (in the International Scientific Series), 1882; "A General Astronomy," 1889; "Elements of Astronomy," 1890; "Lessons in Astronomy," 1891, and a "Manual of Astronomy," 1902.

Dr. Nicholas Senn died in Chicago January 2. He was born in Switzerland in 1844 and came to this country with his parents in 1853. After graduation from the Harvard Medical College in 1868, he studied at Munich, and then began the practice of medicine at Fond du Lac, Wis. From 1874 to 1893 he was surgeon-general of Illinois, then moving to Chicago he became surgeon-general of the Illinois National Guard and surgeon at several of the Chicago hospitals. In the war with Spain he served as chief of the operating staff with the army in the field. Since 1884 he had held appointments in the Chicago medical schools: 1884-87, professor of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; 1887-90, professor of principles of surgery; 1890-1907, professor of practical and clinical surgery in Rush Medical College; professor of surgery in the Chicago Polyclinic; and professorial lecturer on military surgery in the University of Chicago. He was delegate to the International Medical Congress at Berlin in 1890; Moscow, 1897; and Madrid, 1903. Among his many books are "Four Months among the Surgeons of Europe," "Experimental Surgery," "Intestinal Surgery," "Surgical Bacteriology," "Principles of Surgery," "Pathology and Surgical Treatment of Tumors," "Tuberculosis of Bones and Joints," "Tuberculosis of the Genito-Urinary Organs," "Syllabus of Practice of Surgery," "Practical Surgery," "Surgical Notes on the Spanish-American War," "Medico-Surgical Aspects of the Spanish-American War," "Nurses' Guide for the Operating Room," "Around the World via Siberia," "Our National Recreation Parks," and "Around the World via India—a Medical Tour."

Dr. Robert William Taylor, a specialist in venereal and skin diseases, died in this city January 6. He was born in London in 1842, and was graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was connected with various hospitals in this city; he had been professor of diseases of the skin in the Woman's Medical College of New York and in the medical department of the University of Vermont. He was author of "A Practical Treatise on Sexual Disorders of the Male and Female."

From Edinburgh the death is announced of two distinguished medical men: Thomas Annandale (born in 1838), professor of clinical surgery in the University, author of "Injuries and Diseases of Fingers and Toes," "Surgical Appliances and Minor Surgery," "Pathology and Operative Treatment of Hip-joint Diseases," and "On Diseases of the Breast"; and Sir Patrick Heron Watson (born 1832) assistant surgeon during the Crimean war, and, since 1855 fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The University of Berlin has also lost a medical professor: Adelbert von Tohold, at the age of eighty, leading laryngologist of Germany, and inventor of many important surgical instruments.

Drama.

JAPAN'S NEW NATIONAL THEATRE.

Tokio, Japan, December 10.

The increasing influence of Occidental thought on the Japanese mind is nowhere so evident as in the nation's recent attitude towards the theatre. Historically Japan has presented the paradoxical spectacle of a people intensely prone to the dramatic element in every form, yet kept under by an aristocracy that despised everything that pertained to actors and acting. Virtually the Japanese are as much a race of actors as they are a generation of poets. As among them every habit of thought and turn of expression is flavored with delicate and subtle poetic fancy, so their prevalent ways of action exhibit something of the spectacular and the bizarre. But their histrionic potentialities have never been much encouraged. The only outlet in this direction has been the religious festivals and amusements, which in every village evince some taste for theatrical exhibitions, chiefly melodramatic and pantomimic. This persistence of the common people in their preference for histrionic methods of honoring the gods, has been in spite of an indifferent or disapproving upper class that for centuries continued to regard this form of entertainment as representative of a lower order of mind, and wholly out of sympathy with the more æsthetic diversions of abstruse games and poetic contests by which the gentry and nobles whiled away the monotony of the brief intervals of mediæval peace.

It is true, most of the old Japanese plays were so gruesome that the intelligence that failed to appreciate them might fairly be excused, were it not that these same non-playgoers never hesitated to enjoy in actual warfare what they pretended to despise on the stage. There was but one kind of play that a gentleman of old Japan could with good grace attend—the ancient classical drama known as the "No-Dance." It was given only on special occasions, and always privately, as a great man's treat to his intimate friends. To invite guests to appear in a public theatre would have been a gross violation of good manners. This prejudice against the public theatre had, however, a solid foundation; for actors and their companions were notoriously libidinous, and of the baser sort.

All this has now changed. Japanese actors may now indeed be said to compare favorably with those of other countries; and the leaders of Japanese society now frequent the theatre almost as much as do the common people. Recently even the Emperor himself has shown an interest in dramatic art. His Majesty has just issued an order for the erection of a new National Theatre in the Japanese capital, to be a model in architecture and equipment. To this end a commissioner has been sent abroad to study recent advances in theatre construction. Moreover, the leading lords and ladies of the empire have fallen in with the Imperial example. Nobles and magnates of every rank vie in manifesting an appreciation of the stage. The prime minister, Marquis Saionji, led the way by giving an official banquet to the leading members of the theatrical profession in Tokio, an event that stands alone in Nipponese history. How the shades of the neglected Danjuro must yearn to return from the realm of Nirvana, to contemplate even for a moment the revolution for which, during his checkered terrestrial career, he labored so hard. But the "Irving" of Nippon has gone, little honored and briefly sung.

The prime minister is very bold; he has gone a step further still, and advised the daughters of Danjuro, whom, it is said, give some promise of inheriting their father's talent, to go upon the stage. For a foreign mind to appreciate the significance of this move is difficult. The appearance of a real lady on the Japanese stage bears evidence to one of the profoundest mental and social changes that the empire has experienced in the last forty years. Hitherto, not only were respectable ladies debarred from attending the theatre, but no woman was permitted to act. The parts for women were always taken by men. Geishas, and others that had no reputation to lose, were the only members of the sex that ever essayed the rôle of entertainers.

That Japan can now produce dramatic talent hitherto latent is seen from the fact that what has been so long discouraged at home has yet found development and even appreciation abroad. Recently Madame Honoko, a remarkably brilliant Japanese woman, has been astonishing and delighting the French by her impersonations in a Japanese drama in the Theatre des Arts at Montmartre. In the opinion of most foreign critics, however, it will prove much easier for Japan to produce a theatre, perfect in appointment, than to furnish the talent for effective production of foreign masterpieces, as, according to rumor, the government plans. In many of our plays the motive would be pointless to the Japanese. Nor would an audience accustomed to some gory exhibition of human infamy readily take to drama calling into play wit, humor, and an appreciation of modern altruistic sentiment. But a people that can hear without wearying the intolerable length and monotony of their own plays, which go on ceaselessly from morning till late at night, may well possess a perseverance essential to mastering foreign drama.

Even now there is an effort in this direction. Some of the best plays of Shakespeare have already been done into Japanese, with an adaptation as far as possible of Japanese flavor; but their production, though meeting a favorable reception, has been on what we should regard as only an amateur stage. It would not be safe, however, to estimate Japan's capacity for literary and dramatic accomplishment by the strength of her ambition. The writer cannot easily forget his own experience in this respect. A class of young men under his instruction in literature in a Tokio college once sought his advice in the selection of a play to be acted at the graduating exercises. Knowing their predilection for subjects involving the impersonation of animals, he suggested one or two scenes from "Alice in Wonderland." These aspiring youths considered the matter for a few days, and then reported that, though they deeply appreciated the professor's excellent selection and his compliment in believing them equal to the production of anything so intricate in speech and so profound in thought, they yet felt obliged to decline entering upon anything so pretentious. Consequently, with all due humility, they had "decided to play Mr. Shakespeare's 'Macbeth' instead." And they literally carried out their decision! When ambition is so self-assured, if Japan's new National Theatre does not eventually come up to the Occidental ideal, it will not be for want of a will to try. J. I. B.

Desmond MacCarthy's "The Court Theatre from 1904-7" (London: A. H. Bullen) gives the history of the Vedrenne-Barker management. By far the most room is allotted to the works and philosophy of G. Bernard Shaw. We cannot help wondering, however, whether to criticise Mr. Shaw is, after all, not labor lost; whether the task might not better be left to Mr. Shaw himself. In such an event, we agree with our author in regarding it as not improbable that Mr. Shaw would write a play in refutation of his former theories. The volume contains an additional attraction in the shape of an appendix of programmes of the various Vedrenne-Barker performances.

The German Theatre in this city will soon present Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen," which has never been seen in America. The reasons for this long neglect may be found in the diffuseness of the piece and the impracticable scenic demands of the original. Several acting versions have been made, of which the shortest required four hours and a quarter, and called for sixteen changes of scene. Dr. Baumfeld's version can be performed within the usual time limits, and with only ten changes, some of them easy.

F. R. Benson has made arrangements with Robert Arthur for a second repertory season at the Coronet Theatre, in London, February 17, to March 14. Eleven plays of Shakespeare, including the historical trilogy of "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (Part 2), and "Henry V.," as presented at the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, will be performed. The programme will also include Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Garrick's version of Wycherley's comedy, "The Country Girl," and a new dramatic version of "Don Quixote," constructed by G. E. Morrison and Robert Stewart.

Music.

CHARPENTIER'S "LOUISE."

Oscar Hammerstein is undauntedly pursuing his policy of transplanting to his Manhattan Opera House the repertory of the Paris Opéra Comique. He began with "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," which was followed by "Thais"; and last Friday witnessed the first American production of Charpentier's "Louise." Gustave Charpentier is one of the most interesting and eccentric of characters in modern France. A poet as well as a composer, he wrote a libretto and set it to music, the result being an opera which he called "Louise" and which is largely autobiographic. It was an immediate success when produced nearly eight years ago, and has remained prominent in the repertory of the Opéra Comique ever since. In a few years the composer, not having to share the *tantièmes* with a librettist, earned over half a million francs, most of which he spent in providing for the comfort, pleasure and instruction of the working girls, from whose ranks the heroine of his opera is recruited. A special conservatory of music for their use was one of his institutions. Then he disappeared from Paris to live near Monte Carlo; he is supposed to be at work on a sequel to his opera, but as he writes to no one, nothing definite is known, and the world has once more cause to speak of the eccentricity of genius.

Perhaps it would be too much to call "Louise" a work of genius; but it certainly is the product of an uncommonly clever mind. Louise is the daughter of a workman; she falls in love with a young poet named Julien, and as the parents refuse their consent, and marriage without parental consent is impossible in France, they elope and take up their abode in a little house on a bluff overlooking Paris, which is seen in the background brilliantly illuminated. Friends of the pair organize a festival, which gives occasion for brilliant processionals and dances in the style of spectacular grand opera. Louise is crowned queen of the day, Muse of Montmartre. In the midst of the festivities her mother arrives to beg her to return to her home where her father is dying. Louise obeys; the father recovers; but Louise is no longer his child, as she was before the elopement. The moment comes when the memories of her lover and the free Parisian life she has led throw her into a delirious ecstasy, which so angers the father that he throws open the door, bids her go, and hurls a chair after her. A moment later he is overwhelmed by a fit of remorse; but it is too late.

"Louise" was heard by a large audience and enthusiastically applauded, especially after the third and fourth acts. Many had doubted whether an opera so essentially Parisian as this is, with its characteristic street scenes and cries, would please an American audience; and these doubts were strengthened by the fact that "Louise" has not been a lasting success in any city outside of France. But they were dissipated by the reception accorded the opera. The excellent performance under Mr. Campanini, with four distinguished artists like Mmes. Mary Garden, Bressler-Gianoli, MM. Dalmores and Gilibert, no doubt contributed much to this success; but apart from this, "Louise" is an interesting operatic story, and Charpentier's music is nearly always entertaining. In its climaxes it is stirring.

A book of uncommon interest is E. T. A. Hoffmann's "Musikalische Schriften," edited by Dr. Edgar Istel of Munich and published by Greiner & Pfeiffer, Stuttgart. Hoffmann was an original character, endowed with the greatest variety of intellectual gifts, which enabled him to excel in the most diversified pursuits. He was novelist, poet, jurist, and caricaturist. He was also celebrated as a leader of the orchestra, director of the opera, composer, and musical critic. A quarter of a century before Lortzing he composed an opera, "Undine," the text of which was taken from Fouqué's version of the fairy tale. After twenty-three successful representations in Berlin, the theatre with all the decorations and fittings of the stage was destroyed by fire, and the score suffered the same fate. Carl Maria von Weber was enthusiastic in praise of this musical production, by which he was strongly influenced in the composition of the "Freischütz." Hoffmann's writings were read with interest by Schumann, Berlioz, and Wagner, and contributed to their development.

In Paris Bruneau's "L'Attaque du moulin" has just been revived successfully, after an interval of thirteen years. It had thirty-eight performances when first produced. Delna again sings the leading rôle. Glück's "Iphigénie en Aulide" has been revived at the Opéra Comique, while the Grand Opéra is preparing to produce the "Hippolyte et Aricie" of Rameau (who died in 1778). Dijon has anticipated this move by producing "Dardane," which Rameau considered his best work.

Paderewski has been offered and has accepted the directorship of the Warsaw Conservatory of Music.

Art.

Practical Wood-Carving: A Book for the Student, Carver, Teacher, Designer, and Architect. By Eleanor Rowe. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

The relationship of wood-carving to the other sculptural arts is indicated rather by implication than by exposition in Miss Rowe's book. Nowhere in it, at all events, are the references to this relationship summarized in a concise admonition to the student that intellectual appreciation of the essential character of the art cannot be stimulated too early. Knowing where one ought to come out obviously prevents purposeless blundering. Yet it is doubtful if one young person out of a score who hope to make a living from wood-carving—and architects appear to be agreed that the demand for competent wood-carvers greatly exceeds the supply—understands that even moderate success will depend upon possessing precisely that power of realizing the facts of form and surface which every successful sculptor in other branches cherishes as his most important professional asset. Wood-carving has, to be sure, its craft peculiarities, which may perhaps be summed up in the statement that it exacts the sharpest and most definite treatment of any of the kinds of sculpture. It is marked, in its best estate, by simplicity of line, clear delimitation of planes and comparatively unmodulated surfaces. In the last analysis, however, color, variety, and interest in wood-work are an outcome of good drawing.

Generalizations of this sort, placed at the beginning of a book of practical instruction, would, no doubt, be meaningless to many of the amateurs who enter upon the practice of wood carving without sound draughtsmanship. It might, however, now and then arouse a thoughtful beginner to the necessity of grasping, either before or while acquiring the special methods of the art, the principles that underlie all good modelling. Miss Rowe undoubtedly believes all this, for she says specifically, toward the end of the manual:

> Every carver should be able to draw, and should study design, but he will learn more in the beginning by trying to adapt a good design to his own needs than by endeavoring to strike out a line of his own without any regard to the traditions of the past.

At the same time, the criticism seems fair that she treats wood carving rather as a craft than as a branch of art.

Barring that defect—if it be such—the manual is certainly practical, by reason of its explicit instruction through well selected examples of our own and other times. Both photography and directions in very distinct English have been employed in the attempt to show just how to do it—how best to grind and strop tools, to shape the wood before carving, and to make the various cuts. The ordinary constructional forms used by cabinet makers are explained by diagrams. The qualities of different woods are described in detail—a feature valuable for others than beginners. For encouragement and inspiration, as well as instruction, many photographs of carvings of various periods are reproduced; and a few of them are also analyzed diagrammatically. There are included bits of architectural modelling in wood, largely from English and French collections. coffers, cabinets, chests and boxes, picture frames of several periods, Renaissance carvings in high relief by Grinling Gibbons, and a few productions of the present day school. That no Japanese work is shown occasions a little regret, for of all wood carving ever executed anywhere, no other gives stronger evidence of orderly technical power. guided by taste and temperamental enthusiasm.

In the series of books on art, in red covers, which are published in London by Duckworth and in New York by Charles Scribner's Sons, the latest volume is on Rembrandt, by G. Baldwin Brown. Without being a specially illuminating piece of criticism it is a capable bit of work, and a pretty complete one, giving a great deal of information about the paintings, etchings, and drawings, the technical methods, and the qualities of the art of the great Dutchman, and what is really known or reasonably surmised as to his life, in a shape hardly to be so conveniently found elsewhere. When we add that there are forty-odd plates, well chosen and fairly well reproduced, representing every phase of the artist's work, we have indicated that the book will be welcome.

"The Christ Face in Art," by James Burns (E. P. Dutton & Co.) and "The Child in Art," by Margaret Boyd Carpenter (Ginn & Co.), are two examples of the kind of book in which the text furnishes an excuse, such as it is, for the reproduction of a number of works of art of different epochs, thus producing a salable commodity for the holiday season. They need not be more particularly considered.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has received another large consignment of Greek and Roman originals. There are 127 objects, of which the most important are 11 marbles, 45 vases, and 27 bronzes, covering practically classical art from the decade immediately preceding the Parthenon to the best period of work under the Empire. The collection includes an exquisite marble relief, A Young Horseman, executed in a spirited manner and with striking perfection of detail. Edward Robinson, the assistant director, thinks he "may safely prophesy that it will be regarded as one of the great treasures of the classical department." The date is tentatively placed as "probably not earlier than the second half of the fourth century." Other noteworthy accessions to the collection of marbles are The Torso of a Boy of the Pheidian school not later than the fifth century B. C. and a life-size fragmentary Statue of a Woman, a production of the sixth century. The bronzes include a small statue of a Greek discus thrower in a fine state of preservation. It belongs to the period immediately preceding the age of Pheidias. As bronzes of that time are rare and even when found are generally in a poor condition, this accession is of special value. All the vases are painted, thus giving additional information about an important branch of ancient art. One of the vases, a painting called The Battle of the Amazons, shows the first extant attempt at foreshortening. Among the thirteen miscellaneous articles is a little gold cup of the Mycenæan period. This is the only article of its kind that the Metropolitan Museum possesses. The collections of stained glass, of wood work, and of textiles have received important additions, both by purchase and gift from the collections made by the late Stanford White. A panel painting, "Three Saints," by Lorenzo Costa, has been given by Rodman Wanamaker.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are portraits by A Benziger at M. Knoedler & Co.'s, till January 11; pictures by Willard L. Metcalf Montross's, January 18; and water-color by F. Hopkinson Smith, Theodore C. Noé's, January 18.

The eighth International Congress of Architects will meet May 18 to 24 in Vienna. In connection with this convention there will be an international architectural exhibition, which is to remain open until June 24.

The trustees of Columbia University have appointed Kenyon Cox to be professor of painting, Daniel C. French professor of sculpture, and John La Farge professor of the decorative arts. They will be members of the Faculty of Fine Arts. The nominations were made jointly by President Butler of Columbia and the Council of the National Academy of Design, in accordance with the terms of the agreement between the Academy and Columbia University. The new professors will take up their duties with the opening of the next college year in September.

On January 13, the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a collection of Japanese prints, 300 lots.

Some of the pictures of the late Paul Leroi (better known as Léon Gauchez) were sold at auction in Paris on December 16. John Russell's Portrait of a Young Lady, in pastel, dated 1789, brought 30,000 francs, the highest price ever paid for an example of this artist. The record hitherto had been 1,650 guineas, paid at Christie's in 1900 for his Portrait of Miss S. W. Chambers, dated 1798. A Rubens Triptych, a finished sketch for the Elevation of the Cross at Antwerp, brought 175,000 francs, as against 3,200 guineas at Christie's on May 4, 1901.

At the auction at Christie's, London, December 14, Reynolds's Lady Dashwood and Child brought £2,730; Lawrence's Miss Anna Maria Dashwood, £1,470; J. Hoppner's Portrait of a Lady in blue dress, £1,575; W. Peters's Hebe, £525; F. Mieris's Two Boys at a Window amusing themselves with a cat, £325; and P. Wouverman's Scene at a Village Fair, £378.

The death is reported of Prof. Tito Azzolino, director of the Academy of Fine Arts, Bologna, and an architect of prominence. He had published "Fr. Cochi pittore architetto," 1881; "Concorso per il palazzo della Cassa di Risparmio di Pistoia," 1897.

Finance.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE "PREMIUM ON CURRENCY."

The old year ended with a premium of ¼ of 1 per cent. paid for moderate sums of currency in Wall Street; this premium, hich was first quoted at the opening of ovember, had risen at one time (November 12) as high as 4 per cent. The New year began without any bid at all. For the first time since November 2, it was possible, on Thursday of last week, to say that certified New York bank checks were no longer selling at a discount. As usual with a long-expected event, its arrival attracted little notice, unless perhaps the week's advance on the Stock Exchange was partly connected with it.

The ending of the premium has, however, suggested numerous comparisons. In 1873 New York bank checks continued at a discount during five successive weeks; in 1893 the period was exactly one month. In 1907 it lasted two months, or twice as long as in 893. In this connection two questions arise: why the depreciation of checks has lasted so much longer than in other panic years, and just how far disappearance of the premium meant that normal conditions were restored. The answer to the first question is, that on no such previous occasion had New York banks been so heavily in debt to interior institutions. In former panics, New York called in such outstanding balances as it could when the crisis was over, and made good the rest with imported gold. In 1907 it was New York which owed heavy sums on balance to other American cities, and which, therefore, had to pass along the imported gold.

What the end of the premium means is, that New York banks are providing all "payroll money" and permitting local depositors to draw in full. It could hardly be said last week that they were providing cash for all drafts by inland banks. The reason why interior banks, unable to cash their drafts on New York, stopped selling them at a discount in Wall Street, was that the inland banks no longer needed the cash. Not only did these interior cities make a better showing of reserves, at the December statements of the national banks to the Comptroller of the Currency, than did the New York institutions, but the disposition among depositors to return their hoarded cash to bank was more general in those sections than in the East.

Disappearance of the premium on currency, however—or, to put the matter in another way, rise in certified bank checks to par with cash—is the plain enough signal of an approaching general return to normal bank conditions. There will be occasion enough, hereafter, to review as a whole the episode of suspended cash payments, to fix the responsibility, and to determine whether such recourse to the methods of insolvency without either the excuse or the penalty which goes with other insolvencies, is to remain as a chronic and recurrent stigma on American finance. For the present, the question of interest is, what is to happen in the money markets when the banks of this country are again doing business as they should? Not a few experienced financiers, in positions of importance, predict continuance of money stringency.

This opinion they deduce from the facts that London has large repayments to make to Paris, for the gold advanced by the Bank of France during our run on the Bank of England; that German finance is still under heavy strain; and that our railways will take the earliest possible opportunity of selling bonds to take up the $300,000,000 short-term notes on which they raised money during 1907. Against these recognized influences, most people will place the effects of world-wide trade reaction. Shrinkage in business activity releases currency in several ways from the channels of interior commerce. There is less retail buying; therefore people keep less cash in their pockets, and merchants less "change" in their tills. When production slackens, fewer hands are employed, and employers need less cash for payrolls. Reduced commercial activity means smaller requirements of cash reserves as a support for loans at the average country bank; its accruing reserve money, therefore, flows to banks in the larger cities. When, as is true to-day, the country's actual circulating medium has been enormously inflated by the gold importations and other expedients of the panic time, this tendency must necessarily increase.

On Thursday of last week, the Bank of England reduced its official discount rate from the 7 per cent. level established November 7, to 6 per cent. This was at least significant. Of itself, the action cannot be taken to mean quick restoration of easy money, either on Lombard Street or here; for it is forty-three years since December has closed with a 7 per cent. Bank of England rate; and yet the Bank itself ended 1907 with a gold reserve $11,500,000 above that held at the same date in 1906, and much larger, both in actual amount and in its ratio to deposits, than at the similar date since 1902. Indeed, the rate at the other London banks, on December 31, was 2 per cent. under the Bank of England. Apparently, what that institution feared was continuance of New York's bid of a premium for London's gold. The fear was groundless, and when, last week Monday, American bankers made no effort to attract even the gold arriving in London by that day's South African steamer, the governors of the Bank no doubt decided on reduction.

But when this much has happened, what is to follow next? Precedent, at least, points to a rapid succession of reductions. In 1873, when the American panic forced up the London bank rate, first to 7 per cent. and then to 9, the first reduction, to 8 per cent., occurred on November 20; it went to 6 on November 27, to 5 on December 4, and to 4½ on December 11—four cuts in four successive weeks. By January, 1874, it had reached 3½. The London panic of 1866 brought about a bank rate of 10 per cent. It was first reduced to 8 on August 10; the next week it went to 7, the next to 6, the next to 5, and it stood at 3½ by the close of the year. The 10 per cent. London bank rate of the panic of 1857 was cut to 8 on December 24, to 6 on January 7, to 5 on January 14, and by February 11 was down to 3.

As a rule, this swift return of easy money after a London panic has been paralleled by the after-panic movement in the American market. The last day of December witnessed a call money rate of 30 per cent., in New York, with thirty-day loans at 15 per cent. These were familiar rates in the immediate sequel of all previous panics. Yet, four months after the panic of July, 1893, call money went at 1½ per cent. on Wall Street and sixty-day loans at 2. Five months after the Stock Exchange shut its doors on September 20, 1873, the call money rate was 3 per cent. and the rate on commercial paper 5. We are not yet so far away, by two months or more, from the panic of last October.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Arthur. Temporal Clause in English Prose. Henry Holt & Co.
Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited by A. R. Waller. Vol. V. Putnams.
Bose, Jagadis Chunder. Comparative Electro-Physiology. Longmans. $5.75.
Breckenridge, L. P. How to Burn Illinois Coal Without Smoke. Bulletin No. 5. Urbana, Ill.: The University.
Browne, Sir Thomas, The Works of. Edited by Charles Sayle. 3 vols. Edinburgh: John Grant.
Brown, Stewardson. Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. Putnams. $ net.
Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, Memorial of the Celebration of 1907.
Clarke, T. E. S., and H. C. Foxcroft. A Life of Gilbert Burnet. Putnams.
Darwin, Sir George Howard. Scientific Papers. Vol. I. Putnams.
Day, Lewis F. Enamelling. Imported by Scribners.
Dodge, Arthur Pillsbury. Whence? Why? Whither? Westwood, Mass.: Ariel Press. $1.50.
Drake, Allison Emery. Discoveries in Hebrew, Gaelic, Gothic, Latin, Basque. Denver: Herrick Book Store.
Draper, Andrew S. Addresses and Papers. Albany.
Durand, W. F. Researches on the Performance of the Screw Propeller. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Espinosa Friar Alonso. The Guanches of Tenerife. Edited by Sir Clements Markham. Vols. XXI. and XXII. London: The Hakluyt Society.
Eve, G. W. Heraldry as Art. Imported by Scribners.
Fulda, Ludwig. Der Dummkopf. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hardy, E. J. John Chinaman at Home. Imported by Scribners.
Hind, A. M. The Etchings of Rembrandt. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Hulbert, Eri B. The English Reformation and Puritanism. University of Chicago Press. $2.50 net.
Játaka, or Stories of the Buddha's Former Births. Edited by E. B. Cowell. Translated by E. B. Cowell and W. H. D. Rouse. Vol. VI. Putnams.
Latham, Charles. In English Homes. Vol. II. Imported by Scribners.
Melick, Charles W. Diary Laboratory Guide. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Miles, George Henry. Christine and Other Poems. Longmans. $1 net.
Molière, The Plays of. Translated by A. R. Waller. 8 vols. Edinburgh: John Grant.
Moody, John. The Investor's Primer. Moody Corporation.
Moss, Fletcher. The Fourth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes. Published by the author.

Financial.

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Nicholas, Francis C. Mining Investments and How to Judge Them. The Moody Corporation. $1.50 net.

Nolhac, Pierre de. Petrarch and the Ancient World. Boston: Merrymount Press.

Nordell, Philip A. Bible Studies for Adult Classes. Vols. I., II., and III. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Soc. 20 cents net each.

Platt, Dan Fellows. Through Italy with Car and Camera. Putnams. $5 net.

Stebbing, William. The Poets: Geoffrey Chaucer to Alfred Tennyson. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

Strong, Augustus Hopkins. Systematic Theology. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. $2.50 net.

Trowbridge, W. R. H. Mirabeau, the Demi-God. Imported by Scribners.

West, Max. The Inheritance Tax. Macmillan.

Who's Who, 1908. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Winder, Thomas. T' Heft an' Blades o' Shevvield. Sheffield: Independent Press.

Wood, Henry A. Wise. Money Hunger. Putnams. $1 net.

World's Classics: Coleridge's Poems; Trollope's Three Clerks; Lesage's Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana, 2 vols.; Brontë's Agnes Grey; Carlyle's Life of John Sterling. Henry Frowde.

Wyllie, Bertie. Sheffield Plate. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1908.

The Week.

Taft-sure-to-win tables are now being put forth by the friends of the Administration, in behalf of the official candidate. Practically the whole solid South is reckoned in, with 213 votes in the convention—but, of course, without one Republican vote in the electoral college. Then enough Northern and Western States are specified to yield in addition 264 delegates. After that, the obedient Territories and islands are counted upon to furnish fourteen more. Even the total thus reached, 491, is short of a majority in the convention, and so in a large but vague way "New England" is expected to produce some forty Taft delegates. This is a fine and glowing forecast. We do not affirm that it will not be verified, but, if the hope be to elect as well as to nominate, there would remain some disagreeable afterthoughts in connection with a nomination so brought about. It would be, on this very showing, impossible to nominate Mr. Taft without the entire vote of the South. That can only mean that the Southern Republican machine, made up of Federal officeholders, is expected to obey the President's orders. What sort of men these Southern Republicans are, we know from Secretary Taft's own frank speech of a couple of years ago. He told them to their faces that they cared for nothing in the party except to control the patronage and run the conventions. To-day, at the word of command from Mr. Roosevelt, they are to mobilize for Taft. It was precisely by such means that Harrison's renomination was effected in 1892; the result of that year's election is not exactly a happy omen for Taft.

Mr. Taft appeared to excellent advantage in his address at Cooper Union last Friday night. He stood up as his own man to express his own views, and they were in the main sound and pertinent. On the chief points at issue, and especially those which have been made against his own Presidential candidacy on the basis of his decisions when a judge, he spoke with emphasis and courage. That the boycott by labor unions is not only immoral, but illegal, he firmly contended; and he set his face against every form of violence in labor controversies. Violence and the blacklist, when resorted to by employers, he condemned with equal distinctness. To the question, put to him later, whether he had changed his views since his own issue of injunctions against labor unions, he answered with becoming spirit that he had nothing to retract or modify. He is willing to see abuses of the writ of injunction guarded against by statute, but is for maintaining its essential vigor as the one great judicial remedy against damage which might otherwise be irreparable. Mr. Bryan has argued that the continuance or suspension of an injunction ought to be determined by a jury. Mr. Taft is against this. He would do nothing to cut through the direct authority of the courts. All accounts agree that the frank and good-natured Secretary made a most pleasing impression upon his audience. His personality is, indeed, so engaging that it is a pity he has so hidden himself behind President Roosevelt. As a dictated candidate, with an army of Federal officeholders as his chief reliance, the independent and solid merits of the man do not have half a chance.

Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt join in announcing that Cuba will be turned over to her own elected officials in 1909. Americans have reason to be proud of this incident in our own and in Cuba's history. Troops and officials, particularly Gov. Magoon, have won golden opinions; and the national good faith has been maintained in word and deed. Moreover, the island is tranquil and prosperous, with a surplus in the Treasury. If Cuba could only produce men capable of taking over the government and running it well for a few years, the republic would be firmly established. But there is the rub. What the hour calls for is a Diaz, but none is yet in sight. When it is remembered that $3,000, judiciously placed, can start a revolution in Cuba, the importance of having a firm government after the withdrawal of the American troops is obvious. The Cuban constabulary, under American officers, have been developed into excellent soldiers, and would doubtless be of value in preserving peace if a vigorous American officer were given command and properly supported by the Administration. But President Palma did not know how, or else did not dare, to use the troops he had; and an American commander-in-chief—were the Cubans to agree to him—would be of little avail if the new President failed to back him up. It is hard to conceive of a government unable wholly to control its military; yet the suggestion that the troops should bear to Cuba something of the relation of the Macedonian gendarmerie to the Turkish government is one to be carefully considered.

Senator Hale's navy bill will be acclaimed by the officers and men of the service because it increases their pay by 20 and 40 per cent., respectively; and by staff officers because it gives them the actual rank and titles of their brother staff officers of the army. The latter provision should go a long way towards settling the perennial dispute between staff and line, from which the army has happily escaped. But the best provision of the bill—the abolition of the General Board and all other boards not constituted by Congress—will, we fear, not be welcomed by the service as a whole. We have called attention to the activity of the General Board. Its chief function seems to have been to commit the United States to participation in the unhappy international race in wasteful battleship building. It has been a source of war rumors, for its proceedings have repeatedly been allowed to leak out. One year it insisted that we must surpass the German fleet because of the Kaiser's intention of subduing Brazil or Venezuela; and another year, that we must surpass Japan, because of the Mikado's desire to fight us. In these ways it has been of service mainly to the sensational press, and a genuine menace to peaceful industrial progress. Of its attempts to influence legislation Senator Hale has abundant knowledge.

When the railroads decided to contest the Constitutionality of the employers' liability law, which has just been upset by the Supreme Court, they got a very sharp warning from the Administration. They were making a great mistake; take the President's word for it, the law was Constitutional; such a resort to the courts could only lead to more drastic legislation, etc. The result showed, however, that the railways might still follow the advice of their lawyers, and not follow the new-fangled plan of taking every question to the White House, there to be determined in a *lit de justice*. Now it is announced that another suit is to be brought to test the legality of one of the clauses of President Roosevelt's own railway-rate bill. This is the clause compelling the railroads owning coal mines to dispose of that property before the first of next May. Attorneys skilled in the law have advised the "coalers" that they need not comply with this part of the rate law, since it is confiscatory. This is especially the case with those roads of which the coal properties are part of the underlying security of bonds. At all events, the issue is to be joined in the courts, yet not one fulmination has come from Washington. Indeed, the implication rather is that the government welcomes the test suit, as a good way out of a dilemma. Such is the difference between the ferocity of an Administration when the country is prospering and elections far away, and its mild manners when panic has come and a President is to be elected.

If 5,000 persons had been killed and 76,286 injured in battle, or in two or three accidents, the country would be aflame at the news. Because these casualties occurred on our railroads in the course of twelve months, nobody pays much attention to them. The Interstate Commerce Commission gives the ghastly figures in its recent annual report. They bring up the question anew: "What are you going to do about it?" One great trouble is the lack of obedience to orders and the absence of discipline among railway employees. This view is strikingly confirmed by an article in the current *Atlantic* entitled "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman," in which the author, a practical railway man, gives instance after instance of shocking accidents made possible only by flagrant disregard of the rules of the road. The signal "caution" means, he says, nothing whatever if the track is clear a mile or so ahead. So the engineer of a fast train does not check his speed, trusting to luck to be able to do so when he sees something ahead. Sometimes he can, and sometimes he is too late. Then there is a secret inquiry, and frequently the punishment inflicted is not even made known to the man's fellows. But the most astounding fact brought out in this article is that there is no out-on-the-road supervision of American railroads. Hence, managers are compelled to depend on the reports of employees for news of violation of rules. But, the author adds:

> Employees do not and cannot be compelled to report their associates; consequently negligence of all kinds is practically unchecked.

The attitude of Congress this year toward the immigration problem can hardly fail to be influenced strongly by the record of the last few months. There could be no more emphatic reply to some of the current fallacies on the subject. It is assumed as a rule by the restrictionists, for example, that the foreigner comes here because of crazy notions of a land where gold is to be picked up in the streets; that he settles down where he is not wanted, and turns a deaf ear to the claims of localities where his work is sorely needed. Well, the answer comes in the immediate effect of industrial depression on the influx of foreign laborers. The arrivals at Ellis Island last November were six thousand above those of November, 1906, itself a record-breaking month. About December 10, however, a decline began. The month's total was 49,000, as against 64,000 for December, 1906, while Commissioner Watchorn estimates the decline thus far in January as about 60 per cent. from the normal. This has also been accompanied, as has been noted, by a remarkable increase in the outward-bound steerage traffic. The foreign laborer does know when it is worth while to come here, and when it is not. No army on earth could be more mobile than this mighty industrial force. Ellis Island may thus be no less trustworthy than Wall Street as an indicator of business conditions throughout the country. The realization of these facts will not put an end to the restrictionist agitation; but it should force the abandonment of some of the old weapons of Knownothingism.

The question whether a company whose shareholders are numbered by the thousands, whose stock is dealt in on the exchanges, and whose policies regarding dividend and surplus are a matter of concern to all investors, has the right to refuse to owners of its stock all information regarding earnings, assets, and liabilities, is an old one. It was brought up definitely, however, in the annual meeting last week of the American Sugar Refining Company. The stock of this corporation, amounting to $90,000,000, and with its common and preferred shares held respectively by 9,833 and 9,244 individuals, has for sixteen years been actively bought and sold on the Stock Exchange. And in all this long period, the management has refused to inform the stockholders as to what the company was earning in a given period; how its assets and liabilities were changing, and out of what surplus profits its dividends were paid. From the beginning this attitude has been wholly unwarranted. The late Mr. Havemeyer's contention, during his career as president, that public statements of earnings were bad policy, because competitors would thereby learn what was going on, is shown to be baseless by the case of the competitive railway industry, where frequent and detailed statements have been published for a generation past. The discussion of the matter at the annual meeting was at the instance of a gentleman who was not only the largest single stockholder of record, but who apparently held five or six times as much Sugar stock as all the directors combined. The result was a somewhat grudging consent of the directors to modify their policy. Exactly what that modification may be they do not say. Our own opinion is, that nothing short of a full statement of earnings, payments against fixed charges, and assets and liabilities, made at least semi-annually, will at all answer. Every investor in Stock Exchange securities has a personal interest in this matter—not only because he may become a buyer of the stock, but because the evil influence of the Sugar Company, in shaping the policies of other companies, has been very great. The dangers of such secrecy are formidable. It leads directly to the entrapping of innocent investors, through manipulation of Stock Exchange prices, in enterprises a knowledge of whose real condition might have protected them from loss. In saying this, we do not insinuate any such financial weakness on the part of the Sugar Company; but we do assert that until it adopts a straightforward and public policy, it will inevitably be suspect.

By what methods shall women agitate for what they regard as rights denied to them under the laws? This question, which has deeply stirred England for the last two years, is now being asked here in view of the attempt to introduce "suffragette" methods into this country by Mrs. Borrmann Wells and her aides. As an example of quiet but steady entry of women into public life, we may cite the election in the most conservative of all English cities, Oxford, as councillor, at the head of the poll, of Miss Merivale, an expert in the matter of hygiene and of housing the poor. Certainly, no breaking up of meetings or attacking policemen, or raiding of the House of Commons, brought about so revolutionary an event as this. It would not have been possible had there not been the years of quiet preparation of the British public for such a change. But the suffragettes maintain that the new methods now adopted have given the cause a prominence in the press it had never had before. Would *Punch*, they ask, have given its last table of contents a frontispiece depicting a suffragette beating the Prime Minister and two associates to their knees, if there had been no militant agitation? Again, in explanation of their reported plan to make at the opening of Parliament a more violent demonstration than any heretofore, they say that for months past they have scrupulously followed Campbell-Bannerman's advice "to be good and patient," only to find that no London newspaper has allotted their pleas a line of space. From this advertising point of view, the suffragettes indubitably have the better of the argument. Yet, even in a press which loves sensations, the tenth raid on the House of Commons will occupy but a little part of the space given to the first. If, as the suffragists one and all believe, their cause is founded on justice and equity, it is bound to win without resort to violence, which, whether by men or women, is certain to alienate many supporters. It was not the tearing down of Hyde Park palings that won practically manhood suffrage, but a recognition that a form of special privilege must end. Particularly does it seem to us true that even from the point of view of the most ardent suffragists, there is no reason for imitating in this country to-day the obstreperous tactics of the suffragettes. If the American cause is to succeed, it must win more converts, both men and women, of the kind that can best be reached in other ways than by noise and violence.

The appearance of a rival Sultan of Morocco in the person of Mulai Hafid has seriously complicated the difficulties of the French government. While prediction as to the exact course of events is hazardous, it is safe to say that the contemplated withdrawal of the French troops from the Moroccan coast towns—their number is nearly ten thousand now—has become an impossibility, and that the dispatch of reinforcements from time to time is not improbable. But the military situation within France itself is such as to make the sudden development of a "foreign enterprise" of such magnitude exceedingly embarrassing. Problems of national defence are discussed with grave concern in Parliament and the press. The law shortening the period of army service to two years was recently made, by Parliamentary action, to come into force some months earlier than was originally contemplated, with the result, as critics maintained, that between the dismissal of one *classe* and the summoning to the colors of another, the defensive strength would be reduced to an alarming minimum. It was this action by Parliament which led to the recent resignation of a commander-in-chief of the army and several other high officers. More recent has been the step reducing the periods of annual training for the Reserves and the Territorial Army. The Deputies have been accused of sacrificing the interests of the nation to their own popularity among their peasant constituents. Finally, one of the measures proposed to deal with the annual deficit of 50,000 men produced by the reduction of military service to two years, has been the cutting down of the European contingent in Algeria by 13,000 men, their places to be taken by natives. The proposal was criticised severely on general grounds of inexpediency. It can easily be imagined what added criticism the present difficulties in Morocco and on the Algerian frontier will now be made to supply. Beyond and above the general pacific spirit which naturally dislikes foreign adventure, is the rabid anti-militarist propaganda of Hervé and his followers—a propaganda which has already gained sufficient support to discourage a policy of conquest in Morocco.

All Germany is mourning the death of a great humorist and artist. Wilhelm Busch, who died on Thursday in his seventy-sixth year, should have had, and doubtless did have, the happiest kind of old age, if it was a comfort to think of the joy he had given for nearly fifty years to the youth of Germany. It would be hard to find a home where there is any education whatever, in which the children have not revelled in "Max und Moritz" and "Hans Huckebein." Jack the Giant-Killer is no more a classic for English-speaking children than are these two books for German. They have appeared in endless editions and forms, and if they have sometimes been frowned upon by stern parents for putting mischief into the heads of children, not even "grown-ups" could deny the humor of the pictures and the wit of the accompanying verses. Countless children have wept at the sad ending of the two bad boys, Max and Moritz. But Busch appealed to grown-ups as well. He was a contributor to *Fliegende Blätter* as early as 1859; and his satirical "picture-books" directed against the Catholic Church, and entitled "The Holy St. Anthony of Padua," "The Pious Helen," and "Pater Filucius," appeared in the early seventies and added greatly to his already well-established reputation. *Fliegende Blätter* might well go into mourning for him, for to him it owed much of its early prosperity. He had an amazing knack of caricaturing persons and situations with mere outlines, and always with sparkling wit or biting sarcasm.

Gaston Maspero describes in the *Journal des Débats* the unwrapping and examination of a mummy which has been for a number of years in the museum at Cairo, and is generally regarded as that of the Pharaoh Merneptah, who is in turn generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the Exodus. The eminent French Egyptologist admits that for a long time he was afraid of making a close examination of the body, from fear of public clamor. If he had announced, for instance, that no traces of death by drowning were to be found about the body, he would have been assailed as an enemy of religion. On the contrary, if he had discovered any details confirmatory of the Bible story of the drowning in the Red Sea, there would not have been wanting anti-clericals to say that he had been bribed by the Jesuits. It was only last July, therefore, that Pharaoh was unwound from his cerements. Like most royal Egyptian remains, he had not escaped the outrage of ancient robbers, who in their haste had mutilated parts of the head and body. Still, the condition of the body was such as to enable the medical experts to determine that the Pharaoh Merneptah had not died from the entry of water into the lungs. M. Maspero asserts, however, for comfort, that the connection of Merneptah with the Exodus is by no means settled.

Various court proceedings of the last few weeks, involving at least three well-known actresses, reduce to fact the general impression of the large rewards which the stage offers. Salaries counted in thousands of dollars per week are, of course, by no means rare—in the newspapers. In the case of the operatic stage, payment is even cited in terms of thousands the performance. But the public has been inclined to look upon such figures as advertising material. Justice, however, doffs her bandage when she scans a bankruptcy schedule; and the weekly earnings of Mrs. Leslie Carter, for instance, are now a matter of record. They are, on the face of it, very large. They raise the old question of the relative gains of the actor, or actor-manager, and the dramatic author. The accepted tradition has been that the playwright nowadays holds the advantage over the play-producer, and that such a state of affairs represents a marked change from conditions in the early history of the modern theatre. Dramatic authorship in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was not a lucrative profession. Jean Bayet, in a recent number of the *Nouvelle Revue*, tells us that Alexandre Hardy, who died in 1631, received three *écus*, or about ten francs, for a play. He wrote six hundred, and thus in his life time earned a little over one-half of a night's receipts from "Peter Pan." The great Corneille forced up prices. He received $400 each for "Attila" and "Bérénice." Molière got $200 for "Les Précieuses ridicules." When Voltaire began to write plays the average reward was ten *écus* and a dinner "to close the bargain." The actors paid for the dinner. The Comédie Française, which paid best of all, had in 1757 a scale of authors' royalties—one-ninth of the profits for a five-act play, one-twelfth for a three-act play, and one-eighteenth for a curtain-raiser. That things are much better now with the maker of plays is not to be denied. The dramatist nowadays, when he hits the public eye, is most often seated in a powerful automobile in which he has been touring Europe during the summer. His summer home, his collie, and his methods of work are the subjects of public interest. Instead of wheedling his way into the actor's favor by purchasing him a dinner, he is dined and wined by clubs, and speaks on the future of the national drama. Still dramatic writers who make ten thousand a year are far less common than performers in legitimate and vaudeville who make $500 a week. As for weekly salaries ranging from $1,500 to $2,500, how many playwrights with annual incomes of $45,000 to $75,000 have we to set up against them?

"RUINING THE PARTY."

At the Hughes dinner in this city last Thursday night some of the speakers referred to a charge that has frequently been made against the Governor. It is that he has, indeed, been a great success in office, but that he has ruined the Republican party in this State. The public has been informed of this by several members of the organization. It was, in particular, loudly alleged the other day by an officeholder whom Mr. Hughes had refused to reappoint to a position which nobody but the officeholder himself thought he was competent to fill. Of course the party was ruined; here he was out of office, and what better proof of ruin could there be than that?

The jargon of politicians is usually worth analysis, and it may be well to ask just what is meant by their complaints in regard to Gov. Hughes. These they necessarily state in the form of a paradox. They begin by admitting that he was the only man who could have beaten Hearst. The party had been so weakened and discredited that it was not able to elect one other man on the State ticket, and nothing but the confidence which the voters had in Hughes saved the Governorship. This might look as if the party were pretty well ruined before Hughes began the work of destruction; but let that pass. The complainants further concede that the course of the Governor has immensely strengthened him with the people. They do not deny that he could carry the State overwhelmingly, as a Presidential candidate, and they know of no other Republican who could be sure of doing so. Furthermore, they admit that the Hughes programme of legislation was soundly conceived and brilliantly carried out, so much so that attack upon it by the Democrats has been made impossible. The net result is, then, that a Governor who has made so enviable a record, and with whom his party is confessedly 100,000 votes stronger than it would be without him, has nevertheless ruined his party.

This seeming *non sequitur* really lets us into the secret thoughts of politicians. Their private definition of "party" is, not an organization to devise and execute policies, or even to win votes and carry elections, but a means of securing offices and building up a machine. This is the reason why their grief is so deep over Hughes being "cold" to the organization. He does not follow all their recommendations. They go to him asking for appointments for themselves or their friends, but do not get them. The Governor names Republicans, but not always *their* Republicans. Now, that spells, to their minds, party ruin.

Let us not condemn them too hastily. Not all of them are moved by personal greed. It would not be true to say that all of the politicians who are hostile to Hughes dislike him because he has not given them fat offices for their individual enjoyment. Some of them are doubtless actuated by a kind of unthinking loyalty to "the organization" as such. The traditional way of playing the game of politics is the only one they know. If Governors and Presidents will not give heed to the men who do the hard work in primaries, conventions, and elections, what is to become of party discipline? It is with a gasp that they ask this question. With such politicians, the trouble is, plainly, not so much the personal appetite for spoils as the cramping effect of political tradition. Men who have used the offices to reward party workers have been successful in the past, ergo, there is no other way to be successful. But other times, other methods. In recent years there have been several leaders to break with the old party routine, and to win victories greater than any hard-and-fast partisan, sticking to the hidebound ways of the regular organization, could have hoped to achieve. Mr. Cleveland was one of these. He ruined his party on more than one occasion, yet somehow brought it larger triumphs and a higher prestige than any man now living. Mr. Roosevelt ruined his party over and over again, in the process of carrying it to unexampled power. Gov. Hughes seems to be bent on going the same gait. He, too, appears to know the secret of ruining his party yet making it stronger than ever.

The cold truth was set forth by Seth Low, in his speech at the dinner. It is that the Republican party is going to need its very best vote-getter in this year's Presidential election. A panic has come on while the party is in power. The effects of the depression are certain to persist through the campaign, and the Republicans are bound to suffer in consequence. Just or unjust, this is the rule of political warfare. And, as Mr. Low said, it would be the height of imprudence and folly for the Republican party to throw away the State of New York. With Hughes as a candidate for the Presidency, everybody admits that it could safely be counted in the Republican column. It would be uncertain in the case of any other nomination. And the qualities which make the Governor exceptionally strong here have impressed the citizens of other States, and would make him, in a time of depression and apprehension, strong there as well. This is the real consideration behind the urging of Gov. Hughes for the Presidency. He has shown himself of calibre and temper fitted for the office, and he is the man whom the party could most reasonably hope to elect. Another candidate might save the party but lose the country. Hughes, even if he ruined the party, in the politicians' sense, would save the country.

THE PANIC OF 1907.

Saturday's statement of the New York banks showed, for the first time since the panic began with the Knickerbocker failure on October 22, a surplus over the 25 per cent. ratio of cash reserve to deposits required by law. In advance of this return to a surplus, the New York banks had resumed full cash payments to depositors, and the currency premium had disappeared. Drafts on New York by banks of other cities were being met in cash; Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia banks were calling in for redemption the "wage checks" issued during the currency famine. All this proves that the period of suspension of payments, complete or partial, is at an end.

With its customary absorption in the future, the business community is now discussing nothing but the chances for or against a similar recovery in general trade. On this head, much might be said; but at present we prefer to inquire into the remarkable experience through which we have just passed. No doubt the most palatable comment would be congratulation to our financial institutions for having emerged with relatively little outright insolvency. This view, however, we shall not take. What, to our mind, stands paramount is the refusal by the deposit institutions of this country, during nine successive weeks, to return on request the money deposited; the public sale at a discount, during all this period, and in amounts running to the tens of millions, of certified checks on powerful and solvent banks; and, finally, the forcing upon wage-earners, by employers in half-a-dozen cities, of a makeshift currency not exchangeable for real money in the city of its issue, and not receivable in any other locality. Every one knows that this is a plain and accurate statement of what has happened; in any other country than our own, our people would have described the affair as a shameful exhibition of weakness and bad faith. Why of all nations should the United States, which a few years ago was claiming title as the financial centre of the world, have been the scene of this extraordinary performance?

We are not among those who hold our currency system responsible. An ideal system—a central bank, an elastic currency—would no doubt have mitigated the after-effects of this break-down of credit; but we are convinced, along with the best European critics, that no currency system in the world would have stood against such a raid on bank deposits as occurred last October. But this merely shifts the inquiry to another question: why the money-hoarding mania should reach in this country, at such times, proportions never imagined elsewhere, and why the various banking centres of the United States should be a menace to one another, the moment the American market falls into panic.

One explanation occasionally heard is that in affairs financial our people are impulsive, excitable, hysterical, and that, just as they fling their savings into wildcat investments during such speculative crazes as that of 1901, so, at a time of shaking credit, they see no recourse but to pull out their bank deposits and hide the cash. In this supposition there may be some truth. But the French are notoriously a more excitable people than our own, and they are, moreover, far more disposed to keep their savings in the chimney-corner; yet nothing like this occurs in France. It must also be remembered that the practice of hoarding money, on the first signs of coming panic, has been directly encouraged by past experience. The merchant, the small manufacturer, the dealer in land or produce, who remembered that in August, 1893, his bank refused for five weeks to allow him to draw from his deposit account the cash to pay his hands or consummate his purchases, cannot be wholly blamed if, in October, 1907, he was tempted to get a supply of cash in hand before his bank shut down on payments.

But if the trouble lie with the banks, what is it? Why should our fiduciary institutions be driven to this humiliating recourse, when it is never adopted elsewhere? We believe the simple and undeniable answer to be that our practice of redepositing reserves in banks of other cities, thereby diminishing the safeguard against deposits in the smaller centres, and entangling the banks of East and West with one another to an extent to which no other community would venture, creates a complex of credit which is certain to break down under strain of panic. Of the 6,544 national banks in the field last autumn, 6,178 were the so-called "country banks" which by law are allowed to deposit with banks in other cities three-fifths of their 15 per cent. required reserve. Banks in the larger cities bid for these "country-bank reserves" by paying interest on them. The result, as shown in the national bank reports just before the panic, was that, out of the reserve of these 6,178 country banks, $420,000,000 was placed in more or less distant cities, and only $201,000,000 kept on hand in cash, where it could be used to meet, at a moment's notice, the demands of depositors.

These figures go far towards explaining the suspension of payments, the blockade of interior exchange, and the numerous resultant embarrassments of last October and the months following. It will perhaps be rejoined that the Bank of England holds the reserves of other banks, precisely as do our larger banks in the "reserve cities." But the Bank of England maintains against such deposits a cash reserve, not of 25 per cent., as in New York, but of 40 per cent. or over; and, furthermore, it would not dream of investing such funds in loans to Stock Exchange operators—the chief use which is made of them at New York. Our own belief is, that until these reserve provisions of the banking law are remodelled, or until the practice is modified by the banks themselves, the most perfect currency system in the world will not protect us from repetition of such discreditable exhibitions of American banking methods.

THE SUPERHUMAN JAPANESE.

Jacques Flach, historian and professor in the College of France at Paris, is sure that we shall have to fight Japan, because the Mikado is looking for trouble. "Who knows," asks M. Flach, "if the attack made by the Japanese on the Russian ships at Chemulpo will not be repeated on the American ships tomorrow?" Who knows, indeed? The fact that the American ships are at this moment somewhere south of Pernambuco, in Brazil, does not matter in the least. Chemulpo from Sasebo—about 120 miles; Pernambuco from Sasebo—roughly, about 20,000 miles; what's a little thing like 19,880 miles, more or less, to the marvellous Japanese who succeeded in sending their torpedo boats, apparently *under* water, to the Dogger Banks in the North Sea; who had balloons of observation following Rojestvensky's fleet all the way across the Indian Ocean; who have now veteran regiments drilling by night in Hawaii; whose agents, disguised as lumbermen, have mapped, and mined, for all we know, every mountain pass in British Columbia; and whose cruiser squadron may any day sail into New York harbor and raid the Sub-Treasury? Who shall hope to stand up against a people that unites the swiftness of Jove's thunderbolt with the guile of Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee?

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* declares that President Roosevelt and Secretary Root have for some time been engaged in a "systematic and organized propaganda" against the dissemination in the foreign press of just such balderdash as we have characterized. But we fail to see why the efforts of the Administration should have been confined to diplomatic work abroad. There is much room in this country for missionary labor in the same sphere. Timid citizens who foresee a Japanese invasion of Wall Street—bent, presumably, on capturing our currency premium—are not without backing in the press. The New York *American*, for instance, knows that some time ago, when our naval department was negotiating the purchase of fifty Whitehead torpedoes, Japan stepped in and bought up the entire Whitehead stock, leaving us helpless; that American torpedo manufacturers have been selling extensively, and *secretly*, to agents of the Japanese government; that the Krupp armament works in Germany "have almost been subsidized"; that in Japan "a censored press has purposely created the impression that the nation was in financial stress," though actually, "beyond the vast expenditure described above, Japan has accumulated specie exceeding 600,000,000 yen," and can carry on war by land or sea "for years to come." Finally, Japan now has at her disposal 10,000 men of military experience in the Philippines, 50,000 in Hawaii, 100,000 on the Pacific slope. Lest the scoffer be moved to question the authenticity of these figures, he must know that they are the "careful estimate" of that eminent authority, Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson. Who the authority is for the $300,000,000 stored up in Tokio and Yokohama is not stated; but probably it was Thomas W. Lawson.

And so it goes. Superhuman malice, superhuman ability, and superhuman guile actuate every move of the Japanese government and its subjects. Other nations buy their munitions of war in the full glare of publicity, and even supply rival governments with a periodical statement of their stock on hand; but Japan buys American torpedoes privily, and actually has them shipped "to various ports in Europe and the East," instead of keeping them in this country to celebrate the next Fourth of July. Other nations impose restrictions on the press, yet somehow the truth, in greater part, reaches the outer world. But Japanese censorship is almost fiendish in its effectiveness. It stirs up certain newspapers to attack the government in order to create the impression of national discontent, and thus lure on the United States to its destruction. It tampers with the crop reports so as to make out the rice harvest a failure, whereas Japan's granaries have been bursting with earth's bountiful yield. Nay, Japanese censorship last year went so far as to induce the inhabitants of the northern provinces to pretend that they were starving, and to sell their children into slavery to secure money for food, whereas the country was in fact tremendously prosperous. And so well did the Japanese peasants play their part that some thousands of them did actually starve to death, and foolish Americans gathered relief funds, which, needless to say, have been invested in torpedoes to be used against Admiral Evans's fleet.

The irony inherent in this conception of a mythical Japanese nation of supermen, is that, in fact, no nation ever won its victories or pursued its ways in peace by more humanly normal and commonplace methods. That the world at large should have gone a bit out of its head about the qualities of the Japanese while the war was in progress is natural. But the calm investigations of competent military authorities and skilled post-bellum observers have tended in the one direction of stripping Japanese achievement of its miraculous character. Japanese courage in the war was admirable, but it is agreed that the Russian soldier displayed courage in no way inferior. Bushido, Emperor-worship, ancestor-worship now ring somewhat hollow. The Japanese fought for a great cause—national preservation, as they conceived it—and fought for it with human gallantry, just as this country did in the civil war, or Germany in the war against France. Port Arthur fell because the Russian generals were incapable, and General Nogi was willing to pay the price in human lives, as Gen. Grant was in the Wilderness. The Japanese generals did not escape blunders. Admiral Togo did not swoop upon Rojestvensky in the Gulf of Guinea, or at the Cape of Good Hope, or at Madagascar, but made his base just where any admiral would naturally have placed himself.

We have not given up hope, therefore, that the time will come when the Japanese will be regarded by the white man as only human, after all. When their government signs an unsatisfactory treaty, they riot; when they take possession of a conquered country like Korea, they play the bully; when their crops fail, they starve, and often emigrate. Best proof of all concerning their susceptibility to human weaknesses: when we slapped them on the back two years ago and told them they were the greatest people on earth, they believed us.

THE PRUSSIAN SUFFRAGE.

The demonstrations in Berlin against the suffrage laws are an ominous sign. It is easy enough to disperse mobs, to beat the marching people with the flats of sabres until they flee; but that, far from curing anything, merely intensifies the public anger and unrest. The political consequences are bound to be grave. True, the issue relates only to the kingdom of Prussia, and not to the German Empire. With the suffrage laws governing the elections of members of the Reichstag the nation is satisfied. But in this case the politics of Prussia cannot be separated from the politics of the Empire. From the beginning of Von Bülow's "block" policy, it was foreseen that his plan might fail because of his attitude toward the Prussian suffrage and the stubborn Poles, although these are primarily domestic questions for Prussia, having on their face no direct interest for the voters of the other confederated states, or for national parties.

But Prussia is too large and influential a part of the Empire to make it possible for those who are fighting the battle of democracy against the vested interests and the privileged classes in the nation at large, to fail to wage the same war in the Prussian kingdom. Indeed, it seemed this autumn as if a victory might be easily won in just this matter of the suffrage. The Liberal press has for months been assuming that Von Bülow would grant substantially all the changes asked for, as a sop to keep the Liberals happy in their "block" and loyal to his programme. Moreover, the Conservative newspapers have shown in their discussions of the suffrage a fear of the supposed concessions. Hence the intense public disappointment at Von Bülow's response to the demands of the reformers, rightly described by the Berlin *Tageblatt* as "curt, harsh, and imbued with the worst reactionary spirit." The government, he announces, does not regard manhood suffrage "good for the state," nor secret voting, although that is the rule in the Reichstag elections, and has worked no more harm there than in the United States or England.

When all Germany was seething with revolution, on April 8, 1848, the frightened Prussian government bestowed the ballot on every Prussian twenty-four years of age. It not only gave universal manhood suffrage, but guaranteed secret voting. A year later, on May 30, 1849, the reactionaries, feeling themselves sufficiently strong, repealed this law, and substituted the indirect "three-class system" and the open voting requirement. It is against this law which has remained unchanged for nearly fifty-nine years, that the present agitation is directed. It has put Prussia entirely in the control of the land-owners and the wealthy. It has made of the country a persistently autocratic state, based on a tottering agricultural system which is saved from total collapse only by the active assistance of the state and federal governments and by copious aid from the Imperial treasury in the shape of tariff duties on foodstuffs. In certain sections of the population which have the ballot, not 2 per cent. dare to exercise the right, and the "three-class system" has not only been successful in excluding from the Landtag any Social-Democrats, but has made it possible for 12 per cent. of the enfranchised electorate to choose 803 representatives, while the other 12 per cent. that took the trouble to vote were able to choose only 140 representatives—without a delegate of the working classes among the 943.

As for the open ballot, the arguments advanced in favor of it might have carried weight in 1848, but not to-day, among men who believe in justice and fair-play. Under existing conditions, middle-class professional and business men fight shy of the ballot, even when they are entitled to it. They avow a lack of interest in politics as an excuse for staying away from the polls. Frequently they are threatened with a boycott if they do not vote as directed by the privileged classes, and with the same punishment by the opposing political organizations, if they do. Between these two fires, disuse of the right to vote, is, as the statistics show, the easiest way out. "There is nothing more immoral than open voting," declared Herr Fuhrmann, a Liberal land-owner and a member of the Reichstag, in a public meeting recently, and he did so at the risk of his political life. To him the *Junker* will show no mercy hereafter. It matters not that out of Prussia's 37,000,000 people the Socialists can point to 30,000,000 who are without property and without the right to vote. The spirit of the feudal overlord is almost as rife in Prussia to-day as in Russia; and the momentary failure of the Russian revolution has no doubt emboldened the Prussian reactionaries and their obedient Von Bülow to resist the popular will.

What that will is has been clearly shown by the events of the last few days. Even women, we learn, threw themselves in the path of the charging police and clung desperately to the bridles of their horses—ready to sacrifice their lives if necessary that their husbands and brothers might have a share in the government. For any Chancellor or any king to set himself in these times against such a demand—when even in Persia the public is winning the same rights—is the height of folly. But for the army, the authorities could not persist in their attitude for a single instant—another example of the way the fear of war is made an instrument to curtail the people's liberties. Von Bülow and the Emperor seem to think that the Prussian people will stand anything. Crushing taxes, a steady rise in the cost of living until meat has become a luxury, new loans to surmount a deficit of no less than $110,000,000, forced service for two years in army or navy—all these things go to make the lot of the Egyptian fellaheen under British rule almost to be envied by comparison. But history shows that the insolence of autocracy leads merely to a day of reckoning—as it did in Germany in 1848.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.

In an article entitled "Educational Needs of the Sunday-School," in the *Educational Review* for January, Charles E. Witter of St. Louis discusses a subject that perplexes many thoughtful parents. Mr. Witter says that "an increasingly large number of intelligent people" are "deterred from teaching in the Sunday-schools and other departments of the orthodox churches." His first complaint is that there is a "large element of insincerity in the teaching." Persons who have "outgrown the crude and literal interpretations of early years" are "seemingly afraid to impart their real light to their young hearers." These teachers give "not the fresh views that have proved more satisfactory to themselves, but the traditional statements of orthodoxy." The result is that the teacher must be constantly juggling and trimming, and that in time "those young people who read and think" will "awake to the superficiality and falsity of such teaching." In the reaction against "these feeble and narrow views of spiritual truth," the rising generation may be "led to reject all versions of it." Mr. Witter specifies that no reputable expert in theology attempts seriously to uphold the old theory of verbal inspiration, and the old notion of "the marvellous and detailed fulfilment in the New Testament of prophetic predictions in the Old." Many of the miracles, "particularly of the Old Testament," are now set down by competent scholars as myths. Nevertheless,

> The committee having in charge from time to time the outlining of topics for study in the International Sunday Lesson, seem determined to keep just this mythical, this so-called supernatural element, to the fore, doggedly ignoring all that even conservative Biblical scholarship has had to say.

The remedy which Mr. Witter proposes is not so clear-cut and definite as the evil of which he complains. He would not have "every new and crude speculation" thrust upon the minds of the young; but he assures us that "Back to Christ and the natural religion that he taught" is "no mere cant, but the serious slogan of honest souls." He would have "honest, positive reconstruction."

To this general attitude many persons who feel that religious development for themselves and their children is hindered by adherence to the ancient literalism may possibly assent. With this reservation, however: that there seems to be no machinery for putting Mr. Witter's ideas into practical effect. All educated people would like to have their children familiar with the Bible—brought up on the best that is in it, from the point of view of style as well as subject matter. To this desired end attendance at Sunday-school is one obvious means; but going to an Evangelical school almost necessarily involves the kind of study that Mr. Witter deplores. For one thing, most of the teachers are incapable of doing anything but following the traditional methods. But no matter what their learning and capacity, there are few orthodox schools where anything else would be tolerated. The introduction of the conclusions of higher criticism into the infant class, or even the adult Bible class, would in most places provoke a furious protest from the older and more conservative members of the church. If Johnny came home with the news that the arrest of the sun by Joshua is a piece of Semitic folklore, Johnny's father and grandfather would forthwith demand that the teacher stop trying to make Johnny an infidel.

And father and grandfather would be wholly within their rights. The Evangelical churches profess belief in the Bible as the inspired word of God, in miracles, and in all the other things which Mr. Witter condemns as "outworn scaffolding." The teacher who doubts these things denies the faith, as Johnny's family very well know. Talk about "positive reconstruction" is pretty enough, but to many minds it denotes positive destruction; and "the natural religion that Christ taught" is a vague phrase that signifies anything or nothing. The root of the trouble is that the Sunday-school teacher cannot run with the orthodox and hunt with the heretic.

Even were parents and grandparents indifferent, Johnny himself would raise difficulties. Your small child is often a hard-headed logician, who insists on following theories to their inevitable conclusion. If he is told that the world was not actually created in six days, that the sun did not actually stand still, and that the whale did not swallow Jonah, he is sure to ask if the story of Daniel in the lions' den is history, and if the reports of the New Testament miracles are true. If one part of the Bible is mythical, why not another? And if this is a collection of myths, why do people make such a fuss about them? Why are they so infinitely more valuable and significant than the Greek myths? These are the doubts which children are sure to raise when once they are started on the path of skepticism. Talk about the "deeper spiritual truths" which underlie the "superficial inaccuracies" of the Bible is unintelligible to all children and to many adults.

Moreover, the child can never be brought to understand why the worthy members of the church do not believe and are not expected to believe the creed which some of them repeat every Sunday. If they don't believe it, why say they believe it? If the words really mean something else, why not change them? When Edward Stanley, father of the Dean, was on his travels, he found at Amsterdam a Mr. Lowe, the minister of a Presbyterian church, who had not been troubled by the French authorities after the annexation in 1810, on consideration of his praying every Sunday for the health and prosperity of Napoleon. "What did it signify?" said Lowe. "God Almighty understood very well what I meant, and that I heartily wished Napoleon's death all the time." This is not a bad parallel to the attitude of some of our enlightened and progressive Christians. The child who is not initiated into the sophistications of theological casuistry cannot see the sense in having a set of words which means one thing at one time and another thing at another, and in having a Bible which is true and is not true, which you believe and do not believe. Nor do we see how, children's minds being what they are, they can ever grasp these paradoxes.

CANNED SPEECHES.

A gentleman in Philadelphia has written a little book entitled "Ready-Made Speeches." Ready letter-writers we have had in plenty, and they undoubtedly supply a general want at a time when everybody is writing letters of resignation, letters of indignation, and letters of explanation, in addition to the more common kinds of epistolary interchange. But if as a nation we write much, we talk—and in public—still more. "All Americans," as our author says, "insist upon speaking—not necessarily all at one time, but rather frequently." Nevertheless, "only one person in a hundred can speak extemporaneously in public." Hence a volume that is written for the other ninety-nine. Guides to oratory are not rare, but most of them suffer from a fault which our present text-book has avoided, in that it gives us original models from the pen of the author, instead of selections from Demosthenes, Burke, Emmet, Webster, and Mark Twain. We do not doubt that for every young speaker whom such august compilations have supplied with inspiration and example, a dozen have been discouraged by the formidable standard which is set up. And, besides, what could Demosthenes, or even Burke, possibly have known about the vastly different conditions and needs of an age and a land remote from their own?

The very list of contents of "Ready-Made Speeches" is an epitome almost of our national life. We certainly are addicted to presenting flags to military organizations; we give swords and medals to gallant officers, sets of Dickens's novels to the best scholars of the school, silver services to public officials upon their retirement from office, and purses to ministers about to depart for Europe; and for all such occasions, whether fate should select us to deliver the salutation or the response, there is guidance in the little book. Nor will a person find himself at a loss in those rarer instances, when, in the capacity of a statesman, he is called upon to extend his congratulations to the members of a new political club, or, as one of a number of grateful authors, he takes part in the presentation of a picture to a disinterested and paternal publisher, or as a layman at a funeral he is unexpectedly summoned to deliver an address in the absence of an ordained minister. Such chances also are provided for. And we should still be well equipped if in some capacity or other we should be brought to participate in the presentation of a purse to the captain of a fishing schooner for an heroic rescue. As a leading passenger, we might say (pp. 118-19):

> Capt. Daniel Bolt:
>
> Fifteen passengers of the wrecked steamer John Endicott believe that the fact that they are alive to-day is due to the heroism of yourself and crew. . . . Our boats were gone, the waves were beating over us with what seemed like conscious and ever-increasing anger, and the planks beneath our feet were writhing in the Titanic grasp of an enemy whose strength seemed limitless, and who knew no mercy.

And bluff old Capt. Daniel Bolt, twirling his sou'wester in embarrassment, might reply (pp. 122-23):

> Mr. Hopkins and Passengers of the Endicott: You'll have to help me out on the speechmaking tack. My eloquence always has something to do with double reefing the mainsail or getting busy with the tiller. When everything is going all right on an even keel, I'm apt to sail pretty close to the wind, so far as talk is concerned. . . . You forget one party, and she was mighty important; I mean the tug herself. She's a real creature, and unless she does her part right up to the gunwale, the captain and crew can't do the trick once in a dozen times.

We have characterized the present volume as "almost" an epitome of national life. The book is not perfect, because nothing human is perfect, even in Philadelphia; but chiefly because the constantly varying aspects of our national life make an absolutely comprehensive or up-to-date text-book of the kind an impossibility. The sixty standard speeches given might have easily been increased by a half-dozen. We miss, for instance, a model speech supposed to be delivered by a gentleman who has been called a liar by the President. We look in vain for an example of the remarks addressed to a subway guard at the Grand Central Station by a timid old lady who wants to go uptown, with the subway guard's response. We have not been able to find a form of address exactly suited to the needs of a meeting of bank depositors who wish to thank the receivers for their devoted labors in insuring them a return of six cents for every dollar of their savings. But to ask that the author of a guide to speechmaking should foresee all such necessities would be unreasonable. Only a vast compilation, in alphabetical order, taking in every noun in the language, could hope to be really comprehensive. The late F. C. Burnand adopted this method in planning a handbook of repartee. He began with "Abbot, reply to an"; but unfortunately it turned out that the abbot was a Trappist, vowed to perpetual silence, and that, therefore, no chance for repartee existed.

We have not given up hope, however, that some day such an exhaustive treatise on speech—both in public and private—will be written. The interchange of thought will then have been robbed of all possible discomforts. We have gone far towards standardizing our daily speech, but we have not gone far enough. We know what to say when we offer some one else an exceptional line of goods, or submit a proposition, or call attention to an unrivalled opportunity, or assert that credit is the foundation of business. But in lighter moments—between the acts at the theatre, or in our homes, between the musical selections and the various "games" that have been devised to prevent excessive cerebral functioning—there will come a few minutes now and then when one is compelled to drop into conversation. Without a guide-book for such emergencies we are never quite safe.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, January 3.

Charles Renouvier applied all his energies of mind to methodic examination of past philosophies and elaboration of a workable (he might have said, verifiable) metaphysical hypothesis. Personalism was the result, on which William James lectured many years ago. André Arnal, a French doctor of theology (Protestant), adds another to the series of important publications on Renouvier since his death, in a learned volume on "La Philosophie religieuse de Charles Renouvier." It is a far cry from this to the first volume of the learned Jesuit Prat, professor in the Institut Catholique of Paris, on "La Théologie de Saint Paul." And it may not be irrelevant to note here the "Introduction physiologique à l'étude de la philosophie," by J. Grasset, the eminent medical professor and writer of the Montpellier faculty.

Three novelists of the year-end appeal for recognition outside of France. Émile Moselly, as you have already noted, has been awarded the prize of the Goncourt Academy, whose ten members in contradistinction from the Forty Immortals look only on the latest actualities and the potentials of the nearest future. Moselly was a poor boy of Lorraine, who, like so many others, has made his way up in the university to a teacher's post in a provincial state college. His first book, "Jean des Brebis, le livre de la misère," a volume of short stories, and his second, a romance, "Terres lorraines," are written in that clear, colored, intense, and pathetic style which becomes such "regionalist" literature, of which Maurice Barrès is the academic protector. "The Princesses de science," by Madame Colette Yver, won the prize conferred by twenty-three of the leading women writers of France, in the name of the lady's magazine, *La Vie Heureuse*. This author was already known favorably, especially by a curious little romance of a Merovingian princess; and she has done good translations from English romancers. With his hand against every man, apparently, every man's hand against him, Octave Mirbeau needs no prize to make his works known. "La 628-E8" (a typical automobile number under French regulations), in the form of a tourist's stories, has stirred up Belgian life and letters wofully. The particular find of the volume was to have been a sensational revelation about the Polish wife whom the great Balzac so romantically took to himself in the last months of his strange life. The outcome is certainly a lesson to historians who jump at conclusions—as many of them do nowadays. M. Mirbeau was quite unaware that the daughter of Madame de Balzac, the venerable Countess Mniszech, is still living in Paris in a retirement of many years. She at once wrote to the press, demolishing finally what may have been originally only the fatuous boasting of an erstwhile fashionable painter in his dotage; and another person from that ancient time, who had been the painter's secretary for forty years, is also still living, unfortunately for history by conclusions. He, too, gave reasons why the story is impossible. The whole story had to be withdrawn from the printed book. It is a pity that the very great literary talent of Octave Mirbeau, who wields French clear and forcible beyond, perhaps, any living author, should fill his books with bitterness, and too often with something worse than Dead Sea ashes.

The reception of Maurice Donnay to his seat in the French Academy is the occasion of an edition of his "Théâtre," of which two volumes have appeared. Now that his witty, immensely modern sentences may be read in a book, it is not too much to insist on their priceless limpidity—the very reason why the mind catches them up with all their wit and wisdom the moment they are spoken across the footlights. All these pieces also belong to literature in a high sense, though our grandparents might have put some of them out of young people's reach, just as St. John Chrysostom slept with Aristophanes safely under his pillow.

"Euripide et ses idées," by P. Masqueray, professor of Greek literature in the University Faculty of Bordeaux, is a well-written and apparently competent book on a subject of interest in philosophy as well as in classical erudition.

In that borderland of letters, which is made up of reminiscences of literature and the surroundings of literary men, Henry Bordeaux wanders through his favorite native air in yet another pleasing volume—"Promenades en Savoie." This writer is bound slowly but surely for the Academy—unless the Radical Socialist opposition which has already declared itself in Parliament succeeds in doing away with that Conservative glory of France. Léon Séché, whose specialty is the bringing to light of old letters and papers, publishes two more volumes. One—"Muses romantiques"—gives all that he has been able to find about Hortense Allart de Méritens in her relations with Chateaubriand, Béranger, Lamennais, Sainte-Beuve, and the now forgotten foe of George Sand, Madame d'Agoult. The second volume contains the correspondence of the same literary lady, who might not have had her influence with the leaders of the Romantic movement if she had had the right to vote and consequently met on equal terms the men of letters then in fashion. M. Franklin has just published another volume of his own—"La Civilité, l'etiquette, la mode, le bon ton" from the thirteenth to the nineteenth century—with his usual extraordinary amount of contemporary anecdotes and documents on the minute history of French society.

Some notable new volumes have appeared in history, a class of book greatly encouraged by French taste and university ambition. Henri Pienne, professor in the University of Ghent, publishes a volume of his "Histoire de Belgique," making the third in seven years. The present volume deals particularly with French Calvinist influence in the sixteenth century in the various territories—Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Liège, and the rest—which now make up Belgium; curiously enough the predominance of French in the Catholic country of to-day is due largely to such influence. The work throws light on the important but ill defined Burgundian State. In the long series of the "Histoire de France," written by eminent specialists, each for his own epoch, the editor, Prof. Ernest Lavisse, gives the second part of the seventh volume, on Religion, Letters and the Arts, and War during the years from 1643 to 1685 from the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. Another long work of history is begun (with the third volume) by E. Mourret, professor at the École supérieure de Théologie Catholique of Paris. It is to be a general history of the Church (between the interminable and uncritical volumes of Rohrbacher and Darras, and the ordinary theological student's manual) in eight volumes: Christian origins (first to fourth centuries); the Fathers (fourth and fifth); the Church and the Barbarians (fifth to tenth centuries, the volume now issued); Christendom (tenth to fourteenth); Renaissance and Reformation (fourteenth to sixteenth, which is the next volume to be published); the Old Régime (seventeenth and eighteenth); Contemporary Church, first period (Revolution and Empire, 1789 to 1815); second period (1815 to 1908). The author, after first taking his university degree in civil law, became professor of dogmatic theology at the famous seminary of Saint-Sulpice, which to a certain degree must accredit the official side of a work intended as a "social history of the Catholic Church, as well as a manual of historical apologetics." For the first time, perhaps, a Jesuit, Pére Camille de Rochemonteix, deals with the famous legal prosecution which wrought his society such harm before its suppression in the eighteenth century: "Père Antoine Lavalette à la Martinique," from unpublished consular and court documents.

A first volume of 990 pages, with 100 colored sketches, of a "Précis d'histoire militaire," by Maurice Dumolin, a former artillery officer, is devoted to the French Revolution, with an introduction on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: eight fascicles take up the campaigns of each year from 1792 to 1800. Another volume on the Empire is to follow in January. A book, not all military, and not without lively human interest, is the "Blaise de Monluc, historien," by Paul Courteault. It is a critical study of the text and historic value of the "Commentaires" of the famous captain, who unconsciously wrote almost as well as Cæsar of his own campaigns in Italy and France from 1521 to the religious troubles in Béarn, in 1563, shedding over forty troublous years the light of a straightforward soldier's observation, even though tempered with an orthodox dislike of the bothersome Huguenots.

In the series "Grandes institutions de France," the Institut de France is treated in two volumes, each branch being expounded by its *secrétaire perpetuel*: the French Academy proper by Gaston Boissler; Académie des Sciences by Gaston Darboux; Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres by Georges Perrot; Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, by Georges Picot, and the Académie des Beaux-Arts, by Henry Roujon. Alfred Franklin, the many-volumed writer on details of French life through all the ages, from kitchen and toilet to shops and colleges, having passed his life in the Bibliothèque Mazarine, writes the introduction on the Palais de l'Institut, in which his library is situated.

Louis Prosper Guénin and Eugène Guénin, who have long been charged with the stenographic reports of the French Senate, have popularized the ancient history of their art for readers who cannot delve in Kopp's "Palæographia Critica" for themselves. The book deals with the use and development of the system of Tiro, Cicero's freedman, who reduced to a shorthand system abbrevations, which, according to Suetonius, were invented by Ennius. Seneca brought them up to 5,000 words, and St. Martin of Tours used the signs for reporting sermons. The present book covers antiquity and the Middle Ages.

Among books on art may be mentioned "La Peinture anglaise," by Armand Dayot, a veteran in the reproduction of pictures and engravings of the past. The volume contains 282 illustrations in the text, and 25 heliogravures chosen in characteristic English painting "from its beginnings to our day." "The "Précis d'archéologie du moyen age," by J. A. Brutails, an expert authority, will be of help to students of mediæval history. It begins with a bibliography and follows, in successive chapters, the "causes" of the architecture and its Latin, Romanesque, and Gothic periods; civil and military architecture; and ends with counsels for editing and illustrating archæological studies. "L'Église abbatiale de Saint Denis et ses tombeaux" is a clear and competent handbook of the history and archæology connected with the famous basilica, in whose construction Abbot Suger for the first time applied the principles of Gothic architecture. There the Kings of France were buried for more than a thousand years. The authors, Paul Vitry of the Louvre Museum, and Gaston Brière of the Museum at Versailles, announce a complete historical and artistic monograph on the subject as shortly forthcoming.

In the realm of science, Lucien Poincarè, who is not to be confounded with his more famous mathematical relative Henri, has written a clear and philosophical account of "La Physique moderne." The work has been crowned by the Académie des Sciences, and an English edition is announced. E. A. Martel, who from being a lawyer at the Tribunal de Commerce of Paris became an explorer of subterranean hollows, and invented that curious subbranch of physical geography "spelæology," sums up much special work in a book of general ideas on "L'Évolution souterraine." It has received the Grand Prix for physical sciences from the Académie des Sciences. The Comte de Montessus de Ballore, director of the seismological service of Chili, publishes the summary of what is known scientifically about earthquakes in "La Science séismologique," with a preface by Professor Suess of Vienna. "Explorations géologiques dans l'Amérique du Sud" is a further scientific instalment from the French government mission of Créqui-Montfort and Sénéchal de La Grange. It is written by the geologist of the mission, G. Courty, who accompanies his work with important meteorological tables. The story of another French government mission, from Cbari to Lake Tchad, 1902-1904, is recounted in more palpitating style as a book of exploration by its geographer, Auguste Cbevalier, in the volume "L'Afrique centrale française."

The Académie de Médecine has awarded one of its chief prizes—the Prix Boggic (4,300 francs)—to Dr. Albert Calmette of the Pasteur Institute of Lille, with his assistant, M. Guérin, for their researches, now generally admitted as decisive in France, on "the intestinal origin of tuberculosis and on vaccination against tuberculosis through the digestive tube." A prize of 10,500 francs is awarded to Dr. Dopter for his discovery of the serum treatment against dysentery. Dr. Matignon, who was the French legation physician for several years before and during the troubles at Feking, has a prize for his book on the hygiene of the Japanese army during the Manchuria campaign.

The "Rapport au Ministre des Finances" of M. Arnauné, retiring director of the French Mint, is a veritable statistical annual of moneys and bullion in France, in the Latin Union (France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, which have an intercommunicating coinage), and in the world at large. The information is given at first hand and is particularly abundant, more so than in any of the twelve years since this important annual report has appeared.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One of the most notable items in the Anderson Auction Company's sale of January 20 and 21 is a copy of that rare periodical, the *Pioneer*, edited by James Russell Lowell and Robert Carter, of which three numbers only, for January, February, and March, 1843, were issued. This copy is bound in half-levant, and has the cover of No. 3 only, but text and plates are perfect. A copy in parts with covers brought $240 in the Whipple sale in 1903; and a similar copy in the French-Chubbuck sale, in 1904, was bought by the Boston Athenæum for $270. The *Pioneer* was a young man's magazine. Its editors promised that each number should be "entirely original," and that the magazine should be "a rational substitute for the enormous quantity of thrice-diluted trash, in the shape of namby-pamby love-tales and sketches," which was offered by the popular magazines of the period. Apparently material for two numbers only was ready when publication began. On January 19, Lowell, who was in New York under the care of an oculist, was writing to Carter, "Have you got any copy for the third number?"; and on January 24, "I *must* write an article for the next number." Again, a few days later he wrote, "You shall have some copy from me on *Wednesday* morning if I get blind by it." He seems to have been unable to do this, as the third number contains only a sonnet by him. Does any present-day collector own one of those broadside advertisements which were pasted up in New York, and about which Lowell wrote: "Handbills of the *Pioneer* in red and black, with a spread eagle at the head of them, face me everywhere"? Other items in the same sale, which is mainly "the library of a Massachusetts antiquarian and historian," are the Horace, published by the Bibliophile Society in 10 vols.; Coleridge's "Poems," first edition, 1796, and the second edition of 1797; and a presentation copy of the first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On January 22 and 23 the same firm sells a collection, partly duplicates, from the library of the Grolier Club. Among them is a fine set of Blume's "Flora Javæ," both series, 4 vols., with 308 colored plates; Browne's "History of Jamaica," 1756, and Portlock's "Voyage Round the World," 1789.

The Merwin Clayton Sales Company offers on January 22 a collection of autograph letters and documents, mainly from the papers of Elbridge Gerry. There is a folio letter written by John Adams from Philadelphia in June, 1775. It is unsigned, but is endorsed by Gerry "J. A." Two letters of Samuel Adams (one signed with initials only), letters of Major-Gen. Heath, Major-Gen. Lincoln, Major-Gen. Knox, Robert Morris, Arthur Lee, Timothy Pickering, Thomas Jefferson, and others, are included.

Correspondence.

WILLARD FISKE'S "BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As doubtless many readers of the *Nation* will remember, the late Willard Fiske issued, during his lifetime, five numbers of a series of "Bibliographical Notices" based upon his Petrarch and Icelandic collections. Nos. I., IV., and V. of these "Notices" contained three supplements to the British Museum Catalogue of books printed in Iceland. Mr. Fiske had collected, and in large part prepared for the press, the material for a fourth supplement. The preparation of this material has been completed by Mr. Halldor Hermannsson, now in charge of the Fiske Icelandic collection in Cornell University Library, and it has been issued by the executors of Mr. Fiske's estate as "Bibliographical Notices, VI.: Books printed in Iceland 1578—1844, a fourth supplement to the British Museum Catalogue, with a general index to the four supplements." No record has been found of those to whom the earlier numbers of the "Notices" were sent by Mr. Fiske, and I therefore take this means of informing readers of the *Nation* that possessors of the earlier numbers may obtain this final number of the series by applying to the undersigned.

G. W. HARRIS,
Librarian, Cornell University.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 10.

THE MARKINGS ON MARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 26 you quote a passage from W. W. Bryant's "History of Astronomy," referring to the "incredibility" of any possible inhabitants of Mars digging "great canals at least a mile wide." No one at all in touch with the subject supposes for a moment that the lines on Mars are canals filled with water. These lines are supposed to be strips of vegetation, dependent on comparatively small irrigation canals of water flowing, or forced, through their centres. It is this vegetation that is visible, and not the ditches of water.

The rest of the paragraph quoted doubts the actuality of these so-called canals. This familiar cry, it is worthy of notice, comes almost invariably from those who have not had the opportunity of a favorable examination of the planet. The "seeing" at Flagstaff is so unusually good that the Lowell refractor, though very considerably smaller than the Yerkes, or the Lick, has greater space penetrating power than either of the latter. The altitude, the unusual steadiness, clearness, and dryness of the air at Flagstaff, render the Lowell equatorial by far the most powerful instrument in existence for the investigation of planetary detail. Only those who have studied Mars with this instrument, or the Amherst telescope, when, at the recent opposition, it was mounted in South America, are competent to say what can be seen on Mars under the most favorable conditions. A number of individuals have enjoyed this privilege, and among them there is only one reliable person who doubts the objectivity of the canals.

Furthermore, it would seem as if the photographs taken at Flagstaff, and more especially those taken with the Amherst telescope in South America, should settle, once for all, the question of the actual existence of these curious Martian markings.

G. R. AGASSIZ.

Santa Barbara, Cal., December 31.

[The 400 canals catalogued by Lowell average 1,500 miles in length, or a total of 600,000 miles; so that the incredibility might be based on length alone. But there must be a considerable width also, to irrigate a strip of desert wide enough to be seen. According to Prof. Simon Newcomb, the *minimum* visible width is fifteen miles. As for the South American photographs, Lowell himself says one's "brain must be open to them; not his eye alone." We are inclined to agree with Mr. Agassiz's anonymous "reliable person."—THE REVIEWER.]

Notes.

"The Letters of the Wordsworth Family from 1787 to 1855," collected and edited by William Knight, are published by Ginn & Co., in three volumes. Most of the correspondence is from the poet and his sister Dorothy.

This month Charles Scribner's Sons bring out the final volume of their edition of Ibsen, translated by William Archer. They publish also the following: "Life of Henrik Ibsen," by Edmund Gosse; "The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue," by W. O. E. Oesterley; "Rembrandt's Etchings," by A. N. Hind; "Diabolo," a guide to the new game, by David P. Ward; and "The Manchester and Glasgow Road," by Charles G. Harper.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for early publication "Twentieth Century American," by H. Perry Robinson; "Climate—Considered Especially in Relation to Man," by R. De C. Ward; Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe," Volume III., translated by W. A. Cooper.

In February Henry Holt & Co. will have ready a new novel by William De Morgan called "Somehow Good." The plot is said to deal with London of the present day.

Taking advantage of Antonio Fogazzaro's contemplated visit to this country, John W. Luce & Co. will issue, January 20, his novel, "The Politician."

Clement K. Shorter is preparing a work on "The Brontës; Life and Letters," which is meant to be a final and complete record of the family from Mrs. Gaskell's biography and from many unpublished manuscripts. Mr. Shorter also has in hand a life of George Borrow.

A volume of selections from the addresses of Attorney-General Bonaparte is in preparation. The book will be arranged so as to offer a fairly connected account of the Civil Service Reform movement, Indian affairs, and other public interests with which Mr. Bonaparte has been connected. It is understood that a publisher has not been selected, although a considerable part of the material is prepared.

An interesting and comprehensive contribution to the history of modern Japan will be the volumes edited by Count Okuma, covering the last fifty years of the empire's development. The Japanese edition, now in the press, is to be ready this month, and the English issue, translated by Capt. Brinkley, is to be brought out by the London *Times* a few weeks later. The book, which includes among its joint authors some of the greatest scholars and statesmen of the country, has evidently been written with a view to removing misrepresentations about Japan, that have found currency in foreign lands. The Japanese edition will comprise a volume of about 2,000 pages. Among the contributors is the aged Prince Keiki Tokugawa, the last of the Shoguns, who will relate his reminiscences as the hero in those exciting events that led up to the restoration of the Mikado to supreme power, and the throwing open of Japan to the outside world. Count Okuma himself writes a chapter involving a thorough examination of education in pre-Restoration Japan, adding also a concluding résumé of the special lines of progress that characterize the growth of Japan during the last half-century. Prince Ito, father of his country's Constitution, is to deal with that document; and the Marquis Matsukata, capitalist and financial adviser to the present government, discusses finance. Prince Yamagata, another of the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, the creator of the conscriptive system that so effectively democratized Japan's army, is to treat military growth and equipment. Admiral Count Yamamoto, one of the heroes of the late war, is to recount the phenomenal expansion of the Japanese navy. Doubtless one of the most interesting chapters will be that in which the collaborators are Count Itagaki, Professor Ukita, and the editor in chief, on the subject of Japan's political parties. Viscount Inouye, to whose industry the development of railways in Japan is largely due, will contribute his views on this subject. Education during the Meiji era, *i. e.*, during the last forty years, will be dealt with by the Marquis Saionji. Baron Shibusawa, who stands preeminent among Japan's bankers and merchant princes, writes on Japanese banks and commercial companies. Two representatives of Christianity, Bishop Honda and Mr. Yamaji, will relate the progress of that religion, and take up Japanese history from a moral and ethical point of view. One foreigner, Dr. Baelz, a German professor of medicine in the Imperial University, Tokio, deals with the subject of Japanese physique. That this subject should claim a separate chapter and special treatment is significant of the definite and detailed manner in which Japan is devoting attention to every phase of life that bears on her efficiency as a world-power, even to the extent of practically undertaking to increase the defective stature of the nation.

"Who's Who" for 1908 comes to us from the Macmillan Company, the most welcome reference book of the year. The number of biographies continues to increase, bringing the pages up to something over 2,000. The names included are of necessity chiefly British, but it differs from "Who's Who in America" and "Wer Ist's" in extending its hospitality to a considerable number of foreign persons. England, America, and Germany are now well provided for; there is pressing need for a volume devoted to celebrities of the Latin countries.

"Canada as I Saw It" is the title of a series of letters by W. Redwood, first written for the Bristol (England) *Western Daily Press*, and now republished in neat book form (Bristol: Reid), with illustrations by S. J. Loxton, a British artist. The volume covers some 15,000 miles of travel in the summer of 1907, when Mr. Redwood went out to inspect Canada with the Dominion government press party. There are a discussion of the Asiatic question in British Columbia, an investigation of irrigation and traffic, a statistical review of the general development of the country, and an inquiry into the possibility that the Dominion may some day supply all the grain required by Great Britain.

"Holland Sketches," by Edward Penfield (Charles Scribner's Sons), contains some very charming fragments of Holland done in color, albeit the choice of subjects shows the mere accepted conventionalities of the artist's Holland—nay, of the picture post-card Holland even. The Amsterdam orphan in her bi-colored dress, suggestive of a checkered career in life, the great patched sails, the Marken fishers, and the windmills are typical features almost as familiar as national flags. But these are not all. The Café Spaander is more novel, and so is Taking Toll, which shows, in delightful rich browns, a skipper lowering a wooden shoe to the tollman, as a convenient receptacle for the few stuivers due for the transit of the *Boeier* through the lock. The Shoeshop, too, has an original touch. The letterpress accompanying the artist's work is pleasant enough, but slight in scope, merely the words of an observing passerby. Only one wonders a little over the pretty little tale of "A Christmas in the Café Spaander." Can it be really true that it is *Christmas* that now rouses the expectations of the Holland children? Have the little peasants forgotten the Day of St. Nicholas as their gift-tide, when their own Dutch Santa Claus was wont to fill the wooden shoes of all orthodox lads and *meisjes* whose Calvinistic progenitors instituted December 5 as a Protestant substitute for Christmas identified with the Church of Rome? It looks so, if this pleasant picture of the benevolent artist, whose Christmas gifts compensated for a bad fishing season, be a true impression of his view of winter Holland.

Uniform with "Castles and Chateaux of Old Touraine" and "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre," both by Francis Miltoun, L. C. Page & Co. publish "The Castles and Keeps of Scotland," by Frank Roy Fraprie. He has "tried to bring together some of the history and romance which attach to the more important castles of Scotland, and to tell enough of their architectural peculiarities to enable the visitor to understand what he is viewing." The plans and illustrations, more than fifty in number, are excellent. Many are reproduced from photographs, and some are colored.

The Clarendon Press adds to its Tudor and Stuart Library "Shakespeare's Sonnets and A Lover's Complaint," following the text of 1609, with an Introduction by W. H. Hadow. The editor takes a ground mediate between those who make of the Sonnets a bloodless allegory and those who interpret them as an exact transcript from life. He is willing to admit the reality of a triangular relationship and the two loves. The man he holds to be William Herbert and he accepts the now pretty well exploded theory that Mary Fitton was the woman implicated. So far the Sonnets follow facts. But, in Mr. Hadow's opinion, it is impossible that any man, even Shakespeare, could have shown the forbearance of the first scene, or could have sunk to the degradation of the second. As a dramatist, Shakespeare has simply taken the emotions given him by his friendship and his love in rivalry, and carried them out to their ultimate terms. The theory is ingenious; but, one asks, if, as Mr. Hadow asserts, it is impossible to believe that the events took place as they are here depicted, wherein lies their dramatic justification? Mr. Hadow thus, unconsciously, undermines the value of the Sonnets as poetry, while trying to save the character of the poet. The typography, we may add, makes this one of the pleasantest of editions of the Sonnets to read for those who like the old spelling.

The quarterly instalment of the "New English Dictionary" (Henry Frowde) has promptly appeared—a triple number giving 5,726 words (Polygenous to Premious). Dr. Murray begins, in fact, where he left off last April, and courageously reaches daylight after traversing the jungle of words compounded with Poly-; but somehow President Eliot's coinage of Polydenominational, applied to the Harvard Divinity School in his last Report, has been omitted. Born too late for last April's issue, and excluded from the present number by what may be called the lexicographical precession of the alphabet, this sesquipedalian rarity has fallen between two stools and must wait for some future appendix. A survey of the introductory articles in this number on Pre- and Post- and on Poly- in its predecessor shows how very recent are most of these unrefreshing compounds. Indispensable for scientific exposition, their multiplication threatens nevertheless to muddy the stream of English undefiled. Thackeray, for instance, spoke in a jocular vein of Præ-railroadites, but then came George Eliott, who fails, even with alliteration's artful aid, to excite our mirth when she speaks of old portraits stretching back "to the pre-portraying period." Old English words will not nest in these thickets of many-syllabled profusion. Among the 16,486 words in the first four instalments of the letter P, only four are genuinely Old English; this section and its predecessor show more of them, but still relatively few when all are told. The bulk of words under P is a comparatively recent accretion, and one which must always be contemplated with mixed feelings. In this number the vast majority of sound monosyllabic vocables derive through French from Latin, as Preach, Praise, and Pray. Through Latin in turn came several important Greek words, as Pomp and Practice. A most instructive group of articles are those on Post^2 and its derivatives, where a history of the modern postal system from the sixteenth century onwards is spread before us. Curious lore is also given under Pound, Potato, Polynesia, and Pomander, though the relevance of the title, "The Divine Pymander of Mercurius Trismagistus" (1650), instanced to exemplify the figurative use of Pomander as a book of prayers or secrets, is perhaps open to question.

The name "Modern Studies" does not indicate the full scope of Prof. Oliver Elton's book recently published by Longmans, Green & Co. The second half of the volume is, to be sure, made up of essays on Tennyson, Swinburne, George Meredith, Henry James, and "Living Irish Literature," but the medial essays on "Recent Shakespeare Criticism" and "The Meaning of Literary History" deal only in part with modern interpretations of old themes, and there still remain the papers on "Giordano Bruno in England," "Literary Fame," and "Color and Imagery in Spenser," which are almost purely antiquarian. Perhaps it is not fantastic to find the title significant of the two influences of modernism and scholasticism which have come together in Professor Elton's work. In Walter Pater, for whom Professor Elton has evidently a warm admiration, those two currents were thoroughly mingled. The scholastic study was there, but showed itself only in the illusion by which Pater's hedonistic modernism was made to masquerade as resuscitation of past modes of life. In Professor Elton's writing the two currents run rather side by side. Thus we begin to read in the "Spenser":

> Without the similes, the world of the "Faerie Queene" would be vaguer and more lifeless. It is full of the sound of running waters, and its ovals of faint sunshine are tempered by the forest branches.

That is pure Pateresque, but there follows an analysis of Spenser's metaphors very interesting in itself, but of the professorial notebook character. So with the "Shakespeare," which opens thus:

> The Germans like to tell of the *Nachleben* of Shakespeare, or that strange after-life of his in the industry of others, upon which his shade is silent.

That, again, has the note of Pater's modernism; what follows is a thoroughly keen discussion of the Shakespearean criticism of Brandes, Bradley, Churton Collins, and Walter Raleigh. Especially the summary of Professor Bradley's "Shakespearean Tragedy" will be welcome to those who have found some difficulty in grasping the philosophy of that remarkable book. Among the studies of recent writers, those on Tennyson and Henry James will probably be the most generally acceptable. The essay on James is particularly subtle, ending with this vivid bit of criticism:

> He is one of those who show life and living things under a microscope. The life is real enough, and yet unlike the reality we know. It is unlike the reality achieved by poetic insight and poetic glamour, while partaking of it because it is also a work of the constructive imagination. The effect of this *over-reality*, if it may so be called, is a kind of bewilderment and mirage. But the art is deep and real, and it also is founded on the watching of humanity, on the author's immersion in the fates of humanity.

Altogether, this is a book of erudition and insight, although its materials are not always fused into complete uniformity.

In our notice of Prof. Lane Cooper's "Theories of Style" (*Nation*, January 9) the words "One may feel that J. Addington Symonds's three essays on style should not be totally neglected," are not quite precise. Symonds is listed in the Bibliography, although passed over in the selections that make up the text.

The *American Journal of International Law* for October has just appeared. The delay is explained by the fact that the managing editor, Dr. James Brown Scott, solicitor of the State Department, has been abroad as a representative of the United States at the Hague Conference. The number opens with a paper by Dr. Scott himself, "The Legal Nature of International Law." It is a trite saying that in the main that branch of the law lacks the sanctions which render municipal law effective: that autonomous states in the "concert" are theoretically equal, and, however potent public opinion in an international sense may be, one of those states may refuse to conform unless other nations coerce it. Dr. Scott recognizes this condition, but is most concerned with the fact that those nations, such as England and the United States, that regard the precepts of international law as part of their respective systems, find no difficulty in enforcing decrees based on those rules. Numerous decisions of English courts have definitely carried into effect principles of that branch of the law; and in that respect our United States courts, since the days of Marshall, have followed English precedents. The author is able to cite Jefferson and Hamilton, who disagreed on so many points, as agreeing that the law of nations makes, as the former puts it, "an integral part of the law of the land." Gaillard Hunt, in a paper on the "History of the Department of State," traces the origin of the department to the Committee of Correspondence of Revolutionary days. Wilbur J. Carr, in writing on "Our Consular Service," sets forth the present status of that service, and emphasizes the value of a recent executive order, which imposes new regulations affecting admission into the service, and promotion when once in it. There is also a paper on "Citizenship and Allegiance," by Prof. W. W. Willoughby of Johns Hopkins. The "Editorial Comment" includes "The Integrity of China, and the Open Door," and "The Recent Anglo-Russian Convention Relating to Persia." This number of the new quarterly completes its first year. There are nearly 1,070 pages, and a supplement of 430 pages more of important documents—treaties, conventions, etc. For publicists, historical students and teachers, and jurists, the publication should be very valuable. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.)

The twelfth volume of the "Political History of England," by Sydney Low and L. C. Sanders, covers the reign of Queen Victoria (Longmans, Green & Co.). Although it is hardly equal to the best volumes of the series, one notes with pleasure that the authors have not followed the precedent set by the last volume reviewed in our columns. Whereas Bacon's "Novum Organum" received but one line, and Shakespeare less than three, Darwin's "Origin of Species" gets half a paragraph, and Tennyson and the Brownings three pages. As in former volumes, the exclusion of economic questions mars the general outline presented, and leaves a somewhat one-sided impression.

"The Cotton Mills of South Carolina, 1907" (Charleston, S. C.: Daggett Printing Co)., consists of some thirty-odd letters written to the Charleston *News and Courier* by August Kohn. Five years ago Mr. Kohn prepared a series of articles on this subject for the *News and Courier*, but in the meantime the industry has developed largely; and he now presents a fresh survey of the field. His 225 closely printed pages exhibit, of course, the defects as well as the virtues of daily journalism. Three-fourths of the capital invested in manufactures in South Carolina are in cotton mills—a fact which indicates the importance of Mr. Kohn's field of investigation. He describes the various mill towns, the social and economic conditions, the status of child labor, and the details of "welfare work"; he discusses such topics as wages, cost of living, health of the operatives, their morals, their religious opportunities, "the little pleasures of life," and the labor supply. His conclusions are in many cases fortified by tables of prices of provisions, rent, the pay of various grades of operatives, and statistics of disease. He also goes into the capitalization of the mills and the profits of the enterprise, and the effect of the mills on the communities in which they are situated. In some instances—as regards health and morals, for example—exhaustive and accurate figures are in the nature of the case unobtainable. Nevertheless, his observations may be accepted as the best judgment he could form from the data within his reach.

The Harvard Studies in Classical Philology for 1907 (published by the University) offer as the leading article a study of logaœdic metre in Greek comedy, in which Prof. John Williams White, following Hephæstion, writes a palinode to the "abhorred" antispast whose name he never mentioned in the little treatise of 1878 on Rhythmic and Metric; by the same authority, he reinstates the choriamb as a fundamental foot. In studying ancient music and rhythm our questions should be: Was the metrician competent? Did he understand his subject? What did he really mean? When we have seized his meaning, it is our business to explain and expound it in terms of modern music. This is the sensible dictum of Henri Weil so long ago as 1872, which Professor White appears to approve. Greek rhythm, he remarks, was a highly developed art. That being the case, it is better to sit at the feet of the ancient authorities than to approach the subject with modern prepossessions. In a paper of decided literary charm and good sense, Arthur Alexis Bryant discusses "Boyhood and Youth in the Days of Aristophanes." At this period, apparently, the state did not preëmpt two years of a young man's life for military service in that Ephebic College which Aristotle describes; there is no evidence, in fact, that the state concerned itself with any part of the boy's training from the cradle to manhood. The concluding paragraph refers to the gracious and untroubled leisure of the slave-holding Athenian—a type now hardly imaginable—his life of political interests and service to the state, devoted to friendship and hospitality, his days of talk in the agora, his Attic Nights, not absolutely unlike the symposia of Plato and Xenophon. This disquisition, the learned, seamy side of which appears in the notes, might well be decanted into that occasional volume for exoteric readers which we petitioned for a year ago. Cleasby, in his analysis of the "Medea" of Seneca, endeavors to assign what is due respectively to Ovid and what to Seneca's own invention. To Seneca alone belong the incantation act, and the scenes between Medea and her nurse; to Ovid, the brilliant idea of introducing the wedding chorus; the gradual possession of Medea by a mænadic frenzy, and the "startling innovation" of the actual murder of the children in their father's presence and before the eyes of the spectators. For the sophistical *dicanic* argument of Euripides, Seneca substituted "flamboyant Roman rhetoric." Arthur Searle outlines a plausible scheme of the battle of Pharsalus. The laborious investigation of Arthur Patch McKinley with regard to the chronology of the work of Boethius, and the stylistic tests he has collected, however interesting and important, do not admit of convenient summary; the same may be said of Ernest Cary's study of the manuscript tradition of the "Acharnenses."

After an interruption of two years B. G. Teubner's well known "Philologischer Katalog" has again made its appearance, in the edition for 1907. It covers the bibliography of the following subjects: General Science of Language, Modern History, Science of Religion, Geography, Ethnology, Economics, Political and Legal Science, Universities and Education. The new publications of the past two years have been added to each department. A new feature is the *Illustrierte Anhang* containing a selection of extracts from prominent works dealing with classical antiquity, together with tables of contents and specimen pages.

The edition of the Greek Commentary on Aristotle's work, which the Berlin Academy of Sciences has had in hand for several decades, is brought almost to completion by the large volume, No. VIII. in the series, prepared by Prof. K. Kalbfleisch of Marburg, and containing the Commentary of Simplicius on the Aristotelean Categories. The only part yet lacking, namely Philoponus on the "Analytica Posteriora," is already in press. The whole will be one of the most splendid critical editions of any Greek text ever printed, extending to fifty-one parts in twenty-three volumes, together with three supplementary volumes. It is particularly gratifying that the father of the whole collection, Prof. Hermann Diels of the Berlin University, together with his chief assistants, the philologians Hayduck and Wallies, have been able to see the completion of this *magnum opus*.

In the Imperial budget of Germany for 1908 30,000 marks are appropriated for work on Grimm's "Wörterbuch." The *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin declares that if a like sum is appropriated regularly, as will doubtlessly be done, the undertaking will be completed in about fifteen years and will discuss about five hundred thousand words.

In "Erlebtes und Erstrebtes: Reden und Aufsätze" (Munich: C. H. Beck) Oskar Jäger, a Nestor among teachers and writers on pedagogical subjects in Germany, gives in twenty-six essays and addresses the fruit of his experience. The first half bears the summary title "Erinnerungen und Gelegenheitsreden," and the second "Schulreform und Verwandtes." Practically every phase of educational discussion in recent decades is here considered.

A national association, the Kepler-Bund, composed largely of scientists, has been formed in Germany under the presidency of Dr. Philipp Zorn of the law faculty of Bonn. The avowed purpose is to demonstrate that the position taken against the teachings of Christianity by the philosophy of monism, as voiced chiefly by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the zoölogist of Jena, and by the Monistenbund, organized some months ago for the purpose of instituting a monistic religious cult to take the place of Christianity, are for scientific and not for religious reasons to be rejected. This organization is largely the outcome of an agitation begun by Prof. E. Dennert, botanist of the pedagogical institute in Godesberg, near Bonn. In a membership of some seven hundred persons, including members of the philosophical, law, and medical faculties of Berlin and other universities, there are only thirty theologians; and in the executive and editorial committee of thirty there are only two theologians. The Kepler-Bund proposes to meet monism theoretically and practically, and expects to demonstrate that even the strictest application of scientific principles to the investigation of nature will not result in a scheme antagonistic to the leading principles of Christianity.

A posthumous work of the late Prof. Otto Zöckler of the University of Greifswald has been issued by Bertelsmann, Gütersoh, entitled "Geschichte der Apologetik des Christentums."

A new work, entitled "Unsere religiösen Erzieher," edited by Prof. B. Bess (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), gives from the pens of recognized scholars a collection of biographical studies of leading agents in the development of Christianity from the time of Moses to the present day. Vol. I. selects nine prominent characters; Vol II., eight.

The publishing house of Eduard Trewendt of Berlin announces as forthcoming an extensive series on Bismarck, his times and work, entitled "Geschichte des Fürsten Bismarck in Einzeldarstellungen," consisting of small-priced volumes of about 300 pages each, the whole to be completed in about five years. The editor is Johannes Penzler of Leipzig, but the names of fully a dozen other scholars have been announced as collaborators.

In Dr. R. Schmidt's "Fakire und Fakirtum im alten und modernen Indien," recently published by Barsdorf in Berlin, we have an interesting series of investigations concerning fakirs in India and the marvellous performances, for which these ascetics and religious mendicants have become famous. The book is based to a considerable extent on the research of the Oriental scholars Prof. Ernst Kuhn of Munich and Prof. Richard Garbe of Tübingen, which the author has utilized in connection with his own investigations. One of the most noted feats of the fakirs is to be buried alive and after forty days to be restored to life. Europeans are inclined to regard this act as a farce and fraud, but in the view of Dr. Schmidt so many cases of it have occurred under the direct supervision of governmental officials, both native and English, as to render this explanation impossible. Popular opinion in India, on the contrary, accepts the wonderful phenomenon as something supernatural, the manifestation of superhuman powers acquired by a holy life. In general the fakir himself does not claim a miraculous character for such exploits, as is evident from Dr. Schmidt's description of the means employed by him for their accomplishment. Thus in a case at Amritsar in the presence of the minister in Derbar the fakir lived on milk for three days beforehand and after a complete evacuation of the bowels by cathartics stopped the nose, ears, and all other apertures of the body with wax. Then after drawing his breath he fell down, closed his eyes, and was apparently dead, his whole body becoming cold except one spot on the crown of his head, which was burning hot with strong pulsations of the blood. He was placed in a coffin and buried in a grave expressly prepared for him in a small house, which the minister caused to be built for this purpose. Grains of wheat and rice were sown on the grave, the door of the house was locked and sealed, and guarded by sentinels, who were changed every two hours. On the fortieth day the grave was opened and the body was found in precisely the same position and condition as it was when first placed there, only the skin had grown more yellowish. The servant of the fakir, in accordance with his master's instructions, now began the process of revivification. First he laid a thick piece of newly baked bread burning hot on the top of the fakir's head, which in that spot showed the same degree of heat as at the time of his burial. Then the limbs were vigorously rubbed or massaged and the wax removed from the apertures of the body. No sooner was this done than the fakir opened his eyes and recovered his senses and after a hot bath his vitality was wholly restored. Dr. Schmidt treats the subject from every conceivable scientific point of view, physiological, autohypnotic, and climatic, and suggests an analogy between the apparent death of fakirs and the hibernation of animals.

The management of the Weimar Nietzsche Archiv has received from the director of the Museum of Arts in Stockholm, Dr. Ernst Thiel, the munificent sum of 300,000 kronen. Personal friendship for the Nietzsche family is declared to have prompted Director Thiel to make this gift.

Prof. Karl Vossler, who holds the chair of Romance languages in the University of Heidelberg, has begun the publication of a scholarly investigation of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, entitled "Die Göttliche Komödie: Entwicklungsgeschichte und Erklärung." So far only Band i. of Teil I. has been issued by Karl Winter, Heidelberg, in a volume of 265 pages (5 marks). This contains only the first half of a history of the development of the "Divine Comedy," which is to be discussed from the religious, the philosophical, the ethico-political, and the literary points of view. The commentary proper is to appear in two, and possibly three, volumes.

To those, if there be such, who still cherish the British and German superstition that France has no poetry, we recommend "The Oxford Book of French Verse," edited by St. John Lucas and published by Henry Frowde. There are qualities that will be missed in these pages—the characteristic gravity of English at its best, the *Gemüthlichkeit* of German, the Oriental richness of Spanish—but from the "Belle Éremhor" of the twelfth century to the "Sagesse" of Verlaine in the nineteenth here is a stream of melody and grace, of *gaulois* humor, sly wit, and pathetic revery which may stand beside the anthology from any language. For our own taste the editor is too much in the thrall of the old romantic exclusiveness. Half the volume is given up to the nineteenth century, Victor Hugo and especially Alfred de Musset holding a predominance out of all proportion. The eighteenth century, with the exception of André Chénier, receives even less space than it deserves, and the great classical poets of the seventeenth, again with the exception of La Fontaine, are treated with scant courtesy. At least one extract is admitted from the plays of Corneille; after such an admission it is hard to understand why Racine should not be represented by some of the superb choruses from "Esther" and "Athalie" and even by one or two of the notable passages from his dialogue. Granting, however, this strong romantic predilection, we have only praise for Mr. Lucas's taste and scope. He has made a volume to read and to keep.

The National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education will meet at Chicago, January 23-25. A long programme of addresses is announced for the public dinner and meetings, among the speakers being Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard; Edgar E. Clark, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; James M. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers; Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation; Carroll D. Wright, president of

Clark College; James O'Connell, president of the International Association of Machinists; J. F. Deems, general superintendent of motive power of the New York Central lines; E. P. Bullard, president of the Bullard Machine Tool Company; Horace F. Deemer, justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa, and Miss Jane Addams of Hull House.

Special interest attaches to the annual report, just issued, of the San Francisco Public Library for the year ending June 30, 1907. Of the entire system, numbering April 1, 1906, 166,344 volumes. there were left after the fire only 27,976 volumes. The destruction of the central library was complete, every volume disappearing in the flames. Of the six branches, two were completely destroyed, and two others severely injured. The work of restoration began with the two injured branches, which were soon put in condition for active service, so that for the greater part of the year four branches were in operation. Work was immediately begun on a temporary structure for the central library, and this building is expected to be ready for occupancy this present month. During the past year, 22,377 volumes were added to the library, and 5,802 were withdrawn or lost, making a net gain of 16,575. These, with the remnant left by the fire, made a present total of 44,551. For the next five years at least it is proposed to spend $25,000 a year for new books. The circulation for the year was 349,646 volumes, which compares with a circulation of 830,225 for the year ending July, 1905, the last complete year before the fire. The registry of borrowers now shows 19,822 card-holders, somewhat less than half the number registered before the fire.

Library conditions in Maryland, as set forth in the last annual report of the State Library Commission, appear rather discouraging, in spite of the remarkable development of library work in Baltimore. Not only the small towns and villages, but even the larger towns and cities, are reported, with few exceptions, as lacking in proper library facilities. Some aggressive work for library extension during the year is reported, the principal agencies used being a "field worker" and a system of travelling libraries. The field worker devoted his attention chiefly to the Eastern Shore, where during a stay of two months he visited thirteen towns, and organized six new library associations. Through the travelling library system, consisting of eighty-three libraries of thirty-five volumes each, forty-five towns were reached by the Commission, and seventy-nine cases of books circulated.

The summer course of the New York State Library School is to be enriched this year by including, in addition to the general elementary course heretofore offered, three special courses: (1) Reference work, to be given in May, by J. I. Wyer, jr., formerly librarian of the University of Nebraska, and now vice-director of the State Library School; (2.) Book selection, in June, under the direction of Miss Wheeler, bibliographer in the State Library, and compiler of the annual "Best Books" lists; (3) Library work with children, in June, by Miss Hunt, superintendent of children's work in the Brooklyn Public Library, and Miss Olcott, director of the Training School for Children's Librarians in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Both the regular and special courses of the Summer School are open only to those holding paid library positions, or those under definite written engagement to such positions. No charge for tuition is made to those engaged in library work in this State.

The New York Library Association will hold its next annual conference at the Sagamore Hotel, Lake George, September 21 to 28, 1908.

The Rev. Edgar Sanderson, a writer of popular history, died in England, December 31, in his seventieth year. His "History of the British Empire" has run through twenty editions. He was also author of "The Creed and the Church."

Holger Drachmann, the Danish poet, died January 13, at Hornbach. He was born in Copenhagen in 1846, and was educated at Copenhagen University and the Academy of Fine Arts. He studied marine painting from 1866 to 1870, and achieved considerable success as an artist. In his later years, however, he devoted his energies chiefly to literature. Among his books are "Poems." 1872; "Muffled Melodies," 1875; "Young Blood," 1876; "Songs of the Sea," and "Over the Frontier There," 1877; "Tendrils and Roses," "On the Faith and Honor of a Sailor," "Paul and Virginia," and "Lars Kruse," 1879; "East of the Sun and Moon," 1880; "Chrysalis and Butterfly," and "Don Juan" (a translation), 1882; "Strandby Folk," 1883; "Once Upon a Time," 1885; "Volünd Smed," "Brav-Karl," "Melodramas," and "Gurre," 1899; "Daedalus" and "Hallfred Vandraadeskjald," 1900.

A SERVANT OF THE IDEAL.

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. Illustrated with portraits and original drawings. 2 vols. New York: The McClure Co. $6 net.

That the most important book of the past year in autobiography, if not in all biography, should prove in some measure disappointing, is not the fault of the autobiographer. The blame must be distributed among the publishers, the translator of the earlier parts, and the editors.

For the chief disappointment the publishers are responsible. They have so announced these two volumes as at least to permit purchasers to suppose the work complete. As a matter of fact, the second volume closes with an account of the battle of Chancellorsville, leaving Schurz only thirty-four. The record of those years, as written by himself, is a fascinating story. But the story of the forty-three years that were still to follow could hardly be less interesting; and it would have an even greater value, since it would throw light upon events and men that are not yet so well understood as those which are here dealt with. We are not told how far beyond 1863 Schurz had progressed with his narrative. It is known, however, that he did not stop with Chancellorsville—or even with Appomattox. There is reason to believe that he had at least begun to write about Grant's Administration. Perhaps we may hope, therefore, to have from his pen accounts of the men of that period—Grant, Conkling, Blaine, and the rest—as illuminating and convincing as the characterizations we now have of the many remarkable personages—German, Italian, English, and American—whom he encountered in the earlier half of his career.

The translator of the earliest portion of these reminiscences, which, because it is concerned with Germany, Schurz preferred to write in German, has not, in fact, done her work so badly. But German, as Schurz himself has occasion to point out, does not translate into English so readily as English into German. There are too many sentences that keep the German idiom. One cannot help regretting, therefore, that a man who had attained such exceptional mastery of both languages should have permitted his German to be turned into any English but his own.

The editors have been wise in not attempting to rewrite anything, although, as they tell us, Schurz merely set down his recollections as they came to him, following only a loose chronological order; and he would certainly have revised the whole carefully had he lived. It is best to keep what he wrote as he wrote it. But the decision not to revise is hardly an excuse for careless proofreading; and of this there are so many signs that it would be useless to begin enumerating them. When the still unpublished reminiscences are ready, the whole should be edited again by some practised hand.

But we must not dwell too long on minor imperfections of so entirely desirable a book. As one grows older, it is books like this—the records of interesting and admirable lives, preferably in autobiographical form—to which one turns for the pleasure which even the best novels no longer seem to yield. Not only had Carl Schurz an uncommonly interesting and admirable life to relate, he had also uncommon qualifications for the task. He had a gift of strong, clear statement, which he did not lose when he passed from the German to English—a disturbing transition, he confesses; for when he first went to England he thought the language quite the strangest and most difficult he had ever heard. He had a good narrative instinct. He had made such an early plunge into affairs, and come so soon into intimate association with leading men and intimate knowledge of the springs of important happenings, that his judgments possess, almost from the first, the quality which only experience can give. He had a sense of humor. He had a German heartiness which gives to his recital of things seen and done the same kind of zest he had in seeing and doing them. Yet he had also the keener and more delicate appreciations of an artistic temperament; for he was himself a musician of no mean attainment, and he cared intelligently as well as intensely for what is best in the other arts. Above all, he was an idealist, and could give to all he tells the charm which only idealism can shed upon men and things.

That, indeed, is the distinctive note of these volumes, as it was of the man's whole life; and the lesson and heartening from it all is nothing more or less than another demonstration of the great practical effectiveness of persistent idealism. For persistent it was, to an extraordinary degree, and of a toughness that kept it alive through countless disappointments with the very great world which Schurz inhabited. The first photograph—of the student at Bonn, nineteen years old, spectacled, dreamy-eyed, long-haired, trustful—holds no great promise, one might say, of any practical achievement. It would have been easy, one fancies, to set this youth down as a "mollycoddle"—if the school of achievement by compromise had possessed at that day such an epithet. Moreover, Schurz confesses that he had little relish for duelling bouts—the chief recreation of those German students who would most dislike to be called "mollycoddles"—and even less for their drinking bouts. Yet the dreamy-looking young fellow was hardly a year older when he made his skilful escape from the doomed fortress of Rastatt; he was not two years older when, from his exile in Switzerland, he boldly made his way across the German frontier, penetrated to Berlin, and effected the daring rescue of his fellow revolutionist, the poet Kinkel. The face of the old man of seventy-seven, who, in the frontispiece, sits in his study in New York—the picture of his youthful self and Kinkel hanging suggestively in the background—is not quite so dreamy and trustful. It has not entirely escaped an expression that may be thought world-weariness. But if one doubts whether the old fighting idealism was still there, one has only to read a certain trenchant pamphlet, "The Two Roosevelts," which will probably remain the best literary reverberation of the one-sided campaign of 1904.

These earliest and latest episodes of Schurz's public career in his two countries may well stand for what came between. The first showed that he had the courage to stick to his ideals with an unfaltering loyalty; the second, that he was no blind enthusiast, but could discriminate, and that he had also that highest type of civic courage with which a man breaks the ties of party, even of friendship, to pursue the course he thinks is right. The first kind of courage made him merely a brave fighter in good causes. The second kind made him a guide and leader of other men's consciences. His life-long distinction lay in precisely those changes of party which drew on him the wrath of such men as Blaine. In that, and also in an uncommonly various ability.

It is always necessary, no doubt, to be cautious about accepting a man's own version of his deeds and his motives. In a certain portion of these reminiscences—that, namely, which recounts Schurz's part in the Civil War—we have, in fact, been occasionally moved to suspect that he had come to feel too sure, not indeed of the courage and devotion, but of the skill and competence, which he displayed. It is a little strange, for instance, that he, a civilian general, should at Chancellorsville have seen so clearly, from the very first, the true character of Stonewall Jackson's famous march, and foreseen so clearly its overwhelming results—if the movement was, in fact, the consummate stroke of military genius which friends and foes have usually accounted it. But the tone of the whole is far from being vainglorious. On the contrary, it has the good taste in modesty which forbids insincere self-depreciation. As a rule, the facts and motives are given simply, straightforwardly, and left to speak for themselves; and we believe that in the matter of accuracy the narrative will stand well enough the test—which we have not space to apply here—of a comparison with other men's recollections, and with the official records, and with the formal histories.

The contribution which it makes to the historian's material is not insubstantial because it happens to be so acceptable in form and in human interest. Here, particularly, is an invaluable collection of portraits of famous people, beginning with the German revolutionists of 1848, and ending with the American statesmen and generals of 1861-1865. It is interesting to observe how considerable a number of the first group belonged also to the last. Schurz is himself only the most conspicuous representative of Germany's immense contribution to American manhood and American culture. According to one's temperament, one may draw either inspiration or encouragement from the readiness with which the beaten reformers of Europe found in America an opportunity to fight and suffer for the same old cause of human liberty. But Schurz's friendships with European reformers were not limited to Germans. Here are vivid pictures of Kossuth and Mazzini, whom he knew in England, and of the whole remarkable colony of exiles for freedom's sake who gathered in London after the defeat of the various revolutionary movements of 1848 on the Continent; and here, at the very end of Volume I., and at the moment of Schurz's solemn resolve to make America his home, is an encounter, dramatic enough for a novel, with Louis Blanc on a bench in Hyde Park.

For the French, and for Paris, where he spent some time after the Kinkel rescue, Schurz seems to have had an appreciation and sympathy a shade less warm than in the case of most civilizations other than his own. He confesses candidly how revolting he sometimes found the licentiousness of the great French capital. But there is not enough to convict so remarkably catholic a spirit of anything like prejudice; and per contra there is no better word-portrait in the book, and none more seemingly extravagant, than that of the great French actress, Rachel, whom he ventured to go to see in Berlin, while he was there to rescue Kinkel. This is but a part of it:

> But who can describe the witcheries of her gestures and the changeful play of her eyes and features? They in their turn served to make the spoken word almost superfluous. There was, of course, nothing of that aimless swinging of arms and sawing of the air and the other perfunctory doings of which Hamlet speaks. Rachel's action was sparing and simple. When that beautiful hand, with its slender, almost transparent fingers, moved, it spoke a language every letter of which was a revelation to the beholder. When those hands spread out with open palms and remained for a moment in explanatory attitude—an attitude than which the richest fancy of the artist could not have imagined anything more beautifully expressive—they made everything intelligible and clear; at once you understood all and were in accord with her. When those hands stretched themselves out to the friend or to the lover, accompanied by one of those smiles which were rare in Rachel's acting, but which, whenever they appeared, irradiated all surroundings like friendly sunbeams breaking through a clouded sky—a tremor of happiness ran all over the house. When she lifted up her noble head with the majestic pride of authority, as if born to rule the world, every one felt like bowing before her. Who would have dared to disobey when, the power of Empire on her front, she raised her hand in a gesture of command? And who could have stood up against the stony glare of contempt in her eye, and the haughty toss of her chin, and the disdainful wave of her arm, which seemed to sweep the wretch before her into utter nothingness?

Save in the accounts of first hearings of the overture to "Tannhäuser," conducted by Wagner himself, whom Schurz had known as an unpopular fellow-exile in Switzerland, and of a performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, one does not find such raptures anywhere else in the book.

It is the European reminiscences which will prove freshest to most Americans. It is they, also, which bring into the clearest light the side of Schurz's own character which Americans are most likely to ignore—his wide culture, his cosmopolitan interests and point of view, his versatility. They make all the better reading because they transport one to scenes with which most travelled Americans are familiar—the Rhine country about and above Cologne, Switzerland, Paris, London, and later on, during Schurz's ministry to Spain, Madrid.

The Spanish mission, brief as it was, must yet be accounted one of the chief episodes of Schurz's career. For from Madrid he sent to Seward the now famous letter in which he urged that the best way to win over European public opinion to the Union cause would be to make that cause distinctly the cause of freedom against slavery. His residence in Spain, taken with his general knowledge of Europe, enabled him to present that view of the situation convincingly—not, indeed, to Seward, who rejected it, but to Lincoln, whom he soon came home to see in person. It is an interesting side light on history which one gets from Schurz's story of that interview:

> I repeated to Mr. Lincoln substantially the contents of my dispatch of September 18 [to Seward]. I did not deem it proper to ask him whether he had ever seen that dispatch, and he did not tell me that he had. But he listened to me very attentively, even eagerly, as I thought, without interrupting me. I was still speaking when the door of the room was opened, and the head of Mr. Seward appeared. "Excuse me, Seward," said Mr. Lincoln, "excuse me for a moment. I have something to talk over with this gentleman." Seward withdrew without saying a word.

Lincoln seemed at least half convinced; and a consideration of the probable effect in Europe undoubtedly helped to hearten him for the several steps against slavery, culminating in the great proclamation, which he took within the year.

For most readers, the interest of the narrative will reach its height in those pages which deal with Lincoln. Schurz had come to know, before 1861, nearly all the foremost political anti-slavery men, for his leadership of the thousands of Germans who went over from the Democratic to the Republican party on the slavery issue made him a man who could not be neglected. Visiting New England, he made friends also with most of the men—Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, and the rest—who fought the literary battle against slavery. With Longfellow, he became particularly intimate. A good evidence of his perspicacity is to be found in the attention he gives to such comparatively hidden actors in the great drama as the late F. W. Bird of Massachusetts—a man whose devotion and sagacity went chiefly to the making of the more conspicuous careers of other men, such as Sumner and John A. Andrew. Nor did Schurz fail to study closely the leaders of the other side, or blind himself to their strength. One could hardly find anywhere a better brief appreciation of the headlong, unscrupulous force of Stephen A. Douglas, or of the real distinction of Jefferson Davis—men who stood for things which Schurz hated with all his soul.

But the friendship with Lincoln, beginning on the railway train which bore Lincoln to the joint debate with Douglas at Quincy, Ill., in 1858, deserves first place among his intimacies with great men; and Schurz deserves to be set down as one of those who really possessed Lincoln's confidence and probably exerted a real influence on his course. How well he understood Lincoln his well-known brief biography had attested long before the appearance of these volumes. What one now learns is, how well Lincoln knew Schurz, and how highly he valued him.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rosalind at Redgate. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

For the invention of preposterous but fairly engaging plots the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles" will suffer no loss of reputation through this latest novel. The situation turns upon the all but complete resemblance existing between two young women, cousins, neither of whom has any acquaintance with the other. Rosalind lives with her father, Arthur Holbrook, in the seclusion of a bungalow-workshop beside an inland lake, where, under an assumed name, he has found shelter from some disgrace. Helen Holbrook has come unwittingly with her aunt into this very neighborhood in an attempt to escape from the importunities of her spendthrift father, Henry, who, as it finally transpires, was the real culprit, spared the price of dishonor through a brother's self-immolation. Two lovers of Helen prowl about the scene, scenting danger, baffled by the perversities of her conduct (for they do not dream that she has a double), but at last achieving a happy division of the spoils, quite to every one's liking. There is melodrama and to spare, for the wicked Henry will not be balked in his efforts to get control of a great inheritance, save by the very sight of his forgeries, supposedly destroyed; and in his employ is a sinister Italian sailor, with pistol and stiletto.

Incidentally—for the story is unquestionably the thing—there is some clever character-delineation. Helen's quaint and gentle "Aunt Pat," and the second lover, Reginald Gillespie, a fantastic and whimsical young plutocrat, may be remembered even after the covers of the novel have been closed.

Cupid the Cowpunch. By Eleanor Gates. New York: The McClure Co.

The child is indeed father to the man, and while the staggering infant yearns toward khaki and cap-pistols and the sophomore rejoices to ride red-shirted upon the Deadwood coach, so long will shaps and lariats on the stage and in fiction continue to assure the world that the only genuine triple-distilled American spirit begins—and ends—west of the Mississippi. New England and the South alike have had their day and ceased to be, from the point of view of literary vogue; and possibly fifty years hence the Philippines may be the accepted *mise-en-scene.* In the meantime there is an output of Western romance as boundless as the West itself. Cupid the Cowpunch being his own spokesman, his narrative presents an unbroken front of dialect; but this holds little terror for the delver in the fields of current literature. As one traces the fortunes and misfortunes of Miss Gates's lovable matchmaker, one drifts into pondering on the old question why women so often hanker to write from a man's point of view. Unless a woman is all a genius or half a man, her men are bound to be more or less conventional types; her strength and originality must lie in the portrayal of those she best understands—women. Of course, mind should be sexless; but this axiom comes true only in the case of genius. After all, it is ungracious in these days of ephemeral novels to quarrel with a book that gives us a pleasant hour because it can afford us no more than that. "Cupid the Cowpunch" is clean, wholesome, and amusing—in other words, not commonplace.

The World and the Woman. By Ruth Kimball Gardiner. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Washington is a favorite stamping ground of the tyro in fiction. Here is another novel which quite ruthlessly unmasks the double-dealing, pretence, and petty spite which play so sinister a part in the social life of the capital. To what tricks the upstarts resort in order to surmount the barriers of caste; how patrician ladies, hard put to it financially, must write anonymous articles for a scandal-mongering weekly; how whiskey-and-soda may tempt even a high-minded Senator to reveal State secrets—all this and infinitely more of equal significance may the curious reader find set forth in "The World and the Woman." Nor should the plot go unnoticed. Mrs. Macross, of "cave-dweller" stock, has returned to her native city with the noble resolve to make a happy match for her daughter, Lindsley. Though actually in straitened circumstances, a show of munificence enables her to rent an expensive house and to provide her daughter with all the privileges of wealth. But just as Lindsley is about to give her promise to a young man whom she loves, she discovers the coil in which her mother's devotion has involved them both; and, to prevent disgrace, she accepts an offer of marriage from a worthy and well-to-do old Senator. Young Beauchamp pleads with her eloquently: "Did you ever think," he asks, "what marriage means? There's more to it than a church wedding and a lot of new frocks." At this Lindsley hesitates. Beauchamp has enough money to settle all the family difficulties with ease. True love is victorious. And after the departure of the happy lovers, Mrs. Macross, who—we agree with the author—has "played a great game," seeks out her repentant scapegrace of a husband, always lurking in the background of the story, and begins life over again with him.

That Affair at Elizabeth. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

There is a prevalent impression that the success of a detective story may be gauged by the extent of the reader's mystification. According to such a standard the present novel should rank high. But the plot claims a moment's scrutiny—as a specimen of plot-making. Beautiful Marcia Lawrence, not more than an hour before the time set for her marriage to Burr Curtiss, has disappeared. A note discovered on her dressing-table declares that she has found the marriage to be impossible; that she cannot explain; that no effort must be made to find her. To the aid of the frenzied lover, who has no intention of relinquishing his sweetheart so easily, comes a New York lawyer, Lester, a person already familiar to readers of Mr. Stevenson's stories. Mysteries beset every step of the search; but at last the truth seems to have been brought to light: Burr Curtiss is the son of Marcia's mother by a former and clandestine marriage. Of this fact both mother and son have been ignorant. That Mrs. Lawrence has given so little aid in the search is not due, as Lester naturally supposes, to her possession of this secret, but, it transpires, to the possession of another secret, equally dark, which, for Marcia's sake, she has not revealed. The ultimate revelation of it saves the day: Marcia is not her own daughter, but the daughter out of wedlock of her deceased husband. The curious physical resemblance between Marcia and Curtiss is due to the fact that the father of the one and the mother of the other were brother and sister. Thus all barriers to the union of the severed lovers are removed. It is perhaps excusable to inquire whether, in this conclusion, a rather gross breach of detective-story etiquette has not been committed. If we mistake not, the detective story is a sort of game in which reader and author are pitted against each other. The reader is glad, nay anxious, to be beaten, if so be that the means resorted to are fairly according to the rules. The story-teller must furnish something more than a mere solution; his solution is to possess such plausibility and naturalness that the reader might have hit upon it for himself, had his wits but been sharp enough. But when recourse is had to the unsavory device of two secret misalliances in the same family, it is to the reader's credit if he does not reach the goal ahead of the author. Furthermore, the plot is confused by unproductive side-mysteries and by much cheap writing.

The Jessop Bequest. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A novel may be without especial originality or significance in itself, and yet possess interest as permitting the reader, as he fancies, a peep into the psychic processes of the writer. "The Jessop Bequest" is a case in point. Considering the number of preceding books cited on the title-page, one is somewhat surprised by the youthful point of view of the author—though a certain vernal ardor of iconoclasm may co-exist with much mental labor, if not with any great degree of experience. It is, however, decidedly the hallmark of immaturity to confound Christianity with sectarianism, a fallacy which is so cherished by the author that one is forced to the conviction that she must have known an extremely disagreeable set of Episcopalians. The story shows a wide range of reading—a deduction corroborated by the chapter headings, which are of notable research and ingenuity.

Napoleon's Young Neighbor. By Helen Leah Reed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This book deserves notice, not for its literary style, which is a negligible quantity, but for its sincerity. Written by a manifest admirer of the Little Corporal, it is simply a circumstantial account of Napoleon's life and death on St. Helena. Its superabundance of detail may possess a certain interest for those who prefer their history dished with sauce more or less piquant, but to the general reader it will appear a harmless, unnecessary tale, and its little life be rounded with a sleep.

Förlorade Söner. By Gustaf Janson. Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus.

This is a rather protracted story of two young men, or rather of only one, who developed into a conscious worshipper of Mammon, with a hardness of feeling that does not impress one as natural. Some of the accessory figures are excellently drawn, especially the prodigal's father, and we get an interesting picture of the life among the *honratiores* in a Swedish country village.

Launcelot and Guenevere: A Poem in Dramas. By Richard Hovey. 5 vols.: I. The Quest of Merlin, a Masque. II. The Marriage of Guenevere, a Tragedy. III. The Birth of Galahad, a Romantic Drama. IV. Taliesen, a Masque. V. The Holy Grail and Other Fragments. Along the Trail, Collected Poems. By Richard Hovey. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.25 each.

If we are to accept the statements of the editors and the author's own notes, in addition to the evidence of the poems themselves, Mr. Hovey appears to have had a whole theory or system of the relation of family and state, of love and marriage—in short, the foundations of a new morality, if not of a new sociology, which he was seeking to lay in this series of masques and dramas. Unfortunately in the fragmentary condition of the cycle it is impossible to guess exactly the solution which he had to offer of what is after all the eternal conflict between individual inclination and social obligation. All we are told is that "an evolution of societies, governments, religions, an evolution of material conditions, mental conditions, spiritual conditions was the great groundwork of the 'Poem in Dramas.'" But the general machinery by which this vague and grandiose result was to be set forth, appears rather clearer. In all there were to have been nine plays distributed into three parts, or cycles, each part composed of "(1) a masque, *i. e.*, a musical (operatic) interlude or prelude, foreshadowing the events to follow, dealing with the supernatural elements of the myth and symbolizing the philosophic, æsthetic, and ethical elements of the series; (2) a tragedy; and (3) a play ending with a partial (Parts I. and II.) or complete (Part III.) reconciliation and solution."

What strikes one most forcibly about this scheme and its details, as preserved with a number of fragments in the fifth volume of the series, is its complexity, its extreme ingenuity in contrast with the instinct of a great dramatist like Racine. "What pleased me particularly about my subject," so he was wont to say, "was that I found it extremely simple." In the light of such a sentiment this tortured complication seems but another evidence of the unwillingness of the undisciplined writer to confine himself to the legitimate objects of his art and of his impatience with the great and simple conventions of art as shallow and silly. It is in this way that anomalous and hybrid forms of literature are produced, in the manner of a monstrous and symbolic Egyptian grotesque, like the Helena and the classic *Walpurgis Nacht* of Goethe, who, for all his genius, not infrequently went astray for want of a sound and well diffused critical opinion among his public to correct and restrain his individual errors and aberrations.

Nor is it altogether clear, from what Mr. Hovey had already done, that he was capable of succeeding in a doubtful, ambiguous sort of work, in which a Goethe himself was anything but successful. In his "Songs from Vagabondia," with his friend, Bliss Carman, and in his "Along the Trail" he shows himself as a pretty lyric poet, but a minor one, with a comparatively narrow angle of vision, however cheerful. Nor do the completed parts of his Launcelot show him in a much stronger light. Not only does he fail to realize the most dramatic situations of his fable, partly no doubt on account of his unfortunate philosophical prepossessions; but the best parts of his work are those in which the story has come to meet him, not those in which he has been obliged to meet the story. Much as his untimely death is to be lamented by every lover of verse, it is impossible to consider what remains of his cycle as a great or very significant poem or to believe that even if it were finished, it would be other than a work *manqué* as a whole, a thing of brilliant passages and of splendid promise for the time when the author should have found himself and his own best vein.

The Life of Christ in Recent Research. By William Sanday. New York: Henry Frowde.

This somewhat fragmentary volume may be regarded as a supplement to the article "Jesus Christ" in Hastings's "Dictionary of the Bible," since published under the title "Outlines of the Life of Christ," and also as a series of studies preparatory to a larger undertaking, the "Life of Christ," promised for the International Theological Library. The opening paper, "The Symbolism of the Bible," sets forth in a pleasing and persuasive manner the permanent and vital truths which lie concealed in the imagery of both Testaments, and which, because of their symbolic dress, are likely to remain unnoticed, or even to be discarded, in a prosaic and scientific age. There follows a series of six lectures on recent criticism of the evangelic records, and of endeavors to portray the personality and self-consciousness of the founder of Christianity. This painstaking review of the work of modern New Testament students, principally Germans, is the largest part of the book, and is the most interesting and valuable. Perhaps no volume is so well calculated to familiarize English readers with the results of Continental scholarship in this field. With a sincerity which no one can question, and with the fairness and candor for which he is noted, Professor Sanday discusses the views and researches of Weinel, Steinmann, Schweitzer, Baldensberger, Bousset, Johannes Weiss, Wrede, and Lietzmann, as well as Harnack, Wellhausen, and Jülicher, whose opinions are more widely known.

The gentle Oxford scholar will never be other than orthodox, and his temper is essentially conservative, yet it is evident that he is learning much from German students who are commonly tabooed in England. In this volume he admits a large element of truth in the contention that the teaching and conduct of Jesus were strongly influenced by the eschatological notions of contemporary Judaism. Professor Sanday says:

> I doubt if we have realized—I am sure that I myself until lately had not realized—how far the centre of gravity (so to speak) of our Lord's ministry and mission lay beyond the grave. I doubt if we have realized to what an extent He conceived of the kingdom of heaven as essentially future and essentially supernatural. . . . I doubt if we have appreciated the preliminary or preparatory character of His mission.

This is far in advance of the "Outlines," and while one cannot grant that Professor Sanday quite makes the most of this truth in its bearing upon the interpretation of Christ's teaching and person, the author's present attitude indicates that in the forthcoming "Life of Christ" something more thorough and adequate may be expected than he would have given us a few years ago. Indeed, the present volume contains a clear and manly retraction of the criticism advanced in the Hastings's "Dictionary" article upon the endeavor to determine and analyze the self-consciousness of Christ; the author now says of the attempt "to proceed from within outwards, and not from without inwards":

> So much has been done on these lines that is at once reverent and reasonable, and the result has been such a clear gain in reality of apprehension, that I would not express myself as opposed to it in principle.

This is an important admission, since it indicates at least an inclination toward such a change of method as may result in a more real and vital interpretation of the Christian documents, together with emancipation from some of the dogmatic presuppositions which have hindered historical insight.

It must not be inferred, however, that Dr. Sanday has gone over to what he terms "modern critical liberalism." With all his appreciation of German intellectual honesty and thoroughness of research, he insists that there has been no disturbance of the great landmarks. He is anxious to show that Christ "oversteps the human," and that he was "essentially more than man." His Christology is yet unaffected by the new criticism of whose truth he is persuaded, but it is difficult to see how it can permanently remain so, or how those who follow him in his critical admissions

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will remain unchanged in doctrine. We may look with some confidence for further retractions in the more thorough treatise on which he is engaged.

Saint Catherine of Siena: A Study in the Religion, Literature, and History of the Fourteenth Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner. Pp. xx, 440. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is no conventional biography of a canonized saint, but a study in Italian history centred in the work and personality of one of the most wonderful women who ever lived, the truest and most single-hearted patriot of her age. It is, in fact, a picture of the religious and political life of Italy during the epoch which immediately followed the times of Dante and ended with the Great Schism. In a word, Mr. Gardner has done for St. Catherine what Paul Sabatier did for St. Francis; and we are disposed to believe that, unless new records shall be brought to light, something like the final word on the subject has been said in these pages. Rarely do we find the critical faculty so happily blended with enthusiasm. The book is perhaps the best which has been written about Italy by any Englishman since the death of John Addington Symonds; and indubitably it is the best ever written about St. Catherine.

The range of Mr. Gardner's reading is enormous, and he always prefers to go to the fountain-head for his facts. Not content with the printed letters of St. Catherine, he has studied all the original manuscripts, in Siena, in Rome, in Florence, and in the British Museum, thus discovering a vast amount of unpublished matter which had escaped the notice of previous biographers and editors, matter which throws light upon every aspect of the saint's genius and which has enabled him to correct the hitherto accepted chronological order of her writings and the events in her life to which they refer. Particularly interesting is the chapter "The Beginning of the Schism," where, by the aid of documents existing in the Archivio Segreto of the Vatican, the story of that extraordinary event has been retold with the addition of many new and important details. Yet, in spite of all this learning, the book is never dull, never ponderous. On the contrary, it is by far the most readable life of the saint with which we are acquainted.

The volume is illustrated with photographs; there is an appendix of unpublished letters, and an ample bibliography. The index might, we think, be improved. As it stands at present, it contains only the names of persons.

Science.

The Pulse of Asia: A Journey in Central Asia, Illustrating the Geographic Basis of History. By Ellsworth Huntington. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50 net.

The crossing of the great salt desert, the very heart of Asia, and probably the largest uninhabited area in the world, the polar regions excepted, was the most impressive part of Mr. Huntington's journey in Chinese Turkestan. His route was from India through Kashmir to the Tarim Basin, and thence over the ancient Lop-Nor lake bed to the inhabited land in the north. He visited many of the ruins in the desert discovered by Sven Hedin and others, but he spent little time in searching for them; for his aim was not that of an explorer, but that of a student of the natural features of the land. With this end in view he traced the courses, both old and new, of many of the rivers which are finally lost in the sands of the desert. His collection of facts illustrative of geologic history, particularly "the climate of antiquity," both here and in other parts of Central Asia, leads him to the conclusion that the desolation of the region, formerly thickly populated and highly cultivated, is due wholly to climatic changes. The depopulation was caused, not by tribal wars, invasions, deforestation, or excessive cultivation, but by the constantly increasing and irresistible aridity of the land. Such is the salinity of the rivers that he does not believe any artificial irrigation will succeed in restoring the old conditions. The present state may be realized from the fact that during "thirty days of steady travelling we saw absolutely no sign of living man."

Another interesting subject which engages his attention is the effect of physical environment on human character. His intercourse with the natives showed him that the nomadic life entailed by the plateaus and deserts accentuates certain characteristics, such as hardihood, hospitality, laziness, morality, and family affection. The dwellers on the oases, on the other hand, who cultivate the land and lead a comparatively easy life, develop weakness of will, cowardice, immorality, and feebleness of the parental and family ties.

The closing chapter is an attempt to apply his main conclusions to illustrate phases of all history, both ancient and modern, of Asia and of America. The incidents of his journey are narrated simply, and are often entertaining. There are many pleasant pictures of native life, and few that are disagreeable. An unusual experience was when, at a height of 20,500 feet in the Himalayas, he heard the song of a bird, probably a migrant from India to Turkestan. It is certainly a marvellous thing that these little warblers, with the most wavering and uncertain flight, should be able to cross two hundred miles of bleak desert, most of the way at an elevation of nearly four miles above the level of the sea. The attractiveness and value of the work are enhanced by eighty-two reproductions of photographs, several maps, a list of books referred to, and an excellent index.

From Ginn & Co. comes the news that Prof. D. E. Smith, who is travelling about the world in search of material for his history of arithmetic, has acquired valuable information from the Buddhists of Burma and from the Calcutta Museum.

The Academies of Berlin and Copenhagen have completed the catalogue of Greek and Latin medical MSS., and now these two academies, with that of Leipzig, have been authorized by the International Association of Academies to publish the Corpus Medicorum. The Medici Græci alone will occupy thirty-two volumes.

"The Semi-Insane and Semi-Responsible," by Dr. Joseph Grasset, professor in the University of Montpellier, France, has been translated by Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, and published by Funk & Wagnalls. The tendency to specialization in the problems of psychopathology which has become so marked in the past few months seems to have gained a strong foothold among French investigators. Following the exhaustive studies of Du Bois, and of Janet, whose recent book on a single disease (hysteria) is enjoying a wide reading, the author of this volume has taken up a timely and highly important subject. By "Semi-Insane" he would have us recognize a group of cases rather sharply blocked off from the absolutely sane on the one hand, and the hopelessly insane on the other. His definition would include therefore, those several conditions which in Kraepelin's classification are spoken of as the psychogenic neuroses, constitutional psychopathic states, and the various psychopathic personalities. As for the "Semi-Responsible," Grasset means those individuals who possess an "attenuated" or limited responsibility, inasmuch as their "psychic neurons" are imperfect. He draws a strong distinction between *responsibility* (the expert's descriptive term) and *culpability* (which belongs exclusively to the judiciary) in all medico-legal proceedings. He declares that the semi-insane may be intellectually superior but morally deficient and offers good and fair proof for this statement. Moreover, the semi-insane are often harmful to society, whose duty and right it is to protect itself against their misdeeds while helping and treating them at the same time. Punishment and careful treatment, therefore, should go hand in hand in order that these individuals be not lost to the community in an intellectual and economic sense. The volume is well written and is destined to become the expert's *vade mecum* in future medico-legal discussions.

Drama.

Der Dummkopf: Lustspiel in fünf Auzügen. Von Ludwig Fulda. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

It is interesting to note that the first work coming from the pen of Ludwig Fulda since he wrote "Amerikanische Eindrücke," describing his tour of American universities (reviewed in the *Nation* of May 30, 1907, p. 500), is a comedy of the kind in which Fulda usually excels, showing again the genial influence of his contact with Western civilization. In his "Impressions of America," Fulda draws pointed comparisons between social and educational conditions in the Old and the New World, and especially between the social position and the objects in life of young American men and women and those of his Fatherland. In "Der Dummkopf" there is a merciless characterization of that class of social and financial dependents in Germany known as the blooded, but penniless, student, the floating adventurer looking for both *Beruf* and pocketbook; and there is also a rather pleasing sketch of the clever young American—in this case a woman—who thinks clearly, knows what she wishes to do, and in due time goes straight to her goal. She speaks German fluently; and this enables the author to dispense almost wholly with English, using now and then the easily-understood "All-right," of which Germans seem so fond.

"Der Dummkopf," or Blockhead, is a young man, Justus by name, by no means so verdant as at first appears, but inclined to believe every one honest who makes profession of friendship. He alone of many kin has not bowed the knee to Baal in the home of a rich uncle, but has asked him only once for money, and then in behalf of others. The result is that the uncle, in his last will and testament, leaves him the bulk of his fortune, explaining that Justus is the most stupid of all his relatives, in not looking out for himself. Justus resents what he regards as a shameful trick, and refuses the bequest, signing away all claims in favor of several cousins. The American girl or girls, for Doris, the daughter of a multi-millionaire, has a companion with her, appear conspicuously when, having refused the proposals of the fortune-seeking cousins, they learn that these same spendthrifts, who owe all they have to Justus, have turned their backs upon him and actually plan his ruin. Doris's interest leads to a friendly concern for his welfare; successive interviews reveal to her the dreams of the too-confiding young man; and on the eve of her departure for America, she discovers a plot to incarcerate him as a lunatic, and cancels her sailing in order to help him. She intercedes with the physician, learns to her joy that the specialist thinks he is not only sane, but exceptionally gifted; incidentally discovers, through the doctor, who has read his diary, Justus's love for her as a divinity beyond his reach; and finally rescues him altogether by agreeing to marry him and take him to America with her.

The *motifs*, it will be seen, are familiar; and the philosophy is not profound. Doris and her companion Lucy recall Minna von Barnhelm and Franziska, as two women travelling together and besieged because of the reputed wealth of the one. There is a likeness, too, in the use of the trick—the report that the lady is, after all, poor—to ward off unwelcome suitors. Nevertheless, with all that is derivative, Fulda proves himself entertaining. The characters are well drawn, and the situations—such as the opening of the will, the signing away of Justus's rights, and the discomfiture of the scampish cousins—all are capable of strong stage effects.

The third edition of A. E. Haigh's "Attic Theatre" (Henry Frowde) supersedes completely the former two, by reason of the thorough revision and rewriting which the late author had begun, and which A. W. Pickard-Cambridge has finished in accordance with Mr. Haigh's general intentions. All important works and articles bearing on the subject which have recently appeared have been considered, and the results incorporated in the text or foot-notes. Among these are especially Puchstein's "Die griechische Bühne," Dr. Adolph Wilhelm's important collection of inscriptions bearing on the Greek drama, and Prof. Edward Capps's article on the same subject. In accordance with the labors of the two latter, the list of Dionysiac inscriptions has been enlarged, a new appendix discusses the original place of the Lenæa, and a new section states Puchstein's theory of the stage-buildings of the Dionysiac theatre. Dörpfeld's volume and his more recent articles are summarized and controverted at considerable length; while due reference is made to the ideas of Wiesder, Bethe, Roberts, and many others. The book is therefore a fair and useful compendium of the most recent information. Mr. Haigh still clung to his notion of a low stage in the fifth century, for reasons which are chiefly optical and imaginary. Admitting the necessity of free movement at that date between actors and chorus, he says "the main reason for the employment of a stage must have been to make the actors clearly visible to the audience," and to prevent the view of them from being obscured by the chorus. The Harvard performance of the Agamemnon in 1906 would seem to have settled that question: *Solvitur spectando.*

There seems to be a possibility that the Russian Theatre may become a permanent institution here, like the French, German, and Italian. Early in March Madame Komissargovsky, Countess Muravieff, is to give a series of representations in the Liberty Theatre. This lady, described as leading actress of the Imperial Theatre at St. Petersburg, is to bring her own company of thirty. The repertory includes plays by Ibsen, Hauptman, Maeterlinck, Tolstoy, Tourgenieff, Gorky, and others.

Otis Skinner will bring his new play, "The Honor of the Family," to the Hudson Theatre, in a few weeks. It is founded upon one of Balzac's stories, and is said to furnish him with an effective part. Mr. Skinner is one of the few capable actors of romantic parts yet left to us. He knows something about the laws of both utterance and gesture.

Viola Allen will begin an engagement in the Astor Theatre on January 20, appearing in Anthony P. Wharton's play, "Irene Wycherley," in which Lena Ashwell has been very successful in London.

Music.

The Letters of Robert Schumann. Selected and Edited by Karl Storck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Of all the great composers, Schumann and Wagner were the most interesting letter writers. In the case of Wagner, the story of his life and works could be told almost completely from the data contained in his correspondence. The same may be said about Schumann, at least so far as his life is concerned. His letters are not nearly so numerous as Wagner's, and almost all of them are worth reading; nevertheless, for these busy days there are more than the average music lover has time to read. It was therefore a happy thought on the part of Dr. Storck to make a selection of 133 of the best, and to group them in sections illustrating the main divisions of Schumann's career. It cannot be said that the editor's Introduction, which is chiefly concerned with Jean Paul and German romanticism, is particularly illuminating. The translator, Hannah Bryant, probably felt this, and so she wisely added a five-page "Biographic Note," which is more useful. She has done her work well, and has contributed some of the foot-notes, too.

Some of the most interesting of the letters here presented are taken from the two volumes so far issued of Litzmann's "Clara Schumann," which are made up largely of the substance of the diary which Schumann and his wife kept, and which in manuscript fills forty-seven quarto volumes. Dr. Storck heads this section of his book "The Fight for Clara." Even the fragmentary glimpses of the struggle here presented will convince the reader that actuality gives us one of the most thrilling love stories on record, and make him eager to peruse the details in Litzmann's volumes. The characters are: One of the greatest of composers; Clara Wieck, who loved Schumann as ardently as he loved her—"the most glorious of girls, the greatest of artists," as she appeared to him; and Clara's father, who acted with almost incredible meanness and cruelty toward the lovers, compelling them ultimately to resort to the courts for permission to marry without the paternal consent. The father's attitude finds its explanation in the fact that Clara was dearer to him as an artist than as a daughter. He had trained her from her childhood, and she had become one of the most famous pianists of the day. Was he to submit quietly to the merging of the pianist into the wife of a composer in by no means affluent circumstances?

The letters of this group, which are "one of the prose poems of German literature," and which show incidentally how largely Clara influenced Schumann's creative impulses, will interest the general reader as much as the music-lover; so will those of the first group, written during Schumann's university study at Heidelberg and Leipzig and his travels in Switzerland and Italy. These are judiciously selected from the "Jugendbriefe" and the "Neue Folge," edited by F. G. Jansen. One misses many of the gems in these collections; but Dr. Storck has wisely limited his number. The best of the "Jugendbriefe" are addressed to Schumann's mother. In one of them, speaking of her letters, he says: "Every word is a flower." That is certainly the case in some of his letters to her. When he wrote them he did not dream they would ever get into print, yet their literary quality is of the highest. Nothing could be better than p. 28, on which he describes the hubbub on the deck of a Rhine steamer. From Brescia he writes (p. 37) to his sister-in-law a prose poem about the deep blue skies, the luxuriant grass, the groves of apricot and lemon trees, the soft southern air astir with butterflies, the fine flashing eyes of the Italian women, "much like yours when you are enthusiastic about anything"; the distant Austrian Alps, sinewy and jagged, "as they glow red under the sun's parting kiss, and then become cold, monstrous, and lifeless."

In his travel sketches, Schumann surpassed even Mendelssohn—as he does in his music. Yet Mendelssohn was always one of his idols; as late as 1839 he writes: "I doff my hat to him as my superior." His favorite, however, as we discover in several of the letters of the later period, was Schubert. We would emphasize particularly, for the benefit of music-lovers of to-day, the following sentence from a letter to Simonin de Sire: "You are, of course, acquainted with Schubert's songs; but I place at least as high his compositions for pianoforte, especially those for four hands." Nobody ever plays these in public. In the letters of the last period, when his mental breakdown was imminent, his new friends, Joachim and Brahms, play a prominent rôle. Dr. Storck cites, among other things, the diary of a musician dated February 21, 1854, which gives pathetic glimpses of the tragedy in which the love story of Robert and Clara ends:

> Schumann has been out of his mind for some days. . . . Frau Schumann looks worse than I have seen her. . . . Poor, unhappy lady! She sits by the bedside all night, listening for the least movement.

Among the recent publications of the Brahms Society in Berlin, which will interest music-lovers in general, is an arrangement by Brahms of Schubert's "Ellen's Zweiter Gesang" for soprano solo, women's chorus, and wind instruments.

Richard Strauss always gives descriptive titles to his tone-poems, and then tries to mystify the public by withholding the clues to the details. To friends, however, he gives clue after clue, until finally the story is complete. Ernest Newman, though a champion of this composer, cannot refrain from remarking:

> With each new work of Strauss there is the same tomfoolery—one can use no milder word to describe proceedings that no doubt have a rude kind of German humor, but that strike other people as more than a trifle silly.

The imitators of Strauss, whose number is steadily growing, follow him in this "humorous" method, too. The latest of them is Hermann Bischoff of Munich, whose symphony in E major, opus 16, was played in Carnegie Hall last week by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. When this work was produced at Essen the composer wrote that his piece had "nothing to do with programme music," but, nevertheless, in order not to be out of fashion, he insisted that it "presents throughout programme music" whereupon he proceeded to amuse himself by sketching a mawkish story. This may be a joke, but the symphony itself is no joke. It lasts five quarter-hours, and every one of them is a *mauvais quart d'heure*. The man has absolutely nothing new to say, and the way he concatenates his noisy nothings is appalling. Dr. Muck and Mme. Teresa Carreño atoned for this up-to-date Teutonic rodomontade by a capital performance of MacDowell's second concerto for pianoforte. Two days later the same composer's Forest Suite was played under the direction of Dr. Muck. Altogether, the greatest of American composers seems to be coming into his own.

Readers of the Vienna *Zeit* got as a Christmas gift an interesting contribution to the story of Beethoven's life in the form of a memorandum drawn up by the composer in February, 1820, as a basis for an application that the Court of Appeals should reappoint him guardian of his nephew instead of his sister-in-law, Frau Johanna Beethoven. It is written throughout in Beethoven's hand, and throws considerable light upon his mental constitution. It shows him to have been high-minded and true-hearted, honestly anxious that his brother's son should be rightly educated and well trained, but hampered by a pedantic irascibility and a sense of his own goodness that must have been intensely irritating to those with whom he had to deal, and must have facilitated the constant intrigues of the mother to retain control of her son. The portrait which Beethoven draws of his sister-in-law is that of a slanderous, treacherous, malicious, libidinous shrew. He defends himself against the suspicion of rancor towards her, and says:

> Let no one believe that I am, as she says, moved by a spirit of revenge or private hatred against her. It is painful for me to have to speak of her, and, were it not for my nephew, I would neither think of her nor talk of her nor act against her.

The memorandum gives an exact account of the moneys spent upon the education of the nephew, for whom Beethoven provided entirely, and in whose favor he also deposited 4,000 florins in the national bank. The composer must have spent fully $500 a year on the nephew out of his slender resources.

Art.

Die Entwicklung der alt-chinesischen Ornamentik. By Werner von Hoerschelmann. Beiträge zur Kultur und Universalgeschichte, herausgegeben von Karl Lamprecht, Heft IV. Leipzig: R. Voigtländer's Verlag.

The development of ornamental art in ancient China is as much a branch of the history of that Oriental empire as the accounts of emperors, dynasties, political changes and battles. This new contribution toward an interesting problem of Chinese life is apparently due to the inspiration given to young workers by the German historian, Dr. Karl Lamprecht. Herr von Hoerschelmann's pamphlet is a fine illustration of Lamprecht's principles. By careful analysis the author traces the development of the earlier ornamental art of the Chinese as preserved in the sacrificial bronze vessels of the Shang and Chóu dynasties (some of the best specimens of which are in the hands of American collectors, H. O. Havemeyer's ranking foremost), and in the metallic mirrors of the Han dynasty. These bronze works, the only legacy from the most ancient Chinese art, have been described and depicted in Chinese illustrated works, the study of which has within recent years attracted the attention of art investigators.

It is a remarkable fact that the conclusions arrived at were based on the mere analysis of ornaments from the outset, and that the author was in no way biassed by the opinion of native critics. Being an absolute stranger to the Chinese language, he began by trying to classify the drawings before him, thirty-seven characteristic specimens of which form an instructive appendix of plates; and the first result was his conviction that, far from being a medley of fanciful oddities, these ornaments betray a logical sequence of development. His classification being completed from the purely artistic point of view, the author consulted a sinologue, through whom he learned that differences in style can be clearly traced for the various periods to which Chinese archæologists assign the several works. Thus the ornament of the Shang dynasty (1766 to 1122 B. C.) is quite distinct from that of the succeeding Chóu (1122 to 249 B. C.). Native critics rely not merely on this difference in style, but also on the testimony of the hieroglyphic inscriptions found on the greater part of the old sacrificial vessels.

This study of Chinese art has greatly strengthened our confidence in Chinese tradition. Some Western writers date the historical period from an eclipse of the sun, specified by date in the Chinese "Book of Odes," in the year corresponding to our 776 B. C. The latest writer on Chinese history (H. J. Allen, "Early Chinese History: Are the Chinese Classics Forged?" London; 1907) even looks upon Confucius, and with him, of course, upon all we know of the Chinese before him, as mythical. The analysis of Chinese works of art is the best argument against such absurdities. We must admit the doubtfulness as historical figures of the model emperors Yau, Shun, and Yü, to say nothing of Fu-hi and Huang-ti, but the bronzes of the Shang dynasty may be looked upon as living witnesses of national culture existing in the second millennium B. C. It is easy to say, with skeptics like Mr. Allen, "These bronze works are all forged just like the books ascribed to Confucius and his school"; but how do our skeptics explain the progress in the development of ornaments clearly traceable in the products of succeeding generations?

Chinese art, as far as known to us, was up to a certain time autochthonous. Foreign influences began to act on it as the result of political relations with Bactria and other Western Asiatic countries. Hellenistic influences have been traced in certain classes of metallic mirrors, and it is highly probable that the caravan expeditions of the Emperor Wu-ti in the first century B. C., which Chinese historians tell us returned with treasures of Western art and industry for the Imperial museums, are in the first instance responsible for the many changes in the style of ornaments after the fall of the Chóu dynasty. It cannot be denied, however, that influences from quarters nearer by have also had their share. We should not forget that the bronze vessels now representing the most ancient Chinese art owe their preservation to the accident of having been the instruments of ancestral worship as long as Confucianism flourished. We cannot imagine that in times of persecution, as in the days of Shï-huang-ti, when the anti-Confucianist "First Emperor" consigned tripods and bells to temporary oblivion, there was neither art nor ornament, even supposing the technique of bronze casting had been lost. From the analogy of the development of Chinese culture generally we may assume that in those days Chinese and Tartar elements of style began to appear in the bronzes; and some generations later the Hellenistic ornament was grafted on, resulting in ornamental patterns widely differing from those of the Chóu dynasty.

The Macmillan Company announces the first volume of "A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century," based on the work of John Smith, by Dr. C. Hofstede de Groot, and translated by E. G. Hawke.

Late this month the Stokes Company will publish four new volumes in their Masterpieces in Color, viz.: "Raphael," by Paul

G. Konody; "Lord Leighton," by A. L. Baldry; "Rembrandt," by Josef Israels; and "Fra Angelico," by James Mason.

The second number of the new periodical, *Ausonia*, the organ of the Società Italiana d' Archeologia e storia dell' Arte, contains a number of interesting articles which speak well for the future of this paper. In one Dr. Alessandro Della Seta publishes the Niobid, which was found in Rome in the region of the gardens of Sallust, and which is now set up in the Banca commerciale Italiana. Like Professor Furtwängler, the writer brings the statue into close relation with the two figures of Niobids in the Ny-Carlsherg Glyptothek, in Copenhagen, and thinks that all three once decorated a tympanon. To enforce this theory he quotes a passage from Pirro Ligorio in which is mentioned near the gardens of Sallust the ruins of a temple of Diana, and scattered statues of Niobids. Luigi Savignoni, in another article, discusses the colossal statute of Apollo Pytios, which was found in Crete in the city of Gortyna. By comparing it with other statues of Apollo, in the different European museums, he comes to the conclusion that the statue is a replica of a work of Praxiteles, and reproduces the same type as the statue of Apollo, which Augustus set up in the temple of the Palatine, and which is mentioned in the writings of Propertius. Of special interest is G. Zippel's study of the history of the Palazzo di Venezia, in Rome. In his opinion, the plan of the palace and the architectural decorations are closely analogous to buildings in the south of France, and he mentions especially the palace of Sorgue, which Pope John XXII. built in 1320.

The excavations at Ostia, the ancient harbor of Rome, have lately yielded some interesting finds. A room has been unearthed which is still in a wonderfully good state of preservation, with a pavement in black and white mosaic and walls decorated with figures and architectonic designs. Upon the floor were discovered fragments of the ceiling, painted to match the walls; these can probably be put together again and restored to their original position. Among the rubbish which filled the room were a great quantity of Roman coins, several amphoræ with painted inscriptions (among them one that contained olives), pieces of glass with gold letters, several lamps, and remains of inlaid furniture. The wall-paintings in this room are better preserved than any others found in Ostia, owing to the fact that at some later period they had been covered with a coat of white plaster. The room also contained a window, evidently glazed with mica, the ancient substitute for glass, since many pieces were found immediately beneath it. The excavations are being continued with much energy, under the superintendence of Prof. Dante Vaglieri, who is in charge of the excavations in the province of Rome, and it is hoped that they will meet with further success.

In digging the foundation of the new Italian House of Parliament in the Piazza di Monte Citorio, close to the Piazza Colonna, where the column of Marcus Aurelius stands, a tomb has been unearthed which is believed to contain the remains of the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his son-in-law and successor, Marcus Aurelius. It is thought that further excavations will bring to light fragments of the original inscription, and thus elucidate the history of the monument.

According to the London *Times*, a special commission has just been appointed to direct and supervise the excavations at Herculaneum. This commission is composed of Commendatore Giovanni Gattini, administrative director of the Museum of Naples; Giulio de Petra, professor of archæology, University of Naples; Prof. Ettore Gahrici and Prof. Innocenzo Dall' Osso, both of the Museum of Naples; Prof. Antonio Sogliano. director of the excavations at Pompeii; Commendatore Avena, director of the technical office of the monuments of Naples, and, finally, two civil engineers of the province of Naples. The work that is accomplished, the finds and discoveries, and anything of interest will be described from time to time in official publications, for the benefit of home and foreign students and scholars.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Eugene Paul Ullman and statuettes and medallions by Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, at Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, till January 18; paintings by Max Weyl, Bauer-Folsom's, January 25; engravings by early Italian masters, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, February 1; and views in Holland, by Charles P. Gruppé, February 8.

An exhibition of the works of Remhrandt will be opened in May at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Charles Hermann-Léon, the artist, has just died in his seventieth year. He was a pupil of Ph. Rousseau and of Fromentin, a member of the Société des Artistes Français, and a constant exhibitor at the Salon, where he obtained medals in 1873, 1879, and 1900.

Finance.

END OF THE MONEY HOARDING.

On October 26, in the week of the run on trust companies and the outbreak of panic, the New York bank statement reported a deficit under the 25 per cent. ratio of reserves to deposits required by law. That deficit grew, by November 23, to the portentous figure of $54,103,000, by far the largest shortage in the history of American banking. At the climax of the panic of 1893, the greatest deficit was $16,645,000; and while the banks published no statements during the worst days of 1873, it is impossible that either of the above-named figures should then have been matched. Since the opening of December, cash holdings of the New York banks have been gradually increasing, and the deficit simultaneously diminishing; last week, a remarkably large increase of $18,300,000 in cash wiped out the deficit, and replaced it with a surplus of $6,000,000. This unusually large gain in cash was caused in part by return of currency from the interior, but chiefly by return of currency hoarded in and around New York. For the sudden and large deposits on both accounts, the plain explanation is, that the New York banks had resumed full cash payments to depositors a week before. This action was indispensable to allay distrust. Had the banks abandoned the "restriction policy" a month ago, they would probably have reported a surplus long before January 11.

Meantime, the problem as to where all this missing cash was held has not been cleared up. In one way or another, after allowing for all the shipments of currency from New York to the interior, not less than $90,000,000 in actual money disappeared, between October 21 and November 23, from the usual repositories. Until last week, the prevalent explanation (as to which the facts were still in doubt) was that the trust companies had gathered large sums of cash to provide against further runs. The December reports of the trust companies to the Banking Department, compiled and published a week ago, show that nothing of the sort occurred. Enormous amounts of currency—certainly more than $50,000,000—did indeed pass into the New York trust companies from other quarters in the panic week, and were then paid out to frightened depositors and to messengers of other banks. But that the trust companies have been "hoarding," is not true. The forty-eight trust companies of Greater New York which passed through the panic without closing their doors, held on December 19 $7,278,500 less cash than on August 22. That is to say, the reports of the trust companies, instead of partly accounting for the $90,000,000 cash which was swallowed up somewhere in New York this autumn. force the investigator to enlarge his estimate of the missing money. Moreover, the figure of $97,000,000, to which the disappeared currency has now risen, ought actually to be increased by the extent to which national banknotes. issued since October. were used as reserves by State banks and trust companies. They have a right to count such currency as reserve, and we may be very sure that some of it was used for the purpose.

Some of the missing cash was doubtless held by savings banks which feared the possibility of another run of depositors when the "sixty-day notice" expired on December 27, and which mistrusted the willingness of deposit banks to give up cash if savings institutions entrusted it to them. The balance must have been somehow kept in hand by a great mass of private individuals.

Under the editorial direction of Prof. J. H. Hollander the Johns Hopkins Press will issue reprints of four important economic essays of the eighteenth century: "The Querist, containing several queries, proposed to the consideration of the public," parts i., ii., iii. (by George Berkeley), Dublin, 1735-37; "An Essay on the Governing Causes of the National Rate of Interest; wherein the sentiments of Sir William Petty and Mr. Locke, on that head, are considered" (by Joseph Massie), London, 1750; "Money Answers All Things: or, an essay to make money sufficiently plentiful amongst all ranks of people, and increase our foreign and domestick trade" (by Jacob Vanderlint), London, 1734; "An Essay on Ways and Means for Raising Money for the Support of the Present War, Without Increasing the Public Debts" (by Francis Fauquier), London, 1756. Each tract will be provided by the editor with a brief introduction and with text annotations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Leonard D. Ernest Howard Crosby: A Valuation and Tribute. Westwood, Mass.: Ariel Press. 50 cents.

Anson, Sir William R. The Law and Custom of the Constitution. Vol. II. Frowde. $3.40.

Baldwin, Ernest H. Stories of Old New Haven. Taunton, Mass.: C. A. Hack & Son.

Barbier, Auguste. Iambes et Poèmes. Frowde.

Bazin, René. Contes Choisis. Edited by Victor E. François. Boston: Heath: 35 cents.

Bellot, Lieut. René. Voyage aux Mers Polaires. Frowde.

Bibliographical Notices. Six books printed in Iceland, 1578-1844. Ithaca.

Bindloss, Harold. For Jacinta. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Bomberger, Maude A. Colonial Recipes. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Carducci, Giosuè. Poems. Imported by Scribners.

Chadwick, W. Edward. The Pastoral Teaching of St. Paul. Imported by Scribners.

Chaucer, Selections from. Edited by Edwin A. Greenlaw. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.

Comstock, Harriet T. Janet of the Dunes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Copping, Arthur E. Gotty and the Guv'nor. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Crozier, Alfred O. The Magnet. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.

Dean, Sara. Travers. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Exaltation of the Flag. Edited by Robert B. Westcott. Manila: John R. Edgar & Co.

Garnett, Theodore S. Major-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Neale Publishing Co. $1.

Gordon, Alex. R. The Early Traditions of Genesis. Imported by Scribners.

Hughes, Thomas. History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. Vol. I., Part I. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.

Hugo's La Légende des Siècles. Edited by G. F. Bridge. Frowde.

Jerrold, Walter. Highways and Byways in Kent. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Kohn, August. The Cotton Mills of South Carolina. Charleston, S. C.: Daggett Printing Co.

Kremer, Ida. The Struggle for a Royal Child. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Kunz. George Frederick. History of the Gems Found in North Carolina. Raleigh: E. M. Uzzell & Co.

Lawton, Frederick. Francois-Auguste Rodin. Mitchell Kennerley.

McCormick, Frederick. The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia. 2 vols. Outing Publishing Co. $6 net.

Mariner, Xavier. Les Fiancés du Spitzberg. Frowde.

Mérimée, Prosper. Contes et Nouvelles. Frowde.

Morris, M. C. F. Nunburnholme, Its History and Antiquities. Frowde.

Norton, Eliot. On "Short Sales" of Securities through a Stockbroker. John McBride Co.

Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Great Secret. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Vol. VII. Frowde.

Palgrave, Francis Turner. The Golden Treasury. Frowde.

Paramahamsa, Agamya Guru. The Land of Eternity. London: A. C. Fifield.

Peters, C. H. F. Heliographic Positions of Sun Spots. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Porter, Gene Stratton. At the Foot of the Rainbow. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.

Proceedings of the Tenth Conference for Education in the South. Richmond, Va.: Richmond College.

Rickard, T. A. Journeys of Observation. San Francisco: Dewey Publishing Co.

Robbins, Leonard H. Jersey Jingles. Newark, N. J.

Ruskin's A Joy For Ever.—The Two Paths. Frowde.

Serl, Elmer Willis. Swaying Tree Tops. Neale Publishing Co. $1.

Shaw, James Byrnie. Synopsis of Linear Associative Algebra. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Sherrill, Charles Hitchcock. Stained Glass Tours in France. John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

Slosson, Annie Trumbull. Simples from the Master's Garden. Philadelphia: Sunday-School Times Co. $1 net.

Social Science, Journal of. No. 45. 1908. Boston: Damrell & Upham.

Swinburne, H. Lawrence. The Royal Navy. Macmillan. $6 net.

Sypherd, Wilbur Owen. Studies in Chaucer's House of Fame. London: Kegan Paul.

Tillier, Claude. Mon Oncle Benjamin. Bibliotheca Romanica. Strasbourg.

Watson, John. The Philosophical Basis of Religion. Macmillan. $3 net.

Wayland, John Walter. The Political Opinions of Thomas Jefferson. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.

Wilbrandt, Adolf. Aus der Werdezeit. Lemcke & Buechner.

Willis, Bailey. Research in China. Vol. II.: Systematic Geology. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Winslow, Kenelm. The Production and Handling of Clean Milk. William R. Jenkins Co. $2.50 net.

Woodward, Alice B., and Daniel O'Connor. The Peter Pan Picture Book. Macmillan. $2 net.

Wylde, C. H. How to Collect Continental China. Macmillan. $2.

York, Francis L. Counterpoint Simplified. Boston: Ditson Co. $1.25.

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North American Trees

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By C. HART MERRIAM. Chief of the United States Biological Survey.

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By LEONHARD STEJNEGER of U. S. National Museum.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

The Week.

Gov. Hughes's letter explicitly stating that he will stand for the Presidency if the Republican nomination comes to him unsought, puts the case with simple dignity. It is not for him or any man to refuse the great office and the great responsibility. But his terms must be clearly understood. He is not going personally to engage in a fight for delegates. Whatever may be the fact with another Administration, *his* Administration is to be kept out of politics. Neither by the use of patronage nor by any direct appeal whatever, will Gov. Hughes seek the support of any man at the Chicago Convention. All that he desires is the free expression of the party's choice. If it falls upon him, he will do his best to serve the country; if it prefers another, he will be perfectly content, and will go back to the practice of his profession. The immediate effect of the announcement must be to strengthen the movement for Mr. Hughes; for there is a growing feeling that the peculiar need of the hour is a man who is known for intellectual vigor and moral steadiness; who is progressive, yet sure-footed; who makes the impression on all beholders of courage, independence, and a love of justice.

Ex-Senator Chandler is the latest practitioner of the spoils system to be moved to holy horror by the President's excesses in the use of patronage. He joins Foraker and Gallinger in rebuking Mr. Roosevelt for recreancy to that civil-service reform which they all love. In a letter which Chandler, together with ex-Gov. Kellogg of Louisiana, issued Tuesday morning to Southern Republicans, he calls upon them to resist the President's blandishments and terrors alike, and to send uninstructed delegations to Chicago. Chandler's pen has not lost its cunning, as may be judged by this adroit passage from his letter:

> President Roosevelt's first appearance in public office in Washington was as a civil service commissioner; he abhors the use of patronage to control political conventions and has forbidden Federal officials to use their time and influence for political purposes. Any Federal officeholder seeking to control delegates to the Presidential convention is disobeying his orders and should be thrust aside by every self-respecting Republican at the South.

And it must be said that President Roosevelt is exposed to a peculiar humiliation when he lays himself open to attack by men of the Chandler and Gallinger class. There is every sign at present of a powerful combination in the Senate to uncover and thwart Mr. Roosevelt's use of the Federal patronage to promote the nomination of Taft. On Monday, the Senate rejected the nomination of a pension agent in New Hampshire, avowedly made to further Taft's fortunes in that State. Both the New Hampshire Senators objected to confirmation. Coming on top of the rejection of the Ohio postmasters—a matter which we discuss elsewhere—and taken with the reported intention of the Senate to inquire into the Wanmaker appointment in this city, and into the whole charge that the Federal machine is being worked to its full power to force the nomination of Taft, the incident promises to do something for civil-service reform, even if at the expense of one of our most ardent civil-service reformers.

If a two-cent-per-mile passenger fare is confiscatory in Pennsylvania, as the Supreme Court of that State has just decided, it is fair to ask how many of last year's two-cent-fare statutes could stand the test of litigation. Just how traffic conditions in Pennsylvania compare with those in other States, is a question for experts. The mountainous character of the State doubtless offsets to some degree the economic advantage of exceptionally heavy traffic. Still, Pennsylvania has something like 145 inhabitants to the square mile, as against less than 25 in Minnesota, where a two-cent-fare law, passed with equal alacrity, has likewise been taken to the courts. It seems to us altogether probable that the outcome of all this litigation will be a striking vindication of the wisdom of entrusting the determination of such questions to a special body. It is a notable illustration of slap-dash legislative methods that the only State commission which did undertake an exhaustive inquiry into the general fairness of passenger rates, that of Wisconsin, was overruled by the Legislature, which passed a two-cent law on top of the commission's order fixing 2½ cents a mile as a reasonable rate. It does not appear, however, that the States which took such action on general principles are going to be any the better for it in the long run. Our up-State Public Service Commission has been criticised for failure to reduce passenger fares promptly. We trust that, when it does act, it will be so fortified with facts that its decision will stand judicial scrutiny.

Gov. Guild of Massachusetts argues stoutly for tariff revision, but declares with his next breath that he is not a candidate for any further public office. Is this an acknowledgment that a loyal Republican and sincere protectionist takes his political life in his hands when he asks the friends of the tariff to perform that task for which they alone claim to be qualified—bringing its schedules up to date? That remains to be seen. Still, if tariff reform must have its martyrs, Massachusetts is fitted to produce them. If there are degrees of iniquity in a system to which the objection is always fundamentally on moral grounds, the Dingley tariff is superlatively unjust to Massachusetts. The late Edward Atkinson analyzed, some four years ago, the tariff schedules in the light of the census of occupations, and concluded that, taking the country as a whole, out of 29,074,117 persons in gainful occupations, only 600,000 were occupied in "arts which would require a readjustment if all duties were suddenly removed, which no one proposes," while 2,396,285 more "would be practically free from foreign competition, if materials of foreign origin used in their processes were free of duty." The first class alone included about one wage-earner in 48, both combined about one in 9—a small enough proportion at best to justify a tax on the whole country. But for the city of Boston, the corresponding ratios were found to be 1 in 125 and 1 in 20, respectively. In a community where the possible tariff beneficiaries are only about one-fifth as numerous as in the country at large, it does seem as if Gov. Guild should be comparatively safe, even though his speech before the Shoe Manufacturers' Association was, according to stand-pat theory, incendiary.

The sub-committee of the currency commission of the American Bankers' Association has issued a statement which effectually disposes of two currency reform measures now before Congress—the Aldrich bill and the Fowler bill. The Aldrich bill, authorizing a taxed emergency bank circulation based on State, city, and railway bonds, such as savings banks may invest in, is condemned from almost every point of view. The measure would, in the committee's opinion, be an entering wedge for removal of real security against such circulation; it would not meet the emergency of a panic because of inevitable delay in putting out the notes; it would force the issuing bank to invest $100,000 in such Stock Exchange securities for every $75,000 of new note circulation taken out, and would thereby reduce the lending power of the bank; and, finally, it would tend to create a fictitious market for such securities and thereby encourage extravagance in their issue. The committee might have added, what already seems the politically fatal objection to the plan, that it discriminates against interior banks, which are not in ready touch with the market for such securities. As to the radical and highly complicated Fowler bill, which would revolutionize at one stroke the entire currency system of the country, the committee expresses belief that its passage "would unsettle rather than improve financial conditions." The committee revives, as an alternative proposition, the scheme approved by the Bankers' Convention last September for a taxed circulation equal to 40 per cent. of outstanding bond-secured circulation, and an additional amount equal to 12½ per cent. of capital, both issues taxed and both protected by the same cash reserve as is carried against deposits. In principle, this plan commends itself. Our objection runs chiefly against the low rate at which this additional currency is taxed—2½ per cent. per annum on the first of the above classes, and 5 per cent. on the second. We believe that the tax should be high enough to force the retirement of such notes the moment that urgent need for them has ceased, and in order to compass that end, the issuing bank ought to pay something like the rate which would prevail for money at such times. But since neither 2½ nor even 5 per cent. is a fair price for money in the pinch of acute stringency, such additional circulation might conceivably be issued and kept outstanding, when there was no legitimate call for it. What, for example, would have been the policy of banks, during the artificial stringency created by our "millionaire booms" on the Stock Exchange, in 1905 and 1906? A currency measure which, even indirectly, would give aid to such undertakings—especially when the capitalists behind the speculation are in control of powerful banks—ought to be guarded with the most jealous care.

Congress will often wrangle for days over trifles, and then turn aside to enact an important piece of legislation in ten minutes. An example of the latter is furnished by the bill to limit the right of appeal to the Supreme Court in habeas corpus cases, which the House recently passed on the briefest statement by Mr. Littlefield, and almost without debate. The aim was to check that abuse of repeated appeals in criminal cases, of which we have lately had several notorious instances. If counsel suggest an unimportant or even frivolous "Federal question" in a murder trial, and then get their petition denied, they can lay the basis for renewed appeals to the Supreme Court, of which the end, or at any rate the sole result, is delay. According to the bill now sent to the Senate, appeal from the final decision of a United States court, in a proceeding in habeas corpus, shall be allowed to the Supreme Court only when the court appealed from, or a justice of the Supreme Court, shall be of opinion that there is "probable cause." This would put an end to the misuse of the process, and it is to be hoped that the Senate will agree to this bit of needed law reform.

The death of Edmund Clarence Stedman, removes a unique figure from American commerce and letters. He was a successful business man. He has said: "At thirty I went into the Stock Exchange because I needed to be independent in order to write and study." But he steadily resisted the encroachments and absorptions of Wall Street, and devoted a large part of his time to books. That a stock-broker should compile anthologies, produce volumes of criticism, lecture on literature at Johns Hopkins and elsewhere, edit poets, and even write poetry himself, is surprising; that he should do all this so gracefully seems little less than miraculous. But this city has always been a step-mother to letters, and it seems appropriate that one who represented so fully New York's second generation of literary men should have divided his energy between banking and writing. Among the third generation he will be remembered by many who as young men went to him for advice and encouragement, and found what they sought. He had the satisfaction of knowing that he helped to spread a taste for good reading among his countrymen; but for him personally perhaps the best return for his labors was the pleasure and profit that accrue from a wide intellectual interest. In his genial old age he was a fine specimen of sustained mental alertness and serviceable friendship. With great simplicity, yet with honest pride, he cherished a literary tradition of which few exemplars remain.

On Monday, the museum of the Hispanic Society in this city was thrown open to the public and put at the disposition of students. History and literature are represented by some 50,000 volumes in various tongues; arts and crafts by objects for the most part Spanish in origin, which already give a general view of the attainments of the Spaniards in art, and which in course of time will be augmented by the products of Spanish colonies in different parts of the world. The Hispanic Society, founded by Archer M. Huntington, is limited to one hundred members, each of whom must be a specialist in some line related to the aims of the organization. It is well known that Mr. Huntington has devoted his life to Spanish art, history, and literature. To him is due a magnificent edition of the Cid and many reprints of rare works which are boons to Spanish scholars. That Spaniards attach value to his services may be inferred from the honors they have given him, such as a corresponding membership in each of the three Academies of Language, History, and Fine Arts. Among the members of the Society are Professors C. Carroll Marden of Johns Hopkins, Henry R. Lang of Yale, Hugo A. Rennert of Pennsylvania, and Fonger de Haan of Bryn Mawr. The museum contains the largest and most valuable library of Spanish books in North America. It has in its collections gold coins of the Moorish kings and examples of Hispano-Mauresque lustre-ware which are finer and completer than those in all but a few European museums; they would be an enviable addition to Madrid, and some are lacking to the great collections at the Louvre and the British Museum. These collections will be extended, but already they are comprehensive enough to show what a brave figure the Spaniards cut in the history of the arts. The Hispanic Society is the publisher in Paris of the *Revue Hispanique*, a quarterly necessary to scholars; and here in New York its museum should appeal to a much broader public. Such foundations make for culture; this one also for a closer knitting of the interests between us and the republics to the south.

The Hilprecht case has taken another turn. Professor Hilprecht has asked and received from the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania permission to publish "all the correspondence, documents, and evidence bearing upon this matter, presented before and during the investigation conducted by your committee in the year 1905, together with extracts from Vol. XX. of Series A of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, reviews and critiques thereon, and correspondence in your possession and mine, both before and since 1905, bearing upon the controversy." This must be welcomed as a step in the right direction, though we believe that the easier and more direct way would be for Professor Hilprecht to prepare an explicit answer to the specific questions covering the main issues. Such an answer at any time in the last two years would probably have been welcomed by the university authorities; for in his letter to the trustees, Professor Hilprecht says that, as a result of the continued agitation and repeated accusations,

> It is my conviction that the report of your committee as made public in 1905 has not been generally accepted as satisfactory, because your proceedings were conducted in private, and you have not made public the "pleadings" and testimony upon which it rests.

That conviction is certainly well founded. The report of the trustees exonerating Professor Hilprecht has generally been regarded as a mere piece of whitewashing. As Professor Hilprecht admits, such an incident could not do otherwise than work "increasingly serious injury to the reputation of the university." It has been a bitter mortification to the distinguished scholars in the faculty, who are well aware that the world has accepted the action of the trustees as an announcement that wealth and social backing count for more than scholarship and truth.

President Eliot's efforts to bring about an agreement by the New England colleges to reduce the number of intercollegiate athletic contests, particularly in football, are reported to have failed. But to have persuaded four out of ten New England institutions that they might play fewer games without proving altogether false to the academic ideal, is by no means to have failed. Undergraduate opinion at Harvard is not in sympathy with the head of the university. The *Crimson* says:

> If Harvard schedules are cut down, we shall be placed at another disadvantage. Let us use our influence for what seems best, but not perform dangerous experiments upon ourselves.

Had this editor been Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Prince von Bülow, discussing the question of naval disarmament, he could not have been more serious. Athletics is as vital to university life as war to national life; and the college that cuts down its teams is like the nation that stops laying down battleships. Columbia alone was foolish enough to believe that the millennium had come, and to drop football.

The report of the Canadian commissioner appointed to inquire into the causes for the sudden increase of Asiatic immigration, laid before the Canadian Parliament Monday, absolves the Japanese government from responsibility, and places the blame upon the Canadian Pacific Railway and other large employers of labor, at whose direct instigation the Japanese government modified its emigrant regulations. Between 1901 and 1907 about 4,500 Japanese immigrants entered British Columbia, whose Japanese population a year ago was less than 7,500. If that number increased by more than 50 per cent. during the succeeding ten months, it was not because Japan had at last determined to overrun British Columbia, but because, among many similar causes, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia had practically contracted for a supply of mine labor in Japan. Apparently, the seat of the yellow peril is nearer to Ottawa than to Tokio.

The Japanese budget, which was submitted to the two houses at Tokio last week, bears internal evidence of the financial strain under which the government is laboring. Taxes are to be raised on such necessaries as sugar and kerosene, as well as on saké, beer, and alcohol. The item of "finance," which includes the interest on the national debt, is considerably more than half the total estimated expenditures. These Japanese are certainly making sacrifices for the sake of their military and naval prestige. Yet we will ask those of our readers who lie awake nights in fear of the aggressions of the little brown men, to compare the military and naval outlay, made at such cost of privation and burdensome taxation, with the corresponding items for this country. One yen is a minute fraction less than half a dollar, and we compare the figures at the ratio of 2 to 1:

JAPANESE BUDGET.

Army ordinary	$35,104.889
Army extraordinary	18,603,497
Navy ordinary	17.405.368
Navy extraordinary	23.069,062
	$94,182,816

CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATIONS, 1907-1908.

Army	$78.535,282
Navy	98.958.007
Military Academy	1.929,703
Fortifications	6,898.011
	$186,321,003

Supine as we Americans doubtless are, criminally neglectful of our duty, indifferent to the yellow peril at our very doors, we are nevertheless spending nearly two dollars on martial preparations where the alert and aggressive Yankees of the Orient spend one.

A well-known German writer declares in the January *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* that protective duties compel German consumers to pay from $100,000,000 to $125,000,000 a year in tribute to the wheat-growers of their country. The increase in cost of meat and other necessaries of life is even greater, and this, too, goes into the pockets of the German producers. Indeed, meat is no longer properly described as a necessity, but as a luxury. Hundreds of thousands of persons have learned to do without it, while the consumption of horse-flesh steadily grows—all of this that the government may bolster up in Prussia a tottering, outworn agricultural system. Meanwhile, the mother of Trusts continues to increase her ill-favored progeny in Germany. New syndicates and combinations to keep up prices are steadily reported in the press, with all the evils of artificial high prices with which we are so painfully familiar in the United States. Is it to be wondered at that there is rioting in Berlin's streets, or that the disfranchised cry for a share in the government? In still other aspects does the protectionist government of Germany resemble ours. It is magnificent in its ability to enlarge national expenditures, but can no more cut down its budget than can our own Republican Congressional majority. Economy is too parochial an issue for a nation which aims at the mastery of the seas and looks beyond them for colonial ventures. Although the collapse of the Russian army and the unrest in that country have forced German military men to admit that they have nothing to fear now from even a joint attack by Russia and France, and although the relations with the latter country grow more and more pacific, despite the Morocco entanglement, no one talks of reducing the peace strength of the German army. Yet, if some of the 600,000 men, now withdrawn, were permitted to return to industrial pursuits, they would in part offset the ever-increasing navy bills. Yet when the whole country is suffering from a trade reaction, and Prussia itself is facing a treasury deficit of $125,000.000, the government of that country, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, is asking the Prussian Landtag for an extra credit of $100,000,000 for the purpose of forcibly expelling Polish landowners from their estates and paying them for the lands thus wrung from them.

The death of M. Guyot-Dessaigne, the French Minister of Justice, has led to a reorganization of the Cabinet. M. Briand has been transferred from the Ministry of Public Instruction to the vacant post; he has been succeeded by M. Doumergue, who surrendered the portfolio of commerce to M. Cruppi, a vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies and a prominent leader of the Radical Left. M. Briand's appointment as Minister of Justice is not altogether due to the fact that his Christian name is Aristides, as one Paris journal suggests. A more potent reason is the present status of the Separation question. As Minister of Public Instruction, M. Briand was the principal figure in the legislative crisis that followed the coming into force of the Separation Law in December, 1906. Before this he had been head of the committee that steered the bill through the Chamber, and the ablest advocate of that measure. He carried the Supplementary Law of January 2, 1907, made necessary by the almost unanimous refusal of French Catholics to organize into *associations cultuelles* for taking over the management of church property. By this time, however, the question of the devolution of Church property has become fully as important from the judicial point of view as from the legislative. The courts will henceforth have to deal with a vast number of cases involving the fulfilment of gifts and bequests granted for specific religious purposes, which are now incapable of realization. As Minister of Justice and keeper of the seals, M. Briand will therefore be in a position to continue his labors for Separation.

MORE "NAKEDNESS."

In a special message to Congress urging that the census clerks be put under the civil-service rules, the President spoke recently of the "cloaks" which had been devised to cover "the nakedness of the spoils system." But last week's proceedings in the Senate make it look as if Mr. Roosevelt himself were in need of some sort of wrap. He was exposed to a wintry blast from the Ohio Senators, who showed that he had been using the post-offices in their State to aid Taft, and who brought about the unanimous rejection of his nominees. And no Administration Senator came out of the cloak-room to protect the President from the icy cold.

Of course, strictly speaking, there is no violation of the civil-service rules in appointing postmasters who have ratted from Foraker and are devoting themselves to running conventions for Taft. They are not in the classified service—though Mr. Roosevelt has said that they ought to be there, and it has been a professed purpose of his Administration to "retain fourth-class postmasters during good behavior." The rejection of the Ohio workers for Taft, however, leaves Mr. Roosevelt with no possible ground of complaint. He has always "played the game," in the sense of admitting the right of the two Republican Senators from any State to control the patronage. Consequently, when Foraker and Dick caught him playing unfair, they were entitled to expose and defeat him. If there were any Senators from New York, he might similarly be opposed here; but Platt and Depew are evidently not worth, in the President's mind, even the tossing of a coin to decide appointments.

But the whole matter goes far beyond the mere question of Senatorial "courtesy," or even of technical compliance with the rules governing appointment to office. The gravest abuses of the spoils system have had to do with the use of the offices after they are filled. All civil-service reformers, Theodore Roosevelt at their head, have contended that Federal officials, no matter how they got their offices, should not be allowed to meddle with politics. The classic statement of this view was made in the executive order which President Hayes issued on June 22, 1877: "No officer should be required or permitted to take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, or conventions, or election campaigns." Substantially the same order has been promulgated by President Roosevelt himself, and Federal officials in Philadelphia have been removed for disregarding it. But what do we see to-day? The whole Federal service is, as Senator Foraker expressed it, being "prostituted in order to carry out political bargains." In Ohio, and notoriously in New York, not only are appointments made as a means of helping Taft and hurting Hughes, but Federal officials are taking an active part in political manipulation. For example, at the meeting in this city last Thursday night twenty out of the thirty-five district leaders of the Republican County Committee stood by President Herbert Parsons in opposing a vote of endorsement for Hughes. Seven of the twenty were Federal employees. This may not be as "naked" a proceeding as the effort of a spoilsman to "beat" the civil-service rules, but it is flatly in violation of the President's own orders, and is in clear opposition to the whole spirit of civil-service reform, to say nothing of political decency. In 1879, President Hayes suspended the collector and the naval officer of New York for having defied his executive order and having used the Custom House "to manage and control political affairs." "Their offices," said Hayes, "have been conducted as part of the political machinery under their control." Imagine President Roosevelt taking that stand to-day! It would break overnight President Parsons's control of the County Committee.

We are not blind to all that President Roosevelt has done to advance the cause of civil-service reform. Our praise of him on this score has been ungrudging, and we would not recall a word of it. The Civil Service Reform League has more than once complimented Mr. Roosevelt on his successive advance steps in purifying the public service. But here we come upon the old anomaly, or mystery, in Mr. Roosevelt's character. When he wants a thing, he goes straight for it, undeterred by any scruple or sense of awkwardness arising out of his former positions and utterances. Just now, he is bound to nominate Taft, and, as the political use of the offices seems a good road to that goal, why, he follows it without a moment's hesitation. This is one difference between Roosevelt and Bismarck. The latter scorned "principles"; they merely hindered you from doing what you desired. President Roosevelt delights in principles, only he does not let them hinder him. What he is doing now to rally Federal employees and set them to work like beavers for Taft is of the very essence of the spoils system. The fact that this is done by one of the most vociferous civil-service reformers going, is really too thin and ragged a cloak to cover the nakedness of the transaction.

HINDUS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Brief dispatches have been telling us of the disturbances in the Transvaal growing out of the presence of British Indians in that self-governing colony. We have read of Hindus being arrested and threatened with deportation. The agitation is both alarming and mounting; and has its echoes in England, where the Imperial relations of the matter are doubtless more clearly perceived than in South Africa. In the Transvaal, this is not a question on which Boer and Briton take different sides. The colonists of British descent are as determined as the Dutch to make of the Transvaal "a white man's country." Hence we have the anomaly of men who, a few years ago, wanted to go to war with Kruger for his dislike of Uitlanders, themselves creating a class of Uitlanders whom they would expel from the land.

It is not a case of keeping out undesirable aliens. The Hindus are already there; and the question is of their treatment, not only as human beings, but as British subjects. The Imperial authorities have not challenged the right of self-governing colonies to pass exclusion acts. The attitude and legislation of Australia and Canada on that subject being what they are, the privilege of the Transvaal to decide what kind of immigration it would allow could not be denied. But it is a horse of another color when British Indians already settled in a self-governing colony are dealt with in a discriminating and unjust manner. It is estimated that there are some 10,000 Hindus in the Transvaal. That they are exceedingly industrious and inoffensive morally is conceded. But they are very keen traders, and 5,000 of them have from the government a license to trade. The main objection to their presence comes from those, both Dutch and British, who allege that they cannot endure Hindu competition in the small trades. Gunga Din is proving too much for slippery Joe from Brummagem, or "slim" Piet of the veldt!

The present and particular grievance of the Indian residents of the Transvaal is a law compelling them to take out fresh registration papers. They had all been registered once. This was done, on the advice of Lord Milner, before self-government was granted to the Transvaal; and the Hindus were assured by him at the time that "that registration would be final." But the colonial government has passed an act compelling re-registration, and that under humiliating conditions. In taking out new certificates, the Hindus must submit to the tests used for criminals, including finger-marks. The aim may have been partly sincere, to prevent false permits, and to detect fraudulent registration; but a secondary object was undoubtedly to infuriate or intimidate the Indians. This was practically admitted by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Smuts, who said in his speech at Pretoria the other day that since the passage of the act at least 5,000 Asiatics had left the colony in a fright. On the other hand, many of the more self-respecting Hindus have refused to register, asserting that the law was both degrading to them and in derogation of their established rights as British subjects. Certainly, there could be no more direct way of affixing to them what Mr. Morley has called "the bar sinister of inferiority."

To have this difficulty arise at the very moment when the troubles in India are themselves so serious is highly embarrassing for the English government; for the news from the Transvaal cannot fail to make the educated natives in the Punjab more doubtful of British fair play for their race. And the agitation has come to give a sardonic turn to previous pledges and boasts of British statesmen. At the Colonial Conference of 1897, Mr. Chamberlain, then Colonial Secretary, declined to enter into schemes for the restriction of emigration, on the specific ground that outrages might be inflicted upon the 300,000,000 of British subjects in India. They were, he said, "as loyal to the Crown as you are yourselves"; and he, for his part, could not consent to anything which would put "a slight" upon men who had "brought whole armies and placed them at the service of the Queen." This latter tribute might be made stronger to-day. Natal was saved by troops from India; Indian soldiers marched to the relief of the British legation at Peking; the Sikhs averted disaster at Suakim. And what rubs salt into the wounds of British Imperialists to-day is the fact that one of their grievances against the rule of the Dutch in the Transvaal was the treatment of Hindus. Thus Lord Lansdowne said in 1899:

> A considerable number of the Queen's Indian subjects are to be found in the Transvaal, and among the many misdeeds of the South African Republic I do not know that any fills me with more indignation than its treatment of those Indians. And the harm is not confined to the sufferers on the spot; for what do you imagine would be the effect produced in India when these poor people return to their country to report to their friends that the Government of the Queen-Empress, so mighty and irresistible in India, with its population of 300,000,000, is powerless to secure redress at the hands of a small South African State?

The effect can scarcely be less to-day, one would think, when hardships at least as great as those of the days of Kruger are suffered by the King's Indian subjects in a colony owning allegiance to the Emperor of India.

With these mortifying inconsistencies, Imperialism is all the while being brought up short. It professes to be going forward to bless the world with a policy of all-embracing justice. Freedom and self-government it cannot promise, but fair and equal treatment it does. Yet it finds that the ugly prejudice of race and color is ever and again nullifying its fine words. There is no magic in the word Imperial to make men abandon greed and deal with a fellow-being as an equal before the law and in the sight of God. And whether we call ourselves Imperialist or parochial, there is not much for it but to get it into our heads and our hearts that it is infinitely mean to despise a man, and refuse to give him a fair chance, merely because he is poor or black.

THE WORK OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

The second annual report of President Henry S. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching discusses many topics of general interest, such as "The Evolution of the American Type of University" and "The Relation of Efficiency to Cost in Colleges and Universities." Nothing, however, is more significant than those passages which tell—sometimes indirectly—the effect which the Carnegie Foundation has already begun to exert upon higher education in this country. In two ways the pressure of this vast fund is producing beneficial results: in raising standards of scholarship and in freeing colleges from sectarian ties.

The Foundation refuses retiring allowances to professors in institutions which do not require for admission a preparation represented by fourteen "units" of study. There, are, especially in the South and West, many schools, called colleges or universities, whose standards are deplorably low. This shortcoming may be ascribed to a variety of causes: the schools of the community often cannot afford an adequate preparation, and the colleges have to take such students as they can get. But frequently there has been a competition for numbers, especially between colleges of rival religious denominations; and in this struggle one easy way to win is to put down the entrance requirements. But the Carnegie Foundation proposes that such competition shall at least not be destructive; that a college shall not consider its fortunes "as a matter unconnected with the general system of education and without relation to the interests of the whole body of American students." For example, Dickinson College has within the year been put upon the list of accepted institutions. Its requirements for admission "were slightly below fourteen units"; but "these deficiencies were promptly removed by the action of the faculty." Bates College also "readily agreed" to raise its requirements. Washington and Lee has been making a "series of advances covering several years," and by 1909 it "will require the full fourteen units." The Foundation, we may note, does not specify any particular studies, or lay upon the colleges a cast-iron regimen. There may be as wide variation as ever between institutions and between individuals in the same institution. The only point on which the Foundation insists is that a college shall not be a mere high school.

The questions as to sectarian control have been more difficult to handle because the ties between colleges and sects are so various. The commonest form seems to be a charter provision that the trustees, or a fixed proportion of them, shall belong to a certain sect or to a group of sects—say, the Evangelical. In some cases the trustees may belong to any, or no, denomination, but the choice of trustees rests with a sectarian body. For example, the trustees of Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky., are elected by members of the Baptist Education Society of Kentucky; and one-fourth of the trustees of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., are elected by Methodist conferences in New York and New England. Institutions subject to such sectarian control, direct or indirect, are not admitted to the benefits of the Foundation. And rightly, we believe; for though the college may be liberal in temper, yet so long as it maintains a legal connection with a denomination for the sake of securing financial aid or more students, it is in so far forth sectarian. It cannot eat its cake and have it too. On the other hand, there are colleges—like Princeton and Yale—whose relationship with a sect "is one of tradition and sympathy, and the Foundation is not concerned with the fact that a given college was founded under the auspices of a religious organization, or that it retains to-day a sympathetic relation with it." To avoid misunderstandings, however, the Foundation asks that when these colleges are entered in church year-books, they appear in a list apart from the "official" under the following heading:

> The following institutions are not connected with the —— church by any legal ties, nor are they subject to its control. Their history, however, and associations with the life and work of the church are such as to justify our earnest coöperation with them.

The effects of this policy are already visible. Presidents of colleges and universities and editors of year-books have "willingly coöperated in this change." Thus Dickinson College has been removed from the "official list" of educational institutions of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and Randolph-Macon Woman's College, though founded under Methodist auspices, has in a similar way defined its independence. Bates College, Lewiston, Me., had been controlled by the Free Baptists, but in 1905 the Legislature restored the college "to its original undenominational status."

This movement toward unsectarianism we cannot but regard as wholesome. Without in the least undervaluing the services to education of the sects which have founded and maintained schools and colleges, we are convinced that a college is hampered by any form of sectarian control. Whenever scientific investigation and the tenets of the denomination come into conflict, the latter are too likely to prevail, or at least to restrict the scientists; among teachers and officers loyalty to the denomination may count for as much as professional skill. On this point President Pritchett's report throws interesting light. He notes that it is doubtful "whether those whose primary object is to save men's souls are the best qualified for training their minds." He has asked for "the opinion of those in charge as to the effect of denominational connections in the conduct of the organization"; and "almost without exception the conviction has been expressed" that such connection "is not a help in the organization of a college, and that denominational control is nearly always a source of organic weakness." The grounds upon which such connections and control are defended are:

> First, a belief that such institutions are more likely to be conducted by strictly religious men than other colleges; second, the financial assistance obtained from the denomination; third, and perhaps most influential of all, a desire for a constituency to which to appeal for students.

We hope, however, that with the makeweight of the Carnegie Fund thrown into the balance, our colleges will be more and more constrained to rely on intellectual rather than religious resources to attract students; in short, that they will pursue more strictly their aims as institutions of higher learning.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.

The late French astronomer, M. Janssen, was not only a great scientist, but a writer of no little distinction. He kept his mind open to literature as few men are able to do whose lives are devoted to absorbing technical work; and the union of science and love of letters, which he illustrated in his own person, was a theme on which he often dwelt. In particular, he resented the common assertion that the spirit of science is hostile to the spirit of poetry. The Paris *Figaro* recently printed a posthumous article from his pen, sustaining the thesis that science and poetry represent "the two greatest manifestations of the human spirit," and arguing that the time is now ripe for their "beautiful and fruitful" alliance. As an example of what M. Janssen conceived to be the strong appeal of scientific truth to the imagination, he gave an account of an experience of his own with Gounod. That great musician might certainly be cited as a man of the poetic temperament. He sought out Janssen to ask for a few lessons in the higher astronomy. One day, the discourse fell on Kepler's laws, and as Gounod grasped their theory, he was so much moved that he exclaimed: "How beautiful!" and burst into tears.

Such personal incidents, however scarcely go to the root of the difficulty. Great natures and great poets, from Lucretius down, have been profoundly impressed by scientific discoveries and speculations regarding the universe and the soul of man. But that fact does not meet the real charge that science is hostile to poetry. It is not that scientific conceptions, such as the reign of the iron laws of nature, and the struggle for existence, are in themselves recalcitrant to poetic treatment. They may be found underlying many great poems. But it is the peculiarly scientific attitude that eats into the heart of the poet and extinguishes his enthusiasm. To the poet nature and law must be seen through the medium of human hopes and fears, they must be transmuted into emotion and personal equivalents; whereas true science begins just when these media of ideas have been laid aside. The instance of Tennyson is frequently adduced to the contrary, and indeed no poet appears to have followed more closely the scientific movements of his age. But it is also true that when consciously he writes as the interpreter of science he ceases to be a poet. Who does not recall the jargon of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

> Evolution ever climbing after some ideal good,
> And Reversion ever dragging Evolution in the mud.

So far as science wrote itself in Tennyson's verse, the result fell far short of M. Janssen's dream of a poetry transfigured and made at once more vital and more beautiful by blending with the scientific spirit. Janssen could cry out, in one of his lectures on the chemistry of the heavens, "Oh, star, send me one of thy rays, and I will write thy history!" But in his observatory, as a man of science, he must have thought more of the mechanism of the telescope than of any personal appeal to the heavens. He may have been poet and scientist, but scarcely both at the same time.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that men will be ever seeking the human interpretation of life, and the imaginative presentation of truth. Indeed, it is the function of poetry so to make life and truth vividly apprehended. Hence, as the domain of science is extended, the demand will be heightened for poets who can reconquer it for the imagination. This is the feeling which underlies Clough's "Come, Poet, Come!" To teach emotionally what others attain by self-denying labor is the way to "make their meaning clear in verse." If science is to win its way to the inner soul of mankind, it will need a poetry suffused with its spirit, but capable still of making its message personal. It is doubtless true that if a poet shall ever arise who is imbued with the methods and the results of science, he will be compelled to depart from some of the older conventions. He will surely have fewer hymns to write to the individual, and more to the commonalty; will summon to a combat which is the sterner for the immutable laws of nature. But he will never cease to weave into his verse those human feelings and those deep-seated virtues which, though beyond the reach of chemic test, are still among the most indubitable affirmations of science:

> To defy power which seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent.

PATRIOTIC SONGS AND THEIR MAKING.

The death last week of James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," has called attention to the paradox that the Southern Confederacy should have derived so much lyric enthusiasm from an appeal to a State which did not secede, after all. That fact should have been a reason for taking its sentiment a trifle less seriously; yet it had no such effect. The song was ringing, manifestly sincere, and it was adapted to a German tune that is one of the best in the world. Nothing more was needed, and Southern sympathizers went on singing with tears in their eyes:

> She'll come, she'll come,
> Maryland, my Maryland,

long after it had become clear that Maryland was not coming.

Yet this is neither more nor less absurd—if it be at bottom absurd at all—than the contradictions to be found in the history of most patriotic songs. Every one knows that the melody of the "Star-Spangled Banner" belonged to an old English drinking song:

> To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full glee,
> A few sons of Harmony sent a petition,
> That he their inspirer and patron would be, etc.

But the words of the "Star-Spangled Banner," stirring as they are, can be contrasted rather ludicrously with the events they commemorate. No doubt the stanzas written by a prisoner of war, who was actually straining his eyes through the night to see if the flag were still flying, had an almost ideally inspiring origin. But, as the editor of *Scribner's* recently pointed out, the song is supposed to commemorate about the most inglorious campaign in which American arms were ever engaged. Only a little while before the song was written the Free and the Brave had run away from Washington, leaving it for the President's wife to save even the White House portraits, and letting the Hireling and Slave burn down the Capitol.

There is no need for more than a reminder that "Dixie" was written by the comedian of a Northern minstrel show—"Dixieland" itself, according to some authorities, being named after a slaveholder here on Manhattan Island; that "Yankee Doodle" is "Lydia Fisher's Jig" of the time of Charles II.; and that some historical muckrakers have satisfied themselves of the German origin of the Marseillaise, and of the French origin of certain German national songs. On the other hand, few songs of unimpeachable origin and strictly logical sentiment ever find their way into the same vogue. Several times in this epoch of magazines, some large-minded editor has commissioned a leading poet and a leading composer to collaborate in filling a long-felt want with a patriotic song that should be purely and everlastingly American. Some years ago one of the State branches of the Society of the Cincinnati received, in response to a request, 517 new airs for "My Country 'tis of Thee." We confess complete ignorance as to the result of any of these praiseworthy efforts. "Cursed is the war no poet sings." Nevertheless, if history be any guide, the poet who desires to sing a war will improve his chances of immortality by expatriating himself and singing some other country's war, or at least borrowing the tune from his country's foeman, or picking out some episode in which his country had distinctly the worst of it.

This is a condition which may be deplored, yet cannot apparently be changed. It offers a singular contrast to the business-like methods of modern war. The fact is eternally impressed upon us that preparations for even the most remote conflict cannot begin too soon, that it is the best organized commissariat which really wins the battles, that patriotism is of no use unless Congress votes some scores of millions to equip it. The day is past when peasants can pick up flails and scythes and rush out to defend their homes from the invaders; or when the minute man can be called from the field, reach behind the door for his musket, and hurry off to fight. Yet even now, after the arsenals and the shipyards have done their part, something is still requisite for a successful war. Congress has neglected to provide the songs for the men! On this one point warfare remains impromptu. Some poet wakes up in the middle of the night and tumbles out of bed with a song, as Randall did to write "Maryland, My Maryland." Or if the poet is a sluggard, the soldiers levy on civilians just as they do for provisions. In the Civil War they found a Methodist camp-meeting tune and extemporized the words of "John Brown's Body," which are not without a sort of rude dignity. In the Spanish war they found a "coon song," "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," and did not even try to put it under military discipline. It is said that newspaper readers on the continent of Europe were perplexed when they read in 1898 of victories celebrated by the singing of "Il fera très chaud dans la ville ce soir." But their perplexity was both in degree and in kind like that of the American who read in the accounts of the last Thibetan expedition about the firing of "Jingals from a Jong." Americans and Tibetans alike, caught unprepared, had seized the best makeshift they could, the one a piece of music, the other a piece of ordnance.

KIPLING AS A POET.[*]

The issue of a collective edition of Kipling's verse comes opportunely with the award to him of the Nobel prize for idealism in literature. Though the committee must have reckoned into the account all his writing, his poetry is presumably the chief item; and here we have it in convenient form for reading, comparison, and criticism. The volume contains the matter in "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads" (with additional poems), 1893; "The Seven Seas," 1896; and "The Five Nations," 1903. Mr. Kipling has not reprinted the bits of verse scattered through his stories, and he has omitted a considerable number of the pieces in "Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses," widely circulated in this country in 1890. Most of these early "Barrack-Room Ballads" have been saved; none of the "Departmental Ditties," and but few of the "Other Verses." Mr. Kipling's willingness to let the "Departmental Ditties" die is easy to understand: while they are always smart and sometimes clever, they are, without exception, immature and trivial. Yet they throw no little light on his development. Most of the "Other Verses" equally merit oblivion; and yet we must regard "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House," "The Grave of the Hundred Head," and "The Galley Slave" as worthy of place with much of his later production.

I

In this 'prentice work which he has consigned to oblivion, he tries his hand, as is wholesome and proper in an aspiring poet, at various metres—bits reminiscent of W. S. Gilbert, Bret Harte, FitzGerald, Will Carleton, and C. S. Calverley. But Kipling's versification has received its deepest impress from that great master of sheer verbal melody, Swinburne. This is the craftsman whose elaborate alliterations and assonances, as well as sentiment, the younger author has studied most assiduously.

This is not to say, of course, that Kipling is a mere echo. One of the qualities, indeed, which brought him such instant popularity was a certain originality both of manner and matter—an originality which seems greater perhaps than it really is, because the effect of all that Mr. Kipling says, either in prose or verse, is heightened by an extraordinary terseness and vigor of phrase. This power of swift and vivid expression appears in his earliest writings. He was only twenty-five when in "The Ballad of the King's Jest" he gave that dazzling description which was thought to offer rich promise of future performance:

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering
dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

In this kind of composition we must admit, however, that his latest volume shows little or no advance. The execution is as brilliant as ever; but custom has staled us and we are no longer astonished. A fair parallel is with the first four stanzas of "Bridge-Guard in the Karroo," dated 1901:

Sudden the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing, aglow—
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket—
We are changing guard on the bridge.

In fine, as one reads through this collection just issued, one is forced to the conclusion that though in the fourteen years from 1889 to 1903 Kipling has extended somewhat the range of his rhythms and metres, and has become more fluent, dexterous, and practised, yet in what is for most poets the critical age, his development in the art of versification has been surprisingly slight.

II.

This, his admirers will reply, is only another way of pointing out a precocity that fitted him at twenty-five with a technique which most poets would be glad to have acquired at forty. Almost from the beginning he had perfect command of the means of expression. The important question then relates to his development as a thinker; for verse without thought is, after all, as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. What then are the great and inspiring ideas to which Mr. Kipling's almost miraculous gift of tongues has given currency? In answering this question, we think it fair to turn for a moment to some of the "Departmental Ditties" which he has disowned. His dissatisfaction with these children of his brain must be due to their shallow conception quite as much as to their feeble execution. Like some of the "Plain Tales," they are very cheaply cynical. The prevalent mood is of tolerance if not admiration, of sheer unscrupulous smartness. There was Sleary, with his simulated fits; and the young man who caught "the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse" in an indiscretion, held his tongue, and received promotion. In these vivacious skits in verse moralizing would be wholly out of place; we do not ask for it. Our complaint is that their defect is the same as that of the Restoration comedy: the author seems to regard all sorts of malicious trickery and even adultery as merely, or at least chiefly, funny. Many of these pieces strike one as the utterance of an astoundingly clever man who, if he has a conscience, at any rate lacks a delicate sense of propriety and honor. This flaw does not, we may note, mar the light verse of, say, Thackeray or Dobson. Yet in fairness to Mr. Kipling, we must say that among these poems that paint a world of sharpers, debauchees, and their paramours, is one that strikes a graver note. At the end of a modern version of the story of David and Uriah comes the stanza:

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[*] *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

> And. when the Last Great Bugle Call
> Adown the Hurnai throbs,
> When the last grim joke is entered
> In the big black book of Jobs,
> And Quetta graveyards give again
> Their victims to the air,
> I shouldn't like to be the man
> Who sent Jack Barrett there.

Though Mr. Kipling has long since outgrown that mood of boyish and irresponsible cynicism, he has too often, even in his later writings, preserved his old attitude as worshipper of mere mental dexterity or physical prowess. These are splendid qualities; but they are not, as Mr. Kipling sometimes seems to imagine, the most divine attributes of humanity. We have no quarrel with his "first-class fighting man," but even that resourceful creature is not the intellectual and moral flower of our race. We may pass over with few words his multitude of smaller heroes, with their strong right arms and their indomitable pluck in hewing paths through the wilderness and ploughing the pathless sea—for the glory of Britain. All these minor pioneers and patriots are swallowed up in Cecil Rhodes, who united the mind and energy of a superman with the conscience of a buccaneer. It is profoundly significant of Mr. Kipling's spiritual limitations that he seems to regard Mr. Rhodes's character as wholly admirable. Here are two of the stanzas on the death of that exploiter of South Africa:

> Dreamer devout, by vision led
> Beyond our guess or reach,
> The travail of his spirit bred
> Cities in place of speech.
> So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
> So brief the term allowed—
> Nations, not words, he linked to prove
> His faith before the crowd.
>
> . . . . .
>
> There, till the vision he foresaw
> Splendid and whole arise,
> And unimagined Empires draw
> To council 'neath the skies,
> The immense and brooding Spirit still
> Shall quicken and control.
> Living he was the land, and dead,
> His soul shall be her soul.

This, though noble in style, is morally of a piece with his thin jingo rhymes and his strident patriotism. As a rule he fails to look beyond the immediate demands of Imperial policy and the views of Kitchener and his fellows of blood and iron. Their aims and their will Mr. Kipling accepts as the tables from Sinai. He seems scarcely to conceive of a higher mission than to "Take up the white man's burden," that is, subdue the earth in the name of our Blessed Saviour, the Anglo-Saxon. Naturally, the Boer war inspired some of the most frantic of his lyric outbursts, yet there were moments when the fife and drum did not drown all other sounds. There was the lucid interval of the "Hymn before Action" and the "Recessional," so different in tone from his shrill glorification of brute force and British power.

III.

But despite these exceptions and deductions there remains much that is impressive in Mr. Kipling's output. His descriptions, as we have already said, are extraordinarily swift and vivid. It would be easy to quote pages of brilliant writing in this kind. Moreover, he has carried into verse the narrative skill of which he has given such notable exhibitions in prose. We need but mention "The Ballad of East and West," "The Ballad of the King's Jest," "The Ballad of the King's Mercy," "The Last Suttee," and "The Rhyme of the Three Sealers." Then, too, among his contemporaries he is eminently the poet of Nature in her more tremendous aspects. In his feeling for the sea he stands almost with Swinburne; in his feeling for the mountains, he is among living Englishmen, alone. His marines, if we may use that term, rank among his finest pieces. No man can sail up the English Channel, for example, without acknowledging the exquisite aptness of "The Coastwise Lights":

> Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;
> Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
> From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness, and voe—
> The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!
>
> Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors;
> Through the yelling Channel Tempest when the siren hoots and roars—
> By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail—
> As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.
>
> We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman have a care,
> The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer;
> From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains
> The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in English lanes.

Mr. Kipling is also peculiarly felicitous in his interpretation of what we may call the life of the inanimate. He tells us the things a ship would say if it suddenly found itself with a mind and tongue. In this direction he has exercised his imagination abundantly. We have just quoted an utterance of the Coastwise Lights; in similar vein are "The Deep-Sea Cables," "The Merchantmen," and "The Bell Buoy." We might also cite "The Song of the Banjo"; but a more notable poem is "The Derelict." It shows, perhaps, a more refined and delicate perception than most of Kipling's verses; and refinement and delicacy are all too rare in Kipling:

> I was the staunchest of our fleet
> Till the sea rose beneath our feet
> Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
> Into his grip he stamped my crew,
> Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,
> Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.
>
> . . . . .
>
> For life that crammed me full,
> Gangs of the prying gull
> That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches!
> For roar that dumbed the gale,
> My hawse-pipes' guttering wail,
> Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches!
>
> Blind in the hot blue ring
> Through all my points I swing—
> Swing and return to shift the sun anew.
> Blind in my well-known sky
> I hear the stars go by,
> Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!
>
> . . . . .
>
> I that was clean to run
> My race against the sun—
> Strength on the deep—am bawd to all disaster;
> Whipped forth by night to meet
> My sister's careless feet,
> And with a kiss betray her to my master!

From the inanimate dumb to the animate but still dumb is an easy step; and for this kind of interpretation, too, Kipling has extraordinary aptitude. We need not quarrel with his animals because they are merely human beings in strange guise. That convention we may accept without difficulty in reading the songs scattered through the two "Jungle Books." The "Seal Lullaby," for instance, is not less graceful and tunable because the mother who sings it is really human:

> Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us.
> And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
> The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
> At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
> Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;
> Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
> The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,
> Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

And the next step up the ladder takes Kipling to the region where he seems most at home—the heart of men of primitive instincts and desires. He delights to tell us how people felt in the Neolithic age; he speaks with the tongue of rough sailors, impelled by an overmastering *Wanderlust* to the remotest corners of earth, the men who "cannot use me bed too long"; and, above all, he is the mouthpiece of the British common soldier. Nearly a third of the present volume, for example, is made up of "Barrack-Room Ballads"; while many of the other poems are presented as the utterance of men of the same type. His success in this delineation is indisputable. Sir Anthony Gloster in "The Mary Gloster," repellent though he may be, is firmly drawn and veritable; and so is Mulholland of "Mulholland's Contract"; so, too, are the seven daredevils who "took the Bolivar out across the bay." But Thomas Atkins is Kipling's masterpiece. Here again we must accept the convention of what Ruskin would call the pathetic fallacy. Just as Kipling animates his ships, his sea-cables, and his buoys, and elevates his beasts to the level of human beings, so he endows his primitive men with the feeling of the poet and lover of nature. He ascribes to them the sentiments that perhaps might, but in fact seldom do, move them. Thus he translates vague uneasiness into clearly defined and articulated regret, as in "Mandalay"; half-understood dissatisfaction with the quiet life of peace at home into a clear and unmistakable longing for adventure, as in "Sestina of the Tramp-Royal" and "For to Admire." But, granted the legitimacy of this clarifying and heightening of emotion for rhetorical effect, Kipling is unmatched. Of all his verse, nothing has seized the popular fancy more than "Danny Deever," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," "Gunga Din," and "Mandalay," all of them early productions. His later service songs have seemed as a whole less fresh and spontaneous. But at least two of them have received less attention than they deserve. The first is the "Chant-Pagan" (the lament of an English irregular, discharged), from which we quote a single stanza, showing this very vision of the sophisticated poet, to which we have just referred:

> Me that 'ave rode through the dark
> Forty mile, often, on end,
> Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
> With only the stars for my mark
> An' only the night for my friend,
> An' things runnin' off as you pass,
> An' things jumpin' up in the grass,
> An' the silence, the shine an' the size
> Of the 'igh unexpressible skies—
> I am takin' some letters almost
> As much as a mile, to the post,
> An' "mind you come back with the change!"
> Me!

The second is the marching song, "Boots," which, men of experience say, suggests more forcibly than any other verses in our language the fatigue bordering on delirium produced by long-forced marches:

> We're foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over Africa!
> Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
> (Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)
> There's no discharge in the war!
>
> Seven—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile today—
> Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day before—
> (Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!)—
> There's no discharge in the war!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Try—try—try—try—to think o' something different—
> Oh—my—God—keep me from goin' lunatic!
> Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again,
> There's no discharge in the war!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
> But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—
> Boots—boots—boots—boots—movin' up and down again!
> An' there's no discharge in the war!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
> It—is—not—fire—devils—dark or anything
> But boots—boots—boots—boots movin' up an' down again,
> An' there's no discharge in the war.

IV.

But if Kipling's fame rests chiefly on his celebration of the British flag and the British soldier, we must also add that he presents two or three general ideas. In his vigor, his youth, and his enormous popularity he is often likened to Byron. The similarity, however, is superficial. Byron died at thirty-six, but he left a mass of verse that shows far wider intellectual range that all of Kipling's writing, verse and prose, put together. Kipling has given us nothing large and sustained, nothing that exhibits high skill in architectonics. From Byron we have, in addition to his numerous miscellaneous poems, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," eight or nine tales, like "The Giaour" and "The Corsair," eight dramas, and "Don Juan"—all of them informed with ideas; all of them, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, a criticism of life. To compare Kipling's product with this is impossible. For besides Kipling's proclamation of the duty of conquering savage wilds and spreading Anglo-Saxon civilization, and his exposition of the heart of the unlettered soldier and sailor, his chief contribution to our stock of ideas is his theory of art; to wit, that steam and electricity cannot kill romance. On this theme he offers several variants, the best of which is "McAndrew's Hymn" in the passage beginning:

> Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!
> To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime—

Besides this there is little beyond what we have already noted in passing. Indeed, he has never, in the best of his later verse, written anything more thoughtful than the few lines which serve as a motto for "To Be Filed for Reference" in "Plain Tales from the Hills":

> By the hoof of the Wild Goat up-tossed
> From the Cliff where She lay in the Sun,
> Fell the Stone
> To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
> So She fell from the light of the Sun,
> And alone.
>
> Now the fall was ordained from the first,
> With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,
> But the Stone
> Knows only Her life is accursed,
> As she sinks in the depths of the Tarn,
> And alone.
>
> Oh, Thou who hast builded the world!
> Oh, Thou who hast lighted the Sun!
> Oh, Thou who hast darkened the Tarn!
> Judge Thou
> The sin of the Stone that was hurled
> By the Goat from the light of the Sun,
> As She sinks in the mire of the Tarn,
> Even now—even now—even now!

This is a noble beginning for a poet who would discourse of human life with high seriousness. It would be easy to argue that since he penned those penetrating lines, Kipling's vision has been dimmed and narrowed, his utterance choked, by his furious zeal for the British flag and his microscopic study of the British soldier. On the other hand, we may doubt whether a man capable of seeing life steadily and seeing it whole would ever become the victim of such small prepossessions. But whatever the cause, the effect remains: we cannot yet rank Kipling with those poets who have won immortality by their "profound and beautiful application of ideas to life."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Shakespeare Birthplace Museum has just acquired two additional quartos, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Roberts's edition, 1600, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619. They are the Van Antwerp copies. In announcing this addition to the library, Sidney Lee says:

> The two volumes long formed part of the famous Rowfant Library of Frederick Locker-Lampson. It will be remembered that in 1904 the whole of that splendid collection was, to the general regret, sold to a bookseller of New York, who subsequently disposed of the Shakespeareana to an American connoisseur. But the migration proved temporary. In the spring of last year the American collector resold most of the Locker-Lampson Shakespeareana in London.

Actually the first of the two, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" only, was from Locker-Lampson's library. The Rowfant copy of the second is still in New York. Of the seventeen Shakespeare items in the Van Antwerp sale, six only were from the Rowfant collection, and at least one of these, the first folio, is back again in America. Of the forty-nine Shakespeare items described in the two Rowfant catalogues, all but five are still in America, and are likely to remain here.

A new monthly magazine for book-lovers, the *Bibliophile*, will begin publication in London next March. Among the contributors are to be George Wyndham, F. T. Bullen, Arthur Symons, Cyril Davenport, Sidney Lee, A. W. Pollard, and H. B. Wheatley.

On January 24 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the autograph collection of the late William C. Hess, with additions from other sources. There are included a fine A. L. S. of John Adams, written when he was twenty-one; several letters of W. C. Bryant, one mentioning "Thanatopsis"; autograph verses and several letters of O. W. Holmes; A. L. S. of Gen. Jedediah Huntington, mentioning the battle of Bunker Hill; a fine A. L. S. of J. R. Lowell; and A. L. S. of George Cruikshank, Charles Dickens, Gen. Grant, Alexander Hamilton, Marquis de Lafayette, James Madison, and W. M. Thackeray.

On January 27 and 28 the Anderson Company will sell a collection of Americana, mainly formed by Miss Nellie Malcolm of London. A considerable part of the library relates to the American Indians, and contains such books as Adair's "History of the American Indians," 1775 (uncut); Colden's "Five Indian Nations of Canada," 1755; Samuel G. Drake's "Indian Biography," 1832; Livingston's "Review of the Military Operations in North America," 1758 (uncut); Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1698; Hopkins's "Historical Memoirs Relating to the Housatunnuk Indians," 1753; Long's "Voyage and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader," 1791; McKenny and Hall's "Indian Tribes of North America," three vols., 1848-1854; Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal to the Frozen and Pacific Ocean," 1802; and a number of books by Schoolcraft, including the rare "Algic Researches," 1839.

On January 30 and 31 the same firm sells the library of George M. Williamson, one of the choicest collections offered for some time, and, so far, the most important sale of the season. The most notable single item is Washington's copy of "Don Quixote," four vols., with his autograph on the title page of each volume, and his book plate in vols. I., II., and IV. Washington's library contained comparatively few books which could be classed as literature, and this is one of the most interesting. The set of first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson is, perhaps, the finest in the country. Primarily, it was formed by the late C. B. Foote, who secured several rare private issues. When Mr. Foote sold his library in 1894-1895, he retained Stevenson's books and added to them from time to time. After his death, the collection was acquired privately by Mr. Williamson, who was able to extend it by items from the A. J. Morgan collection, and a series of presentation copies from Stevenson to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham, the "Cummy" of the letters. In 1901, Mr. Williamson printed, at the Marion Press, an account of his Stevenson collection. Stevenson's first book, "The Pentland Rising," 1866, has laid-in a letter to Mr. Foote, in which the author writes: "I was just sixteen in November, 1866, and the 'Pentland Rising' in a green cover is my first work, printed by a fond parent." The two scientific pamphlets, "Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," 1871, and "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," 1873, are both presentation copies, as are the "Charity Bazaar," 1868; "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," 1875: "An Inland Voyage," 1878; "Travels with a Donkey," 1879; "New Arabian Nights," 1882; "A Child's Garden of Verse," 1885; and some later books. Almost all the privately printed books are in the list, including four plays: "Deacon Brodie," "Beau Austin," "Admiral Guinea," and "Macaire"; most, if not all, of the issues from the toy press at Davos Platz; the suppressed "Story of a Lie"; the curious "Object of Pity," printed at Sydney, N. S. W., by Lady Jersey; and issues for copyright of "The Silverado Squatters," "The Master of Ballantrae," "The South Seas," and "Weir of Hermiston." The Dickens collection is notable, including a fine copy of "Pickwick," with parts i. and ii. in the earliest state, with the correct covers and variations of many of the plates; "Sketches by Boz," first octavo edition, in the original parts; "Oliver Twist," the first issue; and Dickens's own copy of "Doctor Marigold." Other English writers of whose books extended series of first editions are offered are Lewis Carroll, George Eliot, and the Brontë Sisters. Almost all the great American authors are represented, and a number of the series are long and important, especially the Whitman and the Hawthorne. Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Holmes, and Whittier are represented by some of their scarcest books. Many later authors, such as Howells, Burroughs, Eugene Field, D. G. Mitchell, and James Whitcomb Riley, also appear, in many cases by presentation or autograph copies.

On January 28 and 29 the Merwin Clayton Sales Co. of this city offers a collection including first editions of Aldrich, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Whittier; books on the Revolution, Indians, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, etc.

Correspondence.

SOME LOST FAIRY TALES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the making of books there is no end indeed; and one can well imagine that a single volume of fairy tales would not be missed. Yet I have repeatedly, at the holiday season, mourned my inability to find "Rainbows for Children," published first I think in 1848, another edition being issued in 1875 by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston. These stories were printed under the name of Lydia Maria Child, who, however, entirely disclaims their authorship in the little preface to both editions. The book was beautifully finished and well illustrated, and was the delight of my earliest years; then of my own boys and girls; and finally I sought it for a little grandson, but sought in vain.

A friend recently lent me a copy, and I was greatly pleased at the impression they made upon the lad of six to whom I read them. Their charming imagery causes the most delicate ethical suggestions, but never intrudes them; and yet I have not known these to be lost upon a young reader. Would that some good publisher could offer these refined and satisfying stories to the present generation, surfeited by cheap "Teddy Bear" parodies—and weak nature studies. S. M. H. G.

Andover, Mass., January 12.

A. C. BENSON'S LITERARY ACTIVITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a reference in the *Nation* of January 2 to our author, Mr. Arthur C. Benson, he is criticised for "bringing out four or five books a year." Such a statement does not do justice to the record of Mr. Benson's literary work. His first book was published anonymously some twenty years back, and since that date a number of further volumes have come from his pen which were, in like manner (with a few exceptions) published without the name of the author, or under a pseudonym. Two years ago appeared the "Upton Letters," and six months later "From a College Window." These also were originally issued under a pseudonym, but were within a few months of their publication acknowledged by the author. The books attracted widespread interest, and the author has been accepted as belonging to the group of leading English essayists. It is quite natural that the publishers of Mr. Benson's earlier books should take advantage of the repute that had been secured for his name through these later and more mature productions, and should bring again into print, connected with the author's name, all the books for which he was responsible. Some of these reprints contain attractive, and even delightful material, but it is not fair that, on the ground of the reissue by various publishers, in the course of one year, or of two years, of a group of these earlier books, the author should be charged with "bringing out four or five books a year."

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New York, January 17.

A FRENCH SUMMER SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent appearance of the annual report of the Committee on Patronage of the University of Grenoble calls attention to an institution concerning which many of your readers may be glad to learn. For ten years public-spirited citizens of Grenoble have maintained courses of instruction in the French language and literature for foreigners during the months of July, August, September, and October. Excellent courses have been given by professors in the University of Grenoble and instructors in the lycées of Dauphiné; and the instruction has been adapted to all grades of learners. The tuition charges are nominal—eight dollars for the summer session, a fee which admits one to all lessons, lectures, conferences, social reunions, and excursions; and good board may be obtained in French families for $30 a month and upwards. Grenoble is picturesquely situted in the heart of the French Alps, and is the starting point for numerous interesting mountain excursions, thus affording an opportunity for the combination of study and recreation. Many splendid mountain peaks are within walking distance of Grenoble, and the mountain roads in Dauphiné are among the best in Europe.

American teachers and students interested in the summer school at Grenoble may obtain full information by addressing M. Marcel Reymond, Président du Comité de Patronage des Étudiants Étrangers, Université de Grenoble, Grenoble, France.

Will S. Monroe.

Westfield, Mass., January 13.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for immediate publication "London Parks and Gardens," by the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil, with colored illustrations by Lady Victoria Manners; "Flower Grouping in English and Irish Gardens," with articles by the Hon. Emily Lawless, Rose Kingsley, and others, and with notes and sketches in color by Margaret Westerfield; and "Municipal Ownership," by Leonard Darwin.

The Macmillan Company has a number of notable books of verse on its spring list, including the new edition of Tennyson, a volume by Alfred Noyes, and new dramas by Stephen Phillips, W. B. Yeats, and Percy MacKaye, the last-named, however, being in prose.

On the spring list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. we note a new book of essays by John Burroughs, entitled "Leaf and Tendril"; and a volume by Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard, on "Literature and the American College."

February 1, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will bring out "Thomas Alva Edison, Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," by Francis Arthur Jones; also three new volumes, "The Tempest," "Othello," and "The Winter's Tale," in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare.

Thomas D. Murphy has written a volume of travel called "British Highways and Byways from a Motor Car," which is so well provided with maps and comments on the roads as to make it practically a guide book for motoring in Great Britain. It will be published by L. C. Page & Co.

Under the title of "A Family Chronicle," John Murray is issuing a volume of reminiscences of Fanny Kemble, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lynedoch, "Bobus" Smith, and other luminaries of the last century.

Darling & Pead (32 Harrington Road, South Kensington) are preparing a privately printed book of letters called "Brougham and His Early Friends." The work, to occupy three volumes, is edited by R. H. M. B. Atkinson and G. A. Jackson.

Edmund G. Gardner is preparing an edition of "Dante's Lyrical Poems," which will construct a critical text of the fifteen *Canzoni* and include a study of mystical and erotic poetry. It will be published by Constable & Co.

To the excellent Tudor & Stuart Library, published by Henry Frowde, are soon to be added Thomas Wilson's "Arte of Rhetorique" (1553) and George Turberville's "Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting" (1576).

William J. Locke has resigned his position as secretary of the Royal Institute of

British Architects, and is going to Africa in order to be free to complete the novel he has on hand. In the spring John Lane Company will issue a uniform edition of his works in ten volumes.

With the March number *Putnam's Monthly* will be combined with the *Reader*. The new magazine will carry the name of both periodicals, and will bear the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, and the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Two reprints from the Clarendon Press are worthy of mention. One is the "Golden Treasury" now issued in the Oxford Edition, with the addition of a hundred poems from Americans and from writers who were living when Palgrave made his famous anthology. Browning has quite the lion's share in this supplement. Another reprint is of Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" from the Olney edition of 1595, with an introductory "Memoir of Sidney" and notes by Prof. Churton Collins. It is an excellent edition for school use.

A new book that every teacher of composition should masticate is "The Writing of English," by P. J. Hartog (Henry Frowde). Apparently, it has grown out of an able paper by the same hand, "The Teaching of Style in English and French Schools," which appeared six years ago in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Hartog approaches his subject from the historical as well as the practical side, showing, after the fashion of Brunetière, that the French mastery of style is not fortuitous, but is the direct result of tangible efforts, and of methods in education that with little change might be introduced into the primary and secondary schools of England. His assumption that American schools are superior to English in the teaching of the mother tongue we are inclined to discount. Substituting the words "American boy" for "English boy" we may render Mr. Hartog thus: (1) The American boy cannot write English; (2) the American boy is not taught to write English; (3) the French boy can write French; (4) the French boy can write French because he is taught how to write. The optimist then gives (5) historical reasons for the foregoing facts, telling us (6) how the French boy is taught to write, and (7) how the American boy may be taught to write. The book is a distinct contribution to the history of style.

Thomas J. Wise, the English collector and bibliographer, has just printed privately, thirty copies only, a little volume of thirty-four letters of Robert Browning to various correspondents, including Professor Dowden, Robert Buchanan, John H. Ingram, and F. J. Furnivall. A facsimile of a letter to Christopher Dowson, about 1830, forms a frontispiece; it is supposed to be the earliest letter of Browning extant. A second volume is promised in about three months. Mr. Wise printed a similar series of two volumes in 1896.

The Lincoln Fellowship has printed privately one hundred copies of "Lincoln and the New York *Herald*," being facsimiles of two letters written by Lincoln in August, 1860, addressed to George Fogg, in reference to a statement made in the *Herald* that Lincoln feared being lynched if he visited Kentucky. The two letters now belong to Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., who writes the Introduction. With these two letters to Fogg are reprinted four letters to Samuel Haycraft, in one of which Lincoln jocosely wrote, in reply to an invitation to visit his birthplace: "But would it be safe? Would not the people lynch me?" This was probably the basis of the *Herald's* statement, and is referred to by Lincoln in his letters to the paper.

In various ways Montrose J. Moses has made himself an authority in juvenile literature, and his volume on "Children's Books and Reading" (Mitchell Kennerley) may be trusted as a safe guide in a problem that becomes yearly more difficult. He neglects neither the literary and purely imaginative appeal to the child's mind, nor the influence of all reading on character. Thus, after quoting the correspondence between Godwin and Charles Lamb in regard to certain brutalities to be expunged from Lamb's adaptation of the Odyssey, and alluding to Felix Adler's and W. D. Howells's oversensitive dread of any "relic of ancient animism," he adds, judiciously:

> A mushroom growth of story-writers, those who "tame" our fairy tales, who dilute fancy with sentimentalism, and who retell badly what has been told surpassing well, threatens to choke the flower. It is not the beast man in classic literature we have to fear so much as the small man of letters, enthused ["an ill phrase, a vile phrase"] by the educational idea, who rewrites to order, and does not put into his text any of the invigorating spirit which marks all truly great literature.

Besides this discussion of the present problem, Mr. Moses treats the growth of children's books historically, and adds a useful bibliography. There must be room for legitimate difference of opinion in the details of such lists, and we take advantage of the omission of George Macdonald's "Ranald Bannerman" to call attention here to what we have always regarded as one of the best boys' books ever written.

Two pleasant books made up of old-time gossip and tradition, compiled by women having an eye for the picturesque, with numerous attractive pictures, are: "Little Pilgrimages Among Old New England Inns," by Mary Caroline Crawford (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), and "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border, Connecticut, Deerfield, Berkshire," by Katharine M. Abbott (G. P. Putnam's Sons). In all ages and countries a vast amount of human interest attaches to inns, centres of genial life that they always are; and probably "mine host" was never more in the foreground than in the early New England to which the first of these books relates. The readers of John Adams's Diary will recall as a charming and natural page the statesman's account of the journey of the Massachusetts delegates to Philadelphia, in 1774. At each stage we know not so well the name of the town as that of the cheerful landlord with whom they lodge. Starting at Coolidge's, in Watertown, they bring up in a few days at Isaac Bears's in New Haven, thence on to Curtiss's, Quintard's, Fitch's, Haviland's, Cook's, and Day's, until they reach Hull's, "The Bunch of Grapes," in New York. John Adams makes it plain the landlords were members of a jovial brotherhood, and this brotherhood it is which Miss Crawford treats with much painstaking, as they stand under their quaint signs, behind them the tavern in which the dinner steams, plentiful entertainment for man and beast. Of the inns described, some have historic associations, like the Wolfe tavern at Newburyport, the Wright tavern at Concord; the "Hancock" and "Green Dragon" in Boston. The "Wayside Inn" at Sudbury takes hold of literature, and many another touches men and events in a way worth remembering. All of which Miss Crawford puts down with good taste and diligence. The purpose of Katharine Abbott's book is not historical, certainly not critical. With a woman's sensitiveness to landscape beauty, she describes the fair hills, meadows, and rivers of western Connecticut and Massachusetts, assigning to the spots she touches the fact or fiction which links it especially with the life of the past. The first consideration with her is not that the legend must be true, but that it must be picturesque. With this no one will quarrel. It is pleasant to have the story of the angel at Hadley, the appearance of the regicide Goffe at the Indian attack, again brought up, though George Sheldon has exploded it. Miss Abbott is anxious to relate, not what actually occurred, but what the country-folk have believed or fancied as occurring; and in pursuing this end she pours out a lavish store of things amusing, pathetic, often in a high degree romantic, the selection showing a good appreciation of what takes hold of the heart of the world. The many photographs make very real the beauty of the localities with which the book is concerned.

The "Life and Correspondence of James McHenry," edited by Bernard Steiner (Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co.), promised much because of the man's relations with prominent characters in the Revolution and first years of the republic. James McHenry was trained to be a physician, served in Washington's military family, where he was an industrious and capable secretary, and, attaining some prominence in his State, was chosen a delegate to the Federal Convention of 1787—the privilege of his life, as he expressed it. The editor maintains that "several portions of the Constitution owe their present form to McHenry's efforts," a claim which it would be difficult to establish. In those appointments McHenry was respectable, but showed no special talents. He is chiefly interesting for his circle of correspondents, among whom may be noted Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette, Hugh Williamson, Pickering, Tallmadge, and Vans Murray—the last writing at portentous length on European affairs. Many of the notes from Washington are personal, not historical, and are too trivial to warrant publication. The two compositions from Eleanor Parke Custis are of greater interest, though it may be doubted if she was responsible for the language. There are few of McHenry's own letters, and those few do not prove ability to judge of other men. He was a Federalist, and could see in Gallatin only a political adventurer. Naturally he felt keenly his dismissal by Adams, but it was unnecessary to print so much of his outpourings against the President. The editor is at times indiscreet in his notes, some of which are uncritical and some spiteful. By far the most valuable material in the volume is the letters and drafts of State papers by Alexander Hamilton. They fully bear out the fact of his dominating influence over McHenry while in the cabinets of Washington and Adams, and once more give evidence of his mastery of the foreign relations of the country in their political aspect. This influence, beginning when he and McHenry were Washington's aides, is all the more suggestive, as it was Hamilton who named McHenry for the War Department. He then expressed his opinion that McHenry "would give no strength to the Administration, but would not disgrace the office. His views are good." In less than three years this somewhat colorless endorsement was changed to a charge of insufficiency. This was not due to jealousy, but to a realization that in McHenry's hands the department would make no progress—which was only the truth. The burden thrown upon him by the difficulties with France was too great for him. One-half of this portly volume of 600 closely printed pages is given to his service as War Secretary, and may thus be regarded as a defence of his administration. There is nothing to alter the accepted belief that McHenry was not a large enough man for the emergency, and much to confirm it. To devote so much space to a fruitless and very dry restatement of controversies, important, perhaps, in their day, but no longer of vital interest, is unfortunate. A volume of one-half the size, comprising McHenry's own letters and a selection of those from his correspondents, would have conveyed a better impression of the man. The index is inadequate.

In explanation of certain points of our review last week of "The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," the McClure Company wishes us to say that there was no intention on their part of leading purchasers to suppose that the work was complete in the two volumes now issued, and that later advertisements made clear that a third volume was to succeed. This will contain the remainder of the autobiography, which comes down to Grant's administration. Mr. Schurz also left a vast amount of material and notes for writing the reminiscences of the latter part of his life, and these have been entrusted to a competent historian, who will continue the narrative from the point where Mr. Schurz left off to the date of his death. The terms of the original contract with Mr. Schurz are responsible for this issuing of the work at different times.

"The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz" are appearing in German, the second volume having been published under the title "Lebenserinnerungen" (Berlin: Georg Reimer). This volume has been translated by the daughter of the author, Miss Agathe Schurz, assisted by Miss Mary Nolte.

In "The Rise and Development of the Gerrymander" (Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.) the subject is more interesting than the manner in which it is handled. The author, Elmer C. Griffith, professor of history and political science in William Jewell College, has worked diligently to bring together material, much of it gathered from old newspapers, records of election returns, etc., bearing upon the practice of gerrymandering, from the earliest date down to 1840. He defines a gerrymander as "the formation of election districts on another basis than that of single and homogeneous political units as they existed previous to the apportionment, with boundaries arranged for partisan advantage." Of course, it is a political trick, for the most part turning out to be of real disadvantage to the party that practises it. Professor Griffith rarely philosophizes. He likewise abstains from dealing with the subject as a sociologist. His style is at times obscure. The "dissertation" (for it was submitted for a degree) is a narrative, doubtless accurate, of the several instances in the various States where political parties have perpetrated this species of outrage—and, viewed as a catalogue of misdoings, it is not without value.

"Israel in Europe," by G. F. Abbott (The Macmillan Co.), will be a surprise to the general reader who has a dim idea that the history of the Jews closed with the fall of Jerusalem under Titus. Successive chapters, carefully and authoritatively prepared, prove that Jewish history is continuous, and that with the final destruction of the Temple the Jew's real history began; for voluntary or compulsory migrations, which had already commenced previous to that era, were to scatter his race throughout the globe. This movement, termed the Diaspora, is commonly overlooked in all school and college text books. Yet Mr. Abbott's work shows what fascinating material is furnished by one branch of the subject—the story of the Jews in Europe. Judging from his pages of authorities, general and particular, his book, even if a summary, is sufficiently comprehensive in its way, while he is to be commended for his sober and judicious style. Without glorifying or exaggerating, he aims to be just, and succeeds in his scholarly presentation. Mr. Abbott has been happiest in his recital of facts—generally neglected—which throw light on Jewish conditions in Europe. While he has given less prominence to the Jew's intellectual activity, his social, political, and economic relations receive ample treatment. The story of Israel in Europe, a pariah for eighteen centuries, is a tragedy; and the chapters on Spain, the Ghetto, Catholic Reaction, the Crusades, Anti-Semitism, hardly suggest a civilized era. And as to the future, Mr. Abbott is not hopeful—he believes "there is no rest for Israel." Yet if so much has been overcome, one might be less pessimistic. This note of hopelessness is the only unsatisfactory feature in a work which will do much to popularize the knowledge of Jewish history and lead to a juster and kindlier estimate of the Jew's place in modern civilization.

"Socialism Before the French Revolution," by W. B. Guthrie (The Macmillan Company), is a history of communistic and socialistic theories from the sixteenth century to the close of the eighteenth. The author has grasped the fact that Socialism in every age has been the outgrowth of the existing social conditions; and from this point of view seeks to interpret the writings of More, Campanella, Morelly, and two or three radicals of the period of the French Revolution. He does not profess to deal with all the socialistic works that appeared between the sixteenth century and the eighteenth, since he thinks that "such an attempt would lead in this case, as it has done in so many other cases, to a mere annotated bibliography." The general conclusion to which he comes is that "close generic relationship" exists between the socialistic doctrines of the time with which he deals and Socialism of the present day. This has long been obvious to students of Plato, More, Campanella, and the others; and the researches of André Lichtenberger have thrown much light upon the problem. Mr. Guthrie, however, confines himself so closely to the beaten path that he adds little to our knowledge of the extent and nature of the relationship between earlier and later socialistic theories. Such additions are to be expected chiefly from detailed investigations, like those of Lichtenberger, in fields which have long been neglected even by the Socialists themselves.

Dr. M. A. Tenney's "Social Democracy and Population" (Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Co., agents) is an attempt to answer the question whether it is possible for modern society to realize the democratic ideal—that every man shall have a chance and know that he has it. The author assumes that this ideal, which he terms "social democracy," can exist only where the plane of living is relatively high; and he investigates, from the "sociological" standpoint, the effect of the growth of population upon the "plane of living." His first discovery—"that permanent maintenance of a social democracy requires a rate of population increase less rapid than the rise in the standard of living"—seems to be a somewhat clumsy "sociological" restatement of the Malthusian doctrine. He then proceeds to consider other factors in the problem, such as the ability of one people to defend its standard of living against the competition of another people with a lower standard; the alleged tendency of civilization to encourage the survival of the unfit, *i. e.*, to produce race degeneration; the question whether the level of natural ability can be raised by social control over the growth of population; and the precise things the United States must do in order "to meet the conditions necessary for the attainment and maintenance of social democracy." We gather that he would have our population increase but slowly, would not have us develop a foreign trade based upon exploitation of inferior races, would restrict the immigration of laborers having low standards of living, and would avoid international complications. We infer, too, that he would have us go in for eugenics on a wholesale plan. With its combination of things obvious and things past finding out the monograph well illustrates certain tendencies in sociological writings of the day.

"Industrial Education," by Harlow S. Persons, director of the Tuck School of Administration and Finance, Dartmouth College (Houghton, Mifflin & Co), is one of the prize essays in the series established by Hart, Schaffner & Marx. The volume deals with the training required by young men who would fit themselves for the higher positions in industry or commerce, and the need of providing such training in the United States. The need is now generally admitted, and Mr. Persons has stated the case temperately and forcibly. The outline which he offers for a system of industrial education for the United States is both interesting and instructive. His opinion clearly is that while commercial training should be offered in high schools, collegiate courses, and professional departments, the ideal conditions can be found only in distinctly professional instruction, open solely to those who have already completed a liberal education. The question here raised is a large one, about which, as is well known, there is serious difference of opinion. Mr. Persons, in any case, advances good reasons for the position he maintains, and his book is a useful contribution to an important branch of educational discussion.

W. G. Aston has added an exposition of "Shinto, the Ancient Religion of Japan," to the series of slender books on Religions: Ancient and Modern, published by Archibald Constable & Co. We observe that Dr. Aston, contrary as he admits to the opinion of "nine out of ten educated Japanese," makes nature worship and not ancestor worship the true basis of Shinto. He holds that Lafcadio Hearn's "interesting and valuable work, 'Japan, an Interpretation,' is greatly marred by this misconception."

For purposes of reading the Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen's "Phillips Brooks" in one volume (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is superior to the three volumes of the "Life and Letters" published seven years ago. The abridgment is of sufficient compass to tell the story of the man and his work, and the most valuable and interesting portions of the letters have been retained.

A dozen of the addresses delivered at the beginning of the academical year by Edward Caird, while he was Master of Balliol, are brought together under the title of "Lay Sermons and Addresses" (The Macmillan Co.). They are well worth preserving. Ranging in theme from "The Jubilee of Queen Victoria" to such topics as "Freedom and Truth," "Immortality," "The Faith of Job," they display alike the gifted teacher's power of penetrative analysis and rich spiritual appreciation. Contact with such a mind is in itself an education. "A complete humanity," he says, "cannot be developed either by the spirit that produced the 'De Imitatione Christi' or by the spirit that produced the 'Areopagitica,' but only by both in one." One reading these pages with that sentence in mind will be inclined to fix first upon the gentle submissiveness of à Kempis, and then no less positively upon the rugged independence of Milton, as the dominant temper of the author, and the two elements are indeed so finely blended that it is impossible to determine which prevails. When one turns from these quiet pages of real spiritual power to the loud and strident heresy of the minister of the City Temple ("New Theology Sermons," by R. J. Campbell, The Macmillan Co.), the shock is great. With their endless confusions, their perfervid and narrow zeal for a type of doctrine, their blindness to the most real distinctions, the discourses of Mr. Campbell induce anything but the feeling of religious calm and trustfulness. In the face of such a display the counsel of the British bishop is certainly in order: "Above all things, flee enthusiasm." The plea may be entered for the author that the *rabies theologorum* is not conducive to gentle and edifying discourse, but the fact remains that the volume leaves the reader with the feeling that he has listened for an hour to some old-time teacher of polemic theology, and not at all with the grateful sense of having dwelt for a little in a peaceful house of prayer.

A new "Dictionary of the Bible," to be issued in one volume, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. James Hastings, the editor of the well-known Dictionary in five volumes, is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons. The work will not be an abridgment of the larger one, as entirely new signed articles by competent scholars are promised. This one-volume Dictionary will be the third work of reference edited by Dr. Hastings.

The new historical introduction of eighty-three pages which Prof. Th. Kolde of the University of Erlangen has furnished for the recently published tenth issue of the Müller edition of the "Symbolische Bücher" (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann), gives to this theological classic the value of a new publication. In this introduction the most valuable part is the investigation of the problems connected with the Augsburg Confession. Most important of the results is the proof that neither the present Latin nor German text is the exact reproduction of the original, but that the Latin text has the better claim to correctness This investigation carries still further the conclusion of Prof. Paul Tschackert of Göttingen, made several years ago on the basis of a close comparison of all the manuscripts of the Augustana. He demonstrated that not even the so-called *editio princeps* can lay claim to absolute critical accuracy.

Students of modern religious problems will welcome the second *bedeutend vermehrte* edition of "Die moderne Gemeinschaftsbewegung," by Paul Fleisch, with an introduction by Dr. Behrmann of Hamburg (Leipzig: H. G. Wollmann). The movement, of which this is a critical and very objective investigation, is an agitation directed against the critical neology of the day.

The third annual edition of "Wer Ist's" (the German "Who's Who"), for 1908, edited and published by H. A. L. Degener, in Leipzig, has just appeared. It contains biographies of about 18,000 persons, 2,500 more than in the edition of 1907. The price, ten marks ($2.50), is reasonable for a bound volume, so carefully prepared and well printed, and comprising 1,731 pages. Preceding the body of the work are statistical tables and other useful mater, including biographies of the heads of all nations. The book is imported by Lemcke & Buechner of this city.

The Royal Library in Berlin has published an appeal, requesting that all who have letters of the late Theodor Mommsen send them to the library authorities, to be deposited there either permanently or at least until copies can be made. Mommsen's two sons, Karl and Ernst, have recently given to the library his entire correspondence with the proviso that this collection, containing letters to and from more than fifteen hundred prominent scholars and men of affairs, will be kept under lock and key until the year 1933. This collection contains however, only about one-half of Mommsen's correspondence, and the library authorities hope in response to their appeal to secure the greater portion of the remainder.

A new Swabian author, Wilhelm Schussen, who has the gift of portraying vividly the peasant life of his native Würtemberg, is being warmly welcomed by German literary journals. Two of his recent works are: "Vincenz Faulhaber," a so-called *Schelmenroman*; and "Meine Steinauer," a *Heimathgeschichte*. (Stuttgart and Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.)

To Americans wishing to acquire the rudiments of Danish may be recommended a primer entitled "How to Learn Danish" by Miss Henni Forchhammer (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Co.). The book gives in 91 pages a fair statement of pronunciation, the phrases most needed by a traveller, a brief outline of grammar, and a vocabulary. The preface is by W. G. Collingwood.

One of the chief sensations in this winter's Scandinavian book market is the publication (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Co.) of the long lost manuscript of Ibsen's epic "Brand." This manuscript, which had been left in the lumber-room of the Scandinavian Artists' Society in Rome, has now, after many vicissitudes and forty years of oblivion, come into the possession of the Copenhagen Royal Library and has been edited with copious and instructive notes by Prof. Karl Larsen.

The same publishers have also issued a two-volume edition of Kielland's letters, edited by his sons and prefaced by Prof. Gerhard Gran of Christiania University. Alexander L. Kielland, who died a couple of years ago, as an officer high in the service of the state, had a rather meteoric career as a novelist in the late seventies and the eighties. He proves himself in his letters the same wielder of a forcible pen and the same master of form as in his novels. The collection contains, besides letters to the author's near relatives, epistles to the two brothers Brandes, to Björnson, the publisher Hegel, and many others. Among the most charming letters are those written to the author's Danish friend, Mrs. Viggo Drewsen.

With the volume entitled "Les Bangala," published by the Institut International de Bibliographie, Brussels, the author, Cyril van Overbergh, in conjunction with Dr. Eduard Jonghe, begins a series of works on tribes of the Congo district. The chief purpose is not to furnish entirely new data, but to select and utilize out of the chaos of details found in the vast Congo literature those facts which the scientist, traveller, and merchant most need. The plan is to follow this volume with one on the Monbuttu, or Mangbata, who until recently controlled a territory from South Sudan to the great lakes, and among whom Schweinfurth found old Egyptian traditions. Next will come the scattered warlike tribe of the Asandeh, or Fan, the Majombe, the Ababia, and the Bajandsï. The whole project is largely due to the initiative of the Belgian Société de Sociologie.

François Simiand makes an important contribution to the discussion of one of the most pressing modern problems, in his book "Salaire des ouvriers des mines de charbon," supplemented by answers to criticism before the Société de Statistique de Paris. By reducing fifty years' statistics of wages and results in French coal mines to relative values (percentages on the single year 1892), he translates into graphic tables the comparative variations of average daily production, average cost of labor per ton, selling price per ton, value produced by one day's labor, average day's wage, etc. In his analysis of results and the search after causes, he studies the complicated play of action and reaction on the part of both workmen and employers; variations in the effort of both; changes in the organization of labor, and particularly the development of mechanism. In conclusion, M. Simiand establishes the order of the four tendencies common to workmen and employers, each tendency being stronger than the one immediately following and demanding first satisfaction: tendency to keep to the same gain; not to increase effort; to increase gain; to diminish effort. Examples of the practical utility of such conclusions are given in their application to the settlement of wage rates, to strikes, and to the ratio of profit to wages. M. Simiand's work quite agrees with that of Harzé on coal mining in Belgium; the latter shows that, from 1861 to 1895, the proportional share of the owners with relation to that of the workmen, in value produced, had decreased by 60 per cent.

From the University of Louvain we have the doctor's thesis of a Benedictine monk, Christian Baur, in the form of an essay on "Saint Jean Chrysostome et ses œuvres dans l'histoire littéraire." It is published for the fifteenth centenary (in 1907) of this last of the really great writers in Greek, a Christian Cicero rather than a Demosthenes, having a profound influence on the development of Christian eloquence and appreciated by so leading a modern as Macaulay.

The Ligurian Society of local history is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its formation. It announces the publication shortly of several important works. "Historical Notes on the Monte di Pietà," by Michele Bruzzone, begins a series of studies on the history of local charities; while two monographs, "The Reminiscences of Francesco Cyho," edited by Luigi Staffetti, and the "Life of Agostino Mascardi," by Francesco Luigi Mannucci, continue the study of local customs which began with Belgrano's "Private Life of the Genovese," and Gian Vincenzo Imperiale's "Travels and Journals," edited by Anton Giulio Barrili. Another member, Paolo Accame, is preparing for the press a continuation of the "Mediæval Inscriptions of Liguria"; and translations are being made of Caro's "Genoa and Its Power on the Mediterranean in the Thirteenth Century," and of Samanek's account of the help given the Ghibellines by Arrigo the Seventh of Luxembourg, whom Dante hailed as the saviour of Italy. The Society has issued recently, "The Finances of the Middle Ages," and the "House of San Giorgio," by Prof. Enrico Sieveking.

When the Dominican Biblical and Archæological School at the Convent of St. Stephen, Jerusalem, was founded fifteen years ago for the purpose of providing training for teachers and writers on Biblical subjects, Pope Leo XIII. expressed his desire that all the lectures should be open to non-Catholic students—an opportunity which has been appreciated. In addition to the lectures there is an archæological walk every week, and two excursions each year, so planned that in two years the whole country is traversed from Petra to Baalbek. The students are accompanied by professors who explain every object and place of interest, while the practical nature of the journeys is shown by the fact that some valuable discoveries have been made in them—for example, numerous Nabatean and Greek inscriptions at Petra. Last year the whole American Institute of Archæology at Jerusalem formed part of the body of students that went through Palestine across the Dead Sea. Among the works in preparation by the school is a large historical geography of the Holy Land, the result of years of research.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of $500 for the year 1908-1909 available for study at an American or European university. As a rule, this fellowship is awarded to candidates who have done one or two years of graduate work, preference being given to women from Maryland and the South. Applications must be made before March 20 to the chairman of the committee on award, Dr. Mary Sherwood, The Arundel, Baltimore.

Edmund Clarence Stedman died in this city January 18. He was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1833, and entered Yale at the age of fifteen. At the end of his sophomore year he was suspended for some breach of discipline, and he never returned; but in 1871 he received the honorary degree of master of arts. In 1852 he became editor of the Norwich *Tribune,* and then proprietor of the Winsted *Herald.* But not satisfied with the field of country journalism, he moved to New York in 1856, and soon gained recognition as one of the group of writers which included Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, William Cullen Bryant, William Winter, and R. H. Stoddard. He contributed to *Vanity Fair, Putnam's Monthly,* and *Harper's Magazine.* Joining the editorial staff of the *Tribune,* he wrote for that paper a number of pieces of popular verse, including "The Diamond Wedding," "The Ballad of Lager Beer," and "How Old John Brown Took Harper's Ferry." These and other poems were printed in his first volume, "Poems; Lyric and Idyllic," 1860. Then Mr. Stedman went to the staff of the *World*; was correspondent of that newspaper at Washington, and at the army headquarters of Gens. McDowell and McClellan; and finally private secretary to Attorney-General Bates in Lincoln's Cabinet. His next step was into the business of banker and broker. He retired from the Stock Exchange in 1900, but until his death he took an active interest in his banking house. Through all this period of more than forty years in Wall Street he kept up literary activity. His published volumes of verse include "Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Late War; and Other Poems," 1864; "The Blameless Prince and Other Poems," 1869; a collective edition of "Poetical Works," including "Pan in Wall Street," "Toujours Amour," and "The Doorstep," 1873; "Hawthorne and Other Poems," 1877; "Lyrics and Idyls, with Other Poems," 1879; "Poems Now First Collected," 1894, and "Mater Coronata," 1900. He was also an industrious and successful editor. In collaboration with Thomas Bailey Aldrich he edited a selection from the writings of Walter Savage Landor; with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, "A Library of American Literature," eleven volumes, 1888-90; with George E. Woodberry, Poe's writings in ten volumes, 1895. In this line his most important work was "A Victorian Anthology," 1875; and "An American Anthology," 1900. These substantial volumes are recognized as standards in their field. He wrote for the magazines various critical articles which he gathered into "The Victorian Poets," 1875, followed ten years later by "The Poets of America"; and by "The Nature and Elements of Poetry," 1892. In 1905 he published a "History of the New York Stock Exchange." He was active in many literary and artistic movements, such as the American Copyright League, of which he was vice-president, and after the death of James Russell Lowell, president.

William Livingston Alden, who died in Buffalo January 14, was in his day a popular writer and humorist. Many of his books for boys enjoyed a wide circulation. He was born in Williamstown, Mass., in 1837, and practised law from 1860 to 1865. For the next twenty years he was in journalism in this city, and then he was appointed consul-general to Rome by President Cleveland. Since that time he had lived chiefly abroad. Among his books are "Canoe and Flying Proa," "Domestic Explosives," "Shooting Stars," "Life of Columbus," "Adventures of Jimmy Brown," "Loss of the Swansea," "The Moral Pirates," "Cruise of the Ghost," "Cruise of the Canoe Club," "New Robinson Crusoe," "Trying to Find Europe," "A Lost Soul," "Told by the Colonel," "Among the Freaks," "The Mystery of Elias G. Roebuck," "His Daughter," "Van Wagener's Ways," and "Drewitt's Dream."

James Ryder Randall, author of "Maryland, My Maryland," died in Augusta, Ga., January 14. He was born in Baltimore in 1839, and was teaching in Louisiana when at the outbreak of the civil war he wrote the lines by which he is best known. He enlisted in the Confederate army, but was discharged on account of physical disabilities Since the war he had been engaged in journalism, most of the time in Augusta, Washington, and New Orleans. His verses have never been collected; but among the more popular are: "The Lone Sentry," "There's Life in the Old Land Yet," "The Battle Cry of the South," "Arlington," and "The Cameo Bracelet."

John Ordronaux, lawyer and physician, died January 20 at Glen Head, L. I. He was born in New York in 1830, was graduated from Dartmouth in 1850, and from the Harvard Law School in 1852. While practising law he studied medicine and received a degree in that subject. He was examiner of army recruits in Brooklyn at the time of the civil war, and for many years he lectured on medical jurisprudence in the Columbia Law School. He was the first New York State commissioner in lunacy, and he revised and codified the statutes on lunacy. Among his writings are: "Hints on Health in Armies," "Manual for Military Surgeons on the Examination of Recruits and Discharge of Soldiers," "The Legal Status of the Medical Profession in New York," "Report on Expert Testimony," Hallucination Consistent with Reason," "On Suicide," "The Jurisprudence of Medicine, in Its Relation to the Law of Contracts, Torts, and Evidence," "Moral Insanity," "On Expert Testimony in Judicial Proceedings," "The Proper Legal Status of the Insane," "Legislation in New York Relating to the Insane," "Institutes of Equity as Revealed Through Its Maxims," "Judicial Aspects of Insanity," "The Plea of Insanity as an Answer to an Indictment," "Judicial Problems Relating to the Disposal of Insane Criminals," and "Constitutional Legislation in the United States."

THE AMERICAN NATION.

National Development, 1877-1885. By Edwin Erle Sparks. *National Problems, 1885-1897.* By Davis R. Dewey. [The American Nation, vols. xxiii. and xxiv.] New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net each.

With these volumes the "American Nation" series enters the field of the newest history. Contemporary history is proverbially hard to write, not only because it is too near to us, but also because there is much about it that we do not yet know. Professor Sparks, for example, has not had the use of the papers of President Hayes, while of such matters as the relations of Blaine and Harrison, the failure of Sherman to secure the Presidency in 1888, and the origin of Cleveland's tariff message of 1887, we still, as Professor Dewey confesses, know too little to offer a definitive explanation. One is prepared, accordingly, in these two volumes for some change of manner. The chronicle of events is reasonably full, and on the whole well-balanced and skilfully arranged, but the narrative is left, as a rule, to tell its own story, with but rare intrusion of the author's personal judgment. Happily for those who will most need such accounts as these, the events of the last twenty-five years in this country could hardly be related, if one tried, with colorless effect; the evils of patronage, the shortcomings of Garfield, the devious policy of Blaine, and the scandalous invasion of Indian rights speak for themselves. At the same time, we cannot but think that the authors of the works before us have rather too much abdicated the historian's judgment seat, and fallen too easily into the position of the intelligent chronicler. One need not write the history of his own time unless he chooses; but if he chooses, the public have a right to expect that he will not systematically withhold his opinion of the permanent significance of the events he deems it worth while to narrate.

Save at this point, there is little but praise for the work here offered. It may well be doubted if even the wisest of the men who have made American history since 1877 have realized how large and varied were the interests which concerned the national life and moulded the national spirit during that brief period. The first five chapters of Professor Sparks's volume are an informing summary of the social and economic change, with its new distribution of population, its epoch-making discoveries and inventions, and its grave problems of industry and transportation, that crowded the decade after 1877. With this as a background, the narrative takes up the Administration of Hayes and the party struggles which the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the South brought on. Of Hayes himself, Professor Sparks gives (pp. 178, 179) a somewhat equivocal judgment. Hayes, he tells us, "coming into office at the dawn of the period of reform, . . . failed to appreciate its meaning, or to respond to its demands." "He represented the old school of gentlemanly statesmanship, when the times were beginning to demand originality and aggressiveness." Yet the material results of his Administration, as shown in the pacification of the South, the resumption of specie payment, the reduction and refunding of the debt, and the industrial prosperity of the country, are pointed to as the "achievements" by which his Administration is to be measured. If we understand these statements, they would seem to indicate that Hayes bridged the gulf of a transition period extremely well, and that his personal qualities were in the main such as fitted him for his own time, and not for some other, rather than that his personal qualities marred fundamentally his success.

Before Hayes's term ended the questions of silver and the civil service had forced themselves into prominence. The story of the early struggle for sound currency and a non-partisan civil service is not pleasant reading, save as one discerns in opposition, intrigue, and failure, the gradual triumph of right; and a perusal of Professor Sparks's chapters at this point may well afford thoughtful Republicans food for reflection. The principal questions of foreign policy in the decade were the Isthmian Canal and Chinese exclusion, the handling of the latter being, we think, a bit tender. The development of the West, on the other hand, is vigorously set forth. The topic least satisfactorily treated is the tariff, the point of view being too exclusively that of Congress and party platforms rather than that of the economic condition of the country as a whole. The volume ends with a sketch of the progress of railway consolidation and the problems arising therefrom, and an account of the Cleveland election of 1884.

The election of Cleveland, the first Democratic President since Buchanan, marks the end of the transition from reconstruction politics. Professor Dewey, who takes up the story at this point, continues the account of the three great economic questions, tariff, silver, and railroads, begun by Professor Sparks, and adds a chapter on the labor movement then rising to national importance. These are but incidents, however, in a struggle whose real issue, as Professor Hart points out in his editorial introduction, was "between the powers of vested interests, of capital and accumulated savings, as against the pressure of producers of farm staples and of the organization of workmen in trades and manufactures." One feels increasingly the press of varied interests, the clash between economic exigency and party expediency, the straining of Constitution and laws in the effort to deal rationally with novel and difficult conditions. Professor Dewey, who is particularly at home in the economic portions of his field, has skilfully indicated the main lines of development. In the stormy administration of Cleveland, especially, he contrives to exhibit with moderation both the strong and the weak points of the President; and it must be admitted that the figure of the great Democratic leader does not become less imposing in his drawing of it.

No one can read with care these skilfully written volumes without being led to some serious reflections on the recent trend of American politics. For one thing, one realizes the overtopping prominence of economic considerations in political life. To-day more than ever, the financial significance of political action tips the scale. Partly as a consequence of this, one notes the disappearance of the school of statesmen whose views, however much to be dissented from, were nevertheless grounded on constitutional principle and adjusted to a broad view of national welfare; and the rise of a school of politicians, who, ignorant of the complicated problems which they are asked to solve, and destitute of the historic sense which alone can make the past shed light upon the future, content themselves with temporary expedients and piecemeal reforms. We still call ourselves a democracy, but we legislate only for classes. Of even soberer significance is the effect of political temporizing upon the Supreme Court, which now for a generation has less and less known its own mind, and to-day guides but unsteadily the course of opinion even among lawyers and judges. Professor Sparks and Professor Dewey scarcely more than suggest these larger aspects of politics, and they wisely refrain from prophecy; but their clear and impartial narratives should perform a needed service in discriminating the numerous and conflicting elements of which American politics has of late come to be compounded.

CURRENT FICTION.

Under the Crust. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is to be supposed that the title of this collection of stories means "under the social crust," in recognition of the fact that most of the persons presented do not belong to any fashionable set. Certainly Col. Page has never shown more clearly his inability to get beneath the surface of things, never written fiction more dapper, more accommodating, more commonplace. His work has always been popularly successful, it still has the "magazinable" qualities (except humor), if no others. Its properties are those of the generally acceptable sermon or the generally acceptable play. It amiably reflects such views of life as are presentable in the mirage of conventional sentiment. Its individual charm lies in its occasional touches of that highflown eloquence, that ferocious "chivalry," which are even more engaging than disconcerting to the Barbarian of the North. The present "Down-East" tales give little play to that kind of ebullience. Perhaps this is why they will have a moderate interest for readers who recall with pleasure "Marse Chan," and other early plantation stories by Col. Page.

Red-Coat Captain: A Story of That Country. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a fairy parable for all comers. The classifying mind dockets it at once with "Water Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," and "Peter Pan." We find that children and adults of our acquaintance differ alike as to whether it is moving or silly.

and we frankly own that we are not quite sure of our own opinion. A superficial difficulty for Americans young or old lies in the fact that the terms of the fable are those of English garrison life. Apart from this obstacle of form, there are various questions of interpretation which become rather irritating if the reader allows himself to think of them at all. Is this the adventures of a family or neighborhood of children promoted to the dignity of parable? If the Junior Subaltern is the baby, who is the Commander-in-Chief, and why is he the villain? If the Queen is cook, who is the King? No doubt it is safer not to try to analyze this kind of thing. Much of it is over the heads of children, and some of it is over the head of everybody but the author. The child-idiom of the narrative is delicious.

The Story of Christina. By Mary Harriott Norris. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

This book is in some respects like its heroine. Christina is described as being "part of the new womanhood in whom intellect and emotion are so completely fused that the ardor of one intensifies the ardor of the other, lifting both to an altitude which fills a woman with the exigency of demand that until the nineteenth century was a masculine prerogative." "Exigency of demand" is quite the keynote of woman and book. The ground plan is not unreasonable, the details careful and often keen but raw. The story is written to show what happens when a beautiful daughter of an American mother and a Swedish father, of Western birth and education, is suddenly whisked from her co-educational college into the ferocious prominence of being a multi-millionairess, a slayer of ten thousand by her beauty and her wealth. The conservative East, the untrammelled West, the lavishness of youth, the avarice of heredity strive within her for possession of her "strong, simple, sincere spirit," each power bringing its own array of scenery, costumes, lovers, and temptations. "In her train were gentlemen, barons, counts, earls, dukes, and princes, most of whom were bankrupt."

"I am not episodical, David," cries Christina, at a late stage of her development. Just what she meant it is hard to say. She was, in fact, little else. In the course of one day in Chicago she is twice made tipsy, she is worked upon by a professional hypnotist, and she is almost married to the villain, escaping only when an opportune alarm of fire supplies a cooling hose and breaks up the wedding. If these be not episodes, what was it to pass hours in a man-hole on the Fourth Avenue railroad in an attempt to escape again from the same villain? And what to be swept from a horse's back into a mill pond and fished out by the hero just as the dam is about to claim her for its own? No, Christina was wrong: episodical she certainly was, and very troublesome the villain made the episodes for her. There was, however, one true soul, a Westerner, whose faith never faltered, who deservedly won the prize.

The story is more successful as photography and topography than as a history of soul development. Christina's soul is rather a mirror for changeful externals than an individual existence. Even the touch of the meaner traits, like avarice, do not avail to make her humanly alive. In fine, she does not quite convince us of her importance.

A King in Rags. By Cleveland Moffett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The sociological story is sometimes a great achievement and stirs the world to listen; oftener it is unreadable, and its lessons are lost in air. Mr. Moffett's novel is of neither the one class nor the other. It is assuredly not a commanding exposition of its theme, or in any large way sensational. But while obviously, even naïvely, a vehicle for a moral, the story slips along so easily that it affords no chance to escape the appalling facts it marshals relating to the conditions of labor and living in our city.

The several attitudes held toward the question of poverty by the three leading characters are that:

> Poverty is an ugly beast, . . . created by the greedy and luxurious rich for their own undoing.
>
> Poverty is the lot of the weak and the unworthy, the survival of the unfittest.
>
> Poverty would disappear if there were a fair division of the products of toil.

On these three assumptions the great problem of living is approached, and some interesting experiments made, involving a sojourn in a slum tenement by a railroad king. His way, until his heart has been better taught, is to apply trust methods to trades, to control sanitary conditions so far as shall be pecuniarily profitable, and let who must starve for want of work. The old Socialist, on the contrary, sees no cure for the world's pain but an industrial republic, where a new division of wealth would assign to the people everything that the magnates now hold. He openly charges the captains of industry with keeping back safety devices from their systems, because it is cheaper to kill men than to protect them. A middle ground is held by the young hero, who hails improved tenements and children's playgrounds as the best help to citizenship.

Into the story, which is kept astir with incident, are woven such statistics of vice, crime, and mortality resulting from wrong industrial conditions as must go home to the consciousness of the most callous. From the gilding of our picture frames to the wet-nursing of our babies, there is no employment which should not make stern appeal to every conscience that would not carry a load of blood-guiltiness. If these great problems have been treated more largely, they have not often been presented more sincerely and straightforwardly, nor in more available form.

The Van Rensselaers of Old Manhattan. By Weymer Jay Mills. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A showy, even virulent, concoction of colored plates, illustrated titles, illuminated initials, page borderings, and large type, enclosed in blue-lavender covers with a beribboned picture of the heroine outside. The whole is in the style of an acute Christmas card many times multiplied. Incidentally there is some text—a romance about sundry real and reputed Van Rensselaers, both Whig and Tory. Into the general flutter of ribbons and rhetoric is introduced Washington with his aide, "Merry Harry Knox," who asks his chief "Art sorry, your excellency, you insisted on turning back?" Madam Van Rensselaer had already questioned him—"Wast thinking where you last saw me?" and we put a fresh laurel leaf on the brow of the Father of his Country listening unperturbed. He did not have to read the book, however, and so was spared much elaborate twaddle.

John Rae, the illustrator, has done some pretty work.

Signora. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Though Mr. Kobbé has chosen the form of fiction, he has written not so much a story as a series of miscellaneous sketches. His real subject is the life behind the scenes of a "grand opera" house. It is a life which has undeniable glamour for the ordinary opera-goer, in its mechanical as well as personal aspects. Mr. Kobbé gives a clear idea of the topography of this mysterious realm, and a good deal of amusing gossip about its inhabitants. Under very thin disguises the chief operatic figures of the passing generation appear in citizen's garb—a company of amiable and rather childlike enthusiasts. The nominal heroine of the narrative is a foundling left at the stage door and adopted by the "general utility man." Brought up almost literally upon the stage, she becomes in the end a worthy successor to the great "Caravé" as Carmen. One ought perhaps to be a little "stage-struck" to get the most pleasure out of such a book, but it may be commended for its refreshing quality of ingenuousness to the more cold-blooded reader.

The History of the Squares of London. By E. Beresford Chancellor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

The Ghosts of Piccadilly. By G. S. Street. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Bohemia in London. By Arthur Ransome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

The Colour of London. By W. J. Loftie. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $6 net.

The interest of Mr. Chancellor's volume is more for the student or diligent lover of London than for the mere seeker after gossip and anecdote. Taking up the squares of the city in regular order—and there is little of value in London history that in one way or another does not come into their domain—he gives their topographical history and personal associations. The work is the result of great labor, involving research into all parish records and into the archives of many families and land-owners. To those who wish to follow the fortunes of various London houses, with their confusing changes of designation, Mr. Chancellor's work will be indispensable, as, indeed, to all students hereafter of the city. There are numerous illustrations from old prints, giving the historic aspects of the more important squares.

Having made ourselves familiar with the squares in London, we may pass through the Haymarket to Piccadilly, down whose memorable way we shall find in Mr. Street a well-informed and communicative guide.

"The Ghosts of Piccadilly" is not written for antiquarian purposes, although the author does not shirk the necessity of discoursing on the origin of the highway and its quaint name. His interest is frankly with its romantic associations, with the poets and statesmen and great ladies who have lived and written and loved, and, above all, gambled in its famous houses. And what a society: "Old Q.," Beau Brummell (whom Mr. Street treats with proper respect), Mrs. Garrick, Byron (for whom he has always a good word), Macaulay (for whom he confesses a hearty dislike), the Palmerstons, the Duke of Wellington, Emma Hamilton, Scott, Mrs. Coutts—there is no thoroughfare in the English world which so lends itself to piquant and pathetic reminiscences. The *genre* of writing undertaken by Mr. Street is known for its difficulty: on the one side lies the danger of pragmatical dulness, on the other lurks the temptation of strained vivacity. In keeping the middle way between these two extremes, Mr. Street has been unusually successful; he has assumed the right degree of whimsical aloofness to carry off his romantic sensibility, and he has made a thoroughly entertaining book. The portrait illustrations are good; one could wish that views of the houses were added.

From Piccadilly to Soho and the back streets of Chelsea is a step from one world to another; yet, as so often happens, extremes here meet, and the Bohemia of the *beau monde* has its curious affinities with the "Bohemia in London" described by Arthur Ransome. It is not the *poseurs* of the artistic world Mr. Ransome deals with, but the struggling young artists and writers who walk the streets, feeding on bread when they can get it, and on visionary hopes always. We know of no book which portrays the genuine privations and proud independencies of that world better than the volume before us; and his conclusion is sound:

> Bohemia is only a stage in a man's life, except in the case of fools, and a very few others. It is not a profession. A man does not set out saying, "I am going to be a Bohemian"; he trudges along, whispering to himself, "I am going to be a poet, or an artist, or some other kind of great man," and finds Bohemia, like a tavern by the wayside. He may stay there for years, and then suddenly take post-horses along the road; he may stay a little time, and then go back whence he came, to start again in another direction as a civil servant, or a respectable man of business; only a very few settle down in the tavern, forever postponing their departure, until at last they die, old men still laughing, talking, flourishing glasses, and drinking to their future prosperity.

The illustrations, in black and white, by Fred Taylor, are in full harmony with the text.

In his introduction to "The Colour of London," M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A., tells how a young Japanese, with a portfolio under his arm, and looking tired and pale, came to his room and asked him to examine some sketches of London. The young artist was Yoshio Markino, a dreamer in that Bohemia of Chelsea which Mr. Ransome describes, and the outcome of that interview was the present volume, with its abundance of full-page illustrations in color. The pictures exhibit the romantic aspect of the streets and river and parks, with just a touch of Japanese delicacy shown especially, perhaps, in the curved lines of the women's skirts. W. J. Loftie, the well-known antiquarian, furnishes the text for the volume, an agreeable and fully informed chronicle of associations called up by the various streets and buildings.

Science.

NEW LIGHT ON FRANKLIN'S ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

In his "Autobiography," Franklin states that in 1746 he met a Dr. Spence in Boston, who showed him some electrical experiments, imperfectly performed, but sufficient to awaken an interest in that line of investigation. Returning to Philadelphia he repeated these experiments, became expert in performing them, and added a number of new ones. His house was continually full of people who came to see these wonders, and he found the calls upon his time so exacting that he determined to share the burden. Accordingly, he encouraged an ingenious neighbor, Ebenezer Kinnersley, then out of business, to devote himself to the work. Franklin drew up for him two lectures, "in which the experiments were ranged in such order, and accompanied with such explanations in such method, as that the foregoing should assist in comprehending the following. He procured an elegant apparatus for the purpose, in which all the little machines that I had roughly prepared for myself were nicely formed by instrument-makers." In 1751 Kinnersley went to Boston armed with a letter of introduction from Franklin to James Bowdoin, who dabbled somewhat in science, and the lectures "proved acceptable to the gentlemen of Boston, and were like to be serviceable to himself." Not all of the experiments shown were Franklin's, who was ready to recognize the good work of others. To Kinnersley he ascribed success in applying electricity in ringing of chimes and moving of light-made orreries, and it was Kinnersley who discovered the fact that "electric fire" passes through water. After taking his experiments and apparatus through the capital towns of the colonies, Kinnersley went to the West Indies, in 1753, but his stay there was not long.

So far as I know, no sketch even of these two lectures has been known to exist, and it was with not a little gratification that I found in some papers of William Thornton, so honorably associated with the designing of the Capitol at Washington, a broadside giving the details of the experiments shown. What makes it the more interesting, is the fact that it was issued in St. John's, Antigua, and is dated April 26, 1753. Franklin states that in the West India Islands the experiments were made with difficulty, from the general moisture of the air. And the last words on this broadside are: "Note, the experiments succeed best in fair, dry weather." The lectures were to be continued for a few weeks, and for the entertainment of the curious, the course of experiments on the "newly discovered Electric Fire" containing "not only the most curious of those that have been made and published in Europe, but a considerable Number of new Ones lately made in Philadelphia," would be accompanied with "methodical Lectures on the Nature and Properties of that wonderful Element." Again is met the Franklinian touch in the following sentence:

> It may, perhaps, be quite equal to some Persons which Lecture they begin with; BUT the experiments of the Second Lecture may be much better understood by those who have well attended to the experiments of the First, the One being a proper Introduction to the Other.

This is only an echo of the statement made in the "Autobiography." What has also a personal flavor is the statement:

> As the Knowledge of Nature tends to enlarge the human mind, and give us more Noble, more Grand and Exalted Ideas of the Author of Nature, and if well pursued, seldom fails producing something useful to Man, 'tis hop'd these Lectures may be thought worthy of Regard and Encouragement.

All this for a chequin for each lecture.

There were twenty experiments in the first lecture, and twenty-three in the second. The prevailing theory of the nature of electricity occupied the greater part of the first demonstration, and it is more than a mere curiosity to repeat the general heads, if only to show the simplicity of the method and apparatus:

LECTURE I.

i. Of Electricity in General, giving some Account of the Discovery of it.

ii. That the Electric Fire is a real Element, and different from those heretofore known and named, and *collected* out of other Matter (not created) by the Friction of Glass, &c.

iii. That it is an extremely subtile Fluid.

iv. That it doth not take up any perceptible Time in passing thro' large Portions of Space.

v. That it is intimately mixed with the substance of all the other Fluids and Solids of the Globe we live on.

vi. That our Bodies at all Times contain enough of it to set a House on Fire.

vii. That tho' it will fire inflammable Matters, itself has no sensible Heat.

viii. That it differs from common Matter in this: Its Parts do not mutually attract, but mutually repel each other.

ix. That it is strongly attracted by all other Matter.

x. An artificial Spider, animated by the Electric Fire, so as to act like a live One.

xi. A Shower of Sand, which rises again as fast as it falls.

xii. That common Matter in the Form of Points, attracts this Fire more strongly than in any other Form.

xiii. A Leaf of the most weighty of Metals, suspended in the Air, as is said of *Mahomet's* Tomb.

xiv. An Appearance like Fishes swimming in the Air.

xv. That this Fire will live in Water, a River not being sufficient to quench the smallest Spark of it.

xvi. A Representation of the Sensitive Plant.

xvii. A Representation of the seven Planets, shewing a probable Cause of their keeping their due Distances from each other, and from the Sun in the Center.

xviii. The Salute repulsed by the Ladies Fire; or, Fire darting from a Lady's Lips, so that she may defy any Person to salute her.

xix. Eight musical Bells rung by an electrised Phial of Water.

xx. A Battery of eleven Guns discharged by Fire issuing out of a Person's Finger.

LECTURE II.

i. A Description and Explanation of Mr. *Muschenbrock's* wonderful Bottle.

ii. The amazing Force of the Electric Fire, in passing thro' a Number of Bodies at the same Instant.

iii. An Electric Mine sprung.

iv. Electrised Money, which scarce any Body will take when offer'd to them.

v. A Piece of Money drawn out of a Person's Mouth in spite of his Teeth; yet without touching the Money or the Person.

vi. Spirits kindled by Fire darting from a Lady's eyes (without a Metaphor).

vii. The Electric Fire shewn to be the same with Lightning.

viii. A bright Flash of real Lightning darting from a Cloud in a painted Thunder-Storm.

ix. The Force of a small Quantity of it making a fair Hole thro' a Quire of Paper.

x. Metal melted by it (tho' without any Heat) in less than a Thousandth-Part of a Minute.

xi. Animals killed by it instantaneously.

xii. Air issuing out of a Bladder, set on Fire by a Spark from a Person's Finger, and burning like a Volcano.

xiii. A few Drops of cold Water impregnated with Lightning, and let fall on a Person's Hand, supplying him with Fire sufficient to kindle a burning Flame with one of the Fingers of his other Hand.

xiv. A sulphureous Vapour kindled into Flame by Lightning issuing out of a cold Apple, a Lime, or an Orange.

xv. The Cause and Effects of Lightning explained by a more probable Hypothesis than has hitherto appeared.

xvi. An experiment shewing why Clouds charged with Lightning fly nearer the Earth than other Clouds; and why Emimences are most frequently struck by Lightning.

xvii. Another Flash of Lightning from the painted Thunder-Storm.

xviii. An experiment shewing how Lightning, when it strikes a House or Ship, &c may be conducted to the Earth, or Water, without doing the least Damage.

xix. A Flash of Lightning made to strike a small House, and dart towards a little Lady sitting on a Chair, who will, notwithstanding, be preserved from being hurt, whilst the Image of a Negro standing by, and seeming to be further out of Danger, will be remarkably affected by it.

xx. An Experiment shewing how to preserve Houses, Ships, &c. from being ever *struck* by Lightning.

xxi. The endeavouring to guard against Lightning, shown to be not chargeable with Presumption, nor inconsistent with any of the Principles either of natural or revealed Religion.

xxii. Wheel of a curious Machine turned round by Lightning, and playing Variety of Tunes on eight musical Bells.

xxiii. A Battery of eleven Guns discharged by Lightning, after it has darted thro' ten Foot of Water.

It is only necessary to turn to Franklin's writings on electricity to realize how many of his experiments were given in those lectures. WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, January 27.

"Les Maladies de l'Énergie," by A. Deschamps, with a preface by Charcot's successor, Professor Raymond, attacks resolutely the disease of the age—neurasthenia. The author's wide and peculiar experience, first in his own case, and then among the poor, especially in the country, where the springs of energy are drained by misery and maternity, sets right many erroneous ideas and frankly opposes the reaction and exercise cure. The disease precisely consists in inability to follow this regimen. The rest cure seems the alternative.

L. Ranvier, professor of general anatomy, publishes a large illustrated volume of the work done during the years 1905 and 1906, in the Laboratoire d'Histologie au Collège de France.

The account given by the American mountaineer, Dr. W. Hunter Workman, of his last exploring expedition in the Himalayas to the Royal Geographical Society forms the principal feature of the *Geographical Journal* for January. He was accompanied by his wife, whose ascent of a peak 23,300 feet high is ranked as one of the most wonderful mountaineering exploits on record. The special object was the study of the glaciers, one of which ended, like a polar glacier extending to tide-water, in a perpendicular ice-precipice about 600 feet long and 200 feet high. A remarkable experience at great altitudes was the enormous difference between the day and night temperatures.

The second international congress for the study of sleeping sickness, which was first called for last November, is to be held in London in February. The German government asked for this postponement in order that the results of Professor Koch's researches during his recent tour in Africa might be presented by Koch himself.

The death of Morris Ketchum Jesup in this city January 22 removes a generous patron of education, and especially of the sciences. He was born in Westport, Conn., in 1830, and entered business at an early age. During most of his life he was a banker in this city. He made large gifts to Princeton, to the Union Theological Seminary, to the Young Men's Christian Association, and to other educational and philanthropic enterprises. His chief interest, however, was the American Museum of Natural History, of which he was president at the time of his death. Through his help the Museum now possesses the most valuable collection extant of specimens of American woods, and a fine collection of the minerals of this continent. He was president of the Museum's East Asiatic Committee, under whose auspices Dr. Berthold Laufer went to China and made collections, the beginning of a department in which all the different cultures of Eastern Asia shall be represented. Mr. Jesup in 1897 gave the Jesup North Pacific exploration fund. Under this, MM. Bogoras and Jochelson went to the Amur region, Siberia, to study the tribes there. In May, 1905, following a gift from Mr. Jesup to the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, the Czar appointed him a Knight of St. Stanislaus of the first degree, in recognition of his services to the cause of ethnological research. Explorations in British Columbia were completed in 1903, and were later extended to the State of Washington. Ultimately, through the Jesup endowment, scientists hope to discover the course of racial migration in the New World and the relationship between the earliest known inhabitants of Northwest America and the aborigines of the Asian continent and Japan. Mr. Jesup also assisted Peary on different occasions, to the extent of some $200,000, in the attempts to reach the North Pole.

Alfonso Sella, professor of physics in the University of Rome, has recently died at the age of forty-two. After graduating at Turin, he studied at Göttingen under Riecke and Voigt, and for ten years was Prof. Pietro Blaserna's assistant in the Institute of Physics at Rome. He was appointed professor extraordinary at the University of Rome in 1899, and was promoted soon after to an ordinary professorship. He was a member of various learned societies, was secretary of the Italian Society of Physicists, and was secretary and one of the founders of the Italian Society for the Advancement of Science, whose successful organization last September was largely due to his initiative and to his executive ability. He was also well known as an Alpine climber. Among his publications were: "Investigations of the Physics of Crystals," "Influence of the Röntgen Rays and of Ultra-Violet Light upon Sparks," and "Investigations of the Radioactivity of the Air."

The Rev. Lorimer Fison died December 29 near Melbourne, Victoria. He was born in England in 1832 and educated at Cambridge. After several years of gold digging in Australia, he joined the Wesleyan mission to Fiji. There he began his career as an anthropologist; and he later extended his labors through Australia. His research established the fact of a system of group marriage among the aborigines, according to the conclusions set forth in L. H. Morgan's "Ancient Society." Among his publications are "Kamibaroi and Kurnai," "Group Marriage and Marriage by Elopement" (with A. W. Howitt), "Land Tenure in Fiji," "Tales from Old Fiji," and papers on anthropological questions published by the Anthropological Institute and the Smithsonian Institution.

Prof. Albert Hoffa of the University of Berlin, and well-known for his various works on orthopædy, has just died at the age of forty-seven. He was author of "Lehrbuch der orthopädischen Chirurgie," and "Frakturen und Luxationen."

Drama.

TWO NEW PLAYS.

Poetic works are so infrequent upon the contemporary stage that a piece like "The Jesters," now to be seen at the Empire Theatre, is entitled to a word of hearty appreciation, even if it does not fulfil all pleasurable expectations. It must be admitted that the original work of Miguel Zamacois has suffered at the hands of the adapter, John Raphael, who, by his unfortunate choice of metre and imperfect sense of musical diction, has robbed the verse of much of its fluency and simple grace, and taken the bloom, in many places, from a sentimental, romantic, and humorous fantasy by a touch of prosaic realism. But, even as it stands, the little play, for those who have ears to hear and sympathetic, discerning vision, has distinctive literary and imaginative qualities of an agreeable if not very dazzling order. The story, one of the innumerable variations of the oldest of fairy tales, is naught in itself. A dainty maiden, cloistered by a doting but penniless old sire in a ruinous castle, prompted by mysterious yearnings of which she knows nothing, longs for a mate, the fairy prince of nursery fable. He comes in the shape of a hunchbacked jester, who wooes her with the magic of his mind and tongue. At first she is inclined to favor a rival, duller of speech, but straighter of form, but presently, by a pretty conceit, the crooked lover teaches her the danger of judging the inner by the outer man, and wins from her a confession of love. Then, of course, he discards the false hump, shows himself as valiant and beautiful as he is wise, and carries her off to his own lordly castle. There are other personages—the proud but poor old father baron, the rival lover, a swaggering, drunken retainer of the ancient

Pistol kind, a harassed steward, servants, and so forth—and all of these are individualized with keen strokes of characterization and a vein of genuine if not very original humor, but practically there is no dramatic interest save in the progress of the hunchback's suit. The tale charms by its sweetness, simplicity, and humanity—a humanity that is none the less real because it is enveloped in the fanciful atmosphere of romance. To judge such a delicate trifle by the rigid standards of actuality would be ridiculous. The appeal is directed to the heart and the imagination, not at all to cynical common sense. For adequate stage interpretation it demands a degree of histrionic accomplishment far beyond the attainment of any of our present theatrical companies. The slovenly speech, ineloquent, spiritless, and graceless action of our modern players strip it of nearly all the illusion which is the life of an imaginative creation. In Paris Sarah Bernhardt played the part of the disguised lover, and it is not difficult to imagine with what pictorial and oratorical perfections she endowed him. At the Empire the hero is dependent solely upon the personal fascination of Miss Maude Adams, a rich possession, indeed, but in this instance inadequate. The only thoroughly competent performance, except for his broken speech, is the bully of Gustav von Seyffertitz, who ought hereafter to prove a great acquisition to the English stage. But in spite of all "The Jesters" is a delightful entertainment.

To what extent is a wife bound by her matrimonial vows to her husband? This is the theme of "Irene Wycherley," Anthony P. Wharton's play, which has been received with critical acclaim in London and was produced in the Astor Theatre here on Monday evening. It is a piece full of youthful extravagancies and inconsistencies, but is nevertheless a remarkable work for a beginner, being uncommonly well made and deriving its action from the impelling force of character and circumstance. Its chief fault lies in the unnecessary crudity of some of its details, a fault common to youth, which is too apt to regard artistic reticence, in speech or action, as a sign of weakness. Mr. Wharton leaves little to the imagination, and the effect of his argument, as well as the general quality of the play, is lowered by his insistence upon unsavory, if veracious, details. Thus the principal scene, which has been widely praised for its truth and insight, in which the blinded and disfigured husband revolts his wife and brings about the final catastrophe by an exhibition of gross animalism, is, as a matter of fact, as unreasonable in the prescribed conditions as it is offensive to good taste. There can be no question that he has demonstrated a case in which the husband has made the matrimonial yoke an intolerable burthen; but he has failed to show the necessity of his wife's submission to it. Nor has he suggested any way out of her dilemma, except by the rupture of bonds imposed upon her only by her own conscience. To this extent the play is futile as well as unpleasant. Moreover, it must be admitted that the murder and suicide, through which the distressed wife ultimately secures her freedom and the promise of a new happiness, are less probable than they are convenient, although much ingenuity is displayed in leading the action up to them. But, in spite of these shortcomings, the clever construction, excellent dialogue, lively and varied characterization, and cumulative interest, are merits that greatly outweigh the faults. The general performance is very good, but Miss Viola Allen is too self conscious and artificial an actress to give full effect to the character of Irene, while Mr. Arden, by an over-brutal impersonation of Wycherley, makes it difficult to sympathize with any woman who could ever have debased herself by marrying him.

It is pretty plain from the London criticisms, and, indeed, it is no more than might have been expected—that the "Edwin Drood" which Comyns Carr has constructed and Beerbohm Tree has produced at His Majesty's Theatre will give little satisfaction to the lovers of Dickens. These will not put much faith in the solution of the story's problem as worked out by Mr. Carr, or find much in the stage puppets to remind them of the original characters in the book.

Duffield & Co. will publish this season: "A Scheme and Estimate for a National Theatre," by William Archer and Granville Barker; The Stratford Town Shakespeare in ten volumes; Brooke's poem of "Romeus and Juliet" in the Shakespeare Library Series, and four volumes of the Shakespeare Classics: "The Troublesome Reign of King John," "The History of Hamlet," "The Play of King Leir and His Three Daughters," and "The Taming of a Shrew."

Music.

The History of Music to the Death of Schubert. By John K. Paine. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.75 net.

The History of Music. By Waldo Selden Pratt. New York: G. Schirmer.

To the late Prof. John K. Paine belongs the honor of having introduced music as a regular course in Harvard University, a good example which other universities have since followed. One of his subjects, from the beginning, was the history of music. For fully three decades he lectured on that to classes numbering at first only half a dozen hearers, but gradually growing larger and larger. It was his intention to end his career by editing his lectures and issuing them in book form; but his sudden death prevented him from completing that plan. He had had the lectures covering the time to the death of Schubert typewritten, and had begun the revision of this material for the printer. After his death Mrs. Paine asked Prof. Albert A. Howard to see the book through the press. Professor Howard is an expert on ancient musical instruments, who is cited by Paine (p. 18); he has done his editorial work conscientiously, and has supplied helpful marginal notes. As the remainder of Paine's work existed only in the form of manuscript notes, and had not received the same careful treatment as the earlier portions, the editor wisely decided to end the book with Schubert, and to fit the title to the abbreviated form.

For more reasons than one it was perhaps just as well that this was done. Paine was a conservative; he had little sympathy with Liszt, Berlioz, and the later developments of the romantic school, and his treatment of them would perhaps have lacked the objective, judicial attitude which now distinguishes his book, as well as the charm of sympathetic appreciation which attaches to his comments on the older masters. Wagner, too, used to be on his black list, but concerning him he changed his mind, and while he incidentally expresses his conviction that even Wagner's orchestral preludes are not so great in tragic pathos as some of the works of Beethoven, he ranks him with his idol in the ability to make his various works wholly unlike each other in style and treatment. In saying of Beethoven that "his bold modulations were unprecedented," he forgot Bach for the moment, though a worshipper of that composer. In pointing out that Beethoven was not preëminent as a vocal composer, he refers to the curious fact that while Beethoven often consulted orchestral musicians with regard to instrumental technical effects, he apparently did not ask the advice of singers as to vocal treatment. Schubert is ranked by Paine as supreme in song, and second in the symphony only to Beethoven. Oddly enough, he makes no adequate reference to Schubert's pianoforte pieces, which Rubinstein and Dvorák placed even above his songs in charm and originality.

The chief value of Paine's history lies in the remarkable clearness of all his statements. Frequent iteration of the same points to constantly changing classes finally gave him the faculty of getting at the kernels of the hardest nuts with ease; subjects like ancient Greek music, the development of a musical notation, the first steps in the evolution of polyphony and harmony, which in some treatises are shrouded in impenetrable mystery, are here shown with stereoscopic distinctness. The account of Palestrina and his services to church music corresponds with the latest researches.

Professor Pratt's aim in writing a history of music was quite different from Professor Paine's. Though he, too, lectures on this subject (at Smith College and elsewhere) his object was not to produce a book for use in the class room, but rather a work of practically encyclopædic fulness. He has packed an immense number of facts into his 683 pages, and he must be commended specially for his skill in grouping the material in such a way as to give a proper perspective of the enormous field in view by his way of grouping the facts, the more important in larger type. It may be said that too many minor names are included among the numerous sketches of composers. By omitting such trivial information, room might have been provided for references to the more important books in which the subject of each chapter can be studied in detail. Apart from this, it would be difficult to suggest a way in which this book might have been improved. The summaries of each century are particularly serviceable, and the great composers are happily characterized in brief space. To the history of musical instruments more space is given than usual in books of this kind, and this feature will be welcomed, as information on this branch is widely scattered and not always easy of access. Beside the numerous illustrations of instruments and portraits of composers there are several maps of Europe in different ages. To sum up, Professor Pratt's history is a marvel of industrious research and exceptional usefulness.

Few things in the annals of opera are comparable to the apparition and triumph of Luisa Tetrazzini. Her career began eleven years ago, and she soon became a great favorite in St. Petersburg and in the cities of South America. Once she appeared in San Francisco and aroused so much enthusiasm that Mr. Conried engaged her for the Metropolitan Opera House; but she never appeared there, and nothing more was heard about her until, last November, she sang in London to an audience which only half filled the theatre. The next time she sang, the house was crowded to the ceiling, and so it was at all her subsequent appearances. The press joined the public in acclaiming her as a new Patti, and Mr. Hammerstein, who was sadly in need of a prima donna, engaged her promptly for the Manhattan Opera House. She has now appeared here three times, as Violetta in "La Traviata" and as Lucia in Donizetti's opera, and so far as the public is concerned, her triumph has been even greater here than in London. A stronger searchlight has, however, been thrown here on her vocal art, and the assertion that she is a second Patti must be denied. Her voice is not, like Patti's, of equal beauty in all its registers, nor are the registers equalized. The critical listener is disturbed by ugly gulps and an occasional false attack of a high note. Her trill is not so even as Melba's, or her cantilena so beautiful and expressive as Sembrich's. There is little dramatic feeling in her singing; and yet she thrills audiences that like ornate song as few of her predecessors have thrilled them. The chief beauty of her voice lies in the top register; her high C, D, and E flat are of dazzling brilliancy, and the ease with which she flings out the most dizzy *staccati* and the intricacies of florid song is astounding. There are many thousands who greatly prefer this ornate style of song to the more dramatic styles exemplified in "Aïda," "Carmen," and "Madama Butterfly," not to speak of "Tristan"; and for such as these Tetrazzini is a blessing.

Cincinnati is to hold its eighteenth biennial Music Festival May 5 to 9. The principal choral works to be given are: Bach, "St. Matthew Passion"; Grieg, "Olaf Trygvasson"; Haydn, "The Seasons"; Pierno, "The Children's Crusade"; Beethoven, Ninth Symphony. The soloists thus far engaged are Johanna Gadski, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Schumann-Heink, Janet Spencer, Daniel Beddoe, Edward Johnson, Dalton Baker. The festival forces consist of a chorus of 500; children's chorus from the public schools of Cincinnati, numbering 700; the Theodore Thomas Orchestra of 100. Frank Van der Stucken is conductor; and the associate conductor is Frederick Stock.

A year ago Humperdinck wrote a dozen pieces of incidental music for Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale," and now an opera has been written with that play as a libretto, by Carl Goldmark, whose "Queen of Sheba" was at one time one of the most popular operas on the stage. He is now seventy-six years old.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The one hundred and third annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts is, as is usual with exhibitions of that institution, an interesting one. It is also, more nearly than is always the case, an exhibition of current work; for there are comparatively few borrowed pictures of earlier date than the last few years, and no special exhibits of the work of one painter, living or dead. The galleries are too high, and not too well lighted, and some of them still retain the cruel red wall covering which once pervaded them all, but the general aspect of the show is a striking example of the advantage of sufficient space, not so much for the placing of many works as for the proper installation of those selected. There are four hundred and fifty-nine pictures here, only a few more than were shown in the last National Academy exhibition in New York, but the impression is of a much greater number. Each picture has some space about it, and the spreading of the exhibition through a number of smallish rooms has enabled the Hanging Committee to group the paintings sympathetically and to avoid the clash of opposing methods and discordant tones. Each picture looks its best, and this or that old friend reveals new beauties in its present surroundings.

There are many of these old friends. More than forty pictures were at once recognized as having figured in the National Academy exhibitions of the last year or two, and there are probably many more which have so figured, but were not remembered. When one notes that among these are such things as W. Sargeant Kendall's two portraits and his Reflection, Ben Foster's In the Pines, Elliott Daingerfield's dramatic Mountain Showers, J. W. Alexander's Portrait of Mr. Whittredge and A Favorite Corner, Louis Loeb's The Summit and Twilight—Calm Refuge of Day, E. W. Redfield's March, W. T. Smedley's Booklovers, Emil Carlsen's Canaan Mountain, Leonard Ochtman's December, Hugo Ballin's The Bath, Irving R. Wiles's Portrait in Black, Henry O. Walker's Portrait of Brother and Sister, and Paul Dougherty's Surf Ring and Twisted Ledge, to mention but a few, one realizes how much that is important here comes from our own exhibitions. One must add to these the pictures by E. C. Tarbell, T. W. Deming, W. M. Chase, Willard L. Metcalf, J. Alden Weir, and the late John H. Twachtman, which have been seen at the exhibitions of the Ten American Painters or at "one man shows" in New York, and such borrowed works as Winslow Homer's Search Light (from the Metropolitan Museum), J. Frank Currier's Whistling Boy, John S. Sargent's Lady With a Rose, and George DeForest Brush's early Moose Hunt, all familiar to well-informed New Yorkers.

That these pictures should be in the exhibition is altogether to its advantage, and to the credit of the managers, but their presence makes the task of the critic difficult. If he would not repeat comments already, and very recently, made, he must restrict himself to the merest mention of many of the things which are best and most important. The Sargent is, indeed, so old a friend that it is almost new. The quarter century since it was painted has slightly and pleasantly gilded its surface, and added the last charm to its always perfect workmanship and delicate refinement. Mr. Sargent has done more vigorous and more brilliant things since 1882, but never anything lovelier, and it is good to see again this expression of a mood that is not common with him. The richness and quality of the blacks are especially delightful, and one cannot avoid the wish that he would oftener paint them in this way; but the great charm, after all, is that of a winning personality treated with entire sympathy. The John Sargent that we have is a great figure in contemporary art. It is well to be reminded that there was another Sargent, finer in some ways if less forceful.

Directly opposite this great picture hangs one of the most important of the new works shown, E. C. Tarbell's almost entirely admirable portrait of President Seelye of Smith College. It is a large canvas, nearly square, and represents the scholar, in academic gown, seated at a table with books and a lamp upon it. The head is sympathetically characterized and admirably painted; the gown is well arranged and is unmistakably black, while receiving as much light as the head; and the background shows the feeling for gradation and illumination which made the Girl Crochetting one of the most remarkable genre paintings of our day. It is a picture as well as a portrait, and should add to the painter's great and deserved reputation. The only fault in it is the rendering of the right hand, somewhat self-conscious in pose, sharp of edge, and, to my feeling, false in value. It catches the eye and holds it with a certain insistency, disorganizing somewhat the adjustment of the tones which would otherwise be perfect.

Near these two pictures hang the new contributions of Paul Dougherty and Sergeant Kendall. Mr. Kendall's Narcissa is a variant on his Reflection—the same model in the same surroundings, but differently posed. It is even more interesting in line than the other, and the bit of bright green ribbon gives its color an odd tang that pleases. Mr. Dougherty's Blue Gale is of the same sturdy, full-blooded kind as his previously seen contributions. It is of fine, full color, and the hump of the wave over the rocks—it is moving too fast to break against them—is well caught. Near by is a marine of another quality, Charles H. Woodbury's Deep Sea. It is a small canvas, but, as in his larger At Sea, in another room, there is a great lift to the wave, and great sense of bulk and massiveness, attained with little actual height and by sheer force of drawing. Good and interesting drawing of another kind—drawing occupying itself with the intricate loops of foam formed by the surf—is shown in Frederick J. Waugh's three contributions. In the largest of these, Under the Full Moon, there is also a good study of moonlight on the creamy water. A different condition of moon on sea, when the dancing glitter of reflection is the principal thing aimed at, is shown in F. W. Benson's Moonlit Sea. There is little wave drawing here, but the glitter is attained.

Three large figure canvases are Cecilia Beaux's Brother and Sister, which, where it is hung, looks less interesting than her work usually does—it may be the fault of the lighting that the eyes seem unduly dwelt upon; Eugene Paul Ullman's Child at Play, with its clever handling which reminds one of that of Alfred Stevens; and Homer Boss's Portrait of an Actress. The latter is, as to manner, of the ivory black school of the moment, but shows a feeling for character, which is of no school. W. W. Gilchrist, jr., paints charmingly in his small picture called In the Little Gold Room, and Philip L. Hale, in his Glitter, experiments with some success in the vein of Howard Cushing. There is so much knowledge and ability in Mr. Hale's work that one wishes he might find himself and cease echoing others.

In Gallery G one notes Frederick Clay Bartlett's soundly designed and painted Roman Afternoon; Edward W. Redfield's Fallen Tree, vigorous and fresh in its blue and white and gold, and Alfred H. Maurer's black and white Parisienne, which shows the artist in a transitional state and less sure of himself than he was some years ago. Perhaps I may, without impropriety, mention Mrs. Louise Cox's two contributions before passing on to Gallery H, filled, mainly, with the work of the more impressionistic among the "Ten American Painters" or with pictures in harmony with theirs. Of the pictures here, not previously seen by the present writer, Mr. Benson's Portrait of my Three Daughters, awarded the Temple gold medal, is perhaps the best. The pervading sunlight is admirably rendered, and the tones of warm rose and violet and blue make up a fine harmony of color. Robert Reid's White Lilac is exceedingly pale, but full of a delicate charm, and Willard L. Metcalf's Trembling Leaves succeeds in conveying the dazzle of young foliage shaken by a light breeze. Childe Hassam always has fresh work to show, and he has two good pictures in this room, but even better is his Leda in Gallery I, a beautiful piece of out-of-door painting, with admirably designed tree masses, in which the white of the swan plays its part to perfection. His Aphrodite, from the Pittsburgh exhibition of last year, completes his representation. William M. Chase is never so much himself—never so much the painter—as when he is occupied with still-life, and his study of Fish, in Gallery A, is of his best, powerful in color and direct in handling, if less flowing and unctuous than some of its predecessors.

With such new works as these and such works already seen as those before mentioned, and with much more, new and old, of a high degree of merit, is furnished forth an exhibition which cannot fail to justify further one's admiration of the present achievement and confidence in the future excellence of the American school of painting. Our sculpture is not so well shown, although there are a hundred and thirty-nine pieces on exhibition—a number far in excess of what our narrow gallery accommodation admits of in New York. The truth is that this number has been attained by a doubtfully judicious liberality of admission, much of the work seen being below any conceivable standard of merit. Outside a few things from recent New York exhibitions, such as Karl Bitter's Testimonial Tablet and Edith Woodman Burroughs's charming Circe, and outside a large collection of the animal bronzes of the late Edward Kemys, the sculpture shown is mostly of local origin, and as there are some first-rate sculptors in Philadelphia there are some good things, such as Charles Grafly's well-modelled Maidenhood, A. Stirling Calder's graceful and elegant Pacific Venus, and Albert Laessle's capital studies of tortoises; but of many other pieces it may be said, as it cannot be said of many paintings, that the exhibition would be the better for their absence. KENYON COX.

To the Italian art magazines a new *Vita d'Arte*, published in Siena, is now added. Among the articles contained in the first issue (January) may be mentioned "Le Meduse degli Uffizi," by Corrado Ricci; "Un' Altra Figlia del Mare," by Angelo Conti, and "Alberto Martini," by Giovanni Papini. The illustrations are well printed, but it is only right to add that one or two of the subjects reproduced from Martini's work are revoltingly unwholesome.

Charles Scribner's Sons have now on their list of imported books the second volume of "In English Homes" with its many handsome photographs by Charles Latham and its letterpress edited, and in part written, by H. Avray Tipping. What was said in the *Nation* (October 13, 1904) about the first volume of these papers collected from the London *Country Life*, stands equally well, with the change of names, for the second. There is the same series of handsome photographs, the same lack of plans whether of the interiors or of grounds, and the same sketchy text. In the present work forty-nine places are pictured and described, including such old historic homes as Hever Castle, Holland House, Welbeck Abbey, and more modern structures, such as Clouds, in southwest Wilts, built by the Hon. Percy Wyndham. A volume of the same character, but much smaller in scope and cheaper, is "The Fourth Book of Pilgrimages to Old Homes," by Fletcher Moss, with photographs by James Watts (published by the author, Didsbury, England). The heart of this fourth tour takes us to Wales, where romantic associations and ruins are more abundant than ancient castles that are still homes. But there is Gwydyr Castle, of the Wynne family, with its furniture, panelling and relics well preserved from restoring and modernizing. A chapter still more interesting than this takes us into Derbyshire, to old "Bess of Hardwick's" glaring mansion, Hardwick Hall. Mr. Moss tells the matrimonial adventures of that famous lady with considerable vivacity.

The latest volume of the series Les Maîtres de l'Art is devoted to Scopas and Praxiteles, but really includes all Greek sculpture from the fourth century B. C. to the time of Alexander. It is written by Prof. Maxime Collignon, whose abundant historical work in this field is too well known to need recalling.

Marcel Dieulafoy, who with his wife began the excavations on a great scale at Susa and published the wonderful reproductions of the Esther and Ahasuerus palace, consecrated by a hall in the Louvre museum, has turned his attention to a more recent field. In "La Statuaire polychrome en Espagne" he describes the almost unknown work of artists whom he calls "pupils of Michael Angelo and contemporaries of Velazquez." The volume (price 100 francs) has 80 fine plates, of which 3 are in colors.

Two reproductions of antique mural paintings in colors are published by E. A. Seemann, as the twenty-fourth *Heft* of his large collection, Die Galerien Europas. These pictures, now in the Thermal Museum of Rome, were originally in a Roman house dating from the early days of the empire.

The frescoes by Domenico Ghirlandaio in the choir of S. Maria Novella, Florence, are once more exhibited after more than two years of concealment behind scaffolding. Most of this time was wasted in inconclusive debate about the proper method of cleaning. At length, about two months ago, the matter was placed in the hands of a committee consisting of Bernhard Berenson, Signor Marrai, and Professor Volpi. It was decided that only a careful cleaning with bread crumbs was necessary to remove the dust and grime, and the work proceeded rapidly in the skilful hands of the restorer, Domenico Fiscali. Now one sees the series not as Ghirlandaio left it, for the cleaner has cautiously refrained from removing the last vestiges of dirt, but, at least, better than it has been seen in the memory of men. On the whole, the result is an exposure of Ghirlandaio's weakness as a decorator. The work abounds in superficial and fetching prettinesses, but except in the portrait groups one lacks the serious note of the Florentine Renaissance. These designs appear as a perfunctory and weary product of his old age, and one suspects that not merely in execution but in invention student assistants played a prominent part.

In many ways Italy is now showing her sense of responsibility in the matter of protecting both her ancient monuments and the beauty of her landscape. The Commissione Centrale per le antichità e belle arti has passed several important resolutions at recent meetings for the preservation of old buildings. The project of destroying the Porta al Borgo in Pistoia and the historic city ramparts of Lucca for the passing of electric trams, has been strictly forbidden. The project of changing the old picturesque arch of the Buontalenti in Florence, which joins Or San Michele with the Palazzo dell' arte della Lana, has also been stopped. It is due to the energy of the same society that the erection of a modern villa close to the famous Oratorio di San Bernardino in Perugia was prohibited. The government and the city of Perugia will purchase the land close to the Oratorio so as to prevent any repetition of such an attempt. The archæological section of the Commissione Centrale has, moreover, passed a resolution which will meet with general approval. There has been much talk of cutting down all the trees in the gardens of the Villa Mills and the monastery of San Bonaventura on the Palatine. One of the most picturesque spots in Rome would thus be spoiled. It has now been decided to preserve them and carry on excavations on that site only in so far as no damage is done to them. The present Municipal Council of Rome has been severely criticised, both in Italy and elsewhere, for opening several breaches in the walls of the Capital. It appears, however, from an official statement which has just been issued, that the new council is by no means to blame. It has done nothing but continue what has been proposed and ratified by scientific bodies and carried out by the previous administration. The openings were made in the stretch of wall between the Porta Pinciana and Porta Salaria, which contains portions in a very reduced condition, or with considerable modern restorations. Thus new and direct communications between the adjacent quarters could be established without sensible damage to the Pincian walls.

The Alhambra at Granada is being cleared, as far as possible, of all modern restorations which now obstruct various parts of the monument. The original design of the building will then come out to greater advantage.

At the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, there is an exhibition of aquarelles, illustrative of the life of Jeanne d'Arc, by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, till February 13. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are paintings by Henry Moret, Durand-Ruel's, January 25; pastels and water-colors by Alexander Robinson, Powell's, January 31; pictures by Paul Dougherty, William Macbeth's, February 1; paintings by Henry R. Poore, Theodore C. Noé's, February 6.

Eugène Vidal, painter of portraits and landscapes, member of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, has died at Cagnes. One of his works is now on the wall of the Luxembourg.

Finance.

CLEARING-HOUSE CERTIFICATES.

It was said at the New York Clearing House, on Monday, that the loan certificates, issued to New York banks for use in exchanges during the money-hoarding panic, have been redeemed and cancelled with such rapidity that their complete retirement is plainly in sight. This result, it hardly need be said, followed naturally on the $26,000 000 gain in cash reserves by the city's banks last week, of which $10,000 000 to $15,000,000 apparently represented return of hoarded cash. After the decision of the New York Clearing House, on October 26, to resort to loan certificates, no information as to the amount allotted to the banks was given out. The public was left in the dark until a few days ago, when the president of the Clearing House declared that, at the crisis of the panic, $97,000,000 of this substitute money had been issued.

In this matter of Clearing-House certificates several considerations are worth examining. That the maximum issue of $97,000,000 far surpassed all precedent—the $38,000,000 in 1893 holding the previous record—is not of itself more remarkable than the fact that the deficit of New York bank reserves, below the 25 per cent. ratio to deposits required by law, should have reached $54,000,000 last November, as against the high record of $16,500,000 in 1893. We are dealing nowadays with much larger totals, and despite the seemingly enormous shortage of reserve in November, the cash still left was 20 per cent. of outstanding deposits, or practically the same as at the crisis of 1893.

The larger question is, what this experience of 1907 foreshadows for the future. By general consent, recourse to loan certificates, adopted with great reluctance last October, sustained the solvency of the banks at a critical moment. But this does not prove the expedient a good thing *per se*. People are asking whether the certificates did not bring serious evils in their train.

In theory, the use of such paper, secured by appropriate collateral, in payment of daily Clearing House balances against a bank, means that the stronger banks lend their cash reserves to a weaker associate. They are creditors; by the ordinary rule, they should receive lawful money in payment; this claim they forego, and accept instead a 6 per cent. due-bill. It is easy to see how such an expedient may serve without further consequences where support of a few weak institutions is the object in view. But if all banks were to take out such certificates, and were to use them in payment of balances, the purpose of the device would be defeated. The result would simply be that no bank would pay cash for its indebtedness to other Clearing House institutions. In one month of 1893, no less than 95 per cent. of these balances was paid in loan certificates, and something like this must have happened last November.

But, obviously, what this signifies is that all the fifty-three Clearing House banks of New York city suspended cash payments to one another. From this it is but a step to suspension of cash payments to depositors; and to restriction on cash remittances against drafts by out-of-town banks, or on provision of "pay-roll money" to commercial depositors. The result, therefore, is the currency premium, the blockade of interior exchange, the suspension of payments at other banking centres, and the issue of checks for "wage money" at industrial centres.

This chain of events seems a fairly conclusive argument against the plan proposed by President Gilbert of the Clearing House Association, for the extension of the device of loan certificates under the form of law, to all of the banks of the country. This plan approaches the problem from the wrong side. Provision for a taxed "emergency currency," based on deposited assets of the banks, as the Bankers' Association plan provides, would do something to relieve the strain on bank reserves at a time of actual crisis. Reform in the practice of carrying insufficient cash reserves, and reform in the habit of basing large credit issues on deposits borrowed from other banks a thousand miles away, would do far more. The time has come for the thoughtful banker to grapple with this question of recurrent suspension of payments by American banks, and, without waiting until actual emergency is again upon us, make provision for the longer financial future. The theory, cherished by many intelligent bankers during the recent era of rapid expansion, that the consolidation and greater capital resources of our banks would prevent any relapse into primitive conditions, has turned out a mere delusion. Not only were payments suspended, as before, in the panic of 1907, but the area affected, the number of institutions involved, and even the duration of the period of restriction, were more serious than in either 1893 or 1873. For the good name of American finance, this ought never to occur again.

"The Causes of the Panic of 1893," by W. J. Lauck (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a prize essay in the series established by Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx. It reviews the industrial and financial history of the decade preceding 1893, and then describes the panic itself. In the account which Mr. Lauck gives of the conditions in Germany, France, and Great Britain his work supplements usefully A. D. Noyes's "Thirty Years of American Finance"; but in his discussion of events in the United States he adds substantially nothing to Mr. Noyes's narrative. By a process of exclusion of other possible causes, Mr. Lauck reaches the conclusion that the "fundamental and effective" cause of the financial disturbances of 1893 was the Sherman Silver-Purchase Act of 1890—a conclusion from which, we take it, few are likely to dissent at the present day. So far as the reviewer can find, our author does not even dignify by the barest mention the theory that the trouble was due to impending changes in the tariff. Since he is in search of "fundamental and effective" causes he is justified in refusing to consider this theory seriously; but as a contributary cause of minor importance, unsettlement due to proposed tariff legislation might well have been mentioned. We suppose that even a proposal to raise the tariff would lead to some hesitancy in investing capital in certain directions until the precise character and scope of the change should become known.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allison, Younge. The Delicious Vice. Cleveland: Privately printed.
Bacon, Josephine Daskam. Ten to Seventeen. Harpers. $1.50.
Bailey-Manly Spelling Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. 30 cents net.
Bell, Gertrude Lowthian. Syria, the Desert and the Sown. Dutton. $3 net.
Binns, Henry Bryan. Abraham Lincoln. Dutton. $1.50 net.

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Birch, Walter De Gray. Seals. Putnams. $7.50 net.

Browne, G. H. Latin Word-List. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. 1908. Putnams.

Campbell, Frances. A Shepherd of the Stars. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Campbell, Thomas, Poetical Works of. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. Henry Frowde.

Corbett, Julian S. England in the Seven Years' War. 2 vols. Longmans. $6 net.

Denison, T. S. Natural or Mexican in Aryan Phonology. Chicago: Published by the Author.

Earp, Edwin L. Social Aspects of Religious Institutions. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents net.

Eddy, Walter Hollis. General Physiology and Anatomy. American Book Co. $1.20.

Gilbey, Walter and E. D. Cuming. George Morland. Macmillan. $6 net.

Gosse, Edmund. Henrik Ibsen. Scribners. $1 net.

Grainger, James Moses. Studies in the Syntax of the King James Version. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University Press.

Grant, Percy Stickney. The Search of Belisarius. Brentano's.

Gore, Charles. The New Theology and the Old Religion. Dutton. $2 net.

Hancock, Elizabeth Hazlewood. Bettey Pembroke. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.

Hardlicka, Ales. Skeletal Remains in North America. Washington; Government Printing Office.

Helmholtz, Anna Augustus. The Indebtedness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to August Wilhelm von Schlegel. Madison, Wis. 40 cents.

Hobbs, William Herbert and Charles Kenneth Leith. The Pre-Cambrian Volcanic and Intrusive Rocks of the Fox River Valley. Madison, Wis. 25 cents.

Huels, Frederick William. A Comparison of the Effects of Frequency in the Light of Incandescent and Nernst Lamps. Madison, Wis. 25 cents.

Ibsen, Henrick. Edited by William Archer. Vol. I. Scribners. $1.

Jenkins, Stephen. A Princess and Another. B. W. Huebsch.

Jewish Charities, National Conference of, 1906. Stettiner Bros. $1.

Johnson, E. Borough. The Drawings of Michael Angelo. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.

Jordan, David Starr. Fishes. Holt. $6 net.

Keyser, Cassius Jackson. Mathematics. Columbia University Press.

Kingsley, Charles. My Winter Garden. Outing Publishing Co.

Knoop, Douglas. American Business Enterprise. Manchester: University Press.

Lewis, Charlton M. The Genesis of Hamlet. Holt. $1.25 net.

Matterson, D. M. Analytic Index. The American Nation. Vol. 27. Harpers. $2 net.

Matthews, Brander. The Short-Story. American Book Co. $1.

McFadden. Elizabeth A. and Lillian E. Davis. A Selected List of Plays. Cincinnati: E. A. McFadden.

Metchnikoff, Élie. The Prolongation of Life. Translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell. Putnams. $2.50 net.

Munro, Neil. The Clyde. Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Nichols, Ernest Fox. Physics. Columbia University Press.

Norris, Mary Harriott. The Veil. Boston: Badger.

Old Testament and Semitic Studies. In Memory of William Rainey Harper. Edited by Robert F. Harper. University of Chicago Press.

Pais, Ettore. Ancient Italy. University of Chicago Press. $5 net.

Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. Deborah of Tod's. Dutton. $1.50.

Pearl, The. Rendered into Prose by Charles G. Osgood, jr. Princeton, N. J.: Published by the Translator.

Pearson, R. Hooper. The Book of Garden Pests. Lane. $1 net.

Queen Mary's Book. Edited by Mrs. P Stewart-Mackenzie Arbuthnot. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Reid, Christian. Princess Nadine. Putnams. $1.50.

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Rose, George B. Renaissance Masters. Putnams. $1 net.

Sanders, E. K. The Forest Playfellow. Dutton. $1.25.

Sellery, George Clake. Lincoln's Suspension of Habeas Corpus as Viewed by Congress. Madison, Wis. 35 cents.

Shelley, Complete Poetical Works of. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde.

Schultze, Ernst von. Kulturgeschichtliche Streifzüge. Hamburg.

Snow, Ellen. The Evolution of the Rose. Boston: Badger.

Stewart, Clinton Brown. Investigation of Centrifugal Pumps. Madison, Wis. 50 cents.

Stimson, Frederic Jesup. The American Constitution. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Terhune, Albert Payson. The New Mayor. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co.

Thayer, James Bradley. Legal Essays. Boston: The Boston Book Co.

Townsend, Harris. Old Wedgewood. The Phœnix Press.

Umphrey, G. W. Spanish Prose Composition. American Book Co. 75 cts.

Wheeler. Henry. History and Exposition of the Twenty-five Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Eaton & Mains. $2 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1908.

The Week.

If there were any doubt that Mr. Bryan intends to make himself the Democratic nominee again this year, it would be dispelled by his descent upon Washington and his bearing there. Secure in the control of the party machine, he has defied any man to come forward openly and challenge his domination. All Democrats who question his right to treat the party as his personal property, are instantly branded as either themselves among the powers that prey or secret agents of the predatory rich. And it must be said that the results of Mr. Bryan's arrogance vindicate his course. His enemies flee before him. The Democratic party says to him, like Sterne's donkey: "Do not beat me, but if thou wilt, am I not thine ass?" Mr. Bryan, with his hand on the local machine in so many States, knows that he can start a revolt against any politician who dares to oppose him. If a Southern Representative or Senator were to come out publicly for a candidate other than Bryan, there would instantly be talk of sending another man to Washington in his place. This is the true account of the paradox that Southern public opinion, as seen in many influential newspapers and voiced by business men and solid citizens generally, is against Bryan, but that so few Southern politicians venture to lisp against him. They want to get or keep office; he has or appears to have the disposal of offices; and so he keeps them cowed. That Mr. Bryan will be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency this year, if he chooses to be, may now be set down as among the political certainties. And those Republican managers are living in a fool's paradise who think that it will be a holiday task to beat him. He has a vast and idolizing personal following. Its vote can be transferred to no other. As a campaigner, he has inexhaustible physical energy. And on what willing ears his appeals would fall in present circumstances! The Republican platform of 1896 could be read as an indictment of the Republican party of 1908. All the dire consequences of misgovernment therein set forth are now swarming home to condemn Republican policies. Business has suffered deep hurt; mills have shut down; thousands of men are out of work; the unemployed throng the cities; the resources of charity are strained to provide for those in want by no fault of their own. Bearing in mind Mr. Bryan's extraordinary gifts as an agitator, and remembering how invariably the party in power loses popular support when depression overtakes industry and cripples enterprise, no one but a Republican drunk with complacency could deny that the coming campaign will test his party to the utmost.

The seriousness of the crisis should force the Republican leaders to cast about for their very best man to pit against Bryan. And here is where even the most rudimentary sense of political strategy leads men to think of Gov. Hughes. New York, as Bryan's managers admit, is absolutely indispensable to Democratic success. Bryan cannot win without New York. The Republicans might, but they would think it a fearful risk, as was confessed in Mr. Taft's letter, to plan a campaign leaving out this State. And the Bryan campaign is to be directed mainly at New York's electoral vote. Hence the proposal to nominate Lieut.-Gov. Chanler as Vice-President. Hearst is to lend a hand; Tammany will marshal its disciplined cohorts; and the immense unpopularity of the Roosevelt Administration in this State will be counted upon, too, to swing it back to the Democrats. With all this clear, it is elementary wisdom, the simplest prudence, for the Republicans to nominate a man who would be from 50,000 to 100,000 votes stronger in New York than any other candidate. Nor is this merely a question of local pride. The same qualities which have given Mr. Hughes commanding strength in his own State fit him to impress the nation. As against the Bryan-Hearst agitation, Hughes would stand for that calm and ordered progress, and even-handed justice, which must ever be the country's main bulwark against the demagogue and the uprooter.

Secretary Taft's manly and straightforward letter to Congressman Parsons insures a solid Hughes delegation from this State to the Chicago Convention. Mr. Parsons himself announces that he will not wait until February 20 to attach himself to the Hughes movement, but will call a special meeting of the Republican County Committee at once to pass the Hughes resolution which, by the aid of the local Federal officeholders, he was twice able to defeat. But it is mainly Mr. Taft who has shown that political acumen is not wholly lacking among those who are concerned with his candidacy. Without doubt, he would have taken the stand he did even if it were not a shrewd political move. It is in keeping with the popular conception of him as an outspoken man, with no other desire than to play the game in an open and above-board manner. Had the managers of his campaign, in and out of the White House, displayed an equal sagacity, they would never for an instant have opposed the Hughes sentiment in this State. By using Federal officeholders to make it appear that the State was not a unit, they performed an inestimable service for Mr. Hughes in uniting his friends and forcing them to begin an active warfare in his behalf. Had Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Parsons been wise enough to let a formal resolution endorsing Mr. Hughes slip through the New York County Committee, the Governor's "boom" might simply have ranked with those of Messrs. Cannon and Knox, as that of another "favorite son." Instead, the national interest in Mr. Hughes has everywhere been quickened.

It was high time that the President took notice of the widespread complaint that he is using the whole power of the Administration to force the nomination of Taft. In a few days there is to be an official statement on the subject. According to Secretary Loeb, this will take the form of a complete list of Presidential appointments made since the canvass for Taft began, with the names of their backers. This is well, and the results ought to be enlightening, not only as regards the immediate charges, but in relation to the whole subject of "influence." But Mr. Roosevelt ought not to lose sight of the fact that the case by no means rests entirely upon political appointments. Those actually made in Taft's interest may prove to be only a handful. The real question of Presidential interference lies beyond such lists. Is it or is it not true that Mr. Roosevelt has openly taken charge of Secretary Taft's campagn? Is it or is it not true that he has repeatedly said to his visitors, newspaper men and others: "*We* are going to nominate Taft on the first ballot"? The exertion of the President's power in such ways may be more effective, and no less improper, than the apportionment of the spoils. Federal officials are not blind or deaf. They know what is meant by these tacit orders from the source of rewards and punishment. The inevitable effect upon them is to bring about precisely that political activity of postmasters and collectors and appraisers and marshals which we have seen. The process was accurately described by Swift, in his account of the way in which the Chinese Emperor conferred titles:

> This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in everything *conformable to the will of his sovereign.*

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Judson Harmon's speech at Nashville last week had edge to it, and shows what sort of campaign the Democrats might make with such a man as their candidate. He smote Republican inconsistency and fraud about the tariff and about prosperity in the most hard-hitting fashion. With all the admitted glaring injustice and oppression of high-tariff taxes, he showed that no Republican, from the President down, had kept a single one of the many promises to revise the tariff by its friends. It has been much easier to take up the cry about corporations, but "it is folly," Mr. Harmon contended, "to rail at Trusts and pursue them with fines and injunctions while we carefully cherish the law which breeds and feeds them." With tariff exactions felt more than ever, as they now are in a time of depression, the chance of making a rousing and successful tariff-reform campaign this year would be excellent, were a convinced and vigorous low-tariff man like Judson Harmon the Democratic nominee. He would have the added advantage of having been appointed special counsel by the President to bring about the punishment of corporation offenders. Only, when Mr. Harmon proposed to move against a personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt's, the brotherless spear suddenly became a shield and buckler for Paul Morton. One nail driven by Mr. Harmon was clinched in Washington at the very time he was speaking. He declared that the standpatters, now in control of the Republican party, regard as "little better than traitors" any men who propose in any way to lift the burden of the tariff. Testimony to the truth of this statement was furnished by the angry outcry in the Senate over the German trade agreement. This was negotiated by Secretary Root, primarily to relieve American exporters from the danger of having the maximum German tariff clapped upon their goods. To avert this, some concessions had to be made, and they relate chiefly to the administering of our customs law. The effect in increasing German importations has been extremely slight, yet our tariff fanatics rage about it as if the foundations of the temple had been destroyed.

Secretary Taft's report on the Philippines is complacent, but in this respect he is exceeded by the President, who declares:

> Save only our attitude towards Cuba, I question whether there is a brighter page in the annals of international dealing between the strong and the weak than the page which tells of our doings in the Philippines.

Any one who should pick up Mr. Taft's report without knowledge of conditions in the islands would never dream that the question whether the Philippines shall or shall not be exploited for the benefit of this country is as pressing as ever. Moreover, Mr. Taft writes as if the idea of a colony to make us all rich and win the trade of the East never entered President McKinley's mind. About the blundering of our military officials, which made the breach with the Filipinos possible, Mr. Taft has not a word; but he repeats the stale charges that the Anti-Imperialists and Democratic leaders were responsible for the continuance of the insurrection. Why it was necessary just at this moment to rake up these old controversies is hard to understand, unless it is because of the imminence of the Presidential campaign. But, leaving this unhappy subject, we are glad to note in Mr. Taft's report news of the physical improvement of the islands. Moreover, the constabulary abuses have been ended, and that body of officers is no longer feared as an organization of spies and torturers. In his analysis of the progress of the Filipinos toward self-government, Mr. Taft shows a desire to be absolutely fair; but the world-old attitude of the conqueror towards the conquered reappears in his insistence that the day when the Filipino shall decide as to independence is still too far away to name. With the sedition acts still on the statute books, as un-American laws as were ever drawn, it is not quite ingenuous to say that, of course, criminal libel or seditious language calculated to cause public riot or disturbance is punished in the Philippines as in "many States of the Union." For the new Philippine Assembly, its wisdom and conservatism, Mr. Taft has only praise. We are sorry to record that the Secretary has receded somewhat from his courageous demand that Philippine sugar should be admitted free. On this issue, we had supposed Mr. Taft's flag would never come down. Yet he agrees to the proposal to limit free Philippine sugar to only 300,000 tons, thus consenting in part to a policy which both he and President Roosevelt have repeatedly denounced as morally indefensible.

Gov. Hughes's reply to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, who asked him why he had not "recognized" them when he appointed the Public Service Commissioners, is condemned by the union as "unsatisfactory." Naturally. Nothing would have been satisfactory save a confession of sin, a promise of reform, and a pledge to fill the next vacancy with a representative of labor, just as his predecessors always gave one of the railroad commissionerships to a railroad employee. With frankness and directness unusual enough in a Presidential candidate, Mr. Hughes says that he chose the men he considered best qualified. He is obviously correct in saying that if he tried to "make appointments for the purpose of satisfying particular interests, the result would be inevitably a patchwork of compromises." The Governor did not place on the Commission an officer of a railway company or a professional commuter or a representative brakeman or a dealer in railroad securities. He found difficulty in getting the men he wished to serve; but the Commissions represent his best judgment in what was a difficult problem. There are those who think that he might have made up a better Commission by disregarding localities and selecting a lawyer, an expert accountant, a leader in the profession of engineering, a bank official, and an electrical expert; but, as in everything else, he followed the dictates of his conscience.

A notable incident of the dinner of the New York city branch of the State Bankers' Association Monday night was David R. Forgan's clear statement of the part played in October's panic by the system of redeposit of national bank reserves in banks of other cities. The panic, Mr. Forgan observed, was not due to an insufficient supply of currency. The "currency famine" was the result of panic, not its cause. Why it should have been a direct result, Mr. Forgan thus explained, from the point of view of a practical Chicago banker:

> The way the law regarding reserves works is best understood by an illustration: The law requires a national bank in Troy, N. Y., to carry 15 per cent. reserve. Only 6 per cent., however, need be in its own vault. The other 9 per cent. may be with its reserve agent in New York city. If the deposits of the Troy bank are $1,000,000 it keeps $60,000 at home and $90,000 in New York. The $90,000 in New York, however, is not money. It is merely a credit on the books of the New York bank against which a reserve (allowing for legal deductions) of not more than $20,000 is kept by the New York bank. When the Troy bank, becoming alarmed, deems it prudent to have a larger proportion of its reserve at home it telegraphs the New York correspondent to send it, say, $20,000. That does not seem an unreasonable request to the Troy banker—only $20,000 out of $90,000. But when the Troy bank withdraws $20,000 it withdraws all the reserve there is in the world against its deposits except what is in its own safe, and the New York bank is left with a credit on its books of $70,000, against which no reserve now exists. When that transaction is multiplied by thousands and becomes general, it is simply an impossibility for the New York bank to stand it.

Mr. Forgan's conclusion was that the privilege now enjoyed by "country banks" of entrusting three-fifths of their reserve to banks in other localities, perhaps a thousand miles away, and subject to the extreme pressure of a panic of their own, ought to be drastically revised.

The meeting at Albany this week in behalf of the anti-tuberculosis campaign carried on by the State Charities Aid Association outside of this city will bring certain startling facts to the attention of the public. We have got so much in the habit of speaking of the great cities as breeding places for disease and crime, that it has generally been taken for granted that New York city, with its ghettoes, "lung" blocks, and tenements, must show the high record for sickness and mortality. As a matter of fact, Joseph H. Choate, who presided Monday evening, declared that in New York city the death rate from tuberculosis had decreased by nearly 50 per cent. within twenty years, whereas, it appears that the smaller up-State cities—Albany, Rome, Troy, and Utica—revealed an appalling growth of the malady. In 1904 New York city's general death rate of 20.56 per thousand was almost equalled by Utica with 20.23 and surpassed by Troy with 21.72. In 1903, Brooklyn showed a rate of 17.54 and swarming Manhattan a rate of 18.74, as compared with 18.06 for Rome, 19.25 for Albany, and 19.32 for Troy. It would appear, then, that, if our most densely populated city presents difficult conditions to deal with in the matter of the public health, they meet with a more than corresponding degree of effort; whereas neglect, especially in the case of tuberculosis, may more than overcome the natural sanitary advantages of any locality. With Panama made a habitable place, yet the upper counties of this State swept by consumption, people must come to take less pride in the purity of their native air and more in private and public cleanliness.

Once more the musical world mourns the premature death of one of its most gifted and promising sons. A strange fatality seems to pursue composers of music. Some of the greatest reached a ripe age, but a larger number, among them Mozart, Schubert, Weber, Chopin, Bellini, Bizet, passed away long before they had delivered their whole message; and now Edward MacDowell must be added to the list. It would almost seem as if the throes and thrills of creative work in the realm of tone were too great to be borne by any but a few of the most robust men. The epitaph placed on Schubert's grave, "Music has here entombed a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes," would have been appropriate for all the composers just named. MacDowell, too, was giving the world his very best when his brain was stricken. But if we are to have no more from his pen, there is enough to enable us to pronounce him the most original and poetic musician America has thus far produced. Not long ago Prof. John K. Paine died. He and MacDowell were the two leaders in their respective fields, and their demise leaves the outlook not altogether bright. We have other gifted composers, some of whom have won praise in Europe as well as America; but for a nation of eighty millions, the quantity and quality of our new music of the higher grades are very inadequate. The reason, to be sure, is not far to seek. The encouragement and support for composers of serious music are so lamentably small that only an irresistible impulse could ever justify a man in choosing such a vocation. Until within a few years, MacDowell could have hardly paid his house rent with his royalties. The same exceptional power exercised in almost any other profession would have made him wealthy. Until there is a general awakening of interest in the best music, but few of the most promising young minds are likely to yield to the allurements of creative work in music, and we shall continue to import from abroad.

French military authorities are again disquieted by the stationary population of France. M. Messimy, the *rapporteur* of the war budget, suggests that by enlisting under the French flag large numbers of Turcos and Spahis, the fighting efficiency of the army could be greatly increased. By this means, one hundred thousand excellent soldiers might be added to the French forces. This proposal the government is disposed to favor. One objection is the danger of arming and training so many Mussulmans. This has been met by a recommendation that African troops should be assigned to France, and particularly to Paris. The policy of garrisoning the capital with soldiers from alien provinces has been pursued successfully in Austria; there are always Czech and Hungarian regiments at Vienna. Those familiar with the Algerians contend, however, that no danger is to be apprehended from the native regiments, even if they should be kept in their own country. No Turcos or Spahis have taken part in any insurrection. Yet similar arguments were advanced concerning the Indian army in the days before the mutiny; and in international politics the fanaticism of Mohammedans is always an uncertain element.

Conditions in Berlin are not cheerful. The prestige of the monarchy is not enhanced when the sabring of the crowd gets to be the order of the day. Nor is Bülow's attitude in the Reichstag likely to appease public feeling. The German Chancellor has shown of late a fondness for treating the Deputies in an abrupt, schoolmaster fashion that would seem to be modelled on M. Stolypin's peculiar manner with the Duma. As a matter of fact, the political situation in Germany gives the Chancellor some reason for trusting to the tactics of a drill-master. By a dissolution and something of a *coup d'état* a year ago, he procured himself a "block" majority in the Reichstag, and not long since by a sharp threat of consequences he saved that block from going to pieces. His present policy, therefore, may be partly determined by the belief that in a contest with the Socialists he will have the Liberal "block" with him. What makes the recent conflict between the Berlin police and workingmen all the more sinister is that it should have been a crowd of unemployed, and not a political procession, that was charged by cavalry and assailed with naked weapons. Nor will the fact that the Socialists are making use of hard times to push their political propaganda go far towards removing the blame from the government. Rioting is, in part at least, the result of lack of opportunity to express popular demands. Had the Berlin workingmen been in a position to formulate their claims through spokesmen in the Prussian diet, street demonstrations might have been superfluous. As it is, the evil effects of economic crises will only go to swell the total grudge which the Prussian working classes are charging up against the government.

The English protectionists have been dashed by the Board of Trade returns for 1907, just issued. It will be remembered that Mr. Chamberlain based his agitation against free trade on the argument that that historic policy was ruining the country commercially. He chose for comparison 1872, a year of inflated prices, and 1902, a year of depression as a result of the Boer war. In that period of three decades the population of England had grown 30 per cent., while British exports had grown only 9. At Liverpool in 1903 he declared:

> My case is that the trade of this country, as measured—and I think it ought to be measured—by the exports of this country . . . has during the last twenty or thirty years been practically stationary.

He further explained: "You cannot go on supporting your population at that small rate of increase." That plea is now thoroughly shattered. The year 1906 had been very prosperous; but for 1907 the imports, exports, and re-exports amount to £1,164,080,913, as against £1,068,566,318 in 1906, an increase of £95,514,595. Separating the three factors, we find that the imports were £645,904,176, as compared with £607,888,500 in 1906; the exports £426,204,596, as compared with £375,575,338; and the re-exports £91,972,141, as compared with £85,102,480. If the exports of 1907 are set against those of 1877 there is an increase of 109 per cent., for only 30 per cent. in population. That is, if Mr. Chamberlain's method of reasoning—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*—proves anything it demolishes the argument for protection.

SCIENCE IN LAW-MAKING.

Mr. Bryce's address before the State Bar Association last Friday night was marked by a breadth of view and a sanity of judgment which now seem to us second nature in him. He has evidently kept up his eager and penetrating interest in our affairs. No American could have studied recent tendencies in this country with a keener eye. At the same time, his ability to draw illustration and suggestion from English and French and Swiss and German practice gives a remarkable sweep to his view. To him, the problems of modern democracy are essentially the same, whatever may be their local variations. Hence it is that, in discussing the immense increase in legislation of all kinds and in all countries, he could deal with it as a world-wide question. One country may be in advance in one particular, and another in another; but all law-making bodies are face to face with the difficulty of passing an enormous number of statutes, while trying to make them clear in form and precise in effect.

The great need, Mr. Bryce contended, is to introduce more of scientific method into the processes of legislation. To investigate before acting; to collect all available data carefully; to consult the experience of others; then, when the passage of a given law has been determined upon, to place its drafting in skilled hands, so that the public may easily understand and the courts readily construe the new statute—such is the ideal which he held up before legislators. That approximations to it have been made by various State Legislatures is one of the good signs which Mr. Bryce notes. The bulletins of comparative legislation issued by the State Library at Albany, with such handy digests for the law-maker as are furnished by the Wisconsin Library Commission, mark a great advance. If haphazard bills, crudely drawn, still inundate Legislatures and Congress, the lack of instructive material, showing a more excellent way, cannot be held responsible.

Ignorance, however, is not the mother of all our legislative complexity and confusion. We have had only too much of a certain sort of "science" in our legislation. It is science in the slang sense—meaning uncommon cleverness in concealing one's real design. The various "jokers" which have got into important statutes were not put there by accident. The "slick" legislators who quietly secured their incorporation were not in need of instruction as to the proper form of bills. They knew perfectly well what they were about; and were "scientific" in the same way in which a football player or a prizefighter is said to be—that is, by a superior mastery of tricks and foul play.

Popular agitation behind a bill is also a sure provocative of careless draughtsmanship. When surging passions are enlisted, the cool and deliberate scrutiny of a scientific legislator is impatiently brushed aside. Hence comes the crudity of many a heralded measure, with the difficulty, and often the impossibility, of enforcing it. Mr. Taft has lately pointed out, what all lawyers knew before, that the Sherman anti-Trust act is so filled with ambiguities and contradictions that to construe it is the despair of a conscientious judge. A more recent instance is the railway-rate bill which President Roosevelt compassed sea and land to secure. One clause of it—that making it unlawful for a railroad to transport coal from its own mines—is now generally held to be unconstitutional. So convinced is the Attorney-General of this defect, that he has agreed not to prosecute violations of this law, pending a decision by the courts whether it was not beyond the powers of Congress. Yet the doubt which clung to this act was pointed out by Senators, such as Knox and Bacon, at the time of its passage; nevertheless the clamorous demand for the bill would brook no criticism. There stands the law in the books; but in this point and perhaps others it is a dead letter.

In connection with the same bill, we see how hard it would be in this country to follow one of Mr. Bryce's suggestions. It is that the workings of an important law be closely watched, with an eye to seeing how well it is or can be enforced, or what changes should be made in it. The great enemy of such care is popular fickleness. A sweeping movement is set up for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill; it is carried to enactment amid loud acclaims, and then the country proceeds speedily to forget all about it. Just before the passage of the Roosevelt railway-rate bill, a Senatorial champion of it was privately declaiming on its inevitability. "I tell you, sir, that when the American people rise in their might and demand a law of this kind, there is no withstanding their will." "Well, Senator," asked a bystander, "what will it amount to after it is passed?" "Nothing whatever," was the prompt reply; "the people will think no more of it, and will turn their minds to the next agitation."

We might go on to show how self-interest stands in the way of such rational legislation as Mr. Bryce advocates. He just hints at tariff laws, and urges that their effect in creating monopolies or working oppressively ought to be studied by a skilled and impartial commission. But no one knows better than he with what guffaws this proposal would be received by our standpatters. The very reason why they want the high tariff to remain untouched is that it gives them a monopolistic power to tax their fellow-citizens. Yet even against their entrenched selfishness better ideas are making slow headway. Mr. Bryce is no wall-eyed optimist. The evil as well as the good is clearly before him; so that when he bids us hope for the coming of more honest and more intelligent legislation in this country, only a wall-eyed pessimist will deny that there is ground for encouragement. When it is the deliberate verdict of this acute foreigner that there has not been, since the civil war, "among the best citizens of the United States so active a public spirit, so warm and pervasive a desire to make progress in removing all such evils as legislation can touch," as exist to-day, it is not for Americans to bate a jot of heart or hope.

THE "HARRIMAN SUIT."

Attorney-General Bonaparte has at length directed the filing of papers in the suit against the Union Pacific officers for conspiracy in restraint of trade under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, by obtaining control of stock of parallel and competing lines. The suit is directed primarily against the acquisition of a controlling interest in the Southern Pacific—a railway which, like the Union Pacific, connects the Mississippi Valley with the Pacific Coast. Stress is also laid on the holding by Union Pacific, through its subsidiary lines or otherwise, of a minority interest in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern—companies also competitors of the Union Pacific.

It has been vigorously contended ever since the Northern Securities suit was entered, and particularly since the Supreme Court, in 1903, decreed the dissolution of that historic merger, that the Act of 1890 is being applied in a manner foreign to the purpose of its authors. The law, we are told, was aimed at monopolies in manufacture and other forms of production; yet these are precisely the abuses which, under the court's construction, have escaped its penalties. If the law is consistently applied to railways, it is declared to be a menace to the whole financial structure of the country; and if it is not consistently applied, then it is an engine of discrimination and oppression. Finally, comes the argument that the successful conclusion of the Northern Securities suit left matters really where they were before. The Great Northern still exercises undoubted control over the affairs of the parallel railways. These contentions are not without force. The Anti-Trust Law of 1890, we grant, ought to be replaced by a measure drawn with distinct provision for existing conditions, and not for those of eighteen years ago. But Congress has not seen fit to amend or replace the Sherman Act; and therefore law officers and courts are bound to invoke it wherever need of interference, as a question of public policy, arises.

Moreover, the statement that the Northern Securities decision accomplished nothing is wholly untrue. The conservative part of Wall Street will admit that a public service of the highest value was performed. The problem, clearly recognized by Mr. Knox, was to stop the deliberate plan of a few powerful capitalists to get the whole railway enterprise of the country irrevocably into their own grasp. Through their invention of the "holding company" and through their daring use of credit, they were rapidly buying up railways, regardless of price; paying for them in bonds of other railways; then lodging these other railways in the hands of a corporation whose own stock was issued in such huge amounts that the interests dominant at the hour of consolidation could never be dislodged. Mr. Morgan himself, in the Peter Power suit of March, 1902, testified that the $400,000,000 capital of the Northern Securities was large enough to prevent any "outside interest" from buying it up. This, in his judgment, insured "stable control," and he believed that result to be indubitably a public advantage. But the logical outcome of the theory of "stable control," thus applied and extended, would be permanent monopoly. The methods of capitalization indispensable to such combinations point straight towards corporation bankruptcy on a portentous scale. Holding these views, Mr. Knox seized on the most available weapon—an imperfect one, but sufficiently effective—and struck at the dangerous tendency of the day.

The case of the Union Pacific is not so closely analogous to the Northern Securities that those persons who approve the first suit will certainly endorse the second. For one thing, the primary purpose of acquiring the Southern Pacific lay in the Union Pacific's wish to own the Central Pacific line from Utah to the Pacific Coast. This Central Pacific Railway was geographically a proper part and supplement of the Union Pacific; it was so recognized by most people when it was built; but it was controlled by the Southern Pacific, and could be acquired only through buying that whole system. Yet in this case, as with the Northern Securities, the larger aspects of the question must be confronted fairly. In the Union Pacific's scheme of finance, during the past decade, control of Southern Pacific was only a single factor. Mr. Harriman has used the credit and surplus of his railway to buy stocks of other railways with unexampled recklessness. Purchase of stocks, with a view to getting a voice in the management, if not complete control, has been carried to an extent which left the public mind in dismay as to the possible limitations of the movement.

For the moment, a decided limit to such operations has been set by the panic of 1907, for the severity of which the Union Pacific's Stock Exchange operations were very largely responsible. This fact, indeed, was virtually admitted by Harriman himself, at the crisis of the panic, by his promise to consider the question of ridding his company of its holdings to other railways. With panic past, nothing further has been heard of this spasm of repentance, and the government's purpose now appears to be to find how far the pressure of the law can be applied. That the Sherman Act is an imperfect means to that end, no one can deny; but it may be the best we have, and the results of the suit, in the way of breaking down unsound and reckless practices of railway finance, cannot be wholly barren.

OUIDA AND HER POPULARITY.

The death of "Ouida" could not have been reckoned as a serious loss to literature had she passed away while still in her prime. Yet the news that the author of "Under Two Flags" has ended her life in poverty in Italy will bring genuine grief to thousands. No one confesses to admiring her novels, and yet every one has been amused by them. Stevenson, we remember, wrote from Samoa at the time of Lady Jersey's visit:

> We had great fun, and wrote a Ouida novel on our life here, in which every author had to describe himself in the Ouida glamour.

Among the "finer touches" were the passages in which "Belle and Lady Jersey came out to brush their teeth in front of the rebel king's palace, and the night guard squatted opposite in the grass and watched the process"; and in which "I and my interpreter, and the King with his secretary, mysteriously disappeared to conspire." Mystery, disappearance, conspiracy! Could any other three words describe so completely the ingredients of a popular novel? And yet Ouida appeals to persons of severe taste, as well as to the populace. Among the severe, we do not, of course, reckon Andrew Lang, who has shamelessly boasted of his excursions through Ouida's books, and even lower realms of fiction. There is, however, Tennyson, who, his son tells us, frequently re-read Thackeray, Scott, and Jane Austen. He hated "your modern novels, with numberless characters thrust into the first chapter and nothing but modern society talk; and also those morbid and introspective tales, with their oceans of sham philosophy." Reading this last kind he aptly compared to "wading through glue." These opinions certainly make him out a hanging judge in literature, yet he did not hang Miss Braddon, Miss Broughton, or Ouida. What, then, are the qualities that commend her to the intellectual prince as well as the pauper?

To this question, which applies not merely to Ouida, but to all of her kind, we can get no clearer answer than that offered by the devil's advocate. Mrs. Oliphant—and Tennyson enjoyed her, too—is as far removed as possible from Ouida. Mrs. Oliphant is very religious, even churchly; she is a stout upholder of the established order and all the polite conventions. She was a warm personal friend of Queen Victoria; while the scenes which Ouida depicts are, as the British matron remarked of "Antony and Cleopatra," "so unlike the home life of our beloved Queen." When Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Victorian Age of English Literature," came to contemporary novelists, she admitted the difficulty of discussing an author for whom she had so little sympathy. Yet Mrs. Oliphant's estimate of Ouida may be accepted as not unjust:

> A great deal of extravagance and a curious preference for the unsavory, as well as the high-flown, have done much to conceal from the reader the gifts of picturesque description and what is called word-painting, which this lady undoubtedly possesses. It is a dangerous gift, and has led in many cases to a riot of highly-colored words, in which imagination runs wild, and the sober mind is incapable of following—while it is almost impossible to tell what are her powers of drawing character, because her personages are chiefly of one character, and that a very conventional type. Notwithstanding this, she has achieved a great popularity, but is more acceptable to the public of a certain class than to critics of any kind.

This last sentence reveals Mrs. Oliphant's foible as well as Ouida's special strength. For "notwithstanding" substitute "because of," and you have a logical statement. It was because Ouida did not write for jaded and supercilious critics, and because she did write for a public which applauds the highly colored and the high-flown, that she achieved her wide popularity. Subtlety, delicacy, allusiveness, restraint in style—these are pearls that are thrown away on the mob of novel-buyers and borrowers. The man who runs as he reads wants the pigment laid on the canvas with a trowel, huge blotches of raw red and yellow, that will seize the most careless eye. And when he comes upon a particularly purple patch, as in the following bit from "Under Two Flags," he cries in his rapture, "This is a style that is a style":

> "My darling!—my darling! What have I done to be worthy of such love?" he murmured, while the tears fell from his blinded eyes, and his head drooped until his lips met hers. At the first utterance of that word between them, at the unconscious tenderness of his kisses that had the anguish of a farewell in them, the color

suddenly flushed all over her blanched face, she trembled in his arms, and a great shivering sigh ran through her. It came too late, this warmth of love. She learned what its sweetness might have been only when her lips grew numb, and her eyes sightless, and her heart without pulse, and her senses without consciousness.

"Hush!" she answered, with a look that pierced his soul.

The unsavory, too, which Mrs. Oliphant deplores, often makes a book fashionable. Mrs. Oliphant may never have suspected mankind of a weakness for the salacious; but a generation which revels in "Three Weeks" can have no illusions as to the squeamishness of popular taste. And as for the feebleness of Ouida's characterization—so long as the clothes and the dialect of the *dramatis personæ* are fairly differentiated, most of us ask for nothing more. If the dukes are diabolic and the duchesses dowdy, if the hero is portrayed as brave and the heroine charming, that is enough. Eloquence, ideas, skilful delineation of human traits—for Mrs. Oliphant's "public of a certain class," these qualities are mere dust in the balance.

But we have dwelt too long on the features that put a novel into the list of the "six best sellers," and those, surely, are not what attracted Tennyson to Ouida. The truth is, that, despite the higher critics and all her glaring defects, she went to the root of the matter with a lively story. Flamboyant rhetoric may sometimes recommend a lame tale to the undiscriminating; it cannot always spoil a spirited story, even for the fastidious. And Ouida, with her glamour—as Stevenson puts it—her mysteries and her conspiracies, frequently offers us what her admirers might call a rattling good yarn. When she takes up her pen, people do not dawdle round talking; they do something that grips the attention of the reader from the first page to the last; and, even if he has a developed critical faculty, lays it for the time under the spell of her magic. Her characters lead the strenuous life, both in adventure and in love; and that is a fascinating spectacle even for the contemplative philosopher and the cloistered poet.

"MODERNISM" AGAIN.

The echoes of the Pope's encyclical against Modernism are still reverberating in the religious and the secular press. The outward attitude of liberal Romanists is, we take it, fairly represented by the Dublin *Review*, edited by Wilfrid Philip Ward—son of William George Ward, "Ideal" Ward of the Oxford Movement. That periodical has, for a church organ, been fairly progressive; but it now assumes that the decision of the Pope is final and the question settled. Father George Tyrrell, however, who has already suffered the lesser excommunication, continues in the *Hibbert Journal* for January the outspoken criticism begun in his letters to the London *Times*. The same issue of the *Hibbert Journal* contains three other articles: "The Papal Encyclical from a Catholic's Point of View," by the Rev. Father Gerard, The Papacy in Its Relation to American Ideals," by the Rev. L. Henry Schwab, an Episcopal clergyman of Sharon, Conn.; and "The Catholic Church: What Is It?" by the Bishop of Carlisle. The Bishop and the rector —especially the latter—are pretty severe in their censures of Romanism. The Bishop assures us that, "while the world has been moving onward and upward, the Church of Rome has been falling downward and backward." Mr. Schwab deals out his denunciation with a gusto which recalls the "no-popery" cries of extreme Protestants a generation or two ago. He regards the Papacy as "to-day the greatest impediment to American liberty and the most serious menace to country and religion." Mr. Schwab's fears spring from his conviction that "an Italian ecclesiastic possesses to a large degree the power to maintain the intelligence and spirituality of millions of Americans on a level with his own."

This alarm we cannot share, partly because we draw reassurance from the articles of Fathers Gerard and Tyrrell. Father Gerard writes in a suave, irenic manner, as if he would like to make his omelet without breaking any eggs. He gives us an interesting statement of Modernism as a theory according to which things "may be true in their religious aspect, though making no claim to be true, scientifically or historically":

> Thus, for example, in the actual life of Christ there were no miraculous elements. He was not born of a Virgin. He did not rise from the tomb, nor ascend to Heaven. So far as Science has to do with them, these things are untrue. But they are true nevertheless in the province of religion; the actual facts of our Lord's life having been transfigured and refracted in the minds of His followers, whose common consent has evolved and communicated the attributes with which He is invested. . . . Thus . . . there can be no collision between Science and Faith, since they move in different planes, the one dealing with things as they objectively are, the other as subjectively "transfigured."

Modernism as thus presented, Father Gerard finds a feeble foe. He sees that for the masses of mankind the distinction can never be valid because it can never be intelligible. For "a flock of Breton or Tyrolese or Connemara peasants" dogma is necessary. But the real issue—that the modern scientific view of the laws of nature as uniform in operation destroys belief in the miraculous and in the dogmas founded on it—Father Gerard escapes by the familiar door. These dogmas, he tells us, have, during nineteen centuries, been held "true, beyond fear of doubt, for all times and places"; they are fortified by "the testimony of Christ," and "the teaching of His Church, safeguarded from error in her doctrinal office by the Holy Ghost." In fine, the dogmas are the foundations of faith and morality; therefore they must be true.

This reasoning will appeal to intelligent men quite as little as Modernism (as Father Gerard interprets it) will appeal to the peasant. If the Church's strongest defence against the assaults of science is an argument in a circle: we believe in the dogma of the Virgin Birth because of the teaching of Christ's Church; we believe in the Church because of the testimony of Christ—if this is all, then science will sooner or later batter down the wall. Peasants, we grant, will still ask for dogmas; and so will *intellectuels*. The present success of Mrs. Eddy's propaganda indicates that a powerful ecclesiastical organization might temporarily rest on the creed that two and two are five, and the moon is made of green cheese. But in the long run the truth as it is conceived by our most highly trained investigators and thinkers permeates the masses; and if a church is to be anything more than an insignificant "hole and corner" sect, its dogmas—however rigid its hierarchical system—must approximate the convictions and aspirations of the best minds in its environment. This is the immutable law of its being. As Father Tyrrell points out, Modernism is not a block of doctrine, but a point of view; it is an "attempt to reconcile the essentials of Catholic faith with those indisputable results of historical criticism which are manifestly disastrous to the mediæval synthesis of scholastic theology." It holds that in the end there must be a "perfect concord between faith and reason." In the contest with Galileo the Church was forced to yield; and so it will yield again. There may be a temporary embargo on ideas by the censorship which the Pope purposes to exercise over Catholic seminaries and colleges; but "to protect the laity from the contamination of history is practically impossible."

And—here is comfort for Mr. Schwab —even the attempt at protection is an absurdity in a country like ours, with free public schools. Whatever may be the condition or the religion of the unlettered millions in the year 1925 or 1950, the Church cannot retain its hold in perpetuity unless it secures as its leaders men of heart and mind. They must have some kind of education; and thus there will be a steady infiltration of Modernism. A few decades hence the tenets of Modernism, if it can be said to have any, may not be those of to-day; but the spirit will be much the same.

Slowly, imperceptibly, perhaps, but surely, intelligence subjugates the world:

> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
>   Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
>   Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

CANADIAN LITERATURE IN 1907.

OTTAWA, January 24.

The old reproach against the Canadian reading public is rapidly becoming obsolete. To-day the meritorious work of Canadian writers is nowhere more thoroughly appreciated than in Canada; and more than that, English and American editions of Canadian books are not only immediately produced in Canadian editions, but many important Canadian books are now published originally in Toronto or Montreal. Toronto is, in fact, rapidly becoming an important publishing centre, and the time is not far off when it will be as much the rule for an English-Canadian book to bear a Toronto imprint as for a French-Canadian book to see the light first in Montreal.

During the year just closed the literary output of the Dominion has been creditable in quantity, and what is much more vital, in quality. The list embraces history, biography, fiction, and poetry, and it is in keeping with the awakening of a vigorous national spirit that the first of these classes should have received particular attention. Among the important historical works of the year by Canadians may be mentioned "Sixty Years in Upper Canada," by Charles Clarke, late clerk of the Legislature of Ontario (Toronto: Briggs); W. B. Munro's "Seigniorial System in Canada" (Longmans) (see the *Nation*, September 26, p. 283); "Canadian Constitutional History," by H. E. Egerton and W. L. Grant (Oxford Press); "Documents relating to the Constitutional History of Canada, 1759-1781," by Prof. Adam Shortt and Dr. A. G. Doughty (Ottawa: King's Printer); F. P. Walton's "Civil Code of Lower Canada" (Montreal: Wilson & Lafleur); William Dunlop's "Recollections of the American War of 1812-14," edited by A. H. U. Colquhoun (Toronto: Historical Publishing Company). C. Hill-Tout's "Native Races of British North America" (Copp Clark); and the "Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618," edited by W. L. Grant (Scribners). To the notable series of political biographies included in Morang's Makers of Canada, have been added A. G. Bradley's "Lord Dorchester," James Hannay's "Wilmot and Tilley," and Prof. S. B. Leacock's "Baldwin, Lafontaine, Hincks." Canadian history also forms an important part of the Duke of Argyll's "Passages from the Past" (London: Hutchinson). It will be remembered that the Duke of Argyll (then the Marquis of Lorne) spent several years in Canada as Governor-General. Though the material is not yet available in book form, it is proper to mention here the political "Reminiscences" of Mr. Justice MacMahon, which have been appearing from time to time throughout the year in the Toronto *News*. "Canada," by Dr. Wilfred Campbell (Macmillan), which has already been reviewed in the *Nation* (August 15, p. 148), is rather notable on account of the charming series of colored illustrations by the Canadian artist, T. Mower Martin, than because of its historical value.

During the year has also appeared the initial volume of the publications of the Champlain Society—"Marc Lescarbot: Histoire de la Nouvelle-France," the original text with an English translation by W. L. Grant, and an introduction by H. P. Biggar, author of "Early Trading Companies of New France." Among other publications already arranged for by the society, and now in course of preparation, are Denys's "Description and Natural History of Northern America" (Acadia) 1672, translated and edited with a memoir by Prof. William F. Ganong; "Documents relating to the Seigniorial Régime in Canada," edited by Dr. W. B. Munro; "The Cartwright Papers, 1778-1814," edited with introduction and notes, by Prof. Adam Shortt; "Naval Records of the Conquest of Canada," edited by Major William Wood, author of "The Fight for Canada"; "Louisbourg, from its Foundation to its Fall, 1713-1760," by F. S. McLennan; and the "Journals of La Vérendrye," edited with introduction and notes by Lawrence J. Burpee. Among the more important papers published in the current volume of Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, are Dr. Ganong's "Additions and Corrections on the Place-nomenclature, Cartography, Historic Sites, Boundaries and Settlement—origins of the Province of New Brunswick," with maps; James H. Coyne's sketch of Richard Maurice Bucke; "Fleury Mesplet, the First Printer of Montreal," by R. W. McLachlan; "The Downfall of the Huron Nation," by C. C. James; Benjamin Sulte's "Commerce de France avec le Canada avant 1760"; "Les successeurs de la Vérendrye, sous la domination française," by Judge Prud'homme; and F. J. Audet's "République d'Indian Stream." Two important supplementary volumes to the twelfth volume of Transactions of the Royal Society contain respectively Dr. N. E. Dionne's "Inventaire chronologique des livres, brochures, journaux et revues publies en langue anglaise dans la province de Québec, depuis l'établissement de l'imprimerie au Canada jusqu' à nos jours, 1764-1906"; and Benjamin Sulte's exhaustive Index to the First and Second Series of the Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. In addition to Shortt's and Doughty's "Documents relating to the Constitutional History of Canada, 1759-1791," already mentined, which is to be followed from time to time by additional volumes embodying eventually all essential documents on the subject, the Dominion Archives issued during the year two volumes of important material bearing on the history of Canada. It was decided some time ago to supplement these annual publications by periodical bulletins designed to contain historical journals and other special material. The first of these bulletins was to have appeared before the close of 1907, but publication was delayed, and it is now expected to issue in February.

In Canadian fiction, the year's record contains but few new names. Charles Roberts produced a volume of animal stories, "Haunters of the Silences," with spirited illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull (L. C. Page & Co.), and a new edition of his translation of De Gaspé's "Anciens Canadiens," under the title "Cameron of Lochiel" (Page); his brother, Theodore Roberts, has upheld the traditions of this versatile Canadian family by two readable stories, "Hemming the Adventurer" and "Red Feathers" (Page); Arthur Heming, hitherto known as one of the best of contemporary illustrators, has joined the company of novelists with his "Spirit Lake," a tale of Indian and trapper life in the far Western fur country (Macmillan); Sir Gilbert Parker adds another to his long list of novels in "The Weavers" (Copp Clark); and Arthur Stringer provides a sequel to "Wire Tappers" in the even more sensational "Phantom Wires" (Little, Brown & Co.). Other Canadian novels of the year are W. A. Fraser's "Lone Furrow" (Appleton); Norman Duncan's "Cruise of the 'Shining Light' " (Harpers); W. W. Campbell's "Ian of the Orcades," a romantic story of old Scotland (Revell); J. A. H. Cameron's "Colonel from Wyoming" (C. P. A. Pub. Co.); Anison North's (Miss May Wilson) "Carmichael," a tale of rural life in Ontario (Doubleday); and Basil King's "Giant's Strength" (Harpers). Of these, two are new writers, Miss Wilson, a native of Ontario, and Mr. Cameron of Nova Scotia.

It has been a lean year in Canadian poetry, the only notable contribution being Robert W. Service's little book of vivid, though somewhat rugged, verse, "Songs of a Sourdough" (Briggs). Though in places perhaps too suggestive of Kipling, these verses have a value of their own as reflecting the strenuous life of the Yukon mining camps. In "The Woman in the Rain and other Poems" (Little, Brown), Arthur Stringer has gathered a number of dramatic and lyric poems of much more than average merit; and Jean Blewett, in "The Cornflower" (Briggs), reveals much of the grace, humor, and pathos characteristic of the work of Eugene Field. During the year Canada lost one who had perhaps done more than any other to reveal the characteristics of the French-Canadian *habitant*, William Henry Drummond.

It remains to record a few miscellaneous publications. Of these, James White's "Atlas of Canada," issued by the Dominion government, is of exceptional interest and value, covering an extraordinary range of matter. H. G. George's "Geography of the Dominion of Canada" (Oxford Press) is an authoritative work upon the subject. Two volumes of essays worthy of mention are Bliss Carman's "Making of Personality" (Page), and W. F. Hatheway's "Canadian Nationality and other Essays" (Briggs). In a substantial volume, the University of Toronto records the history and development of that important institution. Of works bearing on Canada by foreign writers, two at least should be mentioned: Justin H. Smith's "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony" (Putnams), and André Seigfried's intimate study of Canadian problems from a French point of view, "The Race Question in Canada" (Appletons). The *Revue Canadienne* marked the completion of its fifty-third volume by the publication of a comprehensive index to the entire series, an examination of which reveals the wealth of material available in this little-known review. The list of contributors includes the names of practically every well-known French-Canadian writer of the last half-century. The long-felt want of an adequate review for English-Canadians has been filled during the past year by the reorganization and enlargement of the *University Review*, whose purpose is described as "to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada, and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art." The editorial committee includes some of the best men on the faculties of the Canadian universities, and the quality of the articles that have appeared in the four quarterly numbers issued in 1907 is excellent. L. J. B.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The second volume of Dr. Bradford's "Bibliographer's Manual of American History," just published, shows little if any improvement upon the first. A pair of scissors and a paste-pot, a pile of catalogues of auctioneers and dealers, and some of the old reference books like those of Rich, Stevens, and Sabin, seem to have been all the tools used. Perhaps 25 per cent. of the entries have an asterisk affixed showing that the books themselves have been examined, but almost without exception the bibliographical notes are quoted, mostly from Joseph Sabin, Obadiah Rich, Henry Stevens, and Thomas W. Field, men who read the books they described, and whose notes have been common property of every cataloguer since. Admirable when written, they now, at least when they deal with the rarity and value of books, require correction. For example, under Filson's "Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke," no less than five notes are quoted about the rare map made for the 1784 edition, all to the effect that no more than a single impression is known. As a matter of fact, six impressions (at least) are now traceable. To the Sermon of William Hubbard, "The Happiness of a People in the Wisdome of their Rulers," Boston, 1677, Rich's note, "This volume is believed to the first printed in Boston," is quoted without comment, though it is well known that Foster began printing in Boston in 1675. Under "Gent (E. W.)" is recorded a reprint of Edward Williams's first book on Virginia, "Virgo Triumphans; or Virginia richly and truly Valued," 1650. This entry is corrected in the errata at the end; but Williams's second book, "Virginia's Discovery of Silk Wormes," also printed in 1650, is entered, without comment, under "Farrer (John)." Though Williams got his information mostly from Farrer, "a gentleman of merit and quality," Farrer was not the author of the book. The sale records appended to many titles sometimes fill a quarter page without arrangement, and are difficult to refer to. In the case of some of the rarer books, no records, or only antiquated ones, are given. For example, the only record under Gorges's "America Painted to the Life," 1659, is £4 6s. paid at Puttick & Simpson's in 1861. "Auction Prices of Books" shows eleven more recent records. The classified index, which is to form Volume V., will, if properly prepared, no doubt be useful to collectors, students, and dealers, but the two volumes so far published are certainly a disappointment.

Volume VIII. of the Transactions of the Bibliographical Society recently issued, contains addresses on bibliographical topics, delivered at various meetings, as well as a short title catalogue of the books in the society's library. One of the most interesting of the papers is that by H. B. Wheatley on "Dr. Johnson as a Bibliographer." "Notes on the Types, Borders, etc., used by Thomas Berthelet," by W. W. Grey, with numerous facsimiles, is another valuable paper.

On February 3 and 4 the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells the library of Charles R. Adams of Minneapolis. Included are first editions of Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and other American writers, though the more common books only are generally represented. A book from the library of William Penn, with his book-plate and Vols. I. and II. (all issued) of *The War*, a periodical published 1812-1814, and edited by Samuel Woodworth, are notable items.

On February 4, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers a collection of autographs, including good specimens of John Quincy Adams, Elias Boudinot, Elbridge Gerry, James Madison, John Tyler, Daniel Webster, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell.

Correspondence.

THE CORNELL EXPEDITION TO ASIA MINOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Cornell expedition to Asia Minor and the Assyro-Babylonian Orient, conducted by Dr. A. J. Olmstead and his associates, B. B. Charles and J. E. Wrench, was intended to be educational in character; that is, its primary object was to make the members of the expedition familiar by actual autopsy with the topography, physical geography, natural trade routes, and in general with the lay of all the regions covered by Oriental history. But the organizer of the expedition—which was made possible by the generous contributions of a number of men of wealth—ventured to hope that the members would also be able to show material results, and to make valuable contributions to existing knowledge. The men spent the entire summer and fall in Asia Minor; they are now in Assyria or Persia. But the hope of the organizer has already been realized in Asia Minor alone, and that too along many lines. It has been demonstrated once more that Asia Minor is not the well-known country which some people imagine it to be.

The work of the expedition in Asia Minor was purely a surface exploration, topographical and archæological. The topographical results alone would justify the labor and expense, for henceforth they will be recognized as starting points for the elaboration of the geography of neighboring regions. The training of the men in Assyriology forced them to look at Asia Minor from the pre-Hellenic, rather than from the Hellenic or Græco-Roman point of view. For that reason they have hunted with the geatest care for the footprints of that early civilization which most scholars now call Hittite. In the Hittite "Corpus" there are nineteen inscriptions from the regions traversed by the Cornell expedition. Of this number, eleven are still in situ, and all of them were carefully studied and collated. Important additions and corrections were made in the nine longest inscriptions. In the case of two, a good half has been added, while the longest of all, that at Boghaz Köi, is practically a discovery of the Cornell expedition, for Winckler says that it is utterly illegible. At Kara Burun (near the Halys) additions and corrections were made to the copy of the inscription already taken, and an entirely new inscription, engraved by the same hand, was found fifteen inches above the old one. The expedition also secured the Hittite inscription on the black basalt stone at Bogcha on the Halys. The stone was discovered long ago by Belck, but it has not been copied or published, so far as known. The stone is evidently not in its original home. The nearest possible site to which it could be assigned is Hadjilar Kalessi, three hours further up the Halys. At Ivriz (near the Cilician Gates) the well-known rock-sculpture was studied; and by turning aside from the mill race the water which partly covers the inscription, a number of symbols were recovered, and the object beneath the feet of the god was identified as the stock of the grapevine. The prototype of this Ivriz sculpture, which was discovered by Mrs. Wylie of the British consulate in Konia, lies half an hour from the well-known rock-sculpture, but not the faintest trace of an inscription could be discovered. Mr. Charles has reasons for regarding the site as an oracle-cleft (like the Yazili Kaya at Boghaz Köi), which, because of its sacred character, was adopted as a holy place by the Christians of a much later period. Additions were also made to the inscription at Gürün on the Tokhma Su.

But the work of the expedition was not confined to the mere collation of already known inscriptions, for the members have discovered *ten* quite new Hittite inscriptions; one at Eghri Köi, southeast of Develi Kara Hissar; two at Tekir, between Everek and Kaisariyeh; one at Assardjik, an hour and a half south of Kaisariyeh; and the rest on the Tokhma Su, in the Melitene region. At Isheyuk, below Derende, the Cornell men came upon some Hittite sculptures and five inscriptions, the remains of a once splendid monument, which should be transported to the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. The sculptures depict a group of three men and a fourth man standing on a magnificent charging bull. A Hittite inscription on a cliff overhanging the Tokhma Su was discovered at Kötü Kale. These details I give in order to claim for the members of the Cornell expedition the rights belonging to priority of discovery.

Dr. Olmstead writes with great enthusiasm of Arslan Tepe, a mound in the vicinity of Melitene, which he regards as the best site in Asia Minor for combined excavation and exploration. The mound is not so large as are those of Iconium (32 acres), Kül Tepe, near Caesarea-Mazaka (22 acres, still undisturbed by the natives), and Tyana (of vast area); but still it is 75 feet high, 300 feet by 75 feet at the top, 500 feet by 300 feet at the base. The top contains Byzantine ruins, which are mere surface rubbish; the Hittite stratum reaches to 50 feet from the ground, while the lower stratum, 50 feet in depth, belongs to the pre-Hittite civilization. The mound has already given up two inscribed Hittite sculptures, which are now in the Constantinople Museum. Four more of great interest and importance are now lying in the Serai yard. In the mound itself Mr. Wrench found a huge stone decorated with a fine lion and a Hittite inscription. Some digging has been done by the natives. The mound is a magnificent site for determining a full series of pottery levels. Painted pottery is abundant—mostly black on yellow, a new type. Fine black glaze ware is common.

In view of all this Dr. Olmstead is clearly within safe bounds when he declares that the results reached thus far are rather larger than those of any other expedition. This is no small achievement for an enterprise whose primary object was purely educational; and these facts open our eyes anew to the importance of intensive explorations even on the surface. As a result of such work by the Cornell expedition the Hittite "Corpus" will have to be republished.

Arslan Tepe is well situated for the exploration of the whole Trans-Antitaurus region, and excavations will certainly bring untold treasures to light. Twenty-five thousand dollars will probably suffice for the excavation of Arslan Tepe and for the exploration of the country round about; and such exploration is sadly needed, for the whole region north of Isbeyuk and Kötü Kale is unknown. A much larger sum of money will be needed for the excavation of the vast pre-Hellenic cities of Tyana, Iconium, and Kül Tepe. But the science of the past, through the lips of those who cultivate it, demands that all of these sites and many other smaller ones be excavated without delay. There would be large returns for the institution or the individual who would excavate in Cappadocia and at Hittite sites elsewhere for a period of at least twenty or twenty-five years. These excavations ought not to be delayed for a single year; for ancient monuments of all kinds are perishing every day at the hands of both Mohammedans and Christians.

J. R. S. STERRETT.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 25.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "BENDS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the immense tunnel operations under the North and East rivers a word has come into common use to designate that ailment which seizes workmen withdrawing themselves too suddenly from the compressed air chamber. All your New York papers call this ailment "the bends." The more usual term is "caisson disease." I have not found the word in any dictionary, not even in Bartlett, ed. of 1884, nor in the papers of the American Dialect Society. Can any one of your readers tell me where and when the word "bends" originated? J. M. HART.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., January 22.

ORGANIZATION OF SCHOOL BOARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 9, "Elres" raises two serious questions with regard to control of public schools, in his suggestions for a paid board and for separate boards for grammar schools and high schools. As to the first point, the experience of this city with salaried trustees may help to a conclusion. At first the trustees received no compensation, but after a period of turmoil and upheaval Congress provided $500 yearly for each of seven members. The result was not satisfactory, though the plan was faithfully tried for six years by men and women of first rank in character and ability. After another period of agitation and dissatisfaction the law was repealed and a return made to the former system. The exact cause of the failure could not perhaps be positively determined, but with a fair test for such a long time, when new blood was coming in every year, it seems reasonable to conclude that the plan carries its own seed of destruction.

With regard to different authorities for the two grades, this much can be said: that the whole trend of life in this country is towards unification of responsibility. As a people we seem to be striving to place power in as few hands as possible. With a double-headed system such as "Elres" proposes there would be a gap of doubt, and friction, and finally a clash of authority. To refer to analogy, the child has one guiding hand from infancy to manhood, that of his parents; and as the school is a large family, we can only follow the road that has been pointed out by thousands of years of evolution. R. S.

Washington, D. C., January 22.

QUALIFICATIONS OF CABINET OFFICERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have puzzled my brain for at least the last thirty years to determine what constitutes the qualifications of a Cabinet officer. Is it eligibility, ability, fitness, or political "pull," as it is called? So far as I have been able to ascertain, hardly any one who has been chosen to fill one of these high positions (except that of Attorney-General) has had any preliminary training or showed any peculiar fitness previous to his appointment. Is it good-fellowship or a happy-go-lucky chance if such a choice discharges his duties creditably? Or does the American possess such a versatility of talents that, without any special preliminary training, he can fill acceptably any office which it is his good fortune to obtain? Should not the Secretary of the Treasury have had before his appointment some special training in finance or political economy? Is it not necessary for the Secretary of the Navy to have had some previous knowledge of naval affairs? I desire most earnestly the answer to this question; for I fail to see any guiding principle laid down for making up the Cabinet.

F. C. CLARK.

Providence, R. I., January 21.

THE CANALS ON MARS AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After reading Mr. Agassiz's letter and the comment of the reviewer. in your issue of January 16, curiosity led me to inquire as to the actual mileage of canals on the earth. I find that there are probably nearly 30,000 miles of navigable canals now in use (exclusive of rivers, on which much labor has been spent for purposes of commerce). To this may be added a very considerable mileage of canals built solely for irrigation.

Comparing the labor cost with the impelling motive in the two cases, and leaving much unsaid as to the relative effectiveness of labor on the two planets, it does not seem "incredible" that 600,000 miles of canals should have been built on Mars under the conditions which Professor Lowell supposes to exist there.

ROBERT W. WILLSON.

Cambridge, Mass., January 21.

[The earth's surface is four times as large as that of Mars; therefore, in comparing canal mileages, we should include the factor 4, making Professor Willson's figures 30,000 to 2,400,000. Moreover, the estimate of 30,000 for our earth is probably quite accurate, while for Mars we cannot assume that observation reveals more than a fraction—probably a small fraction—of the total existing mileage. Finally, if we postulate increased efficiency in the Martian laborer because the planet is small we should also postulate an exactly proportionate diminution of that laborer's size and strength.—THE REVIEWER.].

Notes.

The Macmillan Company has on its spring list, as usual, a notable number of books on economics and sociology. These include "England," by Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell, a scholar of Mr. Bryce's school; "Modern Egypt," by Lord Cromer; "The United States as a World Power," by Prof. A. C. Coolidge; "The Coming Struggle in the East," by Putnam Weale; "The Science of Jurisprudence," by Dr. Hannis Taylor; 'New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells; "The Socialists at Work," by Robert Hunter; "Social Psychology," by Prof. Edward A. Ross; "Primitive Secret Societies," by Prof. Hutton Webster; "As Others See Us," by John Graham Brooks; "Essays in Municipal Administration." by Prof. John A. Fairlie; "Popular Participation in Law-Making," by Prof. C. S. Lobingier; "Government by the People," by Robert H. Fuller; "Principles of Taxation," by Dr. Max West; and "Education and Industrial Evolution," by Prof. Frank T. Carlton.

Longmans, Green, & Co. have ready a new instalment of the studies of local government by Sidney Webb and his wife. The two volumes now to be issued are on "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: the Manor and the Borough." This is the first thorough account of such administration between the years 1689 and 1835.

A study of "English Society in the Eleventh Century," by Prof. Paul Vinogradoff, will soon come from the Oxford University Press. The author takes the eleventh century as the "watershed" in the development of England and examines the various political, legal, economic, and social factors then at work.

Bliss Carman has a new volume of essays, "The Making of Personality," which is announced for this spring by L. C. Page & Co.

John Lane Company announces for publication this spring a book on "Ceylon," by

Caroline Corner. It is said to be an intimate picture of native life in that Island, with accounts of the various dances and religious ceremonies.

The new Tennyson now coming out in the Eversley Edition (The Macmillan Co.) will be the standard, no doubt, for many years, and may be definitive. The plates apparently are the same as those of the old six-volume edition, and the crowding of matter sufficient for eight of the ordinary Eversley volumes into six means thinner paper and a less pleasing book than we are accustomed to in that most desirable format. It may be presumed that the remaining volumes will follow the plan of the first now before us. Here an appendix of some one hundred and thirty pages is added, containing poems hitherto rejected and a series of notes by the poet and by his son, Hallam Lord Tennyson. In the present case, the additional poems are of little interest, with the possible exception of "Timbuctoo," the college exercise, which affords an interesting basis for a study of the development of Tennyson's blank verse. For the most part, the lines drag rather loosely, but here and there one catches the distinctly Tennysonian trick, as in this half-Miltonic repetition:

> The silent heavens were blench'd with faery light,
> Uncertain whether faery light or cloud.

The poet's notes deal largely with the question of plagiarism, giving his classical sources and explaining away other parallels. Some information is imparted in regard to the persons characterized in various poems, but the notes fail us at the crucial points. Thus, for the lines beginning "With a half-glance upon the sky," the bitterest and almost the cleverest Tennyson ever wrote, there is a quotation from Edward FitzGerald, but not a word to indicate whether they really apply to William Thompson, later in life the sarcastic Master of Trinity College. One of the most interesting notes shows Tennyson's anxious concern for the pronunciation of his verses. He first quotes a line of "The Gardener's Daughter" together with a couplet of Shakespeare's, thus:

> *The mellow ouzel* (pronounced *oozel*), *fluted in the elm*,
> "The wooselcock so black of hue,
> With orange-tawny bill."
> Mid. Night's Dream, iii. i. 128.

Whereupon he adds sardonically:

> The merry blackbird sang among the trees

would seem as good a line to nine-tenths of all English men and women. Who knows but that the Cockney may come to read it:

> The meller housel fluted i' the helm.

Who knows what English may come to?

A good edition of Campbell's Poetical Works, long mildly desired, is now offered in a single agreeable volume by Henry Frowde. It is called complete, and does in fact contain considerably more than any previous edition; but the editor, J. Logie Robertson, does not hold that the word necessitates the reprinting of purely ephemeral verse which has no place under the head of "Works." The mania for resuscitating rubbish makes the reading of the old poets every year more of a pedantic task and less a means of culture, and any editor is to be commended who resolutely sets his face against this temptation. Mr. Robertson is further to be commended for arranging the poems by large natural groups, instead of the strict chronological order which is commonly the most awkward for reading, and the most difficult for reference. His notes also are sufficient. No poet, as a whole, has suffered more in reputation than Campbell; even Rogers is probably more read to-day. Standing midway in style between the old Augustan school, and the new romantic movement, he satisfies for the most part neither taste. One of the surprising facts of literature is that the same man should have written "Gertrude of Wyoming" and the little group of battle songs that have made his name famous. A careful glance through the pages of his complete works—which the present reviewer confesses not to have taken before for many years—will, perhaps, lessen this surprise; and while it may be too much to say, with the editor of the volume, that we rise from such a reading with a feeling of indignation that Campbell is at present so much neglected and with the conviction that a later generation (that last infirmity of noble critics!) will do more honor to his memory, yet we can truthfully admit considerable pleasure at this reknitting of an old acquaintance.

In the same Oxford Edition the Complete Poetical Works of Shelley are now printed, with textual notes by Thomas Hutchinson, who edited the Oxford Wordsworth. The bulk of Shelley's verse makes rather an unsightly page necessary in this format, but the text, under Mr. Hutchinson's careful hands, is brought to the highest degree of accuracy, and there is a small amount of new material. The "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire," is included, as also are the "Juvenilia," the "Poems from St. Irvyne," and the "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson."

No man with intelligence and taste and with the whole body of English letter-writers to draw upon, could fail to make an interesting volume of selections. But that fact does not lessen the credit due E. V. Lucas for his uncommonly entertaining anthology of letters, "The Gentlest Art" (The Macmillan Co.). In work of this kind Mr. Lucas is very successful. He has arranged these letters not chronologically, but in groups under such headings as "Children and Grandfathers," "The News Bearers," "The Familiar Manner," "The Grand Style," "Urbanity and Nonsense," and "Shadows." The little book contains some of the most delightful bits from Lamb and the other famous letter-writers, and also a few fictitious letters from the novels of Thackeray and Dickens. On a somewhat different plan are two recent additions to the London Library, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.: "Letters of Literary Men: Sir Thomas More to Robert Burns," and "Letters of Literary Men: Nineteenth Century," both edited by Frank Arthur Mumby. Mr. Mumby gives sample letters from practically all of the important men in the history of English literature. Concerning each writer he gives enough information in an admirably concise note, to make the letters intelligible. We regret that in order to offer samples of every one, including Shakespeare, Mr. Mumby has sometimes had recourse to epistles dedicatory, which are hardly letters in the proper sense, and which in their formality or conventional flattery of a patron reveal very little of personality. The result is that the first third of the first volume is needlessly heavy reading: it is not till we come to the letters of Swift, Gay, Pope and Steele that the interest is fairly sustained. We fear that casual readers may not persevere through the dry pages at the beginning to the excellent matter that comes later. Both of Mr. Mumby's volumes are carefully indexed.

It cannot be denied that there is a strange pathetic interest in "Queen Mary's Book" (The Macmillan Co.). One may discount the enthusiasm of Mrs. P. Stewart-Mackenzie Arbuthnot in her introductory "Character of Mary Stuart," and, without being too confident in accepting or denying the criminal charges against the Queen, one may feel, as apparently Mrs. Arbuthnot cannot, that her religious writings, while perfectly sincere emotionally, may yet be compatible with moral turpitude. The pathos of the book lies in the poems and prose compositions of the Queen herself, which are here for the first time brought together in a single volume. These are given in the English version of Miss Strickland or of the present editor, and are for the most part smoothly translated. In some cases the original Latin or French is printed in an appendix; our only quarrel with the book is that all the originals are not added. It is true that some of the best-known of the poems, such as the "Verses on the Death of Francis II.," and the lines "O Domine Deus, speravi in te," are of doubtful authenticity; it is true, also, that the "Exercizes Written in 1554" (when Mary was twelve) bear strong evidence, as Mrs. Arbuthnot will scarcely admit, of being dictations rather than original compositions; but there remains enough to show the heart of the suffering, if not the erring, Queen—*infelix fatis exterrita*. These girlish exercizes, whether dictated or original, with their insistence on the virtue and wisdom of princes—how ironical their simplicity shows against the background of facts. What grim tragedy in the Sonnet to Elizabeth, her "dear sister," supposed to have been written soon after Mary's arrival in England. Very aptly Mrs. Arbuthnot connects the close of this sonnet—

> Ah! I have seen a ship freed from control
> On the high seas, outside a friendly port,
> And what was peaceful change to woe and pain:
> Ev'n so am I, a lonely, trembling soul,
> Fearing—not you, but to be made the sport
> Of Fate, that bursts the closest, strongest chain—

with the lines written by Elizabeth some years later in reference to her unfortunate cousin:

> No forreine bannisht wight shall ancre in this port,
> Our realme it brookes no stranger's force, let them
> elsewhere resort!

There is, in fact, scarcely a page of this book that does not suggest some reflection on the contrarieties of human fate and character.

In "The Seven Ages of Washington" (The Macmillan Co.), Owen Wister joins the long line of writers who have tried a hand at relating the life of the Father of his Country. From the charming absurdities of Parson Weems, and the unreadable four volumes of Marshall, through the delightful pages of Irving, and Henry Cabot Lodge's excellent biographical sketch—to say nothing of the inevitable "True George Washington"—from Jared Sparks to Worthington C. Ford, the accumulation of material is large enough to overwhelm the reader who courts the avalanche. This last contribution is a clever outline of the "Old Fox" of the Revolution, and the first President of the United States, with not a hint of dulness about it. At some points extravagant in expression, and at others exhibiting perhaps not the best of taste, this book presents a picture of the great man that is clearcut and on the whole true. Unpretentious, the volume is of just about the value that the author meant it should possess. There is, of course, little that is new. The extracts from Washington's letters are skilfully selected.

Frederick Trevor Hill's "Decisive Battles of the Law" (Harper & Bros.), narratives of eight famous legal contests in American history, should appeal to a large class of readers who have neither time nor inclination to consult historical monographs, but who are nevertheless not satisfied to take their history from historical novels. Constitutional and legal history does not lend itself readily to the popularizing process, and it is therefore less familiar even to the generally well informed than the story of wars or politics. When a writer who knows both law and history, and who in addition has the gift of telling an interesting story, enters this comparatively untilled field, he is to be encouraged. To be sure, Mr. Hill's narratives, published originally as magazine articles, are all concerned with subjects that have dramatic or political interest, aside from their importance in the development of American constitutional law. Nevertheless, it is with the acts of Aaron Burr and John Brown rather than with the details of their trials that we are most familiar; it is with the purport and influence of the Dred Scott decision that we are ordinarily concerned, not with the course of the intricate litigation which has never been so fully and clearly told as Mr. Hill tells it. The course of the Alabama arbitration, Andrew Johnson's impeachment, and the work of the Electoral Commission are better known. All these, together with the trial of Callender under the Sedition Act and that of the Chicago anarchists the author has described with a full appreciation of dramatic possibilities, but with a strict adherence to facts, and a clear setting forth of the legal points. It cannot be said that Mr. Hill has always shown judicial impartiality, but what partisan bias has crept in may be attributed to the fact that he is more of an advocate than an historian.

"Women's Work and Wages," by Edward Cadbury, Cécile Matheson, and George Shaun (The University of Chicago Press), is an American edition of an English work already favorably known to many readers. It embodies the result of first-hand investigation of a problem of national importance, and may well serve as a model for similar studies in the United States. As the American editor remarks:

> If for "shillings" and "pence" were substituted "dollars" and "cents," and if some of the English trade terms were translated into their American equivalents, several chapters of the . . . study might apply to New York, Boston, or Chicago.

Upon such topics as women's wages and the effect of the employment of married women upon the home, the views of the authors are entitled to most careful consideration.

Miss Isabella T. Redfield has published a small volume of outline studies on the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, which is well fitted to be a manual for Bible classes or for private study of the history and religious life of the apostolic age. The analysis of the Biblical material is good, the coördination of references to the historical work and the Epistles shows careful study, and the questions for the student are designed to call out independent thought and appreciation of the real problems of the period. The book is privately printed by the author at Pittsfield, Mass.

The American Unitarian Association has in preparation a Centenary Edition of the works of Theodore Parker, which as a standard edition will doubtless take the place of the twelve volumes edited nearly fifty years ago by F. P. Cobbe. The volumes which have already appeared are convenient and serviceable, and are well edited. Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has prepared the new edition of Parker's best-known work, the "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion." In the volume "The American Scholar" a number of literary and critical papers are collected, and "The World of Matter and the Spirit of Man" contains a number of sermons and religious discussions not heretofore included in any edition of Parker. George Willis Cooke is the editor of the latter volumes. The completion of the series will furnish opportunity for a review of Parker and his influence.

Dan Fellows Platt, the author of "Through Italy with a Camera" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is an enthusiastic and intelligent traveller who writes an easy narrative of a pleasant journey. He enjoys scenery, buildings, and pictures, and takes the vicissitudes of the trip with wholesome good nature. His itinerary covers not only the well-beaten roads, but many byways—from Castelfranco and San Daniele in the north to San Galgano, Montefalco, and Jesi in the centre. Most remarkable are his illustrations, which have three merits—they are very numerous, more than 200 in all; they are uncommonly well done; and they include many out-of-the-way scenes and bits of native life and costume. After one has read the letter-press, these half-tones will serve as a sort of album of Italian subjects, to be returned to again and again.

Among the strictly philological papers in the Transactions of the American Philological Association for 1906 (Ginn & Co.), Prof. E. Washburn Hopkins's "Reconsideration of the Vedic Dative" deserves special attention from classical scholars by its illustrations of an undoubted original *directive* force in the Sanskrit dative, extending into a dative of Interest. The many happy parallels in Greek, Latin, Old English, and German are peculiarly instructive and suggestive. Articles of particular value on the historical and literary side are Prof. Bernadotte Perrin's research into the growth of the Plutarch legend of the death of Alcibiades, and Dr. R. G. Kent's neat summary of the Question of the Time Element in the Greek Drama. Prof. Augustus T. Murray comes to the not unexpected conclusion that Theocritus painted from the actual life of Sicilian herdsmen, and that most of the bucolic pieces were written before he left Sicily.

In "The Brahmans, Theists, and Muslims of India" (Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs), John Campbell Oman, formerly professor of natural sciences in the Government College, Lahore, has strung together a number of papers of varied value. The many pages devoted to subjects already treated by other writers, such as caste and the history of Hindu theism, are not of great worth, and give the impression of having been taken in great measure from previous authors. On the other hand, Mr. Oman's own observations and studies from life in India, his descriptions of the Holi festival and the Mohammedan fakirs deserve a permanent form. It is, in short, a pity that this book was not pruned to the quick and published as a pamphlet instead of a stout volume of over 300 pages, much of which is old matter in a form not particularly attractive.

Walter Crane's pictures (sketches and color) in his "India Impressions" (The Macmillan Co.) are, of course, the chief if not only reason for the existence of his book, which, as he says with studied *naïveté*, consists otherwise merely of "a few notes and fresh impressions from an artist's point of view." The work is, in short, without sufficient excuse for being, but having been written does no harm. At any rate the pen-and-ink sketches are new, and some of them are funny.

Among recent books on India two are of unusual value, the "Outlines of Mahāyāna Buddhism," by Prof. D. T. Suzuki (London: Luzac & Co.), and "Medicine of Ancient India," by Dr. A. F. Rudolf Hoernle, Part I. (Henry Frowde). For some time both works have been eagerly looked for by Sanskrit scholars. Professor Suzuki's aim has been to instruct Western critics concerning the "Great Vehicle" of Buddhism and to interest scholars of comparative religion. There is much that the East can teach the West in regard to the religious atmosphere, the *nuance* of meaning more felt than uttered in the holy words; and we welcome all useful suggestions in interpretation. For the general student of philosophy Professor Suzuki's book will prove a valuable guide in that special branch of Buddhism least appreciated in the West. Dr. Hoernle's treatise on Hindu medicine is too technical to tempt any one save a Sanskritist or a surgeon of inquiring mind (the First Part of his work is devoted exclusively to osteology) to enter the maze of detail presented by the author. But as part of a general history of the subject this book is of prime importance. It discloses a surprising amount of anatomical knowledge current in India five or six centuries before Christ, and suggests the query (which cannot yet be answered) whether Greek physicians borrowed much from India, when they visited that country in the fourth century before Christ.

Another book deserving honorable mention for the labor it has entailed is the sixth and final volume of the translations of the Jātakas (G. P. Putnam's Sons), begun by the late Prof. E. B. Cowell and concluded by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, who has translated all the even numbers of this series. The work has already been noticed in the *Nation*. It is enough to say that the present volume is on a par with its predecessors and to congratulate the editor on the happy completion of an undertaking begun a dozen years ago.

A new association, organized with headquarters in Brussels for the study of Romance dialects, will publish in that city two journals: *Revue de dialectologie romane* and *Bulletin de dialectologie romane.* The editors will be Profs. Carlo Salvioni of the University of Milan for Italy, Louis Gauchat of Bern for Switzerland, Gilliérou of Paris for France, Menendez Pidal for Spain, A. Rivard for Canada, Ovid Densusianu of Bucharest for Rumania, and Wilhelm Meyer-Lübke of Vienna for Austria. The general secretary is Prof. Bernhard Schaedel of the University of Halle.

With the current year the Verlag für Literatur, Kunst und Musik, in Leipzig, has begun the publication of a new literary monthly of an ambitious character, called *Xenien.* Each issue contains at least 64 pages, to cost 4 marks per annum.

The house of H. Schmidt & C. Günther, Leipzig, following the precedent of some publishers in England, is issuing German classics in a so-called Liliput-Bibliothek, beautifully printed, and in actual vest-pocket size. A beginning has been made with Goethe's "Faust" and Heine's "Buch der Lieder," each volume a mark and a half. Several other works of Goethe, as also of Schiller and Lessing, are included in the list, either just leaving the press or in preparation.

A new edition of Schelling's works, appearing in three volumes, comprising more than 2,300 pages, is just coming from the presses of Fritz Eckhardt, of Leipzig, as the first instalment of a new series called Die Werke der klassischen deutschen Philosophie. There is an introduction by Prof. Arthur Drews. The publishers declare that this series is being issued in response to the revival of interest in psychological and metaphysical studies.

The "Russisches Encyklopädisches Lexikon," which has been in process of publication for years by F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig, in conjunction with J. A. Efrou of St. Petersburg, has now been brought to a conclusion by the issue of the last supplementary volume in the set of forty-three volumes. The first appeared in 1890, and the last of the "Lexicon" proper in 1904; the supplements cover events down to the middle of 1907. A leading feature of this latest volume is an account of the Japanese war. In order to make the contents of this storehouse more readily accessible, the same firm has published a "Kleines Encyklopädisches Lexikon" in three volumes.

The Catholic encyclopædia, known as "Herder's Konversations-Lexikon," which since 1902 has been appearing in its third revised edition (Freiburg im B.: Herder), has just been completed by the publication of the eighth volume. The work is richly illustrated, this last volume having in the text 430 illustrations and the Beilagen 670 more.

The next annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society will be held in this city May 3. The proposition to enlarge the scope of the society, so as to embrace general Jewish history, and not merely American Jewish history, submitted at the Baltimore annual meeting two years ago, and discussed last summer at the Newport meeting, will be acted upon by the society. Volume XVI. of the society's publications has just been issued, and the work of indexing American Jewish periodicals, undertaken by the society, is progressing.

A second circular has been issued in reference to the Fifteenth International Congress of Orientalists (see *Nation* of July 11, 1907, p. 33), fixing the time and place, August 14 to 20, Copenhagen. Several governments. including our own, have decided to send special delegates; those selected from this country are Profs. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins, Charles R. Lanman of Harvard, Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania, and A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia. A large number of scientific institutions and universities in this country and Europe have also already appointed delegates; and the Congress gives promise of outstripping its predecessors in point of attendance.

Louise de la Ramée, better known by her pen-name, "Ouida," died at Viareggio, Italy, January 25. She was born in England in 1840, and at an early age began to write stories. Her first novel, "Granville de Vigne," was published in *Colburn's New Monthly,* in 1860, and issued in book form in 1863 under the title "Held in Bondage." She was the author of forty or more books, among them: "Strathmore," 1865; "Chandos," 1866; "Under Two Flags," 1867; "Idalia," 1867, "Tricotrin," 1869; "Puck," 1870; "Tolle-Farine," 1871; "A Dog of Flanders," 1872; "Pascarel," 1873; "Two Little Wooden Shoes," 1874; "Signa," 1875; "In a Winter City," 1876; "The Story of a Dream," 1877; "Friendship," 1878; "Moths," 1880; "A Village Commune," 1881; "In Maremma," 1882; "Bimbi," stories for children, 1882; "Dramatic Sketches," 1883; "Wanda," 1883; "Pipistrello and Other Stories," 1884; "Princess Napraxine," 1884; "A Rainy June," 1885; "Othmar," 1885; "Don Gesualdo," 1886; "A House Party," 1887; "Guilderoy," 1889; "Ruffino," 1890; "Syrlin," 1890; "The Tower of Taddeo," 1890; "Santa Barbara, 1891; "The New Priesthood," 1893; "The Silver Christ," 1894; "Two Offenders," 1894; "Le Selve," 1896; "The Massarenes," 1897; "Toxin, an Altruist," 1897; "La Strega," 1899; "The Waters of Edera," 1900; "Critical Studies," 1900; and "Street Dust," 1901. Several of her novels have been dramatized, notably "Under Two Flags" and "Moths." She was entirely without judgment in money matters. and, as a result, died in extreme poverty. One of her marked traits was a passionate love of animals, especially dogs.

The death is announced of Robert Atkinson, president of the Royal Irish Academy, professor of Sanskrit since 1871, and of Romance languages since 1867 at Dublin University. He was a man of extraordinary gifts as a linguist. He is said to have taught successfully Sanskrit, Tamil, Telegu, and most of the Romance tongues; to have been versed in Russian, Coptic, and mediæval Irish; and also to have been a student of Chinese. He edited the "Vie de St. Auban," 1876; "The Book of Leinster," 1880; "The Book of Ballymote," 1887; the Passions and Homilies from Leabhar Breac; "The Yellow Book of Lecan," 1896; the Irish Text in the "Liber Hymnorum," 1898 (for the Henry Bradshaw Society); and two volumes of the Brehon Laws. He also wrote "On the Use of the Subjunctive Mood in Welsh," 1894; and "On the Function of the Subjunctive Mood in Irish," 1894.

Walter M. Ferriss, for many years a contributor to the *Nation,* died January 21 at Bay Ridge, Long Island, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was born in Charlotte, Vt., and was graduated from Union College. At first he tried his hand at the law, but soon he devoted himself wholly to scholarship, especially in the field of classical philology. His contributions to the *Nation* were chiefly reviews of classical and mathematical works. His principal literary work was done for Appleton's "American Encyclopædia," "The American Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica," "The Century Dictionary," and "Webster's International Dictionary."

The Rev. John Alexis Edgren died at Oakland, Cal., January 27. He was born in Sweden in 1839, was graduated from the Navigation School, Stockholm, and, coming to America in 1862, served in the navy during the civil war. After studying theology at Princeton and Chicago he was ordained to the ministry. He was professor in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Chicago, and principal of the Swedish-American Bible Seminary, St. Paul, and of the Central Bible Seminary, Stromsburg, Neb. He was author of "Epiphaneia," 1881; of numerous works on theological and Biblical subjects in Swedish; and of a translation, with exposition, of the Gospel of Matthew.

Allesandro Gherardi, director of the State Archives at Florence, died January 8, in his sixty-fifth year. A profound student and an indefatigable helper of others, he had spent forty-five years of his life among the parchments of the Uffizi. Among his numerous publications we may cite only the "Diario di Anonimo Fiorentino," an account of the popular uprising of the thirteenth century by an eyewitness; and the two important volumes "Consulte della Repubblica." Out of hours his recreation was to investigate and arrange the archives of historic families. Thus he was recently engaged in sifting the papers of the Guicciardini with a view to a new edition of the "Storia d'Italia," of which a considerable part is in the press.

THE VICTORIA HISTORY.

The Victoria History of the Counties of England. Edited by William Page, Bedford, Vol. I.; Berkshire, Vols. I., II.; Bucks, I.; Cornwall, I.; Cumberland, I., II.; Derby, I.; Devonshire, I.; Durham, I.; Essex, I., II.; Hampshire, I., II.; Hertford, I.; Lancaster, I., III.; Lincoln, II.; Norfolk, I., II.; Northampton, I., II.; Nottingham, I.; Somerset, I.; Suffolk, II.; Surrey, I., II.; Sussex, I.; Warwick, I.; Worcester, I., II.; York, I. Hertfordshire Families, Northamptonshire Families, one vol. each. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901-1907.

In these days of luxurious book-making and of organized coöperative effort in the production of historical works, no series of volumes is more conspicuous for its size, trustworthiness, and typographical beauty than this "Victoria History of the Counties of England." Designed to include all the counties of England in a national historic survey, under the direction of the foremost students of that country in science, history, and archæology, it will reach eventually the enormous number of 173 royal quarto volumes of historical matter and 40 folio volumes of genealogy and family history. Thus far, 32 volumes for 23 counties, with 2 volumes of genealogy, have been issued, and publication will continue as rapidly as material can be prepared. The histories of individual counties may be subscribed for separately. The historical volumes average a guinea and a half in price, the genealogical volumes reaching five guineas, so that the historical volumes alone, exclusive of London, will cost £252, or more than $1,200. For value received the price is eminently reasonable; even the 32 volumes thus far issued make an imposing appearance upon the shelves, and in absolute merit the contents fully match the resplendent exterior.

In the words of the general advertisement the history is designed to trace

> the story of England's growth from its prehistoric condition through the barbarous age, the settlement of alien peoples, and the gradual welding of many races into a nation which is now the greatest on the globe. All the phases of ecclesiastical history; the changes of land tenure; the records of historic and local families; the history of the social life and sports of the villages and towns; the development of art, science, manufactures, and industries—all these factors which tell of the progress of England from primitive beginnings to large and successful empire, will find a place in the work and their treatment be entrusted to those who have made a special study of them.

Though in the yet unfinished state of the history it is not possible to say how completely this elaborate programme will be carried out, yet if we may judge from the instalments before us, the plan is in the way of complete fulfilment. For the sectional editors no better men could have been chosen than Bowd-Dawkins and Canon Greenwell on prehistoric remains; G. Laurence Gomme on ethnography; Prof. Joseph Wright on dialect; Round, Reichel, Haltzmann, and Ragg on Domesday Book and similar documents; St. John Hope on architecture; Cox on forestry; Stevenson, Round, Tait, Tout, and Firth on political history; Leach on schools; Laughton on maritime history; Round and Oswald Barron on feudal genealogy and blazonry; and others of equal reputation in their respective subjects. Rarely, if ever, has an enterprise of this kind enlisted the active coöperation of so large a number of trained specialists. Three characteristics impress themselves upon the reader of these volumes and stamp the work with a special hall-mark of excellence: the broad interpretation which the editor has placed upon the word "history," the scholarly nature of the contributions, which are in no way designed to be merely popular in character, and the liberality with which the publishers have furnished accessory matter in the form of maps, charts, plans, and illustrations.

The opening chapters of each separate history are devoted to geology, paleontology, botany, and zoölogy. In a few instances brief chapters are given on climate. The chapters on all these subjects are in every instance scientific treatises, bristling with learned details, names, and lists, always valuable, but sometimes intelligible only to an expert. Much that is said here of geology and botany is exceedingly instructive, but the elaborate double-column lists of birds, flowers, etc., often unaccompanied by their popular equivalents, seem rather technical in character. Few illustrations will be found in these chapters, but the maps, geological, orographical, and botanical, extending in the case of the geological map of Yorkshire to five double-page sections, are particularly fine.

The second group of chapters concerns early man, Roman-British remains, Anglo-Saxon remains, and ancient earthworks. In only about a third of the volumes have chapters on Romano-British archæology been printed, owing to the desire of the publishers that Dr. Haverfield, the ablest living authority upon this subject, shall contribute as many of the articles as possible. The portions relating to ancient earthworks, in which no attempt has been made to classify the remains according to periods or to the race by whom they were constructed, are likewise few in number and frequently inserted out of their proper order. As far as the general reader is concerned, no chapters are more important than these admirable contributions. Written by scholars of the highest authority they will constitute, when completed, an absorbing and valuable record of man's existence on British soil from prehistoric times to the coming of William the Conqueror. The chapters on early man tell us of the neolithic remains in York and Surrey, the paleolithic remains in the sands of Bedford and the limestone cavities of Derby, remains of cave men in Somerset and Bucks; the lake villages of Somerset, Northampton, and Berkshire; the protected village of Grimspound; the tors, cromlechs, menhirs, quoits, dolmens, and stone circles of the southwest; and the manifold evidences of man's handiwork in pottery, stone, and metal dishes, querns, swords, spears, brooches, and coins, the latter described by that expert numismatist, Sir John Evans. We have also descriptions of those gigantic hillside figures, of which the most noteworthy is the White Horse of Berkshire, the old time scouring of which is described in the section relating to the sports of that county.

Of even greater value than the chapters devoted to early man are those, nine only, descriptive of Romano-British archæology. Dr. Haverfield's share alone would fill a volume of more than five hundred pages, superbly illustrated. Not only do Haverfield's contributions contain minute and learned accounts of the Roman ruins at Bath, in Norfolk, Northampton, Hampshire, Worcester, Warwick, and Derby (the account of Silchester is by another hand, and that of Verulanium is deferred), but they also give us disquisitions of exceptional value upon Romano-British life, customs, and organization both military and administrative, and furnish the ablest exposition of Roman influence in Britain that has ever been published. The chapters on Saxon remains are written chiefly by Reginald A. Smith. The article by Dean Kitchin upon the contents of the shrine of St. Cuthbert is deserving of special mention.

Of all the features of these volumes none is more noteworthy than the treatment of Domesday Book and other similar documents of the period. A translation with introduction, notes, and maps is printed in full of all these indispensable sources of early county history. The supplemental texts thus far included are the Boldon Book for Durham, edited and translated by Dr. Gaillard Lapsley, our American representative at the English Cambridge; surveys of Worcester, Winchester, and Northampton; the Exon Domesday for Somerset and Devon; the Testa de Neville and extracts from the Pipe Rolls for Cumberland. When it is said that Mr. Round has written the introduction to eleven county Domesdays, has himself translated some of the texts and contributed notes to all of them, and has prepared all the Domesday maps, we know what to expect. His introduction and translation of the Essex Domesday, one of the three texts which make up the "Little Domesday," reaches 265 pages. The long and difficult Domesday text relating to Norfolk, also in the "Little Domesday" volume, was entrusted to the expert hands of Messrs. Johnson and Salisbury of the Public Record Office, and printed in the second volume relating to that county. Our only regret is that these invaluable chapters are not available for the use of students in compact form and at a cheaper price.

The second volumes generally open with essays on ecclesiastical history and long double-column accounts of the religious houses. In a few cases, Bedford, for example, these articles appear in the first volume. Similarly in the second volumes, though with many exceptions to the rule, will be found the chapters on political, maritime, military, social, and economic history, agriculture, industry, forests, sports, schools, and architecture; and an occasional chapter on monumental effigies, early Christian art, and mediæval painting. The essays on political and ecclesiastical history have but little general interest, dealing as they do chiefly with county affairs and personages; yet witness must be borne to the painstaking character of the work and to the solid documentary foundation upon which the authors have based their conclusions. The chapters on schools, written mainly by A. F. Leach, though most meritorious as guides to the history of English education, are hardly readable. An exception to this general statement may be taken in the case of the hundred pages devoted to Winchester College and the Wykhamites. The chapters on forestry and the forest laws by the Rev. J. C. Cox are valuable contributions to that important subject; those by J. Nisbet, with the exception of the article on the New Forest, are less satisfactory. Standing in a class by themselves and conspicuous for their length and the amount of research involved, are the sections on the monastic and other religious foundations. The material to be digested before these articles could be written was enormous. Local records of all kinds, chartularies, registers, rolls, and patents in the London archives—all have been put under requisition, and it is worth noting that many of those who have performed this arduous labor are women, graduates of the Honours School at Oxford and students at the London School of Economics. Differing from these sections in nearly all respects, save that of occupying double columns of fine type, are the chapters relating to industries and to ancient and modern sports. These sections are generally accompanied by illustrations—

portraits and reproductions of paintings and engravings.

On social and economic history but four essays have been printed. These, however, are of high merit, though Mr. Massingberd's paper for Lincoln and Miss Lees's paper for Oxford are superior to that of Miss McMunn for Essex. Miss Lodge's valuable paper for Berkshire has had the great advantage of Professor Vinogradoff's supervision, and is an admirable piece of work. These essays deal with the history of villeinage, agricultural life, manors, towns, fairs, tenures, open fields, payments, services, rents, prices and wages, local government and administration, seignorial courts and royal justice, and carry the subject through the changes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, down to the present time, closing with elaborate statistical tables which show the population from 1801 to 1901. Miss Lees lays special stress upon the growth of pauperism and vagrancy, the influence of the monasteries, and the working of the poor laws, tracing these topics to the labor movement inaugurated by Joseph Arch in 1872. The essay treating of mediæval painting in Norfolk, an epitome of the art as it was practised through the Middle Ages, discusses pictorial representations of events in sacred history, of legends of the saints, of sacred allegories, and decorative ornamentation of various kinds in the churches. This chapter contains many beautiful illustrations, some of which are in colors.

Thus far the chapters without exception deal with each county as a whole, but from this point on it is designed to treat separately the local divisions—hundreds, ridings, and liberties—and to trace their history, parish by parish, manor by manor, town by town. These sections, classed under the general head of "topography," begin wherever the general chapters come to an end, and will occupy the remaining volumes for each county. They are accompanied by outline plans of all the hundreds, by plans of each individual hundred, and by general county maps, often of many sections in colors, that of Hampshire covering six double pages, which present the local divisions with a minuteness unequalled anywhere except in the ordnance maps of the British government. At present only four portions, relating to parts of Notts, Worcester, Lancaster, and Hampshire, have been printed. The amount of space set apart for the presentation of this phase of the subject can be inferred when we say that nearly two hundred pages are devoted to the soke of Peterborough and one of the 22 hundreds of Northampton, 82 pages to the smallest of the 5 hundreds of Worcester, and an entire volume to but part of one of the 6 hundreds of Lancaster. One stands amazed at the vastness of this undertaking, and the wonder grows as one notes the thoroughness with which the contributors have performed their task. The amount of research required for the production of these chapters must have been prodigious, as is evident from the number and variety of the footnotes; and the labor expended can only be appreciated by those who have tried their hands at working out the history of a single parish. Conspicuous among many notable features are the description of Speke Hall, near Liverpool, the account of the borough of Peterborough by the late Miss Mary Bateson, and the history of the important monastic town of Evesham by an American scholar, Dr. N. M. Trenholme, who has spent much time in England investigating the subject of English monastic boroughs.

Of the supplemental, or pedigree, volumes, we have but little space to speak here. They include the family history and detailed genealogy of such houses as had at the end of the nineteenth century seats and landed estates which had been enjoyed in the male line since October 25, 1760, the date of the accession of George III. The reasons for the selection of this particular date, which parts the older from the newer houses, are stated at length in the general introduction to the Northamptonshire volume. Both of the volumes thus far published are filled with portraits, beautifully reproduced, heraldic designs in great profusion, done in black and white and in colors, and genealogical tables most elaborately worked out. These volumes are models of exquisite typography and good taste.

In conclusion, a few general comments may be made. The "Victoria History" owes its origin in large part to the inadequacy and scarcity of existing histories of the counties of England. It has been rendered possible by the rapid advances which have been made during the last quarter of a century in the scientific study of local and national records, and in the accessibility of increasing quantities of record material. Its great value will lie not only in the wealth of detail which it furnishes, but also in the fact that all this information has been gathered under the guidance of a single general editor, aided by an advisory council of the ablest men in England. When to this unity of plan and action be added the coöperation of a public-spirited publishing house, possessing sufficient faith in the enterprise to give it substantial financial support, and the unwearying devotion of scores of writers, actuated by high scholarly ideals and ambitious to make their contributions thorough, trustworthy, and impartial, we have the chief reasons why this notable history will hold permanent place among the most conspicuous literary and publishing ventures of the early twentieth century.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Welding. By Lafayette McLaws. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This romance, dealing with the conflict of South and North, makes the admission, on its last page, that "there is little more to tell, for the whole of Richmond County knows how the breach was healed between Margaret and Jack, and how they were married in Rosney Chapel, with David and Dorothy, on the first day of June after Appomattox." One asks, Why this sudden reserve on the writer's part? Are those of us who live beyond the borders of Richmond County always to be kept in ignorance? It looks like discrimination. The critic reluctantly points to one loose strand in a conscientiously fabricated plot. On the discovery that his foundling sweetheart is about to be proclaimed an heiress, David Hamilton, whose own parents were ignoble and poor, writes her, without explanation, that the marriage cannot be. This act of renunciation is intended to save her the pain of telling him of the social gulf that has yawned between them; but, oddly enough, Dorothy believes herself deserted, and is sadly put out. Only after many and great vicissitudes does the real motive of David's act transpire, and true love, faithful through all, receive its reward. Hamilton is a Southerner. The story of his starveling boyhood gives the author ample opportunity to describe ante-bellum conditions, social and political, in the South; the story of his youth, as page at the national Capitol, offers occasion for many an historic portrait and epitomized speech; finally, his years in the Confederate service acquaint the reader with the course of several great battles. This is very conscientious fiction.

A Prophet in Babylon. By W. J. Dawson. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mr. Dawson has made himself known as author of a series of volumes on modern English writers, and of several books dealing with matters of religious inquiry. He now makes a serious attempt to express in the form of fiction the upshot of his speculations as to the connection between religion and modern life. He has created no human beings; his figures are as baldly impersonal as those of allegory. But like the puppets of allegory they suggest real types, as their behavior suggests actual tendencies of the day. The problem is the old one—the contrast between the theory of Christianity and its practice in the so-called Christian community. The well-known pulpit-orator of a fashionable New York church finds himself, at the end of a seven years' incumbency, to be losing ground with his audience. The fact is brought home to him suddenly that he is a mere "seller of rhetoric." His deacons no longer regard him as a paying investment, and the question of cutting down his salary is broached, as a means of getting rid of him. He counters, and for the moment restores his self-esteem, by giving up his salary altogether. But his conscience has been awakened, and he begins to see more and more clearly the hollowness and selfishness of the Christian fellowship, as it is called, in which he and his exclusive parishioners have indulged. When he tells them flatly from the pulpit that his religion and theirs has been a "sorry travesty," "only a gratification, never a sacrifice," he is met, for the most part, with indignation and distrust. He has an impulse to go out among the publicans and sinners, and to suffer for them. He knows nothing of actual conditions. "Why, it's overwhelming!" he exclaims, when a fellow-clergyman leads him into the slums. "Is no one doing anything for them socially or religiously?" Yes, responds his mentor:

> There are lots of little societies of good people who come down from time to time, and squirt a little rosewater over this fetid mass of life, and come back with a fine report that the wilderness has really blossomed as the rose.

Meantime, society as a whole does nothing to prevent the conditions under which these thousands live. Yet, pursues the guide, Americans are "a race of idealists," who "adore the dollar for want of something better to adore."

Inspired by these (to him) novel ideas, our reformed orator determines to abandon all connection with the Church, and to found outright and, as it were, incontinent, a new association of mankind which is to displace all others—"The League of Service." A meeting is called in Madison Square Garden, thousands are enrolled, and the world-movement is begun. "You're to pay a dollar and love everybody!" is the information given by one of the members to an inquirer. "A fellowship of all who love in the service of all who suffer," is the founder's own definition. The league is, it further appears, to work for personal, social, and civic virtue. It is not only to heal the sick, but to cast the money-changers out of the temple. It is, in short, to be a really Christian force in human society. "An Ideal had entered the world," says the author, somewhat strangely. For the ideal is at least eighteen centuries old; though never, alas, save in fiction has it been realized in what we call Christendom. It is easy for the novelist to assert what ought to be for what is; but thus far Western civilization can produce little evidence against such calm statements of fact as that of our "Chinese Official" of the other day:

> It is the Nemesis of an idealist creed that it cannot inform realities; it can but mass together outside and in opposition to the established order the forces that should have shaped and controlled it from within. The spirit remains unembodied, the body uninformed.

Mr. Dawson's "League of Service" is animated by no new ideal—informed with no new spirit; it simply has the advantage of dealing with a new kind of human nature; a new race.

The Spinners' Book of Fiction. By Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, Geraldine Bonner, Mary Halleck Foote, Eleanor Gates, James Hopper, Jack London, Bailey Millard, Miriam Michelson, W. C. Morrow, Frank Norris, Henry Milner Rideout, Charles Warren Stoddard, Isobel Strong, Richard Walton Tully, and Herman Whitaker. Collected by the Book Committee of the Spinners' Club. San Francisco and New York: Paul Elder & Co.

This volume of stories has been put together to make a fund, primarily for Miss Ina Donna Coolbrith, known as one of San Francisco's literary pioneers, whom the 18th of April, 1906, left "bereft of all literary and other treasures." Following her needs, it is intended that the fund shall "serve to aid some other writer, artist, or musician whose fortunes are at the ebb." In such affairs it is customary for criticism to step aside and make place for eulogy. But in the present case criticism takes pleasure in going hand in hand with eulogy in calling attention to a sheaf of fiction worth the garnering. Of the sixteen stories either here first given or reprinted, only one is shapelessly poor, and at least eleven are very good. For the most part the tales lie far to the West, modern truly, yet refreshing in a return to early types of Pacific literature, full of pictorial quality, of snow and sunshine. There is a reviving absence alike of railroads, stock markets, and problems, showing that in the hands of artists human nature and fresh air may be relied on to supply adequate comedy and tragedy. Painters and designers have lent their aid in illustration and decoration, and George Sterling contributes introductory verses full of music and poetry.

The Halo. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Upon ascertaining that the title has reference to the luxuriant, halo-like hair of Victor Joyselle, the foremost violinist of his time, the reader will not expect a narrative of the trials and triumphs of saints. Lady Brigit Mead is engaged to the son, young Théo Joyselle, but she is in love with the father. The great virtuoso struggles against his passion, partly for the sake of his wife, a simple Norman peasant woman, for whom he has a sincere, if tolerant, affection, and partly for the sake of Théo, whom he longs to see well-married; but his resistance becomes less and less vigorous, and plans are finally laid for an elopement. That they are not carried out is due to the sudden death of Félicité, Victor's wife, only a few hours before the appointed time. Victor, desperate with remorse, seems to have partly lost his mind, as he stands there by his wife's bed, unregardful of Brigit, who has brought flowers. Here the story incontinently breaks off, leaving the reader to expect—or fear—a sequel.

The familiar personages of a cheap society novel are all present in "The Halo," and furnish the requisite amount of dull and vulgar talk. It is not easy to explain the voracity of an apparently large body of readers for this trite spectacle of fat dowagers, drunken lords, vapid and bedizened ladies—a company in which not one is even tolerably clever or entertainingly naughty. Brigit herself, "strangely and undeniably beautiful" though she may have been, possesses few amiable traits. There is much in the novels of Bettina von Hutten that expresses the noisy revolt of a middle-class soul against the restraint of conventional morals. It may be that in this fact lies the secret of their popularity.

Fiji and Its Possibilities. By Beatrice Grimshaw; illustrated from photographs. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3 net.

A wanderer about odd corners of the globe is Miss Grimshaw's apt description of herself, a description to whose truthfulness her book bears abundant evidence. She was, in fact, the first white woman to visit certain parts of the Fijis in carrying out her purpose to "see just what the native and his life were like, and of what value the country still might be to possible settlers." These places were in the interior of the two largest islands of the group; and from her account it appears that, though rich in natural resources, valuable timber, land suited for the cultivation of sugar, tea, coffee, vanilla, and bananas, and for stock-raising, and with a "splendidly healthy climate," both islands are, with the exception of a narrow strip along the shore, absolutely undeveloped. The principal reason is the lack of labor, money being of no value to the Fijian.

The latter half of the book is devoted to a narrative of similar journeys in the New Hebrides, and it is to be regretted that this fact should have been omitted from the title-page of the American edition*, as the information about this region is far more interesting and important than that about the better-known group. The peculiar joint protectorate which France and England maintain over the islands is clearly explained, the resulting condition being that they are "in the most uncomfortable and unsettled state it is possible to conceive." Their civilization and progress is "entirely blocked by the absence of all real authority over the natives." The missionaries in sixty years of self-denying labor have only been able to form the "merest fringe" of Christianity "about an impenetrable mass of utter barbarism." The one remedy is a "strong and able government, which could forbid the sale of poisonous spirits to the natives, disarm the tribes, compel the traders to cease selling rifles and ammunition, and impartially punish all offenders, white or black." At the time of her visit, in 1905, if a native murdered a white man the redress "was usually applied by the next man-of-war that happened to come along. If a white man injured another in any way, there was no legal redress at all." It is encouraging to be able to say here that at an Anglo-French convention, held in London in 1906, measures were adopted for the prohibition of the sale of arms and liquor to the natives, for the reorganization of the administration and the establishment of a police force, but the vital question as to which power should control the islands was left unsettled.

The author made several trips into the interior of two of the islands and, regarding the life and customs of the natives, she gives most interesting details, some of which are a problem for the ethnologist. For instance, the island of Mallicolo, which she prefers to spell Malekula, is "honeycombed with caste superstitions, and no man will touch food prepared at a fire used for cooking that of any other caste." An idol mask, of which a photograph is reproduced, represents a perfect Mephistophelian face, and the natural query is whence the idea was obtained. She thus describes a young chief of some importance: "He had a head like a black feather mop, adorned with a big green parrot-tail; his lips occupied half his face, and his skull was shaped like an egg. He was handsomely dressed in elbow-deep cuffs of solid tortoise-shell, a trade cartridge-belt, a boar's tusk worn locketwise on his breast, and a pig's tail in each ear. On his shoulder he carried a large black pig—alive—and with this singular cotillon favor he began gravely" to dance. During this part of her travels the author was the correspondent of a colonial newspaper, and, indeed, her whole book reads as if made up of letters. She tires the reader by repetitions, long digressions, feebly humorous passages, frequent allusions to cannibalism, and prolix accounts of trivial and uninteresting incidents. Her book would have been far more readable had she confined herself to descriptions of the country and the natives.

The work is sumptuously got up, being the last volume of the Geographical Library. The numerous excellent photographs, which really illustrate the text, include some of Norfolk Island, of which there is a brief account in the closing chapter.

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*The title of the English edition is "From Fiji to the Cannibal Islands."

Railway Corporations as Public Servants. By Henry S. Haines. Pp. 233. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

This volume makes no claim to originality of theme or treatment. Like the preceding work by the same author, "Restrictive Railway Legislation," the book is a series of lectures delivered before the Boston University School of Law. The limitations attending such a presentation have prevented anything more than a broad handling of the subject, and therefore detailed criticism of the treatise would be beside the point.

The author's wide experience in railway affairs and his acquaintance with the theoretical side reveal themselves in a clear statement of the development of common carrier service, and of American railway regulation. We note only two errors of fact: one, that the amended Interstate Commerce act extends the power of Congress to water lines, while, as a matter of fact, water lines, as in the original law, come under the jurisdiction of the act only when part of a continuous carriage by rail; the other, that the Northern Securities decision held a corporation chartered in one State to own stock in corporations engaged in interstate commerce to be a combination in restraint of trade, whereas, the vital point in the decision rested upon the fact that the corporations whose stocks were owned by the Northern Securities Company, were parallel and competing carriers.

Two chapters are given to the rate problem, with some suggestions for its solution. So far as passenger traffic is concerned, the author would have a rate fixed by law which should represent the cost of an average standard of service as to speed of trains, character of equipment, safety, comfort, and convenience, and he would allow the railway company to make an extra charge for a higher grade service to meet existing demand. This is the oft-suggested plan for class rates. In this proposal there is nothing impracticable, although the author does not sufficiently provide for the difficulty of determining accurately what is cost of service in even so simple a matter as passenger transportation. As to freight, he rejects altogether the scheme of basing rates on cost, and leaves them to be determined, as now, in accordance with what the traffic will bear. His chief concern is with the just relation of freight rates, and particularly with the eradication of unjust discriminations now prevailing between competing points and those served by a single carrier. Here his suggestion is only ameliorative, merely the proposal that local stations should be relieved by rates which diminish as the business of those stations is brought within the zone of influence of the competitive points; that is, that rates should be less, the nearer the local station is to the competing point, in such a ratio that the difference in rates alone would not be sufficient to divert business from the local station to the competing point. Whether this palliative would stand the judicial test is doubtful under the decisions of the Supreme Court in the long and short haul cases. In this same connection, the author urges the restoration of pooling agreements.

Railway train service is handled vigorously with many suggestions for reform, such as thorough inspection, with prompt publication of results; approval by law of codes of train rules, with penalties for infraction; compulsory arbitration of labor disputes when necessary to prevent interruptions in regular train service; and penalities for delayed trains, more severe in the case of passenger than of freight service, because in the former instance recoveries for damages are seldom possible. These penalties the author defends by insisting that the fault lies not with the plant, but with the management, an opinion which it is difficult wholly to endorse. To insure justice to the roads in the enforcement of penalties, Mr. Haines proposes to classify them according to the service which they voluntarily offer to render, and to hold them rigidly to the equipment and construction necessary for the service proposed. Thus for high-speed service, which, he asserts, is in the near future to be electrically operated, he would require a reasonably straight four-track road, the elimination of crossings at grade, and the best of safety appliances. For the lower classes of service the requirements would be less severe, but the standard set should be carefully maintained through inspection and penalties.

Further remedies advocated for the relief of existing conditions are all along the line of conservative regulation; the jugglings of railway financiers as exemplified in the Alton deal, Mr. Haines denounces in no uncertain terms; and he urges that no further consolidation of existing railway corporations be permitted except with specific legislative assent; that the operations of railways should be confined strictly to transportation business; and that traffic associations should again be legitimatized and brought into formal coöperation with the Interstate Commerce Commission for the equitable adjustment of rate problems. This last idea, whose practicability is being so well demonstrated at the present time in the coöperation of railway officers with the Commission for the formulation of an accounting system, might result in rolling a good many burdens from the stooping shoulders of the commissioners.

The Nature and Purpose of the Universe. By John Denham Parsons. Pp. 547. New York: A. Wessels Co.

It would perhaps be easier to discover the nature and purpose of the universe than the nature and purpose of this book. It has been vouchsafed to only a few to have definite information on this subject, and Mr. Parsons has been even less successful than others in his attempt to solve the riddle. His failure to reach even plausible conclusions is made more apparent by his peculiar literary style. Compared to him, Dr. Johnson was a veritable Victor Hugo in conciseness and brevity. One may open Mr. Parsons's book almost at random and find sentences of three hundred words or more, few of which convey any definite meaning.

He repudiates both materialism and spiritualism. By the latter term he denotes the theory that mind exists independent of body. His own opinion is that mind is "a thing in itself," but that matter is not, yet that a finite mind cannot exist as such without a body. It is not possible here to follow the author, as he wanders about seeking to justify this doctrine. The first part of his work is taken up with quasi-metaphysical definitions, most of which are vague assumptions; the second consists of criticisms of those who deny immortality; the third discusses the Christian doctrine of resurrection as set forth in the New Testament; the fourth gives an account of "other gospels," and deals specifically with the ideas of reincarnation and transmigration. The remainder of the volume is occupied with a rambling and partly incomprehensible treatment of certain philosophical and psychological ideas, such as free-will, heredity, space, and time. The closing words of the last chapter, entitled "The Vision Splendid," afford a fair example of the author's lucid conclusions:

> For the *Prothesis* of the ages, that "enternal purpose" of a mind universal which alone can adequately account for what man finds to be the ubiquitous and unescapable dominance of abiding law and a great scheme embracing all things existent and that clearly is traceable to an Uttered Word and a Thought Unspent, etc.

This, in short, is a book that would not deserve notice were it not representative of a half-superstitious literature now devoured by large numbers of ignorant persons, who would stumble over the simple principles laid down by Bacon, Descartes, and Newton, but who read with avidity, even if they do not understand, "New Thought" publications and superstitious, unmeaning treatises, of which Mr. Parsons's work is an ambitious—we had almost said a ridiculous—example.

Science.

The Nutrition of Man. By Russell H. Chittenden. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3 net.

This book, the outcome of eight Lowell Lectures, given last winter, is put forth with the avowed purpose of directing attention to right methods of living. In the first four chapters there is an account of the processes of digestion, absorption, and assimilation and an outline of the doctrines of metabolism. Here the author offers relatively little of his own, and even shows almost too much willingness to present the conclusions of others without that critical discrimination which some of them require. The limitations of the Atwater food tables ought to be more explicitly stated; and the significance of the amino-acids and the purin bodies, while indicated, is hardly emphasized enough to meet the needs of the laity.

The main interest of the book centres in the discussion of the food requirements of man. Two of these chapters are mostly a neat condensation of the author's earlier book, "Physiological Economy in Nutrition." There, it will be recalled, he had shown that the common "standard diets," calling for at least 105 grammes of absorbable albuminous bodies and involving the excretion of at least 16 grammes of nitrogen every 24 hours, are capable of marked reduction. Certain academic persons, a few college athletes, and a number of men of the Government Hospital Service were under observation for some months, and remained in good condition, or even improved, as to well being and strength, despite a lowering of the intake of albumins so that the amount ranged from 36 to 53 grammes, only a third to a half of the "standard." New in this part is the statement that the person with whose metabolism the author is most intimately acquainted has continued the low diet for several years with apparent advantage. Also new is the allusion to the experiments of Fisher, since published, which are interpreted as confirming the view that there may be an actual gain in endurance on a diet much restricted as to nitrogen.

Yet more interesting and altogether novel is the partial report of an extended series of experiments with dogs, being a study of a "low proteid diet for high proteid animals." Other investigators had asserted that dogs do not thrive on small supplies of albuminous material; more exactly that their nitrogen income may not fall as low as 0.3 gramme for each kilogramme of body weight, or about 19 grammes of albumin for a dog of 10 kilogrammes, even though added non-nitrogenous substances bring the "fuel value" of the food up to 100 large calories for each kilogramme. Noting that these investigations had involved a somewhat monotonous diet and possibly detrimental restriction to the metabolism cage, Professor Chittenden undertook to examine the behavior of such animals under more favorable conditions; that is, to vary the diet while restricting it carefully as to nitrogen, to give abundant freedom with fresh air and exercise in an open court, and to limit the cage life (absolutely necessary for a study of the excretions) to ten days in each of the six to twelve months covered by these studies. Altogether some twenty animals were used, but only six are included in the report, which is said to present typical results. Subject to revision when the final report is published, it appears to be demonstrated that even a carnivorous animal may do perfectly well on an intake of nitrogen as low as 0.25-0.30 gramme per kilogramme if other food materials bring the available calories up to 70-80 for each kilogramme. Photographs bear out the assertion that the animals were not harmed by the experiment; they even gained in appearance and weight; only No. 3 seems somewhat underfed as indeed the tables also show.

The conclusion of the author is then that a marked reduction in the nitrogenous portion of our food is fully demonstrated to be possible, safe, and rational, being truly economical for the body as well as the purse. The amount of the proper reduction is somewhat vaguely given as such that a man of 70 kilogrammes (about 150 pounds) shall consume 60 grammes of albumin and enough other food substances (fats and starches) to make up about 2,800 calories daily, the amounts varying with weight and activity in a fashion nowhere clearly defined. Sample dietaries are given but merely as illustrative of the general plan. There is no advocacy of a particular food nor is flesh in small amounts held to be profitless, and vegetarianism is not the goal. Professor Chittenden declines to be counted among the "one-mealers" and shows little sympathy with multi-mastication, an attitude he has taken anew in a more recent study of the author of Fletcherism.

As a painstaking and diligent research this work deserves the highest praise. Acceptance of the conclusions as a basis for practical living is another matter, and one where skepticism is quite justifiable. Questions of nutrition are possibly far too complex to be settled merely by chemical analyses and the rule of three. Professor Chittenden constantly suggests a vague doubt, and often intimates that differences in the various albuminous compounds available as food, in a measure due to the amino-bodies which are as yet but partly worked out, may lead to definite limitations of their use. Then, too, the application of the doctrine of a reduced nitrogenous metabolism with reference to age and sex and other individual differences involves great difficulties, too little indicated in these lectures. The zealous reader will be much more impressed by the idea that the human body really only requires the low intake of nitrogen and calories, that the sooner he gets down to that lower level the better for him.

It may be admitted that existence on a low nitrogen level is demonstrated to be possible to an unexpected degree, and that here is a therapeutic resource of the utmost value. The tests of endurance by gymnasium methods are not without significance, but they prove little where much needs to be known. The real problem is that of resistance, the power of the body to withstand varied assaults from without and within, assaults which are not definite in their occurrence as to time or frequency, but which are nevertheless of fundamental importance. All the newer studies of immunity and kindred subjects show that the factors of resistance are extraordinarily varied, and should lead all who have any breadth of biological outlook to be mindful of the risk which reduction of diets may involve. The experiments of Hunt in this direction are too few to be conclusive.

This book makes the common assumption that economy is a very laudable virtue, that nature is economical. The fact is that nature is often terribly extravagant; in many matters she is wasteful to an extent that would not be tolerated in a modern factory. A well-known physician not long ago pointed out that the human body is by no means constructed along economical lines, and carries on much of its work with an expenditure that seems unnecessarily liberal. The point deserves wide and careful consideration. It is a fair inference that the animal machine is built and run with reference to larger ends than the economies of the moment, and this requires a notable reserve in structure and material. To keep up this reserve (the term is necessarily indefinite) may demand expenditures and activities not obviously a part of the ordinary work of the body, and yet be a very desirable end. Undoubtedly harm often does come from generous living because of the task imposed upon the kidneys and other organs, or possibly through the too free formation of toxic substances, but it is yet an open question whether this harm is as general or always as serious as some students of dietetics assert. It is quite possible that more damage is caused by certain kinds of albumin than by liberal quantities of the right kinds. Then, too, it ought to be remembered that life is in a sense the sum of responses to a vast number and variety of stimulations, and it is well within the range of possibilities that what from a purely chemical point of view seems to be an excess of food substance may actually be helpful to the body as a source of desirable stimulations. And again there is the question, and a very interesting question it is, too, of the part played by the salts which vary markedly as to quantity and quality in our foods. The problem of nutrition is too large for further discussion here; in any case it is much bigger than the question of nitrogenous equilibrium, and the layman may not yet solve it off-hand by an inspection of tables of food values.

The book is excellently printed. It may be noted that the calculation of heat units is not quite consistently carried out, and that the table on page 289 needs much correction.

The Embossed Scientific Books Fund is the practical outcome of a movement in England for the promotion of the scientific education of the blind by aiding the publication of embossed books on scientific subjects. At present the expense of printing a book in Braille type makes the price almost prohibitive. An edition of C. Smith's "Elementary Algebra," recently published by the British and Foreign Blind Association, consists of five large royal quarto volumes, costing (16s. 6d.) some four dollars. Lord Rayleigh commended the movement in his presidential address to the Royal Society in November, and it is hoped that soon standard scientific works will be printed in embossed type at relatively low prices.

The new bibliographical work, "Les Nouveaux Livres scientifiques et industriels," comprises the period from July 1, 1902, to June 30, 1907, noting 5,541 volumes, with a summary of contents for all French books. It makes 416 large octavo pages, of which 36 are given to alphabetical tables of subjects and authors' names.

"De l'Homme à la science," a new volume of the tireless speculator of the Sorbonne, Félix Le Dantec, poses the question: Can science, which is man's creation, study man himself? The doubtful answer seems to involve the view that the entire history of man, from the emergence to the total subsidence of the species, is not more than that of any other series of ripples set up and extinguished by the never-ending mechanical composition of forces which is the universe.

The tenth fascicle of scientific documents published under government auspices by Prof. L. Joubin of the Muséum d'Histoire naturelle from the reports of the French Antarctic Expedition (1903-1905), commanded by Dr. Jean Charcot, contains Pinniped Mammals, by E. L. Trouessart; Birds, by A. Menegaux; Embryogenic documents (Birds and Seals), by Dr. Anthony—in all 128 pages, with 19 inset plates.

By the will of the late Morris K. Jesup the American Museum of Natural History is to receive $1,000,000, the income to be devoted to the extension of its collections.

Drama.

Tragedies of Seneca. Translated by Frank Justus Miller. University of Chicago Press. $3 net.

Nothing derogatory to Mr. Miller's work is meant when we say that Seneca is probably the easiest of all Latin poets to render into English. The very fact that these tragedies, rather than those of Sophocles or even Euripides, are the real inspiration of neo-classicism shows how easily they can be assimilated. They are in fact a kind of dragoman between the ancient and the modern stage. No man has yet succeeded in transferring the peculiar Attic qualities, of, let us say, the "Œdipus Tyrannus" into the new speech; the moral ideas and the irony lose their force, the subtle style loses its grace. But neither of these difficulties confronts the translator of Seneca. In place of the moral conception of life so essentially of the old world, there are long physical descriptions which have the same force for us as they had for the Roman reader; and the style, while often truly poetic, has no elusive subtleties. The life portrayed moves in that generalized, and to a certain extent commonplace, sphere which belongs to one age as well as another. It is probable that most readers will feel less estranged by these plays than by any possible version of the Greek drama. Professor Miller deserves high credit for making the best of these opportunities, and producing a book that is at once good reading in English and a faithful reproduction of the spirit of the original. His choruses are sometimes a trifle flat, missing the gravity of the original, but, in the longer narrative and ornamental passages of the dialogue he has been singularly successful. It is a fact that in order to produce the same poetic effect there must almost always be a slight heightening of the style in passing from one language to another, and Professor Miller has used, but not abused, this legitimate instrument. Take an example or two from the long *rhesis* of Creon in the "Œdipus" of Seneca. The original.

> Ipse pallentes deos
> Vidi inter umbras; ipse torpentes lacus
> Noctemque veram—

becomes in Professor Miller's version:

> I saw, myself,
> The sluggish pools amidst the dusky shades;
> I saw the shadowy gods, and the black gloom
> No earthly night can give.

Again,

> Et una quidquid æternæ creant
> Celantque tenebræ,

becomes,

> And all the ghastly forms
> Which spawn and lurk within the endless shades.

Or again,

> Iterque populo Ditis ad Superos datur,

becomes,

> And, for the dwellers in the home of Dis
> A way is opened to the world of light—

where Seneca is doubled with Milton. These, we hold, are legitimate devices, the only means by which the force of the original can be preserved.

Professor Miller has added two useful appendices: "Index of Mythological Subjects" and "Comparative Analyses of Seneca's Tragedies and the Corresponding Greek Dramas." Prof. John Matthews Manly has contributed an Introductory Essay dealing with "The Influence of the Tragedies of Seneca upon Early English Drama"—this is a fair piece of work so far as it goes, but we could wish so admirable a translation were provided with a thorough going study of the tragedies and of their place in European literature.

John Jay Chapman has withdrawn himself so completely of late years from literature that any announcement of work from him is agreeable. Next month Moffat, Yard & Co. publish "Four Plays for Children," written in blank verse and suitable for acting.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will produce the English version of "Electra" made for her by Arthur Symonds, in the Garden Theatre in this city, on February 10. Mr. Symonds's adaptation is from the German of Hofmanstahl.

Edith Wynne Matthison will be acting in this country again before long. She is to star in the new play of her husband (Rann Kennedy), "The Servant in the House," and she will be supported by Walter Hampden, at present acting in "Irene Wycherley."

The committee of the Henry Irving Memorial announces that the statue will be erected in the centre of the broad pavement to the north of the National Portrait Gallery in the Charing Cross Road. Thomas Brock, R. A., is now proceeding with the work.

Music.

The Pianolist. By Gustav Kobbé. Moffat, Yard & Co.

When the mechanical or semi-automatic piano players first came into use, the professional musicians sneered at them, and perhaps these inventions deserved no better reception, for they were crude and unsatisfactory. There are now about eighty different manufacturers of such "players," and while some makes have remained in the stage of musical toys, others have developed into instruments that have aroused the wonder and admiration of great composers, and have been adopted at leading universities and other institutions as valuable aids to musical education. To-day almost as many mechanical players are sold as pianos, and it was inevitable that a special literature devoted to this new branch should make its appearance. It began with magazine articles setting forth the scope and value of the piano players, and now we have a whole book on the subject. Its author, Gustav Kobbé, has always been among the pioneers in clearing new paths, and in this volume, as in his "How to Appreciate Music," he is not afraid to express his opinions freely, even when they clash violently with traditional views and prejudices.

The "Pianolist" is intended as a guide for pianola players, and it is constructed on an ingenious plan, suggested by the experiences of a friend of the author. This friend, whose musical taste was utterly undeveloped, bought a piano player and with it an assortment of the lightest kind of music, the kind he himself now regards as "trash." Nevin's "Narcissus" happened to be included in this first set of rolls. He tried it over, but thought it dull. After a while, however, when the other rolls had begun to pall on him, he played it again, and found in it something that he missed in the others; and this was his first step toward better things. Acting on this hint, Mr. Kobbé starts with Nevin, as a representative of the higher salon music, and tells the reader with which of his pieces he ought to familiarize himself. Then follow pieces by Moszkowski, Paderewski's minuet and cracovienne, pieces by Chaminade, Liszt's "Campanella," thus leading the player gradually to "the thrill of the great masters." Nine pages are devoted to Liszt and his rhapsodies, and Chopin, "the goal of all pianists," has a whole chapter. That the average pianola player has already reached a surprising stage of culture is evinced by the fact that a list which has been made of one hundred favorite compositions for the pianola includes no less than twenty-six works by Chopin, who therefore "would seem to be the goal of the pianolist as well." The list referred to includes only serious music, and it is of interest to note that at the head of it is Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody. The slow movement of Beethoven's fifth symphony ranks seventeenth, whereas the first is as far down the list as thirty-seventh, and the roll with the last two movements as sixty-fifth. Grieg is another favorite, especially his "Peer Gynt" music, of which Mr. Kobbé gives an elaborate account.

A new edition of Wagner's complete literary works is to be issued soon in ten volumes, with a supplementary volume of critical matter by Hans von Wolzogen. Wolzogen has also edited a volume containing sketches made by Wagner for "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan," and "Parsifal." Another addition to Wagner literature is "Wagner Anekdoten," a collection of anecdotes compiled by Erich Kloss (Berlin: Schuster und Loeffler).

Peters of Leipzig announces for next autumn an exhaustive Life of Grieg by G. Schjelderup and W. Niemann. Schjelderup is the author of a biography of Grieg, in Norwegian, while Niemann not long ago wrote a book on Scandinavian music.

Mozart's operas are regarded as the supreme test for singers of the Italian *bel canto* school; they were written, with two exceptions, to Italian texts and are generally classed among Italian operas. Yet they have never been popular in Italy, and apart from their flowing melody and occasional coloratura they are really much more German, or rather Austrian, than Italian. Their best interpreter for many years has been Gustav Mahler, whose production of them in Vienna became as famous as the Wagner performances at Bayreuth and Munich. Mr. Conried, having been savagely criticised for the slovenly manner in which he presented the Mozart operas, made amends by importing Mr. Mahler and asking him to show the real Mozart to the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House. He did so, a few days ago, as far as the conditions permitted. For ideal Mozart performances the Metropolitan is too large, and it lacks, too, the facilities for the rapid changes of scenery required. On the other hand, Mr. Mahler had at his service a much finer cast of singers (Sembrich, Eames, Gadski, Bonci, Scotti, and Chaliapine) than he ever could have had in Vienna. The result was a representation which in the matter of detail and respect for tradition eclipsed all others heard here within a quarter of a century. It must be admitted, however, that in some respects the performances of "Don Giovanni" given at the Manhattan Opera House have been more enjoyable. Mr. Renaud in the title rôle and Mr. Gilibert as Masetto are far superior to their rivals at the other house, and the comedy is also more enjoyable at the Manhattan because the theatre is smaller.

The most successful opera written by Tchaikovsky, "Eugene Onegin," will be produced at Carnegie Hall Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon in concert form by the New York Symphony Society, with a cast including Emilio de Gorgorza, Miss Rose O'Brien, Miss Marie Stoddard, Mrs. Taylor-Jones, Ellison Van Hoose, Tom Daniels, and Paul Dufault. The choruses will be sung by the Oratorio Society.

Edward Alexander MacDowell died in this city January 23. Within a year after his retirement from the post of professor of music at Columbia University, in 1904, Mr. MacDowell suffered a nervous breakdown, from which he never recovered. He was born in this city in 1861, and as a boy he was not a precocious genius. In 1876, he was taken to Paris to study the piano, and he entered the Conservatoire a year later. Even then he was not wholly devoted to what was to be his life work, for when a well-known painter offered to take him in hand if he would forsake the piano, the boy was eager to make the change. Only his mother's firm objection kept him in the path first chosen. When he left Paris he went to Frankfort, where Raff was in charge of the Conservatory, and Clara Schumann and Carl Heymann were among the piano teachers. In 1881, when Heymann left the institution, he suggested MacDowell as his successor, but the American was regarded as too young. He taught at Darmstadt and Wiesbaden till 1889, when he returned to America. He had already written a number of pieces of music, and had secured recognition from Liszt, among others. In this country he first made his home in Boston, where he won a high reputation, both as a teacher of music and a composer. He achieved his first triumph in New York when, in the double rôle of composer and pianist, he played his second concerto with the Philharmonic Society in December, 1894. On January 23, 1896, the Boston Symphony Orchestra paid him the compliment, probably unprecedented, of placing two of his longest works on the same programme. He was elected professor of music in Columbia University in 1896, but he resigned in 1904. In a letter which he published at the time he complained that the university was minimizing the importance of training in the fine arts. After leaving the university, he resumed his private teaching; and one day a week he gave up to pupils who could not afford to pay for lessons. Like many other modern masters (Chopin, Franz, and Grieg, for example), MacDowell preferred the shorter forms of composition. Nevertheless, he wrote two concertos for pianos and four pianoforte sonatas which are among his best works, being in point of inspiration far superior to anything of the kind ever done in America. Of his orchestral works only one, "The Indian Suite," belongs to the period when his genius had fully matured. The others, however—"Lancelot and Elaine" and "Hamlet and Ophelia," as well as his first suite—contain much that is charming. As a writer of songs and pianoforte pieces he ranks with the best European masters of the time. Especially notable are his collections of short pieces—"Woodland Sketches," "Sea Pieces," "New England Idyls," etc. While he was conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club he wrote some fine part songs; his *Lieder* or lyric songs for one voice, about fifty in number, are the best songs ever written in America. Not a few of them are set to poems of his own. A volume of his verses was privately printed a few years ago.

By the death of August Emil Daniel Ferdinand Wilhelmj, in London, January 23, the world loses one of its greatest violinists. He was born in Usingen near Wiesbaden, in 1845. His father, who was well-to-do, played the violin uncommonly well, and his mother the piano. The boy himself exhibited extraordinary precocity in mastering the violin, and was accordingly placed under a competent teacher in Wiesbaden. By the time he was nine years old the child played Vieuxtemps's E major concerto, Ernst's "Othello" fantasy, and two of Paganini's caprices at the court theatre. But the father, unconvinced of the extraordinary talent of his son, gave him a solid scientific education. As the lad, however, was still devoted to the violin, Herr Wilhelmj decided to leave to Liszt the decision as to his career. Liszt, after hearing the boy play, cried, "And they could be doubtful about your calling! Music is born in you." In a few days Liszt took young Wilhelmj to David at Leipzig, and handed him over with the words: "I am bringing you a second Paganini! Take good care of him!" August then studied at the Leipzig Conservatory for four years; worked in Frankfort under Raff; and then made his first concert tour in Switzerland. In the following year he visited Holland and London, being just twenty-one. His reputation was soon firmly established, and he drew large audiences in the principal cities of Europe. In 1878 he made his first visit to the United States. Thence he started on a tour round the world, which lasted for three or four years. In 1894 he was appointed head professor of the violin at the Guildhall School of Music, London. He was the author of a number of solo pieces and transcriptions for the violin, but it is as an executant that he will be longest remembered. His skill was exhibited to especial advantage in his chamber music playing. Although he had a strong feeling for Beethoven, he followed with like appreciation the refined lines of Mozart and Haydn. Another specialty of Wilhelmj's art was his polyphonic playing. No one knew better how to make clear the intricate counterpoint of a Bach "Chaconne," and in his hands Schubert's "Erl King," arranged by Ernst for violin alone, became a marvel of perfection. He was noted, also, for the sensuous beauty of the tone he evoked from his instrument.

Art.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 19.

The Academy's indiscretions in the spring are as great as ever, but the splendor of its winter repentance grows less with years. Of late, there have been signs that England's supply of old masters is not without end, that the Winter Exhibition at Burlington House is becoming more and more of a problem. This winter, however, a surprise has been prepared. For the first time, in the many years I have been going to these winter exhibitions, a series of Hogarths has been got together; and this collection strikes me as something like a tribute to Whistler, to whom Hogarth always was the greatest English artist.

These Hogarths are of great interest, though they include nothing so fine as The Shrimp Girl at the National Gallery, or the Marriage à la Mode series. They are representative, for there are portraits as well as the subjects usually catalogued as "conversation pieces." Several are already being questioned by the detectives of art. From the Earl of Normanton comes a portrait group of four children, The Graham Family—astonishing not only in a vivacity which no other English painter of Hogarth's, or any generation, could rival, but in the exquisite and delicate rendering of detail. A little girl is dancing in the centre of the canvas and of the group, her skirt held out with both her little hands, while a boy seated at her side turns the handle of a musical box. The painting of the gown, with its rich flowered pattern, has no less charm than the grace of her pose, though tender color and grace are the last qualities the world has come to look for in Hogarth. The picture is full of detail, all as delightfully painted. Another portrait is of Peg Woffington; in it, however, character is somewhat sacrificed to prettiness. It is in curious contrast to the Sarah Malcolm, a small bust, the face cold, cruel, chilling, not a line made by age smoothed out, nothing in its expression softened—a face that in no way contradicts the note in the catalogue describing Sarah Malcolm as a murderess who was hanged for her crime. A large Southwark Fair recalls the Hogarth of the engravings, a picture crowded with incident—a story to almost every square inch of it. Three examples of Teniers in the adjoining room give the chance to see how much better Hogarth did this sort of thing. And there are smaller canvases; among the most notable is The First Performance of Gay's "Beggars' Opera" at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1727, a picture that shows Hogarth no less masterly than the Dutchmen, in painting small interiors with figures, every detail worked out in the most wonderful manner, but never obtrusive, always in the picture, the atmosphere suggested with a truth the secret of which was lost to the generations which came after Hogarth. Remarkable, both in itself and as a record—a human document—is a painting of The Life School in St. Martin's Lane, established by Hogarth.

The canvas is fairly large, the nude model poses on his platform; in front the students, hard at work, are placed in two curving rows, which make fine lines in the composition. The room is lighted by a large, well-shaded lamp, hanging from the ceiling, and the careful study of light and shadow in the big gray room is extraordinary. The gray grows warm where the light falls on it, grows dim and cold in the shadows; and the modern master of tones and values could not surpass the marvellous way in which two or three life studies and a group of plaster casts, gray and shadowy, tell against the gray dimness of the wall in the far background.

Whatever his subject, Hogarth is, first of all, and above all, the painter; anecdote, subject, moral, are subordinate to the composition. Some of his subjects were forced upon him; he had to live. But like the earlier painters of Madonnas and Saints, of Crucifixions and Resurrections, he accepted the motives the age insisted upon, and adapted them to his art. How and what Hogarth painted when left to choose his subject may be seen in the lovely little portrait of himself at the National Portrait Gallery, in the incomparable Shrimp Girl at the National Gallery next door; and there is in the present collection a small sketch of a little girl, said to be The Painter's Child, that has something of the same freshness of treatment, the same breadth and gayety of vision. Never before has there been such a chance to study Hogarth. The student who goes from the Royal Academy to the two National collections, must not stop there; he should go still further—to the Soane Museum, and from there further still, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to learn what Hogarth could accomplish when he left plates and small canvases for large mural decorations. It is true that books, big and little, have been written about Hogarth, true that the few have always known him for the great man he is. But for the many he has been overshadowed by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, more generous than he with their concessions to the ideal of beauty, popular with the many. It is time that he should at last take his place.

The interest of the exhibition centres about Hogarth, but is not exhausted with him. The other rooms are filled in the usual manner, with a miscellaneous collection of Flemish, Dutch, Italian, and British masters, hung in some sort of chronological order. In the first room are the Primitives and their immediate successors. In many cases the catalogue ventures upon no attribution, but the merit of the pictures is not altered; and those to attract attention will still be, here some amusing little early Flemish and early French portraits, and there a Vincenzo Guarino, by Moroni; or, it may be, a Flemish triptych, full of the homely accessories the Flemings loved, the painter "Unknown"; and again a tiny Pietà, two graceful angels on either side the open grave, which I should find as dainty, if it were proved not painted by Filippino Lippi, to whom now it is attributed. In this room two things impress me above all else. One is the character in the portraits, and I cannot help mentioning, in particular, a panel lent by the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, who makes no attempt to identify the artist; on one side is a portrait of Patrick, ninth Baron Glamis, accurate as a likeness, of that you have no doubt, though the elaborate dress and the flower in his hand are worked out with due appreciation of their decorative value; on the other side, his secretary, in dress almost as rich, a pen stuck behind his ear as symbol of his profession, and the man himself strong in individuality. The other thing in this room that leaves its impression with me is, as always, the charm of all the work as decoration; the walls give pleasure to the eye before the paintings that cover them are examined separately. The genius in the old days was as rare as now, but the craftsman then inherited conventions that lent distinction to everything he did.

Next in order come the Dutchmen and Flemings of a later date; nothing, however, in the room devoted solely to them that detained me, except, perhaps, a sketch by Rubens for the picture of The Meeting of Esau and Jacob in the Munich Gallery; a View near Delft, by Albert Cuyp; and the Interior of a Church by De Witte, who prepared the way for Bosboom. The greatest masters of Holland and Flanders are in the Fourth (the large) room, with Italians and Englishmen. But among these masters there is nothing to rival pictures shown on these walls before.

This big room is given over chiefly to the English portrait painters of the eighteenth century, though even they, despite the space devoted to them, do not make anything like so fine a showing as in previous years. It may be said that the numerous Sir Joshuas, almost all hung together, are representative. Here are two of his children—The Hon. Anne Townshend and Master Bunbury—children at whom I, for one, can seldom look without prejudice when I remember that they were the precursors of the Cherry Ripes and sentimentalities of the Victorian period. Here are his larger classical machines, Arabella, Lady Blake, as Juno receiving the cestus from Venus, and Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces. Here are more or less perfunctory renderings of well-known men and women of his time. And here, to remind you of the great artist he was, though he could stoop to lower levels, are the beautiful Miss Orby Hunter and Miss Beatrice Lister. No portrait in the exhibition has the charm of the first of these two. He has spared us nothing of the loveliness of the face—a loveliness which never degenerates into mere prettiness, and his interest in his sitter is seen in the modelling of the features, above all the nose and mouth. And the color throughout is as lovely as the lady herself. After this, the Gainsboroughs seem weak, for there is not one of Gainsborough's masterpieces; and the Romneys wooden, though Romney so often pleases by his grace and decorative feeling, as in his really delightful Countess of Westmoreland. Hoppner, Raeburn, and Beechey carry on the fine tradition of portrait painting until it disappeared in the inanities and vulgarity of the early nineteenth century.

But as portrait painting deteriorated, landscape art in England was developing, even to a degree of greatness when it could set the standard for France; and there are two landscapes, at least, to remind one of the fine accomplishment of this very period to which one is apt to ascribe nothing but deterioration and worse. Both are by "Old" Crome. Poringland Oak is the more famous of the two. It has the fine luminous sky Crome painted at his best, with clouds sweeping across it; in the foreground is a pool with bathers who might have strayed from a Diaz; in the centre a great oak rises against the sky. As a rendering of light, the picture could not be truer to nature. There is only one fault: the tree is elaborated with a minuteness that would be admirable in a study, but is here out of place. In this light, against such a sky, in so spacious a landscape, it would be impossible to see branches and leafage in such minute detail; they would be seen in great masses, as Corot was wont to render them. No such defect, however, can be found in Crome's other canvas, View of Norwich, a wide landscape, well generalized, the cathedral spire rising in the centre, above, the pale, green-golden sky of evening, and the whole wide countryside flooded with the golden light. It is a picture that haunts you like the memory of some beautiful summer evening.

After these things, a room hung round with the poor little landscapes and seascapes of the late J. C. Hook comes as a disillusioning reminder of what the Academy really likes to-day. The endeavor of the Academy to do honor to recently deceased members by a special exhibition is, of course, most praiseworthy. The trouble is that the special exhibition often proves the grave of reputation. How empty Hook's most elaborate landscape or rock-strewn coast, after that sunlit view of Norwich; how photographic his figures after the little group of bathers under Poringland Oak! And the portrait of the painter by Millais, hanging in the centre of the room, is as commonplace after the men of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn.

Another departure this year is the opening of the black and white room to a collection of early English water-colors. The truth is that the early English water-color has been more overrated than any so-called form of art, the responsibility resting largely with Ruskin. Among the many who worked in the medium, the genius was the exception. For one Turner, one Bonington, one Cotman, the William Hunts, the De Wints, the John Varleys are legion. Even the very first water-color painters, like Girtin, used their medium in a tentative way. All this is so well known that the Academy's only excuse in making the collection would have been either to give it historic value, or to make it representative of the finest achievements in the art. It has done neither. Turner is but poorly shown; Bonington not at all; Cotman indifferently. William Hunt's tiresome plumes and birds' eggs, De Wint's mannered washes are most in evidence. Altogether, one could wish that the whole collection, with Hook's pictures, had been kept over for the spring exhibition, when it would not seem so out of place.

However, if much is included that might better have been omitted, if many of the masters have been better seen in previous years, the Hogarths alone, and, here and there, the exceptional masterpiece would make this winter's exhibition more than worth a visit. N. N.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a third

edition of the "Renaissance Masters," by George B. Rose. To the studies of Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo, Titian, Correggio, Botticelli, and Rubens there is now added an essay on "The Art of Claude Lorraine."

The Christmas season has brought as a specimen of modern Christian art the Christus vor Jerusalem, reproduced after the painting of William Hole. This is the most recent addition to the series of Franz Hanfstängl of Munich, known as the Religiöse Kunstblätter nach Originalen moderner und alter Meister.

Among the painters of the late Renaissance and their continuators the Bassano family occupies a conspicuous place. Usually when one thinks of the Bassani he has only two members in mind, Jacopo and Leandro, and forgets that not less than twelve members of this family were painters, and that their artistic work covers more than four generations. Their pictures are numbered by the hundred. Naturally, in such a mass there is much that is destitute of originality. But some of the members of the "Bassani school" deserve more than passing attention. To distinguish these, to determine the artistic personality of the important members of the family, Francesco the Elder, Jacopo, Francesco the Younger, Leandro, Gerolamo, and Giambattista, to point out what is inferior school work—this is the purpose of Ludwig Zottman's new book, "Zur Kunst der Bassani" (Strassburg), in the series Zur Kunstgeschichte des Auslandes. By use of the material published by Signor Gerola, director of the picture gallery at Bassano, and a careful study of those paintings with authentic signature, Herr Zottmann guides us through the chaos of works contained in Italian and other galleries. Next to Italy, Vienna and Dresden are the most important places for the study of the Bassani. The biographies play only a secondary rôle—perhaps it had been better if he had given a little more consideration to these. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen.

"Promé et Samara," a handsome volume amply illustrated and published by the Société Française des Fouilles Archéologiques, relates the travels, researches, and excavations of Gen. L. de Beylié in Burmah and at the ninth-century capital of the Caliphs on the Tigris.

The exhibition of Ancient Umbrian Art at Perugia has occasioned one or two ephemeral publications in Italy which may serve to set in proper relief the semi-official record, "L'Arte Umbra alla Mostra di Perugia," by Umberto Gnoli (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche). Count Gnoli's opportunities were exceptional. He served on the committee of the exhibition and remained for months in Perugia with the best facilities for personal study and for consultation with visiting experts. Accordingly his attributions are more cautious than those of the official catalogue. He gives a brief but sufficient account of notable exhibits in each department, wisely leaving the 251 illustrations to tell in the main their own story. It forms a record quite as valuable in its way as that which Corrado Ricci compiled for the Sienese exhibition and more comprehensive. Articles of especial and novel interest to non-Italian readers are those on metal work and on those fascinating embroideries in blue and white with conventionalized beasts and plants. On contentious issues Count Gnoli is usually evasive, but he always gives the conflicting views. This book lacks an index, but as it is, all students of Italian art will want to have it at hand.

The same publisher presents a judicious monograph on the thorny topic of "Masolino da Panicale," by Pietro Toesca. He takes what we may call the orthodox view, admitting Masolino's participation in the Carmine frescoes, denying to Masaccio any share in those of S. Clemente, Rome, and regarding the decoration of the baptistery at Castiglione d'Olona as Masolino's artistic culmination. It should be said that all views bristle with chronological difficulties. These issues are not for a note. Where Signor Toesca deserves credit is in his clear perception and statement of the wide gap between Masolino and Masaccio at their first point of contact. There could hardly be a greater antithesis than that between the idyllic, colorful, and discursive mood of the master, and the epic, strongly shadowed, and concise manner of the pupil. A sense of these temperamental distinctions has prevented our author from falling into the facile confusion of the two masters that has prevailed since Vasari and has been unhappily increased by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The monograph is completely illustrated, comprising all known or merely suspected Masolinos, except the fresco reported last December from St. Fortunato, Todi, by the critic F. Mason Perkins.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are pictures by J. Alden Weir at Montross's, till February 1; paintings by Allen Tucker at Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, February 1; portraits by Wilhelm Funk, M. Knoedler & Co.'s, February 1; portraits by old masters, Ehrich's, February 15; mezzotints and stipples after Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough, Wunderlich & Co.'s, February 15.

At the American Art Galleries in this city some paintings by the late Albert Bierstadt were offered at auction on January 22. Among the prices paid were the following: Rocky Mountains—The Selkirk Range near the Canadian Border, and Last of the Buffalo, $1,100 each. A portrait of Mrs. Siddons, said to be a replica of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of her in the National Gallery, brought $1,025.

Théodore Jourdan, painter of animals, professor at the Marseilles École des Beaux Arts, has just died in his seventy-sixth year.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF GOLD EXPORTS.

Rise in our rate of exchange on London to $4.87¼ has revived discussion of a possible large export of gold. Since October, ideas as to the bearing of exchange rates on the movement of gold have become somewhat confused. Between October 24 and October 26, sight exchange on London was quoted at $4.81, but we were unable to engage gold for import, although a fall to $4.83½ would normally make such import profitable. The reason was that our credit machinery had temporarily broken down. On the other hand, the rate went as high as $4.91 in the first week of November, and we imported gold in quantity, although even at $4.88½, we should be exporting, not importing. We were then able to import, because our banks offered three cents extra on every dollar to the international banker who should import gold. Now, however, that panic is definitely over, we are back on a normal basis of exchange.

Last year, when we began to export gold at the end of May, the first $2,000,000 went to Paris with sterling exchange no higher than this week's maximum. Is a large gold export therefore imminent? Many people point to our $209,000,000 excess of merchandise exports over imports, during November and December, as against the $118,000,000 excess for the same months in 1906, and the $170,000,000 in 1905, as evidence that we are not likely to send gold abroad. The visible trade balance, however, does not always settle the question. After a financial crisis, it rarely does. In the calendar year 1894, for instance, excess of merchandise exports was $152,000,000, against $109,000,000 the year before, yet gold exports were $101,000,000, against $79,000,000 in 1893. In the twelve months following the panic of 1873, the "trade balance" was $18,000,000 in our favor, where it had been $119,000,000 against us a year before; yet we exported $34,000,000 gold. On both of those occasions, the economic fact was, that we had imported gold from Europe, during the panic, merely to replace hoarded currency, and that when the hoarded cash returned to circulation, we naturally had more gold than was actually needed. Usually, also, trade reaction at such times so far reduces demand for currency that it piles up idle in the city banks and leads to an overflow of gold to Europe. Both these conditions exist to-day; the condition which did not exist in 1894 or 1874, but which does in 1908, is the Treasury's power to reduce a superfluous circulating medium, through calling in cash from its $230,000,000 bank deposits.

Taking the actual elements as they stand, however, it is in order to ask, what would a large gold export mean to the American markets? Would it aggravate the existing depression? Would it start financial uneasiness? In general, how would it affect the outlook?

When such questions are asked, the mind, as a rule, reverts to 1894. In that year, the heavy and persistent export of gold certainly did intensify depression and spread financial alarm. It did so in that well-remembered year, however, for a peculiar reason. In 1894, the country's circulating medium, amounting in all to $1,739,000,000, contained $604,000,000 gold and $450,000,000 government notes redeemable in gold at the Treasury. The government had stopped paying gold for its own expenditures, and a quiet hoarding movement had been the result. As a consequence, the government legal-tender notes were used almost exclusively in remittances to the New York banks, which, not receiving any gold on payments from the Treasury, used the notes for their payments to the government. The result was, that when the gold export movement began in quantity in March, the banks were compelled to obtain the necessary coin from the Treasury through redemption of these notes. But as the Treasury's $100,000,000 gold reserve against the notes was already greatly impaired—it was down to $65,000,000 in January, and fell to $52,400,000 in the ensuing summer—this process caused great uneasiness. It was felt that, if the reserve were to be exhausted, no other recourse than a lapse to a silver standard would remain. Each successive gold shipment brought such a possible crisis nearer.

To-day conditions are far different. Of the $3,079,000,000 total money circulation outside the Treasury, $1,355,000,000 is gold; that is to say, where only 35 per cent. of the country's money supply was gold in 1894, no less than 45 per cent. is in that form to-day. Furthermore, as against the $450,000,000 government notes outstanding in 1894, only $350,000,000 are in the public's hands to-day. There is therefore less reason to draw on the government's stock of gold to-day, and less power to draw if there were reason. And if both reason and power existed, the Treasury holds a reserve of $150,000,000 gold against its notes —$50,000,000 more than the normal reserve of fourteen years ago, and $85,000,000 more than what was actually held in January, 1894. This is one of the many facts which go to show the greater fundamental strength of the present situation.

A hearty welcome should be extended to W. H. Hull's "Practical Problems in Banking and Currency" (The Macmillan Company). This is a compilation of papers and addresses by representative bankers, economists, and financiers upon important questions of currency and finance. The first group includes sixteen papers upon banking methods and policies, the second contains twenty-seven papers upon banking and currency reform, and the third presents eighteen others dealing with the work of trust companies. Much of the material here collected is of great value, and the editor has done well to make it readily accessible to all students.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atlas of South Africa. London: Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co.
Bell, Mowry. Weeds and Wild Flowers. Boston: Badger.
Betel Nuts. Rhymed into English by Arthur Guiterman. Valentine Edition. Paul Elder & Co.
Björnson, Björnstjerne, The Novels of. Vols. IX. and X. Macmillan. $1.25 each.
Brock, Lillian. The Borrowed Baby. Boston: Badger.
Burns's Poems. Edited by Philo M. Buck, jr. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
California Earthquake in 1906. Edited by David Starr Jordan. San Francisco: A. M. Roberts.
Chamberlin, Joseph Edgar. Ifs of History. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.
Clark, Hubert Lyman. The Apodous Holothurians. Washington: Smithsonian Institute.
Davenport, E. Principles of Breeding. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.
Dennison, Walter. Livy: Book I. and Selections from Books II.-X. Macmillan. 60 cents net.
Fairbanks, Arthur. Athenian Lekythoi. Macmillan.
Fairlie, John A. Essays in Municipal Administration. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Ferris, George Hooper. The Formation of the New Testament. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Fletcher, Horace. Optimism: A Real Remedy. Chicago: McClurg.
Franklin, W. S., and others. Practical Physics. 2 vols. Macmillan. $1.25 net each.
Glasgow, Ellen. The Ancient Law. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Grant, Ethel Watts-Mumford. Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom for 1908. Valentine Edition. Paul Elder & Co.
Groot, C. Hofstede de. Catalogue of Dutch Painters. Translated by Edward G. Hawke. Vol. I. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
Hall, H. Fielding. The Inward Light. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Hanna, Hugh Sisson. A Financial History of Maryland (1789-1848). Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Harper, Samuel N. The New Electoral Law for the Russian Duma. University of Chicago Press. 27 cents.
Hassīb, Hassan Chevky. Wārid At-Ul-Habīb Li Tanwir-Il-Labīb. Translated by Muhammad 'Aly Chevky. London: Luzac & Co.
Herbert, Nellie C. T. Lyrics and Idyls. Boston: Badger.
Lea, Henry Charles. The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Lloyd, Alfred H. The Will to Doubt. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Macaulay, G. C. James Thomson. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Mann, Charles E. Greek Myths and Their Art. Prang Educational Co.
McPherson, J. A. Waterworks' Distribution. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50.
Mighels, Philip V., and others. Adventures with Indians. Harpers. 60 cents.
Mosso, Angelo. The Palaces of Crete and Their Builders. Putnams. $5.25 net.
Pratt, Florence Evelyn. Songs of Many Days. Boston: Badger.
Shields, Thomas Edward. The Education of Our Girls. Benziger Bros.
Shurts, J. Van Der Veer. Kedar Kross. Boston: Badger.
Stearns, Frank Preston. True Republicanism. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.
Tennyson's Poetical Works. In six volumes. Annotated by Alfred Lord Tennyson. Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. Vol. I. $1.50 net. Macmillan.
Tudor Facsimile Texts: Wisdom or Mind, Will and Understanding; Mankind; John the Evangelist; Wealth and Health; King Darius; Impatient Poverty; Wever's Lusty Juventus; Massinger's Believe as Ye List. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Urussov, Serge Dimitriyevich. Memoirs of a Russian Governor. Translated by Herman Rosenthal. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Vance, Louis Joseph. The Black Bag. Minneapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Voorhees, Irving Wilson. The Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
Wager, Vernon Wade. Pocket Tokens. Boston: Badger.
White, Fred M. The Yellow Face. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Whiting, Robert Rudd. A Ball of Yarn. Valentine Edition. Paul Elder & Co.
Williams, H. Noel. A Princess of Intrigue. 2 vols. Putnams.
Withey, Morton Owen. Tests on Plain and Reinforced Concrete. Madison, Wis. 25 cents.
Wood, Robert Williams. How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers. Valentine Edition. Paul Elder & Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1908.

The Week.

No one who is familiar with Gov. Hughes's utterances could have expected anything sensational in his speech on national issues last Friday night. What he said was of a piece with his known character and his previous record. He confronts national questions just as he deals with State questions. He is frankly a Republican, but a progressive one, independent also, and firmly of the mind that administrative vigor is of the essence of good government. He is a States' rights man, desiring the highest efficiency of local government; but is just as decidedly for resolute Federal action where that is unavoidable. In a word, Mr. Hughes, the Presidential candidate, is precisely the same man we have come to know as Governor of New York. That he should either seek to put himself at variance with President Roosevelt, or toady to him, was unthinkable. His speech was in no sense a great one; perhaps inevitably it was general and rather non-committal in tone; but it was sound and steady. We believe also that it was politically sagacious. It will go well with Republicans of the sort who must furnish his chief support. With what the Governor had to say about a protective tariff, the *Nation* will not be expected to agree. Had Mr. Hughes had occasion to apply to this subject those keen powers of analysis which he has devoted, for example, to taxation of corporations and to franchises, he would not have dropped into the conventional but fallacious phrases about high duties making high wages possible, and so on. Still, even in the tariff question, Gov. Hughes professes himself open-minded. To any duty in the existing law that was plainly "exorbitant" or granted a "special privilege," he would be opposed; and he is for a general and scientific revision as soon as possible. It is now certain that no competitor of his in the Chicago convention will go further than that.

The drift toward tariff reduction in this country is unmistakable. A recent dispatch to the New York *Sun* tells us:

> Thirty or more of the leading members of the National Asssociation of Manufacturers, representing billions of capital and upward of two million votes, according to their own statements, are in Washington prepared to deliver a knock-out blow to the present tariff schedules.

The enlistment of this great organization in the cause of tariff reform is one of the notable events of recent tariff history. The Dingley Act was drawn not only for, but, in many instances, virtually *by* the manufacturers. If they are not satisfied with it, no one can be. The Manufacturers' Association wants a commission appointed at once to procure the data for a revision. This is not an abandonment of the protective theory. The indications of discontent among protectionists themselves only increase our regret that Gov. Hughes did not at least ally himself aggressively with those of his party who feel that their beliefs are travestied in the Dingley law.

President Roosevelt's message of last week urging an employers' liability bill reiterates his well-known views in regard to corporations and the criminal rich. The document is long, rambling, and repetitious. More serious, however, are the faults of temper. In conception and in style it falls far below the dignity of a state paper. Mr. Roosevelt has plainly been made furious by the attacks on him and his Administration and by the accusation that he is responsible for the panic. His return upon his assailants has not, we feel, materially helped his case. Men and politicians being what they are, it is inevitable that the Administration in power shall get the credit for every lucky event and the blame for every misfortune. Mr. Cleveland and the Democrats suffered; and now Mr. Roosevelt and the Republicans are having their turn. In such cases nothing but time and the calm judgment of posterity can properly distribute praise and censure; and Mr. Roosevelt must wait for that verdict upon his failures and achievements.

Beyond doubt, two recent decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are severe blows to the methods of organized labor. Last week our highest tribunal declared unconstitutional the Erdman law, enacted by Congress in 1898, which forbade railroads or other carriers engaged in interstate commerce to discriminate against or discharge employees because of their membership in labor unions. On Monday the court decided that the favorite weapon of the unions, the boycott, is illegal when it is used to restrain or to injure the free movement of merchandise from one State into another. As there are few large enterprises which do not engage in interstate trade, the favorite weapon of the boycott thus loses much of its potency. Granting—as the *Nation* does—the many benefits which the unions have secured for their members, the desire of the unions to place themselves as a class above and beyond the law, has often made them hostile to American theories of personal liberty. The unfair advantages which certain forms of capital enjoy under our laws have furnished a demoralizing example to the laboring men. The Republican policy of protection has given employers special privileges, and the employed have naturally wanted similar favors for themselves. When courts have issued injunctions, organized labor has attempted to tie the hands of the judiciary. When legislators like Congressman Littlefield have asserted their right to oppose such proposals, the unions have engaged in a vindictive warfare against them. But now the supremacy of the union over the laws seems nearly at an end. And this change must work to the advantage of the unions themselves, in forcing them to rely more upon their legitimate strength, namely, the intelligence and the efficiency of the individual members. The union which can supply the most skilful and conscientious laborers can command the labor market without resort to illegal force.

Speaker Cannon's withdrawal of his opposition to the Appalachian and the White Mountain forest reserves is a happy event, for these projects are of high importance to the future of both New England and the South. "The list of organizations which in one way or another are aiding in the movement is too long to mention," says *Forestry and Immigration* in its last number. The passage of this bill would mean that the Government would take control, before it is too late, of the country's main supply of hard-wood timber, and also of the growths which chiefly regulate the flow of rivers supplying water-power to some of the great manufacturing States. The bill would make, at the same time, our forest reserve policy national in extent, instead of merely Western. If Speaker Cannon's belated support gains him some popularity at a time when popularity is uncommonly useful to a Presidential aspirant, he is welcome to it. "He who plants a tree," says the poet, "plants a hope." We know of no reason why political hopes should be excluded.

"More than a million dollars a day for military purposes"—this is not an estimate of the autocratic Russian government's expenditure to keep itself in power, nor of the bill paid by Germany to maintain a great fleet and keep up a standing army of 600,000 men. It is merely a conservative guess at what our peace-loving United States is to be asked to pay during the next fiscal year.

Congressman Tawney has pointed out that the estimates already received call for the enormous amount of $406,011,216, at a moment when our balance sheet may show a deficit of one hundred millions in the year 1908-1909. This total includes, of course, pensions; but, as Mr. Tawney pointed out:

> This stupendous sum of $406,011,216 is asked for simply for the military side of the government, and is larger than appropriations for the entire expenses of the government for any fiscal year since the civil war down to 1890, and not appreciably less than appropriations for any fiscal year prior to 1897, for the Spanish-American war.

But, as the Washington *Times* points out, this is not all, for it does not include the twenty-one millions paid out for the maintenance of the War and Navy Departments, or the forty millions asked for new battleships. If Mr. Roosevelt's military mania were to be allowed full sway, we should expend $467,000,000 in 1908-1909 for war purposes, past, present, and future, or one and one-third millions for every day in the year. There never was a more stupid spectacle than that of this country's assuming all the burdens of that Old-World militarism which annually drives to our shores thousands of immigrants.

Explanations of the panic have been almost as numerous as projects for currency reform. Senator Foraker, in approaching the subject before the dinner of the Ohio Society in this city Saturday night, was too shrewd to stake his judgment on a single cause. He admitted "many causes; for example, overtrading, over-expansion of credit, overcapitalization of new organizations, high prices of stocks, of labor, and of materials." But the Senator nevertheless had his own particular theory:

> All these had a share, but the chiefest of the causes may be summed up in the one word, "muck-raking"; chiefest because it was the fruitful, precipitating, first cause of all the mischief that followed.

Nobody, we suppose, will deny that "muck-raking" did have an effect in aggravating, if not in creating, the mental conditions which made possible the panic. But the investigator should go a little further, and inquire just why these published articles on the wrongdoing of individuals and institutions should have made so deep an impression. Our own answer would be that many of the accusations were true. We certainly had abundance of muck to rake in the life-insurance investigation, in the Union Pacific inquiry, and in the Public Service Commission's overhauling of the New York Street Railway's books. The long and short of it is that the muck was there. We do not observe, in the reports of Senator Foraker's speech, any reference to these scandalous evils, or to the necessity of restraining them hereafter. On the contrary, the Senator's main ground of congratulation is that, since the panic, "muck-raking articles have been at a discount," and that "a more wholesome sentiment prevails." Wholesome, no doubt, so far as regards the abandonment of such crude and hasty legislation as that of numerous States on railway rates. But if Mr. Foraker means that recent events have relaxed our efforts to hunt down financial rascality, expose its practices, and put a stop to it for the future, then, the result is not "wholesome."

At Berlin last Thursday President Hadley of Yale lectured on "American University Life." According to the Associated Press dispatch,

> He compared student life in Germany with that in America, summing up in favor of the latter, which, he said, while providing the highest degree of mental development and discipline, also encouraged a healthy love of sport, thus supplying a tendency to the physical improvement of the students, which was lacking in European universities.

The lecturer, we take it for granted, did not fail to explain the difference between the abstract ideal of physical exercise for all the students and the actual effect of our system of intercollegiate athletics in confining the benefits of outdoor sports to a small minority. President Hadley must also have told his hearers that America's far-reaching reform in higher educational methods—the substitution of physical for mental training—was not proposed and urged by educational experts. On the contrary, it has been carried in the teeth of conservative educators. Our oldest and most accomplished teachers, college presidents like Eliot of Harvard, and serious-minded fathers, have united in protesting that the college authorities should not virtually excuse members of the football team from academic exercises for the first two or three months of the autumn term; and that the whole interest of the undergraduates should not be centred in these gladiators, to the neglect of study. But our undergraduates and our young graduates have been the ones to insist that athletics is the interest chiefly to be cultivated. They have publicly and privately denounced as fogies those members of the faculty who suppose that studies come first; they have made it plain that the sentiment of the "student body" and of "influential alumni" favors the sacrifice of everything to the success of the teams. In this effort our irresponsible youths have been ably seconded by the press. With the newspapers shrieking through all our streets and with the undergraduates and young graduates howling on the campus, our college authorities have seen on which side the weight of argument lies. Under such pressure, harried by such ardent reformers, our teachers of the classics, of philosophy, and of mathematics have humbly acknowledged the error of their ancient way and have let the athletes determine more or less completely the amount of study and the kind of study that shall—for themselves at least—be required for a degree. Thus the present system of intercollegiate athletics has been forced upon our colleges by persons who know and care nothing about education.

President Hadley's efforts to persuade the Germans that our method is superior will not be wholly successful with those who may chance to read the recent report of a committee of the trustees of Williams, who have voted to allow fewer intercollegiate contests. According to this document, the number of participants in the games "has been insignificant in comparison with the number of students in attendance." The report continues:

> From the primary and proclaimed purpose of a college, there has been such a diversion to a secondary and subordinate incident of collegiate association, as to induce the student belief that the true college spirit is to be evoked not through the curriculum or in interchange of ideas, but most potently in the arena of athletic sport. Such in effect has been the formal declaration of the students' publications.

What is true of Williams is true, *mutatis mutandis*, of most of our Eastern colleges. Conditions are not unfairly described in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for January 1, in which M. le Vicomte Georges d'Avenel gives the third instalment of his impressions of America. After speaking of the well-known industry of the French student, he adds:

> For young Americans, the thing which is most important in college is the sports. These sports change a little in the different grades, or classes, but maintain always the principal place in education. The glory of every university is not (like our *lycées* in their recent general competition) to win more prizes than other institutions for the dissertation or the Latin version, but to have the best rowers or the ablest players of baseball. The American succeeds in college by physical skill (*à la force du poignet*); he learns little, and is neglectful of diplomas—of little value and easily obtained.

This statement is, of course, not true of all colleges at all times. But there are few colleges in this part of the country which do not furnish many facts in support of the Frenchman's cruel generalization.

Prizes offered to artists who contribute to annual exhibitions are likely to reflect some particular hobby of the donor. A collector of landscapes or marines will give a prize for the "best" American landscape or marine. Or another amateur perceives that figure work is neglected, and so founds a welcome prize for that *genre*. The result is encouragement for art in a limited range. But a prize offered for the first time this year at the Architectural League indicates a broader view. This competition was for plans for a Pavilion and Open-Air Swimming Pool. Three or four arts are called upon—architecture for the pavilion, wings, trellises, pool, and landscape; sculpture for that end of the pool where the water flows in; mural painting for the loggia, which is to be the main feature of the pavilion. In order to enter for this prize, architects have had to associate with themselves sculptors and "murals." Since the new prize is not so large that it could be shared with two others, the Architectural League has applied the old prize for sculpture (the Henry O. Avery prize) and that for mural painting to this combined design. Our architects so rarely enjoy a chance to employ painters and sculptors in the original designing of their buildings that a competition of the kind, if continued year after year, ought to prove highly instructive to laymen as well as the profession, and hasten the time when no building of any pretence to beauty, private or public, will be undertaken without this kind of collaboration.

One phase of the Portuguese troubles that reaches beyond the limits of the Iberian Peninsula is the reported disaffection in Portugal's East African colony, stimulated by the news of events at Lisbon. Disorders in Delagoa Bay or in Angola, the colony on the West African coast, would be so serious as to arouse international anxiety. England has been spoken of as the historical friend of the Lusitanian kingdom, but it is in Africa almost more than at home that the present upheaval is likely to call for British attention. Should some form of civil warfare break out among the Portuguese on either coast, South and Central Africa would look forward with fear to the chances of native outbreaks, a possibility which is never entirely absent from the white man's consciousness in that continent. Zululand, for instance, where native unrest is again reported, is at no great distance from the Portuguese East African frontier. But Anglo-German rivalry might also come into play, in case conditions in Portugal—and what these are to be for some time to come we cannot tell—should suggest the possibility of a separation of the mother country from her colonies. Portuguese East Africa is bounded on the north by German East Africa, and on every other land frontier by British territory. Portuguese West Africa is bounded on the south by German Southwest Africa, and on the east partly by British Rhodesia. Chance of friction, therefore, exists.

The reasons why the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry should have decided not to reintroduce the Irish Council Bill in the present session of Parliament are not hard to find. A measure as tame as the one rejected by the Irish party in convention last year would, of course, have no reason for being. A bill strong enough to please the Nationalists would stand no chance in the House of Lords; and the battle with the upper house, for which plenty of ammunition already exists, has been postponed, as we have already been told, to some future session. Yet it is unfortunate that the Liberal party should be showing, in spite of much brave talk, evidences of last year's disposition to conciliate and modify, instead of forcing through a comprehensive programme of legislation by means of the still large majority. After all, it is work that counts with the mass of the people.

The Russification of Finland is now advocated in influential circles, though as yet the Emperor is reported to have arrived at no decision. Almost exactly three years after the dramatic opening of the Russian revolution with Father Gapon's march on the Winter Palace, and a little over two years since the Czar, under the stress of the great upheaval of October, 1905, gave to Finland at one stroke her ancient liberties, and more, the old reactionary pack is once more in full cry against the Grand Duchy. The present proposal is not only to remove the liberal Governor of Finland and to appoint a former subordinate of the notorious Bobrikoff, but actually to dismember the Grand Duchy by annexing the Viborg district to Russia. History can show few parallels to this swinging round so enormous a circle in so short time—from absolutism through reform, complete constitutionalism and the imminence of a social revolution back to where the champions of absolutism feel themselves securely in the saddle once more. Grumblings against Finland, $500,000,000 for a new navy, the same old game of border politics in Central Asia—the Czar's empire seems back at its old moorings.

The death of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, will not help to improve relations between the government and the Church. The Vatican's irreconcilable attitude on the separation question makes it certain that Cardinal Richard's successor will be a man pledged to a continuance of the policy of non-accommodation on the important problems arising from the Separation law that still await adjustment. The new archbishop will probably be Monsignor Amiette, coadjutor to Cardinal Richard. He has been the virtual head of the see of Paris during the conflicts of the last two years. That circumstance, too, tended to soften somewhat the relations between the late archbishop and the government. The Ministry, for instance, hesitated to employ forcible means for removing the venerable prelate from his episcopal palace when the Separation law went into effect, and a delay was granted until the cardinal left his residence of his own accord. A younger and more energetic bishop, holding his appointment from a reactionary Curia, is apt neither to give nor to receive much favor in the struggle with the Jacobins—as the situation is regarded at Rome. While present tendencies prevail at the Vatican, it is rather unfortunate that old members of the French episcopate whose moderation of views has been repeatedly shown, should disappear and make way for militant successors.

Sir Oliver Lodge, if we may believe the dispatches, is convinced that he has received communications from three men who in their lifetime were interested in psychical research, but who are now dead: Edmund Gurney, Richard Hodgson, and F. W. H. Myers. In an address at the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research last week Sir Oliver declared:

> On the question of the life hereafter the excavators are engaged in boring a tunnel from the opposite ends. Amid the roar of the water and the other noises, we are beginning to hear the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side. We have received what an investigation has proved to be messages from the dead through the mediums, Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Verrall.

This eloquence will, we doubt not, affect some of our younger readers; but it will leave those whose memories run back ten or twenty years rather cold. We should hesitate to say how many times within the last two decades communications with the dead have been definitely established by eminent divines, college professors, and distinguished scientists; and how many times these communications have been exposed as gross fraud or pathetic self-deception. The list of the misled is a long one and no less a name than that of Sir William Crookes is in it. The detailed evidence on which Sir Oliver rests his conviction has not been published; and until it is before us in fairly complete form we cannot analyze it. But one thing is sure: in such research the chances for trickery and error are innumerable; and proof far more cogent than has yet been produced is necessary in order to make it clear that Sir Oliver has not unconsciously translated his hopes into beliefs.

THE MURDER OF KING CARLOS.

Who the men were that shot down the Portuguese monarch and his elder son in Lisbon on Saturday is not yet clearly known. That the murder was a political act, there can be little doubt. The first impulse to throw the responsibility on aliens, or anarchists, is comprehensible enough in the state of public mind induced by so horrible a tragedy. But the latest news, the resignation of the Premier-Dictator Franco and the formation of a new cabinet, shows that events of Saturday have been accepted as a political protest that must not pass unheeded. Fear alone may not have induced Senhor Franco to resign. To the new boy-King and his mother, the chief minister could only be the man who, more or less directly, had brought about the disaster; and therefore coöperation between him and the young monarch would have been rendered difficult. Franco's successor, Admiral Ferreira do Amaral, was spoken of soon after the assassination, as the probable head of a new cabinet. Among the other members is José-Maria d'Alpoim, chief of the Progressive Dissidents, whom rumor connects with the assassinations. If this report is founded on fact, the change would indeed be surrender on the part of the government.

The situation in Portugal has been puzzling. Not the least incomprehensible feature was the late King's seeming disregard of the danger that threatened. Was it merely exceptional courage that made him appear in public, practically without protection, at a time when excitement was at fever heat and the police were discovering daily plots against the government? Or did the King really underestimate the force of popular resentment aroused by his anti-constitutional policy? That foreign observers should not have understood how earnest the Portuguese parties were in their controversy with the King, is conceivable. But that the King himself should have failed to gauge the feelings of his people or the strength of the opposition with which he had to contend, is astonishing. Yet that would appear to have been the case, to judge from the light-hearted tone of a statement he made to the representative of the Paris *Temps*, last November:

> Senhor Franco is the man I have wanted. For a long time I had my eye on him. At the opportune moment I called him. His merit consists in his faith in himself, in his star; and in the hours of crisis such confidence is a precious aid. We are completely in accord. He has my entire confidence. We shall hold the elections when it suits our own purpose. We are sure of a majority. The country will approve Senhor Franco's policy. We shall reëstablish financial equilibrium and wipe out the deficit . . . I know my country. Portugal needs quiet. I can see that wherever I go my people are with me.

But evidently the Portuguese people were not with their King.

In the protracted struggle between Carlos I. and the parliamentary parties, foreign opinion has in general sided with the King. The conflict has been usually described, and on the whole truthfully, as arising from the unmeasured corruption that characterized the two great political parties, the Regeneradores, or Conservatives, and the Progressives, or Liberals, with their offshoot, the Progressive Dissidents. The system of rotation was in force, a working agreement by which the two parties took turns at the public trough. Under such a régime, and with a court not averse to extravagance, the finances of the country fell into a deplorable condition. In 1906 the public debt of Portugal, a country with some 5,500,000 inhabitants, amounted to nearly $800,000,000. Sweden, with a population almost the same, had in that year a public debt of $90,000,000. In 1891 Senhor Franco organized the party of Liberal-Regenerators, pledged to a policy of reform. In 1906 King Carlos made him premier, and when all attempts at reform were blocked by the parliamentary opposition of the two great parties, the King resorted, in May, 1907, to a dissolution of Parliament and a dictatorship.

That such drastic action was necessary to save the country from ruin, has been the defence of Franco's adherents, a defence which has been received with approval abroad, including this country, where we like strenuous executives. Yet the tragedy at Lisbon has shown that suspensions of Constitutional forms and dictatorships are not easily to be played with. If the Portuguese politicians, in defence of an evil cause, were able to provoke resentment to the point where assassination becomes a possibility, it must mean that the people of Portugal value Constitutional rights above financial well-being. Benevolent despotism has its attractive side; but it is growing more and more difficult to justify suppression of liberty by the argument from expediency. Democratic institutions demand that the people, through their representatives, be allowed to work out their own fortunes. It matters little that oligarchic influence or party interests often assume the mask of popular liberty, as the case may be in Portugal. The principle is strong enough to bear such exceptions. The people prefer to stew in their own juice. A *coup d'état*, they feel, is not government: it is reversion to elementary strife, of which no one can foresee the consequences.

MR. CORTELYOU'S DEFENCE.

In his reply to the Senate's inquiries, the Secretary of the Treasury has made the best defence of which his government bond and note issues of November are susceptible. Since the government itself, by stopping sales when only $24,631,980 2 per cent. bonds and $15,436,500 3 per cent. notes had been allotted, instead of the $50,000,000 and $100,000,000, respectively, offered on November 17, has confessed its misjudgment of the situation, we should have been glad to pass the matter over without further comment. No one has impugned the motives of Mr. Cortelyou.

There is, however, an historical aspect of the government's intervention which cannot be dismissed so easily. Efforts have been made by some bankers—and efforts are naturally made in the Secretary's document—to argue that the action of the government stopped the panic. To this argument the fact that the condition of the banks did improve progressively after the Treasury's announcement, gives some apparent force. Mr. Cortelyou's statement is:

> While the pressure on the banks was not allayed at once by the measure, confidence was so far restored that the premium on currency fell immediately, and bids were received in such volume for both classes of issues that it was not considered necessary to allot even half of the total amount of the two issues.

Were this view to pass unchallenged, it is easy to imagine what use might be made of the precedent in a future crisis. Secretary Richardson similarly defended, in 1873, his illegal reissue of government notes retired by law, by asserting officially that the currency paid out "did much to strengthen many savings banks and to prevent a panic among their numerous depositors," and that it "fortified other banks, and checked the general alarm to some extent." Had financial and economic critics accepted this defence, and ignored the fact that the action of the Treasury not only encouraged loose views of legal restraints, but gave instant aid and comfort to the fiat-money school, it is highly probable that the affair would have been cited, in the panics of both 1893 and 1907, as an argument for arbitrary recourse to illegal paper issues.

The truth about last November's action, as the banking community now recognizes, is that the emergency was not such as to call for government interference. When the Treasury announced its note and bond issues, the financial strain, severe though it still remained on the day before the announcement, was showing distinct signs of relaxation; the bank returns, and the fall in the currency premium from 4 per cent. on November 12 to 1½ in the week before the Treasury moved, were indeed proof sufficient of ameliorating conditions.

With what seems a partial recognition of this fact, Mr. Cortelyou rests his defence of the recourse to a 3 per cent. note issue, when the Treasury's surplus was unusually large, on the plea that all but $5,000,000 of this surplus was on deposit with the banks. For public purposes, this was too small a working balance, yet the Treasury might "invoke a financial disaster by attempting to withdraw funds on deposit with national banks, at a time when they were subject to severe strain in meeting the business requirements of the country." But this plausible argument overlooks rather oddly the point that all the cash which the Treasury obtained from banks, in exchange for the new 3 per cents., would equally have to be withdrawn from bank reserves. If the whole cash thus received had been re-deposited in the subscribing banks, the Treasury's own case would have been precisely what it was before; and if part of it had not been re-deposited—which was the actual case—then the Treasury to that extent drew on the bank supply of cash, exactly as if it had called in the same amount from its bank deposits.

The whole November transaction, it may as well be admitted, was due partly, like the course of the Treasury in 1873, to a yielding to unreasoning pressure from panic-stricken business interests, and partly to misjudgment of the situation. It is an open secret that in certain important banking quarters it was expected that the government would connive at the grossly illegal use of these 3 per cent. certificates as actual reserve money, and there is reason to believe that even the Treasury had some idea of attracting hoarded money into subscriptions. To his lasting credit, Secretary Cortelyou gave an unhesitating veto to the first of these expectations; and the second was quickly disposed of by the course of events. It was soon discovered that, where individuals were tendering subscriptions to the government issues, they were planning to take the cash for payment, not from private strongboxes, but from the reserves of banks. All things considered, Mr. Cortelyou deserves credit chiefly for the readiness with which he recognized the mistake of policy, and the courage with which he abandoned it. Not every public officer would have done so much.

The main consideration, from the point of view of financial history and precedent, is that a time of financial panic is a time for the government, after using promptly its legitimate resources for relief, as Mr. Cortelyou did in his October deposits of public funds, to keep its hands off.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND THE UNIONS.

We commented in our issue of January 16 upon the killing of 5,000 persons and the injuring of 76,286 upon our railways during 1907. Upon the vexed question of the relationship of labor unions to these appalling casualties, light has now been shed by J. O. Fagan's "Confessions of a Railway Signalman," in the current *Atlantic*, the second of two valuable papers. Speaking of President Mellen's recent statement that, so far as his roads are concerned, increase of pay is invariably followed by decreased efficiency, Mr. Fagan declares that "increase of pay and decrease of efficiency are both indications of loss of grip by the management," and adds that, "hidden away in this simple statement there is a whole world of significance." The power or pressure which induced Mr. Mellen to increase wages is the same influence which makes for decreased efficiency. This power is, Mr. Fagan declares, the "Railroad Labor Organization."

Mr. Fagan is himself a labor-union man who is not blind to the benefits that have been derived from organization. The unions have established a fraternal feeling, aroused a spirit of mutual helpfulness; they have beyond doubt contributed to the comfort and prosperity of almost every man in the service, and have done excellent work in obtaining protective legislation for railway workers. If this were all, they would, of course, deserve high praise. But there is another side. Mr. Fagan declares emphatically:

> For a great many years the influence of the railroad labor organizations has been consistently exerted, not only to raise wages and to improve conditions, which, of course, is perfectly proper and justifiable, but also to nullify discipline, to destroy personal management and authority, and to obliterate from all schedules and working agreements any reference to or consideration for the paramount interests of the travelling public.

This result, Mr. Fagan insists, is not only due to the indirect effect of union victories, but is directly achieved by agreements which "for the most part are secret documents."

This frank statement is alarming substantiation of what has long been more or less vaguely alleged. Additional confirmation of Mr. Fagan's view is also found in the open letter on railway accidents from W. H. Boardman in last week's issue of the *Railway Gazette*. Mr. Boardman, who is the editor of the *Gazette*, bluntly says that railway officers are in the main doing their best to prevent casualties, but that they "cannot be successful until they are allowed to control their employees." It is of his knowledge that, in the employment and discharge of enginemen and train crews, the unions have more authority than the employers, except on the Reading and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, "which have paid millions for the privilege" of controlling their own men. Actually, therefore, on nearly the whole of our American railway system the final responsibility for everything affecting the efficiency of the employees and their discipline rests, not with the officers elected by the owners, but with the leaders of the employees. The only wonder is that conditions are not worse.

Mr. Fagan does not think that interference with discipline is part of a formulated policy. Yet his specific cases in which guilty men have been forced back into their positions, makes it hard to share this view. While Mr. Boardman admits that railway officers are often legally and morally guilty of negligence, Mr. Fagan pays a high tribute to the division superintendents, who are, he declares, "among the hardest worked, most thoroughly capable and conscientious men in the United States." He quotes one of them as saying: "With a free hand, we could put a stop to this killing in a week." It is impossible, therefore, to avoid the conclusion that upon the labor unions rests a grave responsibility for the slaughter which not only makes our railways the most deadly in the world, but weakens our country by a shocking waste of men, and the annual addition of thousands to the army of the maimed.

To be absolutely fair, it is necessary to show, as in fact Mr. Boardman does, that of the 5,000 passengers and employees killed last year, only 776 died in collisions, while 1,873 laborers were killed on the right of way. But at least 1,000 lives can be saved, he thinks, by better discipline and inspection, and fully fifteen times that number of injuries may be prevented. Most startling of all is Mr. Boardman's proof that, besides the 5,000 passengers and employees killed, 6,330 other persons, mainly trespassers on the right of way, were also killed, making a total of nearly one thousand lives a month, or of fully *thirty a day*. The trespassers numbered 5,381, but it is not to be assumed that all were tramps, and therefore—from the economic point of view—lives of little value. In the West, the railways are often the directest, best maintained, and most interesting highways; hence the stream of walkers includes often the well-to-do and the efficient. The frightful death list might be much reduced by fencing and patrolling the tracks. Indeed, on this point of patrolling Mr. Boardman does not lay sufficient stress. The American railways use only 49,961 persons to guard crossings and watch the lines; but if they employed as many proportionately as the Prussian railways, this number would be 636,000. Even if only 200,000 more track-walkers were hired, there would be a great saving in lives, and many accidents due to defective rails, floods, dropping of loads from freight trains, and the like would be prevented.

Finally, Mr. Boardman contends that conditions would be bettered if the courts were to hold the general managers criminally responsible for preventable accidents. This would lead, we believe, to a speedy shaking off of at least a part of the union thraldom.

THE LATIN WORM TURNS.

It is almost exactly ten years since a Frenchman's book on "Anglo-Saxon Superiority" made a great flutter. Edmond Demolins, in writing "A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons," no doubt thought of himself as performing a patriotic service. His aim was to warn his countrymen of certain dangers, and to bid them study the sources of strength of other nations. But a storm of denunciation at once broke over him in France. He was a recreant son, exposing the weakness of his mother. Abroad, however, particularly in Anglo-Saxon lands, he was praised at once for his frankness and his philosophic judgment. A Latin had never looked so brave and wise as when confessing his inferiority to the Saxon. It soon became a commonplace that the peoples of Southern Europe admitted themselves to be decadent; and Demolins's book had perhaps something to do in prompting Lord Salisbury's characteristically indiscreet remark about "the dying nations." Of late, however, the Latin worm has turned. The races of meridional Europe may be dying, but are like the Irishman who said, after the accident, that, if he was dead, he was not conscious of it. Many vigorous protests have been made by Spaniards, Italians, and the children of the Midi against being despised or even ignored. We may mention Ferrero's lectures in praise of Latin civilization, delivered in Brazil and in Argentina and Uruguay—utterances which were warmly applauded. Summing up in the Paris *Figaro* his experiences as lecturer-errant, Signor Ferrero admits sadly that the impulse of Latin origin is growing feebler in Latin America, where "Roosevelt interests them more than Augustus, and Japan more than Gaul in Cæsar's time." Nevertheless, Ferrero asserts with emphasis his old thesis that "the Latin spirit" was never more powerful than to-day, and that it could be made most fruitful in its influence upon Anglo-Saxon, German, or Slav civilization.

More directly to the point is a recent Italian book, "Latini e Anglo-Sassoni." Its author, Napoleone Colaianni, controverts stoutly the prevalent assumption that the future is entirely in the hands of the Northern races. He reproaches his fellow-Latins for ever having admitted this idea, and then proceeds to carry the war vigorously into the enemy's country. He contests the whole idea of anything like a fixed hierarchy of nations. Leadership is always changing. England at various periods has been so corrupt and contemptible that it is ridiculous for her to plume herself over Spain, for example. Spain held the hegemony of Europe in the sixteenth century, but who can say that her fall was any more calamitous than that of England may yet be? And Colaianni asserts that Italy, which once led the world in government, as in letters and art, is to-day gradually regaining eminence in all those directions. His book is, throughout, a piece of valiant national and racial self-assertion.

It is naturally strongest when it deals with the graces and refinements of civilization. If international epithets are to be flung about, certainly Florence and Paris have as good a right as London or New York to apply the term "barbarians." And even in the matter of moral soundness, Signor Colaianni puts up a stiff defence. He quotes German authorities to prove that Paris is less immoral than Berlin, London, or New York. Conceding that the higher classes in France and Italy are more lax in morals than those of Northern countries, he affirms the contrary of the great bulk of the people. Nowhere are they more chaste than in Italy. And in the matter of infanticide, the Italian record is twice as good as the German. To this Italian writer, the slaughter of the innocents in other countries is more repulsive and more disgraceful than the *crimes passionels* of his native land.

Even in the matter of bodily training and athletics this audacious Latin challenges the lasting superiority of Anglo-Saxons. Italy is awaking to her needs in these respects. She indulges in no blind dependence upon physical prowess, for she remembers the extreme importance given to athletics by the Greeks and Romans, who nevertheless fell before tribes that had never seen a stadium or a bath. Colaianni is confident of the ability of his countrymen to adopt whatever regimen may be necessary to keep abreast with the foremost, for "the Latin intelligence is more lively, more prompt, and assimilates knowledge better than any other." How it would have delighted him to know that the most athletic of Anglo-Saxon Presidents, in urging Congress to provide an army of athletes, could find no better reinforcement for his argument than pictures of Italian officers performing daring feats of horsemanship!

Such a book is not to be taken too literally. It is, in essence, merely a sharp reminder that no nation likes to be either patronized or snuffed out; and that a certain arrogance of Anglo-Saxons, in the presence of Latin races, is as ill-founded as it is ungracious. By both parties to the dispute about superiority, it would be well to cultivate tolerance and, above all, an effort to understand each other. The time is past when a nation or a race can complacently classify those who are not altogether as itself as inferior and barbarian.

THE SHORT STORY AS LITERATURE.

The short story has arrived at the dignity of elaborate treatment by no less a critic than Prof. Brander Matthews in his latest book, "The Short-story: Specimens Illustrating Its Development," edited with introduction and notes. Let us say at the outset that Professor Matthews's work is adequate in its kind; nor can there be any objection to the kind itself. These studies of literary types—the epic, the lyric, the essay, the novel, the short story, and so on—may serve a useful purpose. Doubtless, scholars will soon present us with solid tomes on the origin and development of the ten-line anecdote and the joke of commerce. When those precious contributions to knowledge appear, we hope to welcome them suitably. To-day we merely take the publication of Professor Matthews's book as an occasion to remind our readers that the short story is not one of the highest forms of literary art.

That common delusion is fostered, in the first place, by our periodicals. All the popular magazines and newspapers print short stories; some of them print nothing else. Worthy people whose reading is confined to these tales—and beyond the stock-tables and the news dispatches, many persons apparently read nothing else—talk quite innocently of their fondness for literature, and imagine they are sustaining their minds on the best writing of our best writers. We have all met unsophisticated souls who speak of Richard Harding Davis, for example, as if he were Thackeray or Thomas Hardy. But the mistake is not confined to persons who are relatively illiterate. The enormous demand for stories containing between two thousand and ten thousand words has its effect on the minds of our professional authors. They see that a carefully composed novel may have but a small sale; that essays and poetry hardly pay their way; but that any literary craftsman can write with his left hand a short story that some magazine will buy. That is the wide gate that leadeth to fame, and many there be which go in thereat. Thus the fact that millions of people, incapable of sustained attention to a book, want literature in homœopathic doses, has robbed us of the power to judge this kind of hack-work on its merits. Successful manufacturers of short stories gravely talk to the newspaper interviewer about their "methods of composition," and allow their pictures to be displayed in the literary magazines, apparently under the impression that they belong to the hierarchy of great novelists and poets.

And some of our college teachers, we regret to say, have done their share in encouraging this folly. The theme-reader is always in danger of regarding his geese as swans; and when, after ploughing through thousands of pages of rubbish, he comes upon a theme which almost shows intelligence, he is likely to think it better than it really is. Now the short story is the kind of thing which bright freshmen and sophomores can produce; it requires less thinking than good exposition and argumentation; but it is often more entertaining. Hence we have the spectacle of undergraduates allowed, even instigated, to make their electives in composition courses in short-story writing. For the exceptional man the discipline may be profitable; but the majority of boys who indulge in this academic dissipation and of instructors who aid and abet them are the victims of self-deception. If the matter ended with college, little damage would be done. But aspiring youths, on the strength of their facility in carving cherry stones, sally forth to lead the literary life.

To all these misguided mortals—general readers, authors, teachers, and pupils—we commend Professor Matthews's book as a corrective. In spite of his own enthusiasm and his belief that this form of writing is "worthy of careful study," his admirably chosen specimens and his analytical introduction make it clear that with comparatively few exceptions the short story is milk for babes. He gives us, to be sure, some short stories which exhibit intellectual power and artistic skill. He shows that to observe all the limitations of this style is no small achievement. But, then, the number of flawless short stories, which may fairly rank high in literature, can almost be counted on the fingers. Boccaccio, for instance, is often held up as a great exemplar of the art of writing short stories; and yet, as Professor Matthews notes, Prof. C. S. Baldwin of Yale, after analyzing the hundred tales in the "Decameron," reaches the conclusion that over half are little more than anecdotes, and most of the remainder are but naked plots "ingeniously set forth, but existing only in scenario, so to speak." But three of Boccaccio's tales approximate the "true type of short story" and only two "actually attain to it." The difficulty with Boccaccio, Professor Matthews thinks, is that he had in mind "no definite standard" as to type and technique. Evidently, our learned professors have set up a norm as rigid as the three unities of classic drama.

Be that as it may, many modern practitioners are all technique. They have nothing to say, but they say it very well. They write short stories because—as Professor Matthews quotes from Prof. Bliss Perry—the short story does not require sustained imagination; it does not demand "essential sanity, breadth, and tolerance of view," or consistency, or ability to "think things through." In fine, though Professor Matthews would probably not go so far, the short story is the lowest type of imaginative literature. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is nothing more than whipped syllabub—a pretty confection for young ladies who want to kill time. The next step down from the short story is into the depths of journalism—news stories, special articles for Sunday papers, reports of college lectures, and so on to the abyss of advertisements and editorials.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, January 24.

René Boylesve has been a rising novelist in France for some years. Perhaps he has not yet reached his final standing, which may be among the highest. For mere French, for language, and style, in the adequateness of words to thought for the reader's easy intelligence and pleasure, he is already one of the best. "Mon amour," his new novel, deals, of course, with the everlasting feminine. Louis Bertrand, a late comer, has done work that also makes one wonder if he is not the promised great romancer. His new book, "L'Invasion," has something in it beside the present universal obsession of sex, since it portrays the curious life of the Italians who are "invading" and all but transforming the great French seaport of Marseilles. For a best seller, Marcel Prévost still holds the first place. His new "Lettres à Françoise mariée" continue to the young wife the spiritual direction which began with the volume of letters to the same young lady, when unmarried—a volume now in its ninety-sixth edition. With the old upbringing, the average French mother would scarcely allow her daughter to read these samples of utmost worldly wisdom; and it is probable they are even now read mostly after marriage. It would be curious to know how many men in France read these books written by a man for women, just as it would be to know how many English and American men read the novels written for them by women. It is certain that this return of Marcel Prévost to his earlier field follows on the diminished sales of his later, more manly novels.

Abel Hermant, the somewhat cynical, but sparkling novelist of the decadent and cosmopolitan rich in European fashionable resorts, publishes the text of his successful play of 1907, "Monsieur de Courpière." Like most French plays, it is as interesting read as heard. This is also the case with the volume in which the veteran Catulle Mendès has gathered together all his prose plays, "Théâtre en prose," including the favorite "Femme de Tabarin."

In history good as a play, we have a final "Camille Desmoulins" by another veteran, Jules Claretie, who is not only director of the Comédie Française, but for fifty years has been pouring out literary pages inexhaustible. The French Revolution is a specialty of his; there was never anything more dramatic than Camille's starting off the Palais Royal crowd to storm the Bastille, more idyllic than his love for Lucille, more tragic than the death of both at the hands of leaders he had helped to create. M. Claretie is not only a popular writer and an Academician; he is one of the active founders of the working Society of the History of the French Revolution. A little book on a lighter side of those dark years, "Les Fêtes et les chants de la Révolution Française," by Jules Tiersot, is worthy of mention. So is a new volume, "Souvenirs du Baron de Frenilly, pair de France (1768-1828)," letting in contemporary light on a period whose every day is still a subject of passionate dispute; the introduction and notes are by the competent historian, Arthur Chuquet. I recently narrated Frédéric Masson's attempt to uproot the perhaps ineradicable story of Napoleon crowning himself in presence of a supposedly amazed Pope. M. Masson, who seems to have studied his idol hour by hour of his career, now publishes an entire volume on "Le Sacre et le couronnement de Napoléon." L. de Lanzac de Laborie gives us the fourth volume of his "Paris sous Napoléon" devoted entirely to religion. This work has received the highest distinction awarded to works of history in France—the Grand Prix Gobert of the French Academy and the Prix Berger of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. A handbook of more restricted interest, but perhaps more real importance to the historical students, is the "Précis élémentaire d'histoire du droit français" during the Revolution, Consulate, and Empire—the period when French, and Continental law in general, took on its present complexion. The author is the chief living authority in this legal field, A. Esmein, professor of the Paris Faculty. "La Chute de la République de Venise (1789-1797)" is an original and painstaking study of the fate of Old Venice as a "neutral state under the Revolution," by André Bonnefons. Three volumes of strictly military history of the final blow to Napoleon's Empire and the European enterprises of Revolutionary France are published by F. De Bas of the historic section of the General Staff of Holland and Count J. de T'serclaes de Woomersom, colonel of the Belgian General Staff—"La Campagne de 1815 aux Pays-Bas" from official documents and reports in the archives of the Netherlands. The first volume deals with Quatre Bras; the second with Waterloo; the third contains "annexes" and plans. A military study of that other fatal battle for France, fifty-five years later, leads to the wonderful cavalry charge which drew from the Prussian King at his post of observation the admiring cry: "Oh! the brave fellows!" "Les Régiments de la Division Margueritte et les charges à Sedan" is the work of Gen. Rozat de Mandres.

The step is easy to the new imperialisms, which have all at once and simultaneously started up in our civilization. Paul Adam gives one of his general surveys to the matter in "Les Impérialismes et la morale des peuples"—nineteen chapters aimed at all and sundry, from Kaiser Wilhelm and President Roosevelt to the "evolution of the Chinese." The fourth volume of Ernest Seillière's formidable "La Philosophie et l'impérialisme" is entirely given up to what the author calls the "irrational" variety, especially in that literary, play-actoring phase which gives its name to the volume, "Le Mal romantique." Like all this author's work, it is a mixture of lofty philosophical speculation, such as we might expect from his writings on Nietzsche and Gobineau. An appendix to such speculations is found in a very legal little book by a Paris doctor of laws, J. Laferrière—"Les Cas insulaires"; it treats of the most practical thing in Imperialism—the customs tariffs between the United States and their "extra-continental" possessions. A work of considerable importance on the archetypal Imperialist is brought to an end in the third volume (1870-1898) of Paul Matter's "Bismarck et son temps." This is the period of "triumph, splendor, decline"; the first volume dealt with the "preparation" (1815-1862); the second with "action" (1862-1870). The author is both a doctor of laws and a Paris magistrate, and made himself known in this field of history by a book on Prussia and the Revolution of 1848.

In French history which is all but archæology, we have "Les Arênes de Lutèce"—the ancient past, the modern exhumation, and the present of that Roman amphitheatre which has been almost too completely restored in the Rue Monge of present-day Paris. The author is the intelligent compiler F. Bournon. A complete work, which was waiting to be done, is "Le Château historique de Vincennes à travers les âges" by F. de Fossa, captain of artillery. This château, occupied as it is by the Paris garrison, is little inferior in general interest to the Tower of London, and is still quite as castle-like in appearance. The first volume of the work goes through all its royal history, from Blanche of Castille and St. Louis, Isabeau of Bavaria, Henry the Fifth of England (who died there) down to Mazarin and the last of the great days, to the sad time when Napoleon had the Duc d'Enghien shot beneath the walls. The second volume, which will appear in March, will contain monographs on the art and architecture of the Donjon; the buildings of the towers and walls encircling the château; and the chapel with its stained glass.

Alfred Franklin, chief of the anecdotic historians of Parisian life, after advancing well into his second score of volumes on the past, now contemplates the present city from a safe standpoint—"Les Ruines de Paris en 4908"—official and unpublished documents.

In the series "Monumentos Arquitectónicos de España," 21 fascicles have already appeared on Toledo and one on Granada. Each fascicle has 16 large pages with illustrations in the text and 3 inset plates, often in colors. French text is given along with the Spanish. The Italian director of Fine Arts, Corrado Ricci, is responsible for a moderately expensive work (100 francs), "La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri nell' Arte del Cinquecento," with 288 illustrations in the text and 67 inset plates, after Michelangelo, Raphael, Zuccari, Vasari, etc. Paul Eudel, than whom no man living has more multiple experience of the tricks of imitation in art, has a quite new volume (distinct from his former "Truquage") on "Trucs et Truqueurs" in antiquities, armor, autographs, jewels and gold work, banknotes, bronzes, terra cottas, marbles, ceramics, chasing and gilding, drawings, illuminations, miniatures, military equipments, engravings, stuffs, tapestry, laces, ex-libris, ivories, books, medals, coins—and postage stamps. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

At the sale of George M. Williamson's books by the Anderson Auction Company last Thursday the prices showed that desirable rare books in excellent condition have not depreciated in value on account of the business depression. The first editions of the books by the Brontë sisters, with one exception having interesting autograph letters inserted, sold as follows: "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey," 1847, cloth, uncut, $155; "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," 1848, boards, uncut, with paper labels, $125; "Jane Eyre" (Mary Howitt's copy but without inserted matter), $90; "Shirley," 1849, cloth, uncut, $80; "Villette," 1853, cloth, uncut, $45; "The Professor," 1857, cloth, uncut, $27; the "Poems" of 1846, with the correct Aylott and Jones title-page, $101. Among the other sales are: Bryant's "Embargo," second edition, 1809, uncut, original paper wrapper, $55; the copy of "The Fountain and Other Poems," 1842, given by Bryant to Charles Dickens, with autograph inscription, $110; John Burroughs's first book, "Notes on Walt Whitman," 1867, with Burroughs's signature, $30; Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 1865, the correct first edition, $315; Daniel's "Civile Wares," 1609, red morocco, by Lortic, $175; "Pickwick Papers," an unusually fine set in the original parts, $755; and the first one volume edition of "Sketches by Boz," in parts, with original pink wrappers, $380.

The prices paid for Mr. Williamson's first editions of Robert Louis Stevenson show that the interest in this author is still keen among collectors. Letters laid in several of the books greatly enhanced their value. "The Pentland Rising," Stevenson's first book, "printed by a fond parent," with an interesting letter inserted, brought $177.50. Not less than twenty copies were sold by order of the executors of Stevenson and his mother in April, 1899, bringing prices varying from £6 2s. 6d. to £9 10s. each. The thin pamphlet, "An Appeal to the clergy of the Church of Scotland," 1875, which had a presentation inscription, brought $80; the two early scientific pamphlets, "Notice of a New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses," 1871, and "On the Thermal Influence of Forests," 1873, $35 and $31, respectively. Of the little leaflets printed by Stevenson and his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, for amusement, in 1880, 1881, and 1882, the earliest known, Vol. I., No. 3, of *The Surprise*, San Francisco, 1880, went for $225. When sold in 1899 as the property of Stevenson's mother the price was £21 5s. The first series of "Moral Emblems," printed at Davos-Platz, brought $51; the second, $18; the two advertisements, $22 and $26; "Not I and Other Poems," the identical copy which was sold in 1899 for £22, $51; a printed sheet—a poem "To F. J. S."—sixteen lines, $81. A similar copy brought £7 in 1899. "To M. I. Stevenson [R. L. Stevenson's mother], Feb. 11, 1882, from R. L. Stevenson and S. L. Osbourne," a four-page leaflet about two inches square, having on page 2 a rude woodcut of a man admiring a daisy, and on page 3 "The Marguerite. Lawks! what a beautiful flower! T. S.," was bid up to $45. Several copies belonging to Stevenson's mother sold in 1899 at prices ranging from £1 18s. to £8. Several special, or imperfect, issues, got up for the purpose of securing copyright, went for good prices: "The Silverado Squatters," some leaves from the *Century*, with a specially printed cover, $65; "Macaire," an octavo pamphlet, with Heinemann's imprint, $25; "Kidnapped," with "Published for the Auther" on title, $115; "The Master of Ballantræ," presented by Charles Scribner to Mr. Foote, $100; "The South Seas," 1890, one of twenty-two copies printed and mostly cut up for distribution among a syndicate of newspapers, $150; and "Weir of Hermiston," 1896, one of six printed, $90. Presentation copies of first editions sold as follows: "An Inland Voyage," 1878, $155; "Edinburgh," 1889, $31; "New Arabian Nights," 1882, $32; "A Child's Garden of Verses," 1885, $71; and "Underwoods," 1887, $55.

While the auction sale of Crispi's library, of which mention was made in the *Nation* of November 21, cannot have proved altogether disappointing to the impecunious Crispi heirs, it certainly was a unique opportunity for the libraries which figured among the principal purchasers, the National Victor Emanuel Library of Rome, the Library of the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the New York Public Library, the Library of Princeton University, and the private Risorgimento library of an American resident in Rome. The total sales, which covered a period of four weeks and comprised 3,500 numbers, netted only 15,200 lire, a very inconsiderable sum, indicative of the utter want of enterprise and organization which characterizes the second-hand book trade in Italy to-day. The sale was conducted by Nardecchia, who is perhaps the best of Italy's second-hand booksellers; and had it not been for his personal purchases and the discreet bidding of the few American libraries represented, the total receipts would have been much lower; in fact, the sale would hardly have been possible. Rare works for dilettante bibliophiles were few, for the collection had been made for the practical use of a student statesman; but the discriminating librarian found innumerable bargains in works of history, diplomacy, jurisprudence, and statistics, at a fourth or a fifth of the prices ordinarily paid by the American library to its German or French agent. The most interesting sale was that of a set of secret documents upon Italy's African affairs; they had been printed for the private use of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in an edition of only twenty copies, one of which had been inadvertently left in Crispi's library. Among the documents were some which in the changed attitude of Italy's present foreign policy, would give umbrage to a friendly Power—Russia. By good luck the embassies in Rome were ignorant of the sale of the documents, and they were bid in excitedly by the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs at 1,150 lire. A copy of the privately printed edition of the works of Felice Cavallotti in six volumes, with the autograph dedication, "A Francesco Crispi con Affetto vivissimo perenne, Felice Cavallotti," was bought by the Victor Emanuel Library for 80 lire; it is of peculiar interest in view of Cavallotti's later implacable enmity for Crispi. Unpublished autograph letters of Guerrazzi, in part hostile to Crispi, were bid in for the private library of an American resident in Rome, as were practically all the pamphlets of the sale—say 20,000—and an invaluable manuscript volume of biographical notices of the Sicilian patriots who suffered for the national Italian cause from 1848 to 1860, a volume prepared for the Italian pension commission of 1883. Between the pages of many pamphlets were found manuscript documents and notes of Crispi, while the pamphlets themselves form a unique collection. An almost complete set of the Atti del Parlamento Italiano, which ordinarily brings from 3,000 to 5,000 lire, was withdrawn from the sale by the heirs, as bidding upon it reached only 300 lire. The private purchases of sections of the library not included in the sale, made by the Italian government and by a benefactor of the Palermo Library, amounted to 22,000 lire, so that the entire Crispi library, for which 60,000 lire had been asked privately, brought only 37,200 lire. Crispi's papers, valued at 200,000 lire, remain to be sold, but will probably be disposed of privately to the Italian government.

On February 13 and 14 the Anderson Auction Co. sells the collection of Charles Beldon Van Nostrand, with some additions. Among first editions are "Paradise Regained," 1671; Bacon's "Henry Seventh," 1622; "Mémoires de la vie privée de Benjamin Franklin," 1791, the first edition of the "Autobiography"; Browning's "Paracelsus," 1835, with corrections by the author; Mrs. Browning's "Seraphim and Other Poems," 1838, presentation copy; Byron's "Hours of Idleness," 1807; Coleridge's first publication, "The Fall of Robespierre," 1794; Gray's "Odes," Strawberry Hill, 1757; Rossetti's *The Germ*, 1850, in the original numbers; Shelley's "St. Irvyne," 1811; and Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," 1848. Of American authors there are first editions of Emerson, Holmes, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier. A fine and complete set of that great collection of voyages, "Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes," 1625-26, 5 vols., folio, is probably the most valuable lot. The catalogue includes also a remarkable series of books and letters relating to Christian Science and Mrs. Eddy; publications of the Grolier Club and various private presses, and books illustrated by Cruikshank.

Correspondence.

A WORD FOR OUIDA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: May I express through your columns a word of regret for Ouida? I do not mean for the poor woman who is said to have died in loneliness, but for the writer of one great story, and for the creator of one great character. Most people of "culture," I imagine, indiscriminately lump Ouida with Marie Corelli, Edna Lyall, Hall Caine, and the Duchess. Or else, if they have read her at all, their only recollection is of her snobbery, of her vulgarity, and of her beautiful, impossible guardsmen, with their "infinitely weary eyes," their "courtly grace," and of their "bows that are known in throne rooms." They may recall, too, her absurd belief in the power of Race, which works arbitrarily, making it impossible for one brother to do anything dishonorable, even if he should wish to, while the story hangs on the other brother's dishonor, notwithstanding his "Order"!

The great character is, of course, Cigarette, in "Under Two Flags." In her way she is as much of a creation as Sairey Gamp or Mr. Dooley. She is immensely vitalized—a living, breathing creature. She blows like a breeze through the absurd artificiality of the book. The very night before I read of Ouida's death I chanced upon the volume in a country hotel, and, I protest, that when I read of Cigarette's dying in the arms of Cecil, pierced by the bullets which were meant for him, I shed tears, as I have shed them twenty times before.

The great story is, of course, "Wanda." It is melodrama, but then all our great writers have written melodrama at the time when the blood has run reddest through their books. When Roy Richmond poses as an equestrian statue, deceiving the prince's court until he is startled into life by the unexpected appearance of his little boy, George Meredith is writing melodrama, if it is not farce. When Newman, in "The American," stops the old Marquise and her son in a Paris garden and hisses into her ear: "You killed your husband," while the Marquis's eyes scintillate like "little globules of ice"—I wonder how it was done! —dear Henry James is giving us rattling good melodrama. Ouida's melodrama is often cheap and meretricious—almost as meretricious as her virginal simplicity in "Two Little Wooden Shoes"—but in "Wanda" the melodrama rings true to the best traditions. Of course, she introduces you to the best society; in fact, it is almost as good as Mrs. Humphry Ward's. Wanda is the feudal chatelaine of an Austrian domain which even the Emperor cannot enter without permission. Her lover appears on the scene masquerading as the Marquis de Sabran, though he is actually only the bastard son of a Russian prince and a Russian peasant. But, gracious! what an accomplished man! His scientific work on Mexico is the despair of the scholars of Europe; he can paint like Meissonier; he can play with the best of them ("We never have such music," murmurs Wanda in her private salon, "save when Liszt passes this way"); he can make an oration as good as Pericles'. Of course, these fine people never travel except by special train, and subsist mainly on truffles and tokay. But in combination with others, they appear in magnificent situations, splendidly conceived, and splendidly worked out. Ouida has no humor but plenty of epigram. "He betrayed me; how, matters nothing," says Wanda to her old aunt when she has discovered her husband's deception. We use it as a family phrase. Psychologically, too, the story is satisfactory. Sabran's love for Wanda is genuine, even though he marries her under false pretences, and in the end this love works out his regeneration. The dominant note of Wanda's character is pride of race, which makes it impossible for her to consider the many extenuating circumstances, and postpones her forgiveness until a reconciliation is worked out through the medium of their little son, whose life the father saves at the cost of his own.

There are a dozen novels that abundantly reconcile me to growing older. It is a joy suddenly to remember that one has not read "David Copperfield" for five years; or "Henry Esmond" or "Richard Feverel." Among this dozen I put "Wanda," and if my taste be questioned, my answer is that I glory in my shame.

Some years ago there came out in *Lippincott's* a study called "The Truth About Ouida," which seemed to me to hit the nail on the head. I hope it may be republished, for I fear that otherwise this interesting writer will not be accorded critical consideration. FREDERICK JONES BLISS.

Clifton Springs, N. Y., January 30.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Your editorial of this week upon Ouida's work brings up again a point which, in my opinion, has been far too much neglected. Notwithstanding the prevalent hankering among novel readers for racy stories of pornographic savour, I am surprised that only one side of Ouida's work is recognized; because critics are supposed not to follow the herd in their notions about books. There is, I understand, a certain American writer of prominence who, in his capacity of despotic adviser to the public library of his city, has for years refused to have a single one of Ouida's volumes bought. His practice, which I believe is the result of ignorance on his part, keeps from a large body of readers some of the best stories for children in our tongue, as well as four novels which offer the best extant account of the Tuscan and Roman peasant, and of the region of central Italy. With the exception of Renato Fucini's classics and of a few masterly descriptive pages in such of Crawford's Italian novels, as "Whosoever Shall Offend," I cannot recall anything so minutely accurate, anything that shows so truly an inner understanding of a complex temperament as Ouida's descriptions of peasant life. As a landscapist, too, she excels in well nigh perfect visualizations of those magic, bell-towered distances. The four books that deal with this are "The Tower of Taddeo," "In Maremma," "Signa," and "Pascarel." Of these the last is probably the best known; but not one in two hundred of those who have read Ouida ever heard of these novels, which, by the firm but sympathetic use of excision, might justly be termed masterpieces.

The reason for this excellence is not far to seek. Whatever may be brought against Ouida—and there is much—no one can assert that her knowledge of the Tuscan peasants at home, a knowledge gained by long intimacy and a love for all the countless details of their lives, their joys and sorrows and strivings, in that setting of beauty which has made poets out of all who come to know—that this knowledge is not complete. Certainly it far outweighs her fancied understanding of fast society life in London. Furthermore, she hated the one and loved the other. All her vices of lurid phrasing and tortuous mouthings—later carried to a logical extreme in the work of that archdecadent and esthete D'Annunzio—are found in greatest excess in her "society" tales. But in the four novels just cited we find less pyrotechnic revelry in verbiage. The melodrama which taints so many of her pages is largely absent from these Italian chapters. Let us, then, give her credit for what is her just due, rather than heap abuse upon what she herself knew was a mass of "pot-boilers." It is probable that Ouida's descriptions of her beloved Tuscany and its Tus-

cans will persist far beyond "Syrlin" or the other works of bathos, by which the present "six-women" class of readers know her.
T. D. B.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 31.

YELLOW CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a popular old definition of a critic as an unsuccessful poet or novelist who is anxious to punish his rivals for their success. Assuming that this is true, we should expect the prevailing color of criticism to be a sort of robin's egg green, in some lights bordering on blue. Any one approaching current American criticism with such an expectation would be disappointed. The blue has been completely washed out by the rising tide of our national "optimism," or self-complacency, leaving, as might be expected, a vivid and flaring yellow. The popular modern critic will condescend to no degree below the superlative. If he writes a sketch of a French artist, he will entitle it "The Greatest Force in French Painting To-day"; if of a composer, the headline will read "The Most Versatile Musician of Our Time," or "One of the Music Monarchs of All Time." Browning cannot be mentioned without being branded as "of all British poets the most truly original." If our critic wishes to speak of the Elizabethan era, he will call it "the greatest period of the greatest literature on the planet." After all, this is qualified and grudging praise. Why not say "in the Galaxy"?

Victor Hugo, I suppose, is the originator of this method of superlatives in criticism, and his book on Shakespeare is still the masterpiece of the superlative school. It should immediately be added that Mr. Swinburne runs Hugo a close second, sometimes galling his kibe. But of course our yellow critics can never hope to rival Mr. Swinburne. He has this decisive advantage over them: the utmost that their imagination can compass is only a double or triple superlative, whereas to him these things are matters of everyday commonplace. When he wishes to give genuine praise, he can raise the superlative, apparently without effort, to the nth power. Imagine his restricting the supremacy of Elizabethan literature to this paltry planet! Heavens! has our criticism not outgrown the Ptolemaic astronomy?

The method of superlatives is by no means the sole resource of our critics. It may strike the reader with admiration, but after all it requires no particular ingenuity or skill. Other more intellectual methods are often used in connection with it. Notable among these is what I shall call the method of poetical calculus. Through this our critics arrive with surprising certainty at the solution of apparently insoluble literary problems. Through this they can tell what would have been the accomplishment of Chatterton, if he had lived, say, to the age of ninety. Through this invaluable method a critic whom I have quoted is enabled to say of Keats: "Had he lived one-half as long as the great Scotchman (Carlyle), he might have surpassed all other British poets except Shakespeare." This gentleman, as I have remarked, is unusually cautious. We have seen that he limits the sovereignty of Elizabethan literature to this planet. You will note that here he excepts Shakespeare. He also spoils the beauty of his calculation by introducing that timid word *might*. This unfortunate hesitancy almost reduces his dictum to the uncertainty of a doctor's thesis not long since accepted by a great university; a thesis which showed that Chaucer *might* have read an old French story on which he *might* have based his Squire's Tale, that "story of Cambuscan bold"; and showed further how the tale *might* have ended, if Chaucer had finished it.

These methods are highly effective; yet even a well-trained public will weary of them in time. The more advanced yellow critic therefore borrows from the armory of his cousin, the yellow reporter. If he can uncover no literary scandal, he creates one by magnifying some literary indiscretion. If an English critic in an unguarded moment admits that he thinks Adam Bede "mighty dull," you will find his skit reviewed under the title "George Eliot's Fame Imperilled." If poor Tolstoy in his old age unwarily confesses that he doesn't like Shakespeare, and is childish enough to try to justify his dislike in a pamphlet, the yellow critic will discuss the affair in one issue of his magazine under the title, "A Critical Onslaught on Shakespeare," and in the next issue you will be relieved to find under the heading "Shakespeare Universally Vindicated" that the tottering reputation of the Bard of Avon has been saved by the timely props of a horde of criticasters. Several recent books on Shakespeare by scholars of recognized authority will be represented as answers to Tolstoy, whereas not one of their authors has thought Tolstoy's "onslaught" worth mentioning.

To enliven and heighten his style, our critic will employ various devices; some old, such as alliteration and mixed metaphor, some more modern, such as allusion to the "New Thought" and the "New Psychology." He will tell of an author's "protracted plunges into the dark pools of his subliminal self." He will gracefully allude to "love episodes in diaphanous keys." Consider the alliteration and the lightning changes of metaphor displayed here: "Vanished, the velvety rhetoric, the musical phrase, the nervous prose of many facets." In a sentence like the following, the imagination almost shakes off the fetters of prose:

> In his fugue-like flights down the corridors of his metaphysics he never neglects to drop some poetic rose, some precious pearl of sentiment.

It is clear that the line between criticism and lyric poetry can no longer be drawn with definiteness. At last criticism has risen to the rank of a fine art.

Yet here and there will be found some old-fashioned heads that are bewildered by this new yellow brilliance; that are inclined to echo the exclamation of Douglas Jerrold when he tried to read "Sordello," "Good God! am I losing my mind?" Out of the depths of their confusion such may even cry out: "Give us men who mean something and can say it; give us Dr. Johnson or Jeffrey: give us even Gifford!"
HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, January 23.

ETHICS OF EDITORSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Discussion of the relative rights of author and editor seems to be in the air just now. The following case is respectfully presented:

A man who has never written for the magazines, but has some reputation among scholars in a special line, comes across a matter in his field which has wide public interest. He spends several weeks in collecting facts, condenses material enough for a volume into a carefully considered magazine article, makes a set of accurately drawn maps to illustrate it, and sends it to a first-class periodical. The editors offer him a sum which they admit is ridiculous for the work involved, but is all the magazine can afford. He accepts because he prefers that medium to a cheaper magazine which can pay more. He is told that the article will appear in a certain number, that he will be consulted during the making of the plates for the maps, and of course, he expects to read the proof. As the time approaches for publication, hearing nothing from the editors he goes to see what has happened, and finds that the pages are already stereotyped, that the maps contain some inaccuracies, that the titles given them are misleading, and, finally, that the whole article has been cut down to a mere commentary on the maps, which any space writer could have produced, giving no hint of the processes by which the somewhat striking results have been obtained. The sub-editor with whom he deals says that Mr. Jorkins, the editor-in-chief, would allow only a certain number of pages, and that after the maps were engraved there was no room for any more text. As the article appears, it does not represent the author fairly, either as a writer or a scholar, and yet, with his name printed at the head, he must be judged by this publication as it appears.

A parallel case would be that of an artist who has painted an historical ensemble with a group of girls in the foreground, showing by look and attitude the importance of events which are represented elsewhere in smaller perspective. He sells it to a dealer who has a handsome frame too small for it, on account of which he cuts out the group, puts it in the frame, gives it a fancy name, and exhibits it for sale. Of course, neither the artist nor the author has any legal redress, but both can justly appeal indignantly to their fellow-craftsmen, and perhaps even the public can see the injustice to which they have been subjected.
HEZEKIAH BEERS.

New York, January 31.

Notes.

Dr. George M. Gould of Philadelphia, has a book "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn" soon to be published by George W. Jacobs & Co. Dr. Gould was an intimate friend of Hearn's, and in recent magazine articles has attempted to attribute most of that writer's peculiarities of temperament to his abnormal eyesight.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce that volumes III. and IV. of the late Sir Spencer Walpole's "History of Twenty-five Years" is now in the press. These volumes complete the work, bringing it down to the year 1881.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have the following titles on their spring list: "Men Who Sell Things," a book for travelling salesmen, by Walter D. Moody; "My Day and Generation," by Clark E. Carr; "An American Student in France," by Abbé Félix Klein; and "The Art of Retouching Systematized," by Ida Lynch Hower.

Miss Elfrida Everhart, reference librarian of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta, and instructor in the Southern Library School, has completed the manuscript of what should prove to be an exceptionally useful and valuable library tool—a "Handbook to United States Public Documents." The Handbook will probably appear some time in the spring.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a revised and enlarged edition of "Tabular Views of Universal History," originally compiled by George Palmer Putnam, and continued to the year 1907 by Lynds E. Jones and Simeon Strunsky successively. The volume presents a chronological arrangement of contemporaneous events in a double page of four to eight parallel columns, and is well adapted for ready reference. So far as we have tested the dates for various periods we find no reason to doubt the general accuracy of the book. In the matter of proportion, the last fifty years receive possibly more space than they deserve. Overemphasis of the present, however, has its use, and can always be remedied in future editions.

The John Lane Company sends us two books on Napoleon: "Napoleon and the Invasion of England, the Story of the Great Terror," by H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley, two volumes, with numerous illustrations; and "Napoleon at the Boulogne Camp," based on hitherto unpublished documents, by Fernand Nicolay. The historical incident dealt with possesses this distinctive character, that it was not so much an event as a projected event. The interest lies not in battles, treaties, and conquests, but in plans, in popular emotions, in what-might-have-beens. Was Napoleon to repeat the great achievement of William the Conqueror?—This was really the question that haunted the imaginations of the people of France and England for nearly ten years. And so, when dealing with these years, the historian of necessity turns less to military and diplomatic passages that all came to nothing, and more to the evidence that shows how the public of France and England thought, felt, and acted while under such an impression. The great value of Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley's handsome volumes is that they bring together a great deal of miscellaneous material, caricatures, broadsides, proclamations, private letters, important historical manuscripts, popular ballads, that paint, as nothing else does, the national psychology of England at this moment of pressing danger. They fill a gap in English historical literature and may be heartily recommended. At the same time it must be said that the authors are more collectors than historians, enthusiasts than stylists; their own share of the book is occasionally slipshod and is not marked by the historical sense. Far less important and interesting is M. Nicolay's book, which gives us, in part, the other side of the picture. The anecdotes he has strung together relating to Napoleon's sojourn at the camp of Boulogne are not always entertaining, or vital, or even plausible. The effect, on the whole, is somewhat local, and patchy, and, moreover, suffers from translation. A placing together of the two books, however, serves to emphasize in striking manner the contrast presented by the two sides of the Channel at this moment; on one side a truly national movement, as strong in individual initiative, and in patriotic emotion, as it was weak in organization and executive power; on the other, one man, playing on dramatic and military instincts, with little public opinion to support him, yet creating a great machine wherewith to divert the stream of history from its natural courses. England had Gillray and Rowlandson; while France had to put up with a muzzled press and distributions of the Legion of Honor.

We had occasion to call attention to the stuff offered the public by the Hindu who calls himself Mahatma A. Guru Paramahamsa, when he published his Brahma Dhara in 1905. He has now written another pretentious little book, adorned like the former with a portrait of the author (can it be that these vagrant wiseacres are still troubled with worldly vanity?), and called "The Land of Eternity." The volume may please those who like to think they are being indoctrinated into occult mysteries while they take afternoon tea (London: A. C. Fifield).

"A Personally Conducted Tour in the Holy Land" would be an appropriate subtitle for "To-day in Palestine" (New York: James Pott & Co.). It is substantially a reproduction in print of the information which the author, H. W. Dunning, gives to the parties whom he takes through the country, together with descriptions of the scenery and the present condition of the places visited. As the result of observations of ten journeys during the last fifteen years, he has a high opinion of the character and capabilities of the people. Drunkenness and idleness and "real immorality" in the villages "are almost unknown." Of their ruler, the phlegmatic Turk, he is fairly enthusiastic in his commendation. There is a brief summary of the history of Palestine, and the closing chapter contains some practical advice to intending travellers. In this and in the numerous similar hints scattered through the book its chief value lies. The want of an index detracts much from its usefulness as a book of reference.

Notwithstanding the fact that twenty years have elapsed since the appearance of the first numbers of the Cambridge Bible for Schools, the series is the best compact and practical commentary in English on the major portion of the Bible. The Rev. A. W. Streane, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, is the author of the latest volume, "The Book of Esther" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Dr. Streane has considerable difficulty in making Esther a Christian saint, and in defending the canonical authority of the book which bears her name, although he exhibits earnest desire to perform both these feats. He recognizes the "many heathen improprieties" which Luther declared the book contains, and which led both Athanasius and Gregory of Nazianzen to exclude it from the canon. He succeeds, however, in finding "a point of view whence profitably to regard a Book which, differing though it does in more than one striking respect from what we might *a priori* expect to find as a constituent part of Holy Writ, is yet, upon thoughtful and sympathetic consideration of its Jewish authorship, far from deserving to be excluded." This decision is to be regretted. With its bitter racial hatred, its substitution of political exclusiveness for religious enthusiasm, its glorification of direst vengeance, Esther is unworthy a place beside the nobler products of Hebrew genius. The eagerness of Dr. Streane to demonstrate the value of the book has betrayed him into mistaken praise of its "masterly sketches of character," as well as into exaggeration of the worth of its "vivid picture of life in the Persian court and royal harem." There are very serious difficulties in the way of the admission of Esther's description of Persian customs as true to fact. Dr. Streane attempts to maintain an intermediate view as to the historical trustworthiness of the book, that it is neither "in the fullest sense historical" nor "wholly fictitious," but contains "an element of romance," resting upon a "veritable historical basis." Yet in his consideration of details one finds very little of the material apportioned to "romance," and much more ascribed to history than is supported by sufficient authority.

Attention should be called to the fifth number of the series entitled Old-Latin Biblical Texts, in which the eminent Vulgate scholars, the Bishop of Salisbury, Canon Sanday, and Dr. White are engaged. This number consists of "an exact print, line for line and column for column," of the whole Codex Corbeiensis, a gospel codex to which the date 375-425 A. D. is here assigned; and of "fragments of the Catholic Epistles, of the Acts, and of the Apocalypse from the Fleury Palimpsest." The editor is E. S. Buchanan, and the publisher The Clarendon Press. (New York: Henry Frowde.)

One who turns to the latest volume of Dr. A. S. Crapsey, "The Re-birth of Religion" (New York: John Lane Co.), with the idea of finding an exposition and defence of the doctrines for which he suffered expulsion from the Episcopal Church, will be somewhat disappointed. The Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of Jesus are not considered at any length, but the attempt is made to show that the conceptions underlying current dogma in all the churches have passed away, leaving the way open for spiritual religion of greater beauty and power. One might call the treatise a popular essay on the history of dogma and a discussion of the present outlook for faith. It is perhaps safe to say that if Dr. Crapsey had confined himself to addresses of this sort, he would not have lost his surplice. Very little is found in these pages which is not often heard, in somewhat less piquant style, from the more liberal pulpits of the orthodox churches.

"Was ist Christentum?" is the title of a collection of investigations of leading problems of Christianity in its relation to modern thought, prepared by a dozen representatives of conservative theology, mostly university men, and edited by Pastor Cremer of Rehme. The publisher is C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh.

Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen, announce as forthcoming "Hauptprobleme der Gnosis," by Prof. W. Bousset of the University of Göttingen. This will be the tenth volume of the series known as Forschungen zur Religion und Literatur des Alten und Neuen Testaments, edited by Bousset, in conjunction with Prof. H. Gunkel of Giessen. Another work from the same publisher will be the first instalment of a "Septuaginta-Grammatik." by Prof. R. Helbing of Karlsruhe.

The twenty-sixth volume of that standard bibliography, Theologische Jahresbericht, covering the year 1906, is now appearing under the editorial management of Prof. Gustav Krüger and Walther Köhler of Giessen (Leipzig: M. Heinsius Nachfolger). It appears in parts, each division or subdivision being in the hands of one or more specialists. The recent additions are on Vorderasiatische Literatur und ausserbiblische Religionsgeschichte, Old Testament and New Testament.

The Hague Association for the Defence of Christianity, which annually offers a prize for essays on current problems, has announced as the leading theme for the present year: "The Scientific Examination of the Uniqueness and the Significance of Christianity in the Light of the History of Religions." The prize is 400 gulden. Scholars of all nations may compete. Details may be obtained from Prof. T. Cannegieter in Utrecht.

"A Dictionary of the English and Dano-Norwegian Languages," by John Brynildsen, the Danisms supervised by Johannes Magnussen, the English pronunciation by Otto Jespersen (2 volumes, 727 and 1,150 pages), is issued by the Gyldendal Publishing Co., Copenhagen and Chicago. This work, which has been about ten years in preparation (the first volume was published in 1902), has just been completed. The author, who is a professor of the English language in the Naval Academy of Norway, is known as author of an excellent Norwegian-English dictionary, and as editor of the second edition of Geelmuyden's "English-Norwegian Dictionary." Professor Brynildsen has had particularly in view modern English interests, technical words he has treated quite exhaustively; and he gives some attention to earlier authors like Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. He has also defined some colloquial words. Take, for instance, "yegg," which is now common in the columns of even the better American newspapers. You will search in vain Webster's or the "Century" or the "Standard" for it. Brynildsen's has it, with the information that according to *Everybody's Magazine*, September, 1904, the word is derived from the name of John Yegg, a Swedish safe-breaker. The addenda are largely made up of Americanisms. The work may be thoroughly recommended to anybody interested in the study of Danish and Norwegian.

Dr. D. Macdonald, who has written much on Polynesian languages, gives the final results of his investigations in "The Oceanic Languages: Their Grammatical Structure, Vocabulary, and Origin" (Henry Frowde). The main part of the volume is a dictionary of the language of Efate, a member of the New Hebrides group—a welcome companion volume to Tregear's Maori-Polynesian dictionary; to this is prefixed a comparative grammar of the Melanesian and Polynesian dialects, with what the author regards as evidence of their Arabian origin. It is, he adds, a unique unveiling of the linguistic, mental, religious, and moral life of these peoples. He bases his theory of the Semitic character of the Polynesian tongues on alleged lexicographical and structural identities. The first of these classes of resemblances amounts to nothing; striking similarities in words may be discovered in any groups of languages. Structural agreements are more important, and Dr. Macdonald undertakes to show that the Oceanic languages have triliteral stems, indicate modifications of meaning by internal vowel-changes, and employ common Semitic prefixes with Semitic meanings. The facts, however, do not sustain his hypothesis. The Polynesian tongues are polysyllabic, but not triliteral in the Semitic sense; there are internal vowel differences, but these do not carry different shades of meaning in the manner of the Semitic languages; prefixes, such as *ma, ta*, are used to form derivatives from verbal stems, but this usage does not in itself prove Semitic relationship. What the linguistic facts warrant us in saying is that the Polynesian tongues employ structural material which is also employed in the Semitic languages; but the differences between the two groups in pronouns, numerals, and the inflection of verb-stems forbid the supposition of identity. The Polynesian languages deserve a more thorough grammatical study than has yet been given them.

For the edition of Bossuet's "Oraisons funèbres" in Putnam's dainty Classiques Français, René Doumic has provided a preface in which he shows gracefully and briefly why these funeral orations are still read while so many others are forgotten. The chief reason, he thinks, is that, in a *genre* where flattery and concealment rule by convention, Bossuet is not afraid of the facts. This is true, no doubt, but it is also true that the sheer eloquence and reverberation of Bossuet's language has much to do with the preservation of his work. To some it may seem that the coquettish green and gold covers of this edition are not so suitable to such eloquence as to Beaumarchais's sprightly dramas which preceded in the series. But we shall not subscribe to so captious a taste.

The editors of the promised Collected Correspondence of Giosue Carducci have shown little wisdom in putting out as a foretaste, loudly heralded, the volume, "Da un carteggio inedito di Giosue Carducci." It is a flagrant case of bookmaking, hardly to be expected from a publishing house which, although absorbed in a trust, still bears the name and professes to maintain the policy of Zanichelli, for many years the devoted publisher of Carducci. It contains but eighteen brief letters of the poet, written between July 18, 1897, and April 11, 1906, all addressed to the closest friend of his last years, Countess Silvia Baroni Semitecolo Pasolini. By means of large, widely leaded type, many blank pages, a few reproductions of photographs, and a mediocre preface upon Carducci and the Romagna by Antonio Messeri, these eighteen letters, of less than two hundred words each, are made to fill a volume of one hundred and eighty-one pages, which is placed on sale at three lire. Nor are the letters of great importance; written during a decade of rapidly declining health, the greater number dictated, they but faintly reflect the vast culture, the lofty ideality, or the polemical vigor of him whom his countrymen love to characterize, and justly, as the immortal poet of the Third Italy. The first letters relate to the restoration of the church at Polenta, where tradition would have it that Dante and Francesca once worshipped, and upon which Carducci wrote a classic ode. Another letter, the best of the eighteen, professes to give the writer's religious creed; in reality it makes no new confession; Carducci explains that he had frequently been led to declaim against Christ from hatred of the priests, then he simply reiterates his denial of Christ's divinity, at the same time "reverently inclining before the great martyr of humanity."

The National Society for the History of the Italian Risorgimento has issued a circular giving the regulations which are to govern its prize competition for popular biographies of Victor Emmanuel II., Garibaldi, Cavour, and Mazzini. The biographies, which may be written in any language, must not exceed one hundred and fifty pages octavo, and must be sent in before June 30 of the current year to the Istituto Lombardo di Scienze e Lettere, Palazzo Brera, Milan. The prize for the best biography of each of these four national characters is five hundred lire. The society will publish in Italian the volumes of the four successful competitors.

The University of Liverpool, which is always to the fore in the archæological field, has decided to add to its already considerable undertakings no less a task than the systematic survey and excavation of the whole of Wales and the Marches. The arrangements are to be carried out by a special committee, including not only well-known scholars such as Dr. Arthur J. Evans and Sir John Rhŷs, but influential Welshmen representative of every class and every shade of opinion both from Liverpool and the Principality. They expect to receive valuable aid from the University of Wales, the Cambrian Archæological Association, and other district or county societies. The actual operations will be directed by the heads of the Liverpool archæological department, Profs. Robert C. Bosanquet, G. Garstang, J. L. Myres, and P. E. Newberry, and Prof. Francis J. Haverfield of Oxford. On the importance of the work we need hardly lay stress. The historian will be disappointed, indeed, if this systematic exploration does not shed considerable light on the Pre-Celtic inhabitants, on the relation of the Silures to the Roman invaders, on the early British church, and other subjects still enveloped in obscurity. The expense will be heavy; the cost of digging out the ten Roman sites, for example, is estimated at £10,000. The committee hopes, however, to receive assistance from Welshmen on both sides of the Atlantic. An illustrated report of the work done will be presented yearly to annual subscribers of £2 2s. and upwards. Cheques should be paid to the treasurer, T. Rowland Hughes (North and South Wales Bank, Liverpool), and requests for information addressed to the organization secretary, Capt. A. O.

Vaughan (Owen Rhoscomy), No. 38 Bedford Street, North, Liverpool.

Definite announcement is made that the next annual conference of the American Library Association will be held at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., during the week beginning June 26, with headquarters at the Tonka Bay House. The place chosen is twenty miles from Minneapolis, and thirty miles from St. Paul. Topics to receive special attention on the programme are: "Losses of Books from Open Shelves" and "Books of the Year." In the discussion of the former of these, says the executive committee, an interesting debate is promised, and "advocates of the open-shelf system, which has been the object of so much reactionary criticism during the past year or two, will undoubtedly be put on their defence."

As the result of a resolution passed last autumn at the annual meeting of the Belgian Association of Librarians and Archivists, arrangements are now making for an international meeting at Brussels in 1910 in connection with the proposed international exposition.

Gustaf E. Karsten, head of the department of modern languages at the University of Illinois, died at Urbana, January 29. He was born in Germany in 1859, and studied at Leipzig, Königsberg, Heidelberg Tübingen, and Freiburg. After teaching at the University of Geneva, he became professor of the Germanic languages at the University of Indiana in 1886. Leaving the University of Indiana in 1904, he was connected successively with Cornell and Northwestern University. In 1906 he was called to the University of Illinois. In 1896 he established the *Journal of Germanic Philology;* in 1903 it became the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology,* jointly edited by Professor Karsten and Prof. A. S. Cook of Yale. Professor Karsten was author of "Zu den altfranzösischen Konsonantenverbindungen," 1885.

Daniel C. Heath, head of the publishing house of D. C. Heath & Co., died at Newtonville, Mass., January 28. He was born in Salem, Me., sixty-four years ago, was graduated from Amherst, and was for a number of years junior member of the firm Ginn & Heath. In 1886 he established an independent business.

Ernst Hasse, professor of statistics and colonial policy in the University of Leipzig, director of the bureau of statistics in the same city, has just died, in his sixty-second year. Besides his activity as teacher and author he played an efficient rôle in politics and for a number of years represented the National Liberal party in the Reichstag. Among his books are "Die Stadt-Leipzig und ihre Umgebung," "Geschichte der Leipziger Messen," "Die Wohnungsverhältnisse der ärmeren Volksklassen in Leipzig," "Deutsche Weltpolitik," and "Kolonien und Kolonialpolitik."

The death, at the age of fifty-six, is announced of Felix O. Stoerk, professor of law in the University of Greifswald. Among his works are "Das Staats- und Verwaltungsrecht," "Völkerrecht," "Das internationale Privat- und Strafrecht," "Methodik des öffentlichen Rechts," and "Archiv für öffentliches Recht."

A STATESMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Life and Public Services of William Pitt Fessenden, United States Senator from Maine. By his son, Gen. Francis Fessenden. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

After William H. Seward resigned his seat as Senator to become Secretary of State in Lincoln's Cabinet, the leadership of the Senate resided chiefly in the hands of Fessenden of Maine, although Trumbull of Illinois was a possible competitor. The one became chairman of the Committee on Finance, and the other that of the Judiciary, places which they held as long as they remained Senators.

Fessenden was born in New Hampshire in 1806. It is recorded that Daniel Webster, a friend of his father (Gen. Samuel Fessenden), travelled twenty miles through a snow-storm in order to be present at his christening. He was baptized William Pitt, and in this instance the historic name never overweighted the bearer; for the American was like the Englishman in statesmanlike qualities, as well as in the stormy times that called for their exercise. Gen. Samuel Fessenden, a lawyer, was a Whig, who early became an Abolitionist. His son, who also followed the law, became a Whig, but he adhered to his party until Gen. Scott was nominated for President and defeated. Then came the Nebraska bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise, whereupon, in 1854, the anti-Nebraska Democrats in the Legislature of Maine joined the Whigs in electing him Senator of the United States. In that year the Republican party was born, and Fessenden was one of its leaders through the anti-slavery struggle, the civil war, and reconstruction. The records of these events are found only in part in the volumes before us, but what is lacking in the way of history is more than made good by private letters and memoranda of the Senator, giving us his inmost thoughts at critical periods and portraying his personality as no other hand could do. Gen. Francis Fessenden busied himself during the last ten years of his own life in bringing together the material for this biography; but, dying before the book was put into shape, he left the manuscript and data to his brother, James D. Fessenden, to whom we are indebted for the finishing touches. The arrangement of the matter is defective, but the matter itself is of the first class.

Fessenden entered the Senate just before the Nebraska bill passed. Modesty held him back from the debate until the night of the final vote. Then his Republican colleagues urged him to speak. He took the floor at one o'clock in the morning of March 4, 1854, "without preparation or memo. of any kind"; with what effect Charles Sumner testified in one of his private letters, saying:

> Fessenden's arrival in the Senate was like a reinforcement on a field of battle. Those who stood for freedom were no longer fourteen, but fifteen. He did not wait, but entered into the debate with all those resources which afterwards became so famous. Douglas, Cass, and Butler interrupted, only to be worsted by one who had just ridden into the lists. It could be found in the *Globe*, but the *Globe* could not picture the exciting scene, the Senator from Maine erect, firm, immovable as a jutting promontory against which the waves of the ocean tossed in a dissolving spray, there he stood. Not a Senator loving freedom who did not feel that on that day a champion had come.

The testimony of Douglas was even more emphatic. In a conversation with Senator Browning of Illinois on the characteristics of the leading statesmen whom he had known he said:

> Henry Clay was the most fascinating and Daniel Webster the most powerful orator, John C. Calhoun was the logician of the Senate, but William Pitt Fessenden is the readiest and ablest debater I have ever known.

This quotation is cited without reference to authority. Doubtless it is authentic, but one defect of the book is that letters are frequently quoted without mentioning the sources of the originals. Some are taken from J. S. Pike's "First Blows of the Civil War" without acknowledgement.

The fight on the Lecompton Constitution of Kansas was the great event in the Senate in 1858, and its most notable features were the speeches of Douglas and Fessenden. That of Douglas attracted most attention because he then turned against the Buchanan Administration. That of Fessenden was the greatest of his life and the greatest made on the Republican side of the chamber in that session, although Seward's was justly celebrated. To this supreme forensic effort the biographer gives too little praise; but the Senator knew that he had made a mark, for he was answered by the foremost Southern leader, Jefferson Davis.

Early in Fessenden's service he conceived a prejudice against Seward. The first expression of it is in a letter dated February 7, 1856. Speaking of the debate on the relations between the United States and Great Britain on the Nicaraguan question he says: "Everybody believes that Seward's speech was insincere." From that time he was ready to construe all doubtful points to Seward's disadvantage; and on one occasion he was only prevented from charging him in public debate with betrayal of Republican principles by the circumstance that Mason of Virginia got the floor away from him (I., p. 122). Afterwards he was glad that Mason had interfered. His suspicions of Seward were not allayed, but rather intensified by the course of the latter as a member of the Cabinet at the beginning of the civil war. At first Seward was light hearted and opposed to war before the strife came to blows. He manœuvred in an underhand way to procure the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and in consequence gained for himself a deal of unpopularity at the North; but there is no evidence that he hung back or was unfaithful to his chief after the fighting began. The suspicions that attached to him in the public mind were, however, shared by all the Republican Senators except the two from his own State.

After the battle of Fredericksburg the leaders of the Senate came to the conclusion that Seward was the man with the evil eye, whose presence in the Cabinet made everything go wrong. They attributed to him an influence over Lincoln which he did not possess, and held that success could never be attained by a government dominated by a man who was only half in earnest. This was true as a general principle, but until it was shown that Seward was that man, it lacked particular application. The Senatorial caucus, the appointment of a committee to wait upon the President and virtually to demand the resignation of Seward, have been told by Nicolay and Hay and elsewhere, but nowhere in so great detail as in this biography. Fessenden was a member of the committee, but not chairman of it, nor was he the originator of the movement. At the time, however, he wrote a complete account with his own hand, and the manuscript, printed verbatim, fills twenty-two pages of the book—largely new matter. Preston King, Senator from New York, told Seward what was brewing, and the latter sent his resignation to Lincoln before the committee reached the White House. Fessenden was convinced that the resignation would have been accepted, though reluctantly, by the President, had not Secretary Chase offered his resignation also. Chase did this because he had entered the Cabinet in the first place as an offset to Seward, to make a balance in politics, and he believed that if Seward were engineered out of the Cabinet the effect on the party as a whole would be bad, and that he (Chase) would be suspected as one of the engineers. Chase was regarded by the President, by the Senators, and by the public as indispensable, and when it became known that if Seward went, he would go also, nobody desired a change. Lincoln said that now, "as he had a pumpkin in both ends of his bag, he could ride easy." So he declined to accept either resignation, and he heard no more Senatorial grumbling about Seward's evil eye. Fessenden's manuscript, however, leaves the impression that Chase, Stanton, and Caleb Smith had been largely responsible for stirring up the bad feeling in the Senate toward Seward, and that when confronted by the committee in Lincoln's presence they failed to make good their statements. This view is confirmed, as regards Chase, by Nicolay and Hay.

When Fessenden became chairman of the Committee on Finance he was put at the laboring oar of the Senate. Not only the tax and tariff bills, but the loan and currency measures fell to his care. This was virtually new legislation, without precedent on this side of the water, requiring study from the ground up. But that was not the most trying task. The appropriation bills passed under his ken also—the separate Committee on Appropriations did not then exist. With the war and the enormous attendant expenditure, an eagle eye was needed to detect fraud and a resolute will to cut down expenses. All these duties were discharged by Fessenden with unfaltering industry, although he was never robust, and, as his letters to his family show, was frequently in feeble health. He opposed the legal tender bill by speech and vote, using the same arguments that Chase, as Chief Justice, afterwards used in declaring it unconstitutional. And when Chase resigned the Treasury portfolio, at the most critical and distressing period, Fessenden was constrained reluctantly to take it. He resisted the solicitations of the President and his colleagues in the Senate until it was plain that financial disaster would result from his refusal. He held the office with success from July, 1864, to March, 1865. In the meantime, he had been elected as Senator for a third term, and as the Treasury crisis was past, he resumed his old seat and his chairmanship of the Committee on Finance.

Graver tasks were before him, however, for he was made chairman of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction; and it fell to him to reconcile the conflicting views of President Johnson with those of the victorious Republican party, or, failing that, to frame and carry out a policy of reconstruction over Johnson's head. This part of the story is well told. The irony of fate has no more cruel chapter than the sequel to the narrative, which shows how the unselfish labors of a great man ended in estranging him from the party he had so long and faithfully served, and in lacerating his heartstrings by the rupture of cherished friendships. Andrew Johnson proved irreconcilable. Fessenden wrote the report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, and it was adopted. Then came the quarrel which resulted in impeachment by the House, a step which Fessenden strongly deprecated. As a member of the Senate, he voted not guilty; thus it came to pass that this preëminent patriot, who had spent himself in his country's service, and given three of his four sons to the Union army—one killed and another maimed for life—was classed by an infuriated majority of his own party as a traitor to the cause of freedom. Stanton, for whom he had fought successfully in stormy scenes in executive session, never spoke to him after the impeachment trial. Neal Dow wrote that it was a duty which he owed to his constituents to vote guilty anyhow, and Neal Dow was only one of thousands of ordinarily sane men who held that view. Fessenden replied scorchingly. A little later, seventy-two leading Republicans of Boston invited him to a public dinner, expressly to testify their appreciation of his courage and conscientiousness under circumstances of peculiar difficulty. He had always been averse to such demonstrations where he was the chief object of attention, and he declined this one, but he wrote a letter reviewing the impeachment trial, which is the best brief vindication of the "seven traitors" that has ever been printed. Probably nobody now living would dispute a single paragraph in this admirable paper.

Notwithstanding the fury with which he had been assailed by the press and politicians of his own State, Fessenden entered into the Grant-Seymour campaign of 1868 with his wonted vigor. He was needed. The Democrats had adopted a platform for paying off government bonds with greenbacks. The plausible arguments by which this scheme was supported needed the attention of a master of financial science and of forensic sarcasm. So complete was Fessenden's victory over the greenback orators that he drew the largest audiences that could be accommodated in the public halls of the State. His reconcilement to his people at the end of this campaign was so complete that he would probably have been reëlected to the Senate on the expiration of his term in 1871, if his life had been spared. But the incessant labors of fourteen years had told upon a constitution by no means strong. He succumbed to an illness apparently slight, and died August 31, 1869.

In this book some attention is paid to the mutual dislikes of Fessenden and Sumner. A newspaper interview with Sumner, of which Fessenden was the subject, was published in the Boston *Advertiser* of August 30, 1867. This was one of the earliest examples of that mode of communicating one's opinions to the public. Among other things Sumner said: "For several years he [Fessenden] has been very unkind to me, unaccountably so. I cannot comprehend it. Sometimes it seemed to me akin to insanity." Any failure to agree with Sumner was a sign of brain trouble. His biographer, E. L. Pierce, accused Fessenden of talking audibly in the Senate while Sumner was speaking, this charge being put forward as a mark of rudeness, and as something quite unusual among Senators. Gen. Francis Fessenden sought the testimony of contemporaries, and obtained from Senators Sherman, Trumbull, and Morrill strong testimony on the other side. Sherman went a little farther than the interrogatory required, and added that "Sumner was a profound egotist and expected every one to defer to his opinion." Morrill said that Fessenden never wrote letters or read newspapers in the Senate chamber, "but talking to near associates aloud was then, as it is now [1893], a common practice." Sumner and Fessenden were reconciled later, and the former pronounced a eulogy on the latter when his death was announced to the Senate.

It would be invidious to point out minor defects in this work, such as printing Fessenden's speech on the legal-tender bill at vol. I., page 295, immediately after Chase's resignation, June, 1864. The proper place is at the beginning of 1862. The portraiture of the subject of the narrative is successfully accomplished. It shows us a highly gifted man, of unfailing courage, dignity, and courtesy, of princely form and feature, and of spotless character, who was a light to the age in which he lived, and who should be accounted one of the immortals of his country's history.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sheaves. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The most mundane of Archbishop Benson's sons has written nothing better than this. By the temper rather than the method of his treatment he has given new life to an old story. The outcome of a marriage between the well-preserved woman and the man in his first youth is a famous crux of fiction. Mr. Benson's heroine has given her youth and beauty to a hopeless sot, with whom she drags out a dozen weary years, before his death releases her. She has endured the experience with a fortitude so deep-rooted that she appears to have come out of it almost unscathed. She wakes from it as from a long nightmare, her mind haunted with the horror of it, but her body unimpaired. Childless, she takes up her waking life alone, having attained the serenity of one who has consciously put youth behind. But youth will not "stay put"; it assails her in the person of a man seventeen years her junior. Their marriage, however, lacks nothing but parity of years, and except as her consciousness of the actual disparity obtrudes itself, they are absolutely happy. A son is born, and for a time the mother's cup runs over. But after the first wonder of it is past, she wakes to the fact that her triumphant joy finds but a faint echo in the father's heart. The sense of his youthfulness begins really to oppress her. At this point Mr. Benson proceeds, in a way, to beg the question by killing off the woman. For the question is not whether a man of twenty-four can be happy with a woman of forty-two, but what is going to happen later on. All along the road to seventy will they be lovers, a wedded pair, or simply an old woman with a more or less dutiful spouse? This is the knot which Mr. Benson cuts, in effect, if not by intention. But one is rather grateful to him for it. His way of taking off the wife is not so summary but that it tests adequately not only the husband's patience and devotion, but the depth of his love. Their relation is made perfect by suffering, and there is no tragedy in its earthly surcease.

Mr. Benson's treatment of this sober theme is without a touch of sombreness. The tone of the book is cheerful, and even merry. The boy-husband is of the class called "artistic," over whose total selfishness and irresponsibility lady novelists are prone to yearn. Yet he succeeds in being charming without being either a brute or a popinjay. His career as a Lohengrin who captures Belgravia, and a Tristan who causes a popular riot in Munich reminds one, to be sure, of the achievements of various other paper heroes of recent date. But one ought to be willing to forgive him, as one forgives the heroine for being the most successful dramatist of her day. These two persons are credible and admirable in more essential matters. There is not in either of them a trace of morbid self-consciousness. The man gives his voice to the world because the woman thinks it his duty; and is glad of his strength and buoyancy for her sake, as the woman is glad of her beauty and serenity for his. The thought of her death does not make them frantic, does not even rob them of laughter. Her sister, Lady Peggy, is a creation worthy of the author of "Dodo," a delightfully intense, humorous, Puck-like spirit, wresting joy from the most diverse activities, an ardent politician and mother's-club woman, a patroness of balls and soup-kitchens. A certain rural canon and his circle give scope for those broader "character" studies which your English novelist seems still bound to add, like a pinch of coarse salt, to the more delicate ingredients of his composition.

John o' Jamestown. By Vaughan Kester. New York: The McClure Co.

An excellent little book of the half-historic and adventurous, half love-story sort, good reading from cover to cover, properly enwrapped in local atmosphere, yet without inflated parade of seventeenth-century language or manners. It tells of the love of Richard Farraday for a young girl with royal blood in her veins, of the jealousies and conspiracies that send him off, a kidnapped prisoner, on the Susan Constant, with John Smith, destined as it turns out, to found Jamestown. The portrait of Smith is vividly painted by the hand of an enthusiast. As Christian soldier, as self-confident leader, as strong-willed, resourceful colonist, exposing none to hardships that he did not share, smiting the foes of the settlers and sparing his own, he appears in a heroic yet wholly human light.

The history of the Jamestown colony comes at a timely moment. The year's pilgrims to the lonely, grassy little island will find it of pleasurable and painful interest to fit into its setting the story of the landing, the fort-building, the crop-raising; of mutinies, treacheries, famine, and sufferings; of the wiles of Powhattan, the friendliness of Pocahontas, the hopes and despairs, and the final peace and prosperity that settled on the plantations. There, in 1645, Farraday writes the story, sitting on his own porch, smoking his own tobacco, and proudly relating that in the previous winter there had lain in their harbors at one time "twelve ships from England, a like number from Holland, and seven from New England."

When Kings Go Forth to Battle. By William Wallace Whitelock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This fanciful tale contains a king or two, but no battles or rumors of battles. There is some waving of swords, and now and then the report of a pistol is heard, but the casualties are few. The action takes place in a small German principality which may as well be nameless—it is not called Zenda. There are, curiously enough, rival claimants to the throne, the person who for the nonce wears the crown being the less worthy of the two. The other has disappeared, with a price upon his head. He remains, in fact, in the capital, in the disguise of a common soldier. Enter from different quarters two young Americans, male and female, who penetrate the prince's disguise, espouse his cause, and proceed at once to adjust the affairs of the realm. When we say that it falls to our hero to chastise king the first, and to deprive king the second of the object of his affections, the reader will not be at a loss to classify him. The lady who prefers a citizen to a king is really a sort of compatriot of both, being by descent a full-blooded countess. There seems to be an insatiable demand for this sort of literary confectionery, and we may cheerfully admit that the present commodity is palatable in its kind.

Janet of the Dunes. By Harriet T. Comstock. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"Quinton" is supposed to be a village on (or off?) the easterly shore of Long Island. Some years before the story opens its dunes have been discovered and made famous by a painter, with the usual result of invasion by the small fry of "art" and by the summer boarder who follows in their train. Janet has lived her seventeen years in the little settlement surrounding the life-saving station "across the bay." She passes as the daughter of Cap'n Billy of the life savers; but is really the fruit of an irregular connection between a native girl and a city man. The girl has strayed back home, and been married by the magnanimous Cap'n Billy, who is presently left with a girl-child to take care of. The story deals with her dangerous and concealed intimacy with a young painter, and its happy issue. The affair is capably, if a little stiffly, managed by the author. The innocent maid and her sophisticated lover are hardly conceived with sufficient vividness to lift them above the over-familiar types. But if we are to believe the preface, it was the writer's chief aim to give the flavor of native life and character upon that part of the coast. There is enough true sea charm in her descriptions to make one wish she had had the courage to celebrate her shore and her shore worthies without recourse to the form of fiction. But no doubt the difficulty would then have been to find a publisher.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Vol. I.: From the Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

It has, of course, long been recognized that any history of English literature which is to set forth satisfactorily the whole development from the earliest beginnings to the present must be coöperative. Indeed, even in the treatment of a special period, such as the Elizabethan or the Romantic, coöperation is a great help. The advantages are particularly evident in the era covered by the present volume, viz., the Middle Ages, when so large a share of the intellectual production found expression in Latin—that is, in a foreign language, with powerful traditions of its own and with literary forms alien to those of the vernacular. We may conceive of a literary historian who combines first-hand knowledge of the vast mass of theological and philosophical writings (to say nothing of the chronicles) of mediæval England, practically all in Latin, with the requisite grasp on the vernacular literature, but no such person has yet arisen; and we may doubt the value of a second-hand treatment of this, as of any other subject, where the writer is unable to verify statements of his authorities, as he can always do in the beaten road of the vernacular, even where he may not be a specialist in the particular *genre*.

The coöperative history of which we now have the first volume, fulfils, to a respectable degree, our expectations. It is a pity, however, that for so many chapters the editors have been unable to secure contributors of authority. As to this defect, the reader may convince himself by comparing, for instance, Henry Bradley's discussion of the changes in the language or Prof. W. P. Ker's chapter on the metrical romances with the work of less known contributors. On the other hand, actual errors of statement are few, and the critical literature, including that which has appeared in Germany and America, has generally been utilized. Another shortcoming, which reveals itself in consecutive reading, is the amount of overlapping. Encounters with "Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight," for example, are too frequent. Furthermore, in successive chapters Prof. J. W. H. Atkins and Prof. W. Lewis Jones offer separate discussions of Layamon's "Brut," marked by material differences in conception—differences evidently due to the fact that Professor Atkins, one of the best-informed of all the contributors, is acquainted with Imelmann's essay (which proves that Layamon's original was by no means identical with the printed Wace), while Professor Jones is not. We may add that Professor Jones's chapter on the Arthurian Legend, though in point of style one of the most agreeable, shows serious weaknesses in dealing with the French romances, especially those in prose. The Vulgate "Queste," of course, does not belong to the "Early History" versions of the Grail story, and Robert de Boron's "Merlin" in its metrical as well as prose form, so far from being one of the "chief" of these versions, has practically nothing to do with the legend of the Holy Grail. In his account of the Tristan legend, Professor Jones seems unaware of the agreement among the principal authorities, to the effect that all the extant Tristan romances go back to one lost original—a French poem of the early twelfth century.

Of the chapters not already mentioned, Prof. Israel Gollancz's on the works of the author of "The Pearl" is among the most successful. He rightly upholds the autobiographical character of this poem. The chapters on the literature of the Anglo-Saxon period are sound, though undistinguished by originality. Prof. H. M. Chadwick's discussion of the Christian coloring of the "Beowulf" will be read, however, with interest. In the Middle English period, the division of the metrical romances between two contributors, destroys unity of view. Three chapters are devoted to Latin, from Gildas to Richard of Bury.

In conclusion, mention should be made of the excellent bibliography. We notice, however, several omissions: Prof. Lorenz Morsbach's discussion of the date of the "Beowulf" in the Nachrichten (1906) of the Göttingen Academy of Sciences, perhaps the most solid contribution that has been made to this subject; and Ernst Brugger's important articles on Arthurian matters, which have been appearing at intervals for several years past in the *Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur*. But on the whole, the bibliography is full and exact.

Die Sumerischen und Akkadischen Königsinschriften. Von F. Thureau-Dangin. Pp. 275. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 9 marks.

Behind the Semitic period of Babylonian history, which can now be traced back to about 3000 B. C., lies the so-called "Sumerian" or "Sumero-Akkadian" culture, which probably flourished as early as 4000 B. C. Although considerable material is now at our disposal for the study of this earlier substratum, it is unfortunately not of the kind that can enable us to reach a definite solution of such fundamental problems as the ethnic character of the Sumero-Akkadians and the language spoken by them. Recently, through the distinguished Prof. Eduard Meyer of the University of Berlin, some progress has been made towards a sharper differentiation between Sumerians and Semites in the Euphrates Valley. By a careful and most ingenious study of types and costumes depicted on the sculptured remains of ancient Babylonia—embodied in a monograph, "Semiten und Sumerier in Babylonien" (Berlin, 1906)—Professor Meyer has given us what appears to be a safe criterion for distinguishing not only between Sumerians and Semites, but, among the Semitic settlers, also between various types, as, *e. g.*, such as shave off the moustache and such as wear a full beard. The non-Semitic character of the Sumerian type may now be regarded as definitely established; and while the Sumerian problem which has engaged the attention of Assyriologists during the past quarter of a century cannot be regarded as fully solved until we also know much more as to the possible origin of the Sumerians, the purely archæological investigation of Professor Meyer has cleared the way for the linguistic puzzle. This latter is brought home to us by M. Thureau-Dangin's work, which represents the first attempt to furnish a translation of all the historical inscriptions at present known to us that either belong to the Sumerian period or are couched in Sumerian. The German translation is itself a translation of a French version published by Thureau-Dangin in 1906; but it supersedes the French as representing a new revision, besides containing a most useful index of proper names, prepared by a promising American Assyriologist, Dr. Stephen Langdon (a graduate of Columbia University and of the Union Theological Seminary), who has also embodied in this index a list of the chief votive objects and utensils mentioned in the inscriptions.

M. Thureau-Dangin is a leading authority in all that pertains to the inscriptions of the most ancient period of Babylonia. To him, next to the lamented Professor Amiaud of Paris, and to Prof. Peter Jensen of the University of Marburg, the progress made in the interpretation of this most difficult material is chiefly due, though it is only proper to add that other scholars, like Fritz Hommel, Zimmern, Hugo Winckler, and J. Dyneley Prince of Columbia University, have also contributed their share in clearing up difficulties. What Thureau-Dangin, therefore, gives us represents the best that is at present available, and it may be said at once that all reasonable doubts as to the real character of the Sumerian language have now been set at rest. As long as we were dependent for our knowledge of Sumerian upon late syllabaries prepared by the Semitic scribes of Babylonia and Assyria, and upon bilinguals that were likewise the work of late scribes, it was really a question whether the Sumerian was a genuine language or merely an ideographic and archaic method of writing Semitic Babylonian, since in these late and doctored texts, artificial devices of all kinds were introduced by the scribes to whom Sumerian had become a sacred script, intended largely for the eye, rather than for the ear. This artificiality it is the merit of the distinguished Prof. Joseph Halévy of Paris to have demonstrated in the face of the opposition of almost all Assyriologists; but the further contention of Halévy that *all* Sumerian is merely an archaic method of writing Babylonian, preserved in order to give to the literature a mysterious character, can no longer be upheld with the testimony of original and ancient texts before us in pure Sumerian. These texts offer such evidence of a real language as (a) the "phonetic" separation of syllables, as, *e. g.*, *nu-um-mal* for *numal*; (b) the interchange of signs in the writing of a word having the same phonetic value; and (c) the interchange of *ba, bi, ib, ab,* and *ba-ab*. Such phenomena can only occur in a real language, and not in an artificially devised script, though, on the other hand, it must be admitted that, from being a real language, Sumerian degenerated in the course of long ages—as a sacred and only partly understood speech—into a mere script. The genuine Sumerian is represented by the texts in Thureau-Dangin's volume and by the numerous business records—largely dealing with the affairs of temples—of the Ur and other early dynasties. This question, however, of the *character* of the Sumerian language is still unsolved. All that can safely be said is that it is non-Semitic, and appears to have some affinities with Turkish—not sufficient, however, for warranting us in classing Sumerian with the Altaic group of languages. Scholars are now in a much better position, thanks to this new work of Thureau-Dangin, to study the peculiarities of the language, and it is a reasonable hope that the next decade will see the definite solution of this extremely complicated linguistic problem.

The material in this volume comes chiefly from Tello, where excavations were carried on by the Frenchman de Sarzec, from 1877 to his death, in 1900, and since then by Capt. Croz. The excavations conducted by Messrs. Peters and Haynes (1889-1900) at Nippur, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, have also furnished some of the material, as have the French excavations at Susa under De Morgan and the excavations of the German Orient Society at Babylon and elsewhere. Of the two terms, Sumerian and Akkadian, the former is derived from the designation of Sumer, for the northern section of the Euphrates valley, while the latter is derived from Akkad, the designation of the southern section; and since Sumer is spoken of as "the land" *par excellence*, it may reasonably be concluded that the northern section is the home of the inventors of the cuneiform script. Sumer and Akkad did not at all times form a political unit. For a long time the Euphrates valley was divided up into a number of little principalities, each with a capital and its own tutelary deity. In the south, the chief centres were Eridu, Ur, Larsa, Uruk, and Nippur; in the north, Sippar, Cuthah, and Kish. Of these early principalities we can at present follow the history of one only, namely, Lagash (or Shirpurla)—on the site of the mound Tello. We have the names of no less than twenty-two of its rulers, beginning with Lugal-shag-engur and ending with Arad-Nannar, covering roughly the period of circa 3000 to 2,600 B. C. Under Sargon practically all of Sumer and Akkad had to yield to the Semitic invasion. The steady advance of the Semites naturally provoked as the most striking historical feature a prolonged conflict between the two races. After various ebbs and flows of fortune, the Semites finally succeeded, under Hammurabi (circa 1900 B. C.), in making themselves masters of the Euphrates valley. Henceforth till the downfall of Babylon in 538 B. C., through Cyrus, we have a strong centralized empire, with Babylon as its capital. For centuries previous to Hammurabi, the process of the assimilation of the older Sumerian culture by the Semites had been going on. The Semites, however, put their peculiar stamp upon this civilization, so that outside of the language the Sumerian elements in the Euphratean civilization were to all practical purposes effaced.

From this rapid survey it will be seen what a wealth of historical material is embodied in the pages of Thureau-Dangin's work. The texts are given in chronological groups (so far as this has been fixed), beginning with the rulers of Lagash and ending with those of Uruk. On one page is the transliteration of the texts and on the adjacent one the translation, with copious foot-notes to justify the renderings given and to discuss obscure signs and combinations. The study of the Sumerian texts (as with few exceptions all in this volume are) has now advanced sufficiently to enable scholars to interpret short texts with absolute certainty in all but minor points. When it comes, however, to long texts in Sumerian, such as those on two large cylinders of Gudea and on some of the statues of this king, there are many passages which remain obscure and will remain so until through additional material we obtain a clearer insight into the syntax of Sumerian—for it is here that the chief difficulties lie. Thureau-Dangin is obliged to confess his inability to give a satisfactory meaning to hundreds of passages, but his self-restraint in resisting the attempt to guess where certain knowledge for the present comes to an end, leads us to have all the greater confidence in the renderings proposed by him for an equally large number of passages that had hitherto baffled scholars. The immediate result of Thureau-Dangin's admirable volume will be to stimulate Sumerian researches among the two or three dozen Assyriologists in this country and Europe. To be sure, the field of Assyriology is now so large that it is impossible for one specialist to cover the entire domain, but all Assyriologists are brought into contact at some point in their studies with Sumerian.

It is difficult for the outsider to form an adequate idea of the learning and patient labor involved in such an undertaking as Thureau-Dangin has carried to a successful issue. It definitely establishes his position as the leading Sumerian scholar of the day; and his volume may be said to mark an epoch in the development of Sumerian studies. Thureau-Dangin is still a young man, and much is to be expected from him in the years to come. It is only proper to record and emphasize here the indebtedness of all students of ancient culture to him.

The Odes and Epodes of Horace. Translated into English Verse corresponding with the Original Metres by John Marshall. [The Temple Greek and Latin Classics.] New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

To the present translator of Horace one might begin by quoting his own version of the *Illi robur:*

> Him, heart of oak and brass thrice-knit
> The breast encased, who 'gainst the cruel deep
> His fragile bark first dared to pit,—

which is good counsel in doubtful grammar. So many venturers, from retired prime ministers to Grub Street hacks, have gone down in that sea, that we watch each newcomer with trepidation. The fact is simply that Horace—more perhaps than other poets—cannot be translated. His virtue lies in his language, in the inimitable felicity which gives to commonplace sentiment the beauty of something rare and final. Into what English will you change *Spes animi credula mutui*? "Nor credulous dream of heart's exchange," is well enough, but it could never have run in the minds of men for two thousand years. Or, into what English will you transmit that *Nox erat et cœlo fulgebat luna serena,* which Schopenhauer used as a text for his discussion of the imagination? The absolute propriety of language was never better exemplified than in scores of these phrases and verses.

So much must be said. We may add that Dr. Marshall, who is rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh, has made this translation the business of forty years' study, and that in many of the poems he has come nearer to the impossible than any other translator with whom we are familiar. In one thing he has been particularly fortunate—in suggesting the rhythm of the original stanzas, while using forms thoroughly English. As an illustration of his cunning treatment of the Alcaic, the following may be selected:

> Spare and infrequent pietist was I
> While, skilled in the philosophy of fools,
> I strayed. Now back from all the schools
> Reversed my course I try
> Towards whence I came.

To show with what feeling for rhythm he distinguishes between metres nearly akin this Alcaic may be compared with the Asclepiadean ode on which Milton laid so heavy a hand:

> What slender youth, with wealth of roses sheen
> And with sweet essences besprent, pursues thee,
> In cool grot, Pyrrha, woos thee?
> For whom thy yellow hair dost preen,
>
> Simple, yet exquisite? How oft, ah me!
> Vows broken he'll deplore and gods that change;
> And, to thy whimsies strange,
> Shall gaze where glooms a wind-swept sea;
>
> Who credulous now dotes on thy tinsel gold,
> And dreams thee ever willing, ever kind,
> To thy fair falseness blind!
> O hapless, who untried behold
>
> Thy glitter! Lo, my dripping weeds I place,
> With picture vowed, on Neptune's temple wall,
> My saving to recall
> From shipwreck by thy siren face.

That is Dr. Marshall at his best, and it is good work. He is, as a rule, less successful in the graver poems than in the *nugæ canoræ*, but he is seldom quite flat, and his version as a whole may be heartily recommended to those who are shut out from the original. We hope that Dr. Marshall will add the Satires and Epistles in a separate volume.

The book, like all the volumes of the series, gives the original and the translation on opposite pages. In this case the type is comfortably large and clear, which cannot be said of one or two of the earlier issues.

In the Footprints of Dante: A Treasury of Verse and Prose from the Works of Dante. Compiled by Paget Toynbee. Pp. xi., 398. London: Methuen & Co. 4s. 6d.

Mr. Toynbee's latest book is a natural result of the work he did, not long ago, in cataloguing more than two hundred and sixty English and American translators of Dante, from about 1380 (Chaucer) to 1906 A. D. It is a bilingual chrestomathy of many famous or beautiful passages, mostly brief, and chosen not only from the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia," but from Dante's Latin works. Every translation is accompanied by the Italian or Latin text, and over each fragment the compiler has set some indicative title, such as "Envy," "Flakes of fire falling like snow," "A baffled falcon," "Florence in the olden time," "Love as a pilgrim," "To Guido Cavalcanti" (in Shelley's lovely translation). There follow various great passages from the "Convivio," "De Monarchia," and the Epistolæ, admirably translated by the compiler himself.

To search every English translation of Dante for the "best" rendering of those passages which have won the widest admiration would be a prodigious task, and would probably result in convincing whoever undertook it that at least nine-tenths of Dante's translators must now be atoning in Giudecca. Fortunately, a few glances are usually enough, and one returns with an easy conscience to well-known names, leaving the rest to their dust and silence. Mr. Toynbee has apparently not undertaken a universal exploration, but has looked for his gems in a dozen of the likeliest places. His earliest translator is justly Chaucer; others are Cary, Byron, Shelley, Wright, Hayley, Shadwell, Tennyson; he might have found fine bits in Charles Eliot Norton's "Vita Nuova," and in T. W. Parsons, but neither is included. All the prose passages are translated, and excellently translated, by Mr. Toynbee himself. Perhaps because they were too long, some of the most beautiful scenes in the "Commedia" are absent: Francesca da Rimini, Pier delle Vigne, Ugolino; in general, the compiler has omitted almost every scene wherein Dante has shown his power to depict the basest passions, violence, and horror. Here Dante is presented in his gentlest moods, whether in poetry or philosophy.

To one important fact, at least, this book is another convincing witness: the English language is capable of expressing adequately what Dante wrote, but in five centuries and more no one translator has done twenty consecutive verses so well as to justify any one in saying, This is not Dante, for English is not Italian, but it is true to his thought and beautiful in itself. A Byron, a Shelley, or a John Payne, might indeed have made Dante as great in English as he is in German; but that was not to be.

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas; translated by E. M. Waller. Vols I. and II. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 each.

The first two volumes of the translation by E. M. Waller of Alexandre Dumas's "Memoirs" bring the hero and the reader to 1825. A thousand pages devoted to the career of a youth before his twenty-third summer might seem an undue allotment, even taking into account Dumas's tumid imagination, were not the histories of all the incidental characters expounded with the minuteness of the old episodic romances. Through many chapters the chief person is the novelist's mulatto father, Gen. Alexandre Dumas, soldier of the Republic, son of the aristocrat, Davy de la Pailleterie, and the West Indian negress, Marie-Cessette Dumas. The author takes as much time in reaching his own birth as Sterne did in getting to that of Tristram Shandy, Esq. Dumas treats his father in superlatives, and makes him perform feats to daunt even Porthos or d'Artagnan. He gives him a giant's strength and one is reminded of nothing so much as the career of Rabelais's Gargantua and Friar John in reading how that officer helped his regiment to escalade a fortification by taking each man by the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat and throwing him over the palisades; or how he could clutch a beam with both hands and lift from the ground by his legs the horse on which he was mounted. Gen. Dumas was, however, no match in appetite for a certain Boudoux of whom we are told:

> They put the whole calf in the oven, and when it was cooked, Boudoux ate it all.
>
> When he had picked the last bone, my father complimented him on his performance.
>
> "I hope your hunger is satisfied now, Boudoux?" he said.
>
> "Put the mother on the spit, general," replied Boudoux, "and you will see."
>
> My father drew back, for he was fond of his cow, and Boudoux was likely to leave nothing of her but the horns.

Many pages are devoted to the heroic, but unappreciated, deeds of Gen. Dumas, the "Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol," in the service of Napoleon, who was clearly less impressed by them than were the general and his son. Then, after much information on the writer's own youth and interests, ranging from trapping larks to a chapter on Charlemagne's clothes, we at last reach Dumas's first contact with literature through the drama, and are promised "the development of art in France during one-half of the nineteenth century." The fulfilment of this promise is initiated at the rate of three chapters devoted to one performance of Nodier's "Vampire," at which Dumas was present. No wonder that the "Memoirs" were never finished.

Obviously, these chronicles are not to be taken as history. A writer of such careering imagination could not be confined to mere facts. But it is an amusing pastime to put one's self in his frame of mind and read the "Memoirs" as a Dumas romance. The characters, though they bear historical names, are doubtlessly as untrue to life as the persons in the Valois stories, the adventures of the three musketeers, or those in the Cagliostro group. Nevertheless, it was J. J. Weiss who said of Dumas that he had *le don de mentir dans le sens de la vérité.*

The first volume is preceded by an interesting essay by the lover of Dumas, Andrew Lang.

Science.

The Prolongation of Life. By Élie Metchnikoff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

In this entertaining volume of 340 pages, Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, writes as one imbued with a deep sense of the overpowering strength of those unknown physical forces which condemn mankind to the ravages of disease, old age, and death; he writes, too, with the spirit of a seeker after truth. His book, while highly suggestive, is intended to be neither exhaustive nor conclusive. Its purpose is rather to point out the problems of somatic limitations, and the principles involved in attempting their ultimate solution.

As to disease, the first member of the destructive triad, scientific inquiry has long ago revealed the fact that many maladies are preventable through a proper understanding of causation and communicability, especially where the causative agent is some microscopic organism. It is therefore to the student of zoölogy and bacteriology that we must look for knowledge of the origin, growth, and destruction of disease-producing germs. Reasoning thus, Professor Metchnikoff has come to the belief that old age and death are probably due to infectious organisms which have taken up a permanent abode in the digestive tract, but which, through various activities, affect the entire system. If this view be sound, then mankind is theoretically in sight of perennial youth, and an eternity of earthly existence. Metchnikoff, of course, makes no such extravagant claim, but he believes that if we were in command of absolute knowledge regarding the causes of old age and death, human life could be greatly prolonged. This is certainly a wholly sane opinion.

Professor Metchnikoff blames the large intestine for human decay and death, because he thinks it useless and merely a culture tube for hosts of dangerous bacteria. He goes on to say that since lactic acid, produced when milk sours, is capable of diminishing the activity of intestinal bacteria, therefore the logical prevention of old age is the proper use of lactic acid as an intestinal medicament. But with all due respect to the author's professional attainments, he does not seem to make enough of other modes of body invasion by specific organisms. Moreover, he fails to emphasize the fact that disease is not an entity in itself, but that it is really the product of two factors: vis., bacteria and their toxins, and diminished resistance of the human body to these enemies. If we could defend ourselves absolutely against bacteria by killing them off or by manufacturing some anti-body to render them inert, then diseases which are a product of bacterial activity would cease to exist, and old age, in so far as it is a result of such disease, would cease to exist also. To quote a high authority, Prof. C. A. Herter, in his "Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract," reviewing Metchnikoff's thesis, notes that the latter has singled out no definite group of bacteria, but accuses all of them equally. Moreover, Metchnikoff does not point out the differing reactions of different individuals to the presence of the hostile organism, and the varying degrees of pathogenicity inherent in varying races of bacteria. These, however, are mere technical differences; and Herter believes with Metchnikoff that "there is certainly much to recommend the view that putrefactive intestinal processes are favorably influenced by fermented milk containing an abundance of lactic acid, and lactic acid organisms." But "whether the lactic acid bacilli in a thoroughly fermented milk will go on producing lactic acid in the digestive tract is uncertain, and probably depends on the presence of fermentable carbohydrates." As a matter of clinical knowledge, lactic acid in considerable quantities is present in cancer of the stomach, and yet it exercises but little effect on the processes of fermentation and putrefaction in the intestines.

The book contains, among other matters, chapters on "Morality and Human Nature" and "Pessimism, Health, and Age." The author tells us:

> Young people, who are inclined to pessimism, ought to be informed that their condition of mind is only temporary, and that according to the laws of human nature it will later on be replaced by optimism.

In the final chapter, Professor Metchnikoff declares that one's ideal should not be that of Herbert Spencer, a simple prolongation of life, but a development that may pass through a "long period of old age in active and vigorous health leading to the final period in which there shall be present a sense of satiety of life, and a wish for death."

A third and final volume of the "Metabolism and Practical Medicine," of Carl von Noorden (Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co.), has appeared at a short interval after the completion of the second volume of the German original. Both volumes contain a discussion of the metabolic processes in a large number of diseased conditions, and also in relation to therapeutic measures. These questions are considered monographically by fourteen writers, the whole work forming a greatly extended revision of Von Noorden's single volume of 1893. There are marked differences of opinion among medical men as to the utility of this line of study, but all will be glad to have the enormous material in a fairly convenient and accessible form; and many of the discussions will be found to be inspiring quite apart from the validity of some of the conclusions. Most of the matter has a strictly professional interest, but the non-medical reader will find abundant profit in the part by A. Magnus-Levy on the "Physiology of Metabolism" (being the first volume of the translation) and possibly in the chapters on mineral waters and baths. The English version in three volumes, the first two having appeared last summer, is made by twenty-one different translators, who, with few exceptions, are British teachers of medicine. Prof. L. Walker Hall of University College, Bristol, is the general editor. The translation is fresh and often rather free. but appears to be adequate as judged by a dozen comparisons quite at random. Some effort has been made to revise the later chapters, and to extend the bibliography. An appendix, especially prepared for the English edition, and containing a tabulation of food values, is marred by frequent slips of the pen or types, such that the proper correction is not always obvious.

Prof. P. Stroobant of the Brussels Observatory has just published statistics of the existing astronomical observatories, and states that there are in the world 479 such establishments, public and private. In Europe alone there are 305, distributed as follows: Great Britain and Ireland, 97; Germany, 51; France, 39; Austro-Hungary, 28; Italy, 21; Russia, 19; Holland, 10; Spain, 8; Switzerland, 8; Belgium, 6; Portugal, 4; Sweden, 4; Denmark, 4; Norway, 3; Greece, 2; Bulgaria, Servia, and Rumania, each 1. In America there are 145, the United States reporting 105. Asia has 18 and Africa 11.

The University of Cambridge (England) now offers a diploma in anthropology. It will be given for research work only, instead of by examination as at Oxford.

The death, in his eighty-first year, is announced of Lieut.-Col. R. L. J. Ellery, late director of the Melbourne Observatory. He was the first government astronomer in Victoria, and also director of the geodetic survey of the colony, 1856-74. In 1873 he organized the Victorian Torpedo Corps. Amidst his other occupations, he found time for writing several volumes on astronomical and meteorological subjects. Since 1895 he had retired from active employment.

Drama.

La Nave. Per Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milan: Treves.

On January 11, after weeks of preliminary chatter, "The Ship" ("La Nave") was played at Rome. The seats were bought at staggering prices. A noble and distinguished audience received the tragedy with enthusiasm, readily cheering down the few hisses that arose during the more scabrous scenes. The King invited the author to the royal box, inquired eagerly as to the sources of the piece, and thanked Signor D'Annunzio for his glorification of the Roman tradition of sea power. Your reviewer congratulates himself on his remoteness from all this adventitious glamour. With the handsome quarto of the publisher Treves on one's desk, the materials for a literary judgment of the tragedy are complete, and since it is unlikely that "The Ship" will ever be played in America, that is all that your readers will reasonably require.

After a thrilling invocation of Sea Power—a most interesting Italian companion piece for Kipling's "The Seven Seas"—which ends:

> Make of all oceans our [Italian] sea
> (Fa di tutti gli Oceàni il Mare Nostro)

the curtain rises upon the prologue. It is Venice of the year 552, a busy place trying to raise itself above the mud of the lagoon. There is a population watchful of the waters, whence comes news of the conquering Byzantines in the neighboring fens, and of new sandbars thrust across the path of the ships. It is also a moment of political expectancy. Venice stands in doubt whether to attach herself to Byzantium or to do for herself. The pitiful, eyeless figures of the ex-Tribune Orso Faledro, and his three sons, extortioners and partisans of Justinian, show that for a moment the issue has been decided in favor of independence. It is doubly a moment of expectancy; for word is due of the success or failure of the expedition which Marco Gràtico, head of the Venetian party, has led to the mainland to recover the relics of the tutelar saint of the once Aquileian colony. While waiting, men discuss the hard fate of Faledro, and, naturally, the rumor that his daughter Basiliola has become a great courtesan in the Byzantine camp. Soon she herself appears from the sea in a beauty and splendor of attire that make the water folk hail her as a siren, while her fascination visibly moves them all. She lands to meet the shattering sight of her mutilated father and brothers. The affecting scene is interrupted by the arrival of Marco Gràtico bearing the relics. He is hailed by the refugees as their Tribune; and at the same time his brother, Sergio Gràtico, is named as Bishop. The scene throughout is full of voices from unseen choristers. These represent the Latin Church asserting itself, and one, a kind of embodiment of Venice herself, bids the city establish itself on the new ship Tuttilmondo, which is building by the Rialto.

The first episode shows Basiliola in moral and corporeal possession of the new Tribune. For her he has cast her maligners and her father's torturers into the filthy trench, Fossa Fuia, and she has come to mark their agony as they bawl for bread. As they see her in her harlot's splendor, by turns they rave lustfully for her—the usual attitude of crowds towards Basiliola—or insult her grievously in the hope that she will end their torture. At last, stung by an intolerable affront, she grasps a bow from a guard, and slays the chief spokesman of the prisoners. Then, intoxicated by the sight of blood, she shoots slowly and voluptuously prisoner by prisoner until the trench—naturally not seen on the stage—is full of dying groans in which desire and hatred mingle inextricably. Upon this scene comes the zealot Traba to rebuke the murderess. Her answer is to disrobe herself in part, and when his bitter words ignore this allurement, she moves to slay him too, but is stopped by her lover, Marco Gràtico. There follows a remarkable contest in which the Tribune's horror and distrust yield to her blandishments, and as he kneels to recover her fallen tunic she fires his imagination with visions of winning through her aid the imperial crown of Byzantium.

For Byzantium, as the second episode shows, Basiliola has also claimed the Bishop Sergio. We see him in the new basilica engaged in an orgy. In memory of the Last Supper effeminate priests mutter awful heresies, while Basiliola maddens them all as she dances lasciviously with her seven slaves, the guardians of the seven candlesticks. From without is heard occasionally the austere psalmody of the Latin zealots, who at last led by the presbyter Teodoro, burst in upon the godless revel and begin to drive the feasters from the temple. An extraordinary choral debate ensues between the factions, with Basiliola in defiant possession of the altar. At last the matter is referred to judicial combat between the brothers, the Bishop and the Tribune; and Marco wins in the fratricidal duel.

The third episode is practically an epilogue. The great ship Tuttilmondo is ready for launching. Upon it Marco Gràtico will take the sea in expiation of the slaying of his brother. He will clear the sea of pirates and will cut his way to Alexandria in the hope of recovering the body of St. Mark. Behind the ship flares the fire upon the altar the sailors maintain to a pagan Victory. Latin Christianity is reëstablished; all is finished except the punishment of Basiliola. In prophetic words she announces the naval destiny of the city and offers herself as helpmate on the ship. As Marco Gràtico promises to nail the temptress to the prow in the guise of a figurehead, she casts herself upon the fire of the heathen altar, as an offering to the goddess of naval victory, and the ship is launched amidst the benedictions of the throng and choristers.

So ends what the author call "An Adriatic Tragedy."

It is the first time that D'Annunzio has essayed a public theme, though the supreme value of the Latin spirit is celebrated in many of his works. Into his new matter he has carried over the spectacular, or panoramic, methods, that were both the strength and the weakness of "Paolo and Francesca." In a subject that fairly challenges comparison with "Julius Cæsar" and "Antony and Cleopatra," he reveals rather little dramatic resourcefulness. The real conflict lies not between the main characters, but between the Latin and Byzantine factions speaking through the choruses; and real suspense there is none, for the victory of Rome is foregone. Only Basiliola has real existence. On the other hand, her baleful power to enthrall is asserted by highly arbitrary devices. The lust which crowds always feel for her seems based on a false psychology. It is doubtful if stern preoccupation with public affairs, which is always present, admits of such ready conversion into private concupiscence. Still Basiliola is an extraordinary, and eminently characteristic creation. She is more than an avenger, more than a seductress, more than a tool of Byzantium. She is Byzantium, conceived solely in the light of its monstrous depravity and soulless might. The play could have been called "Byzantium Repulsed." It is a defect of the tragedy that nobody embodies with equal clearness the Roman spirit. Surely not the Deaconess Ema, the champion of the Latin Church in Venice, who barely appears; surely not her son Marco Gràtico, a waverer who follows the last temptation or the last command. The ideas that are comprised in a Cæsar, Antony, Brutus, Cassius, are singularly vague in this tragedy, and one will hardly accept the battling hemistichs and strophes of the choruses as a substitute for real drama.

As represented on the stage, the shooting of the prisoners is said to be both disgusting and tedious, and the self-immolation of Basiliola ineffective. We can readily believe it. Even D'Annunzio's diseased imagination has never asserted itself more revoltingly than in the first episode, and one should recall that this pleasing confection of blood and lust is after all *hors d'œuvre* serving merely to underline what is elsewhere perceived in Basiliola. A gratuitous experiment in obscenity, none the less real because scenically veiled, a sacrifice of a character to the symbolism of Byzantium, whatever the reason, the scene of the Fossa Fuia should never have been written. Again the orgy is chiefly an exhibition of Basiliola, serving no dramatic end. At the close of an act almost as revolting for lust as its predecessor for blood, the heretical bishop is slain in a quite casual duel.

Unless we are to give full credit to a symbolism imperfectly realized, unless we yield our enthusiasm unreservedly to what may be regarded as a great naval tract, we shall feel that D'Annunzio's "The Ship" merely reveals once more his highly tropical talent in a familiar phase. If Byzantism is as he depicts it a blend of lechery, bloodthirstiness, and unintellectualized power, Byzantine is the epithet that suits much of D'Annunzio's only literary achievement. The play is gorgeous as description and notable as poetry. Like "Paolo and Francesca," it gives most vivid pictures of a civilization. It is perhaps worth noticing that the voluminous stage directions are, as usual, quite as elaborately wrought as the verse itself. He claims for the drama all the discussive advantages of the romance. And this suggests that the capacity for dramatic inference is possibly as feeble in the author as he believes it to be in his readers.

As a literary drama the work has remarkable merit. The poetry conceals many of the weaknesses of construction. A mist of passion seems to enwrap the action. For such illusion the poet must have praise. At bottom the piece shares many of the qualities and defects of Flaubert's "Salammbô." An awful theme is coldly imagined, the fancy is deliberately flogged to the verge of insane hallucination, and a magnificent rhetoric offers itself as a substitute for the more spontaneous and durable traits of genuine invention.

Of the "Shakespeare's England" section of The Shakespeare Library (Duffield & Co.), under the general editorship of I. Gollancz, we have before us three volumes containing "Robert Laneham's Letter," edited by F. J. Furnivall; "The Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Youth" (Awdeley's "Fraternitye of Vacabondes" and Harman's "Caveat"), edited by Edward Viles and F. J. Furnivall; and "Shakespeare's Holinshed," by W. G. Boswell-Stone. All three of these books have done good service in Shakespearean study, but it seems hardly fair to the public that neither the prospectus nor the volumes themselves, except the first, should contain any intimation that we have here merely unchanged reprints of works that were published many years ago—the earliest of them nearly forty years ago. A couple of pages of random notes by R. B. McKerrow have been prefixed to "Robert Laneham's Letter," but otherwise the volumes appear in their original forms without addition or alteration, either in text or editorial comment. The works in question are, of course, rendered more accessible now through these reprints; it is a pity, however, that no attempt has been made to bring the new editions up to date.

Edward Vroom, the American actor and playwright, who was for several seasons a member of the Booth-Barrett and Booth-Modjeska organizations, and who later toured the country in his own versions of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," and other plays, will soon return to the New York stage. This will be Mr. Vroom's first appearance here as an actor since his admirable production of François Coppée's "For the Crown" at Wallack's Theatre, ten years ago. Since that time he has been in England, where he has won success as an author and as leading actor in Drury Lane Theatre, London, and in the provinces. Mr. Vroom is a romantic actor of notable skill, grace, and power, as well as a thoroughly capable stage manager.

The new comedy which Henry James has written for Forbes Robertson will be produced in Edinburgh in March.

Music.

Music Club Programs from All Nations. By Arthur Elson. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

The Opera. By R. A. Streatfeild. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Elson's latest book subserves a practical purpose, being described on the title-page as "an historic outline of each national school of music, with questions for study, and a series of programs for the use of clubs and other organizations." Such a book, undoubtedly, has been a desideratum. This country contains a large number of women's clubs which arrange concerts every winter. A favorite plan is to have evenings devoted to one composer or a particular school of music. Mr. Elson has evidently noted this disposition, and his book gives just what those who plan and carry out such entertainments need. The first chapter, for instance, devoted to Classical Germany, gives brief sketches of Handel, Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. These are followed by specimen programmes for each composer, samples being offered of three grades: easy, medium, and difficult. Then come similar chapters on Romantic and Modern Germany, France, Italy, England, The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and Finland, Denmark and Switzerland, Bohemia, Hungary and Poland, Russia, America. Excellent judgment is shown in the choice of pieces. Mr. Elson's book might also be used as a brief sketch of the history of concert music, beginning with the eighteenth century, which, with the nineteenth, produced nearly everything that has survived in concert halls. Mr. Elson would perform a useful service if he issued as a sequel a volume devoted to the history of concerts, doing for Europe and America what Hanslick did for Vienna in his "Geschichte des Concertwesens in Wien."

While Mr. Elson confines himself to concert music, Mr. Streatfeild's book is entitled "a sketch of the development of opera, with full descriptions of all works in the modern repertory." The first edition of this serviceable work appeared in 1897; the present, the third, is carefully revised, and enlarged from 336 to 359 pages. In the first edition the reader will look in vain for accounts of some operas now much in vogue, such as Puccini's "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly," Charpentier's "Louise," Strauss's "Salome," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande"; these and other novelties are now fully described. The author, unfortunately, omitted a résumé of the interpolations, thus missing a chance for an interesting glimpse of the operatic history of a decade. D'Albert's successful "Tiefland" escaped his vision.

Mr. Streatfeild's volume is prefaced by a long and interesting introduction from the pen of Fuller Maitland, who pays the author the deserved compliment of saying that he has written the book "with a rare and delightful absence of prejudice." This is exemplified in the remarks on "Pelléas et Mélisande." While granting that Debussy has wilfully abjured melody of any accepted kind and harmony conforming to any established tradition, Mr. Streatfeild maintains that the effect of the music is "singularly striking and persuasive," and that the composer "deserves the credit of striking a note entirely new to the history of music." The most laudable thing about this volume, however, is the combination of clearness and conciseness in the telling of operatic plots—not an easy feat to perform in view of the extraordinary obscurity of many of these stories, especially in the older Italian operas. Even "Il Trovatore" has no terrors for Mr. Streatfeild.

Partly because of the lack of competent opera singers, it has become customary in many of our cities at the spring music festivals to give such operas as "Carmen," "Faust," and Lohengrin" in concert form, without scenery, costumes, and action. Both Seidl and Damrosch produced Wagner's "Parsifal" in concert form before Conried had the temerity to horrify Bayreuth by staging it. London is soon to hear Strauss's "Salome" in a concert hall, because as an opera it is not permitted. Somewhat different is the case of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," which Walter Damrosch has just produced at Carnegie Hall. As an opera it has failed everywhere, except in Russia, where it is very popular; yet there is much beautiful music in it, which the audience was glad to hear in the concert hall, since our opera houses have persistently ignored it. It was well sung and played, too; yet one could not but feel that it would have been wiser for Mr. Damrosch to select only the best numbers, and not to try to follow the plot. There are many other operas, some of them favorites of our fathers, but now obsolete, which contain several numbers each that might be revived to the delight of concert-goers.

The New York Symphony Society will produce a new work by an American composer at the twelfth Sunday afternoon concert, February 9, at Carnegie Hall. This composition is Ernest Schelling's "Fantastic Suite" for piano and orchestra, which he composed in 1905-1906. Mr. Schelling will perform the piano part of his suite.

Art.

THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

The twenty-third exhibition of the Architectural League of New York is well worth seeing, as a record of what is being done in architecture, decorative painting, sculpture, and landscape work. With the painter or the sculptor, the presentation of his subject is a comparatively simple matter, for what he shows is virtually, if not actually, his finished product; but for the architect, as for the landscapist, the exhibit must necessarily be conventionalized to be brought indoors. Now, since the public understands the architect better when his design is shown in color, with the accessories of topography, vegetation, and animal life, which add interest and are an index of scale, and since it is chiefly for the lay public that these exhibitions are held, each successive year shows a greater variety and skill in method of expression. The drawings are no longer rendered in simple black and white, with here and there a touch of color, but many are specially prepared by skilled artists. Interspersed are numerous photographs of completed buildings or of interesting details, supplemented by models in plaster, and panels in stone.

In one respect the Exhibition Committee has displayed questionable judgment. At the northerly end of the entrance corridor are the three largest rooms, the two further rooms communicating by short flights of steps. In the centre of the middle room is a fountain around which the Committee has placed eight Ionic columns, coupled in pairs by an interrupted architrave. If the pergola were a novelty, or if this one were of remarkable beauty, the congestion of the thoroughfare of the smallest room might be justifiable; but, aside from these objections, the columns interfere with the complete view of the principal exhibit of the Vanderbilt gallery. This is a canvas, 8 by 14 feet. The Attributes of the Arts, by Albert Herter—an artist of unquestioned ability. Pegasus stands on the left with Genius and Experience; in the centre kneels Inspiration, a youth holding aloft a torch; on the right are Truth, Beauty, Strength, and Abundance; the background is an Italian landscape of cliff and castle, sea and sky, the entire conception classic. But the charm of color—a perfect riot of color—the elaboration of the figured draperies, the poetic imagery, are seriously impaired by the suggestion of semi-conscious nakedness of the undraped figures, a suggestion emphasized by the beautiful clothing of the others.

In the surroundings of this canvas the committee has shown much consideration; for framed in by garlands, it is capped with a sculptured pediment of some importance by Karl Bitter, and all other color has been relegated to the east, south, and west walls of that gallery. The corners are punctuated with sculpture in low relief; the memorial tablet of Dr. Thurston, for Cornell University, by H. A. McNeil, being worthy of more than passing notice. Near the opposite corner is a group of photographs in brown, and among them one of a picturesque and delightful half-timbered country house at Locust Valley, by Grosvenor Atterbury, and another at Ridgefield, Conn. Each design—especially the former—suggests a homely hospitality and a fitness to the surroundings that should delight both owner and architect.

At the opposite end of this gallery are several large drawings of those enigmas of American architecture—skyscrapers. But however ingenious, forcible, or impressive many of them may be; however picturesque, when seen from bridge or ferry, in their grouping or their isolation, at sunset with their myriad of twinkling lights; however successful as money-getters some of them undoubtedly are, we may yet ask how many individual skyscrapers there are in New York, or anywhere in America, which give genuine or permanent pleasure. Test any of them by the grateful memories of Pisa, Venice, or some of the hill towns of Italy, or the Gothic towns of France, and with little regret we can forget the skyscraper. One of the designs shows "the highest building in the world." The drawing does not, however, convey the impression that this claim should be taken seriously; for, not accidentally, but purposely, the upper end of this huge shaft has been enlarged (not diminished) by convex curves in almost every conceivable direction. The rendering of some of these drawings by Birch Burdett Long and Carlton T. Chapman is so admirable, however, that the exhibition does not suffer so keenly as does the city of New York. Of recent years the New York Chapter of Architects has voted a medal to be awarded annually for the best building erected within the previous five years; and this year the Maryland Institute, at Baltimore, designed by Pell & Corbett, received that honor. This is a building suggestive of the Florentine palaces of the Strozzi, Riccardi, Rucellai. It is barely three stories in height (for the upper one is only an attic), dignified in its simplicity. This award would indicate that both designer and critic are agreed that the architect has not yet solved the problem of the skyscraper except from the constructive or commercial point of view, and that the artist has little genuine sympathy with megalomania.

Among the more gratifying and encouraging exhibits may be mentioned the classic design of Carrère & Hastings for the Borden tomb in Woodlawn Cemetery; the interesting historical memorial indicated as the "Improvements on the Lincoln Farm, Hodgensville, Ky.," by John Russell Pope; and the Orphan Asylum at Wallingford, Pa., by Delano & Aldrich. The last mentioned does not advertise its cost, but rather the excellent sense of proportion of some English work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the class of monumental and civic work there are Mr. Post's design for the Wisconsin State Capitol, which shows an ingenious and clever plan, with entrances not only in each façade of a Greek cross, but within the reëntrant angles, the whole edifice crowned with an unusually successful dome; a public bath for the city of New York, big in scale and simple in design; the Brooklyn Municipal building, also a fire house and amusement hall, by Lord & Hewlett; and a group of police stations, by S. B. Colt, Hunt & Hunt, and others.

Of the designs for, and photographs of, churches and ecclesiastical edifices, the most serious are those presented by Cram, Goodhue & Ferguson; and the most important are their designs for St. Thomas's Church, which promise a notable example of modern Gothic work. In these studies inspiration has been drawn from both English and French sources; and notwithstanding the heaviness of the lowest section of the buttresses (which seem to resist a non-existent excess of thrust), the crowding of the façade by the largeness of the tower and the bigness of the main portal, the erection of such a churchly building will be a great gain to American ecclesiastical architecture.

This exhibition is exceptional in the number of examples of good draughtsmanship. The crayon studies for a decoration in the College of the City of New York, by Blashfield, are worthy of many visits; for there is probably no living American artist whose productions are marked by greater refinement, conscientiousness, and sincere sympathy with his work. The pencil sketches of Vernon Howe Bailey amply justify detailed examination. Among the studies for decorations are two photographs of figure groups by La Farge, though not the best work of that great colorist; and another of a small portion of Siddons Mowbray's successful decoration of the library of the University Club.

Of plastic art there are many examples: statues, busts, reliefs, fountains, grotesques, vases, are everywhere. Of these the two groups, Jurisprudence and Commerce, by French, are decidedly the most interesting. Though perhaps they are inferior in design to his Four Quarters of the World in front of the New York Custom House, they have great charm. In the single statues for the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, modelled by Herbert Adams, Kenyon Cox, John Gelert, Charles Keck, and others, with the general coöperation and direction of French, far greater harmony and dignity has been attained than with similar sculpture in the Appellate Court or the Custom House. Two statues by Augustus Lukeman, for the Royal Bank at Montreal, and the modelled relief of the socle of the Thomas Memorial for Nashville, Tenn., by Enid Yandell, possess considerable merit.

In the annual competitions inaugurated by the league, the gold medal was not awarded this year, but the silver medal for architecture was given to Herman Kahle, a student at Columbia University; the President's prize, a bronze medal for mural painting, went to Hugo Ballin of New York City, with special mention to Anna T Lang—*hors concours* because of her residence out of this city and non-membership in the league; the Henry O. Avery prize of $50 to Charles Cary Ramsey of New York city. A special prize of $300 was awarded for the first time to Evelyn B. Longman, sculptor, Milton H. Bancroft, painter, and Henry Bacon, architect, for work in collaboration; the trio of Gertrude V. Whitney, sculptor, Hugo Ballin, painter, and Grovenor Atterbury, architect, were placed *hors concours*, for one of them is on the Committee of Award.

WILLIAM MARTIN AIKEN.

There is no department of "Art in America" in the January *Burlington Magazine*, for the reason, apparently, that the matter that should have gone into that department has nearly filled the main part of the number. This is an illustrated account of pictures and art treasures acquired by Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Archer M. Huntington from the Kahn Collection. The five pictures acquired by Mrs. Huntington are all Flemish or Dutch: a Virgin and Child ascribed to Roger de la Pasture; a Scholar with a Bust of Homer, and a Hendrickje Stoffils by Rembrandt; and two portraits by Hals. Mr. Huntington's acquisitions are all Spanish; the Velasquez Portrait of a Little Girl, illustrated in the *Burlington* for last October; Cardinal Don Fernando Nino de Guerva, by Il Greco; and the bull-fighter Pedro Romero by Goya. The photogravure frontispiece after Rembrandt's Scholar is the only reproduction of the seven that gives much notion of the quality claimed for the pictures, which are said to be of first rate importance. It is plainly superb, but the Hendrickje, as here presented, looks formless, while the two pictures by Hals look toneless. The Greco seems strange as to both drawing and values, but is a vivid piece of characterization. The Bull Fighter shows Goya at his sanest and best. Besides the pictures, there are ten pages of illustrations of furniture, vases, etc., which are also a part of Mrs. Huntington's acquisition from the same collection. In the same number Dr. A. Koester writes of two recently discovered Greek statues: an ancient copy of Myron's Discobolus, much finer than any copy previously known and a nearly uninjured Niobid of the fifth century B. C. The other illustrations are from Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Murchison, in the Museum of Budapest, and Lawrence's much cleverer but less genuinely attractive portrait of Mrs. Alnutt.

Of the series known as Klassiker der Kunst in Gesamtausgaben, edited by G. Gronau, and published by the Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart and Leipzig, the tenth volume has appeared, entitled "Correggio, des Meisters Gemälde in 196 Abbildungen"; and the eleventh volume, containing 277 reproductions of the works of Donatello.

The "Dictionnaire du costume," by Maurice Maindron and Maurice Leloir, is an expensive publication in numbers, making five volumes of 600 quarto pages each, with 5,000 engravings in the text and 300 inset plates, of which 200 are in colors. The Paris price is 500 francs, or 10 francs a number. It is the outcome of twenty-five years' work on the part of the authors, and comprises clothes, armor, jewels, portable utensils, and fabrication and history. An effort has been made to reproduce unpublished objects existing in private collections. Maindron's historical romances, in which he shows himself an archæological Dumas, and his writings on armor guarantee the text, while Leloir's artistic reproductions are quite as favorably known.

No photographer of paintings exceeds in skill Dominic Anderson of Rome, and none has ministered more intelligently to the needs of students. Accordingly we welcome heartily the new alphabetical catalogue of all his photographs—"Catalogue général des reproductions photographiques publiées par D. Anderson" (Rome, 1907). The pamphlet runs to nearly three hundred pages. Paintings are listed alphabetically by authors; sculpture, architecture, and views alphabetically by places. The frequent difficulty of conflicting attributions is met by a double entry, and—a convenient feature—the name of the critic responsible for the ascription is added in parenthesis. This sensible method may be studied in such debatable lists as Masaccio and Masolino. Space fails us to characterize this catalogue in detail. Suffice it to say that it includes the Prado virtually complete, while an examination of such items as Lorenzo Lotto, Pintoricchio, Tintoretto, will give an idea of its scope. Apart from its obvious uses it will serve as a finding list of first resort. We learn that Mr. Anderson will soon publish paintings of the National Gallery, of the Cook Collection, Richmond, and drawings in the British Museum. There is in progress also an édition de luxe of phototype reproductions of drawings by Goya in the Prado.

The question of making breaches in the walls of Rome, to which allusion was made in the *Nation* of January 23, has taken a new development. The Syndic has been induced to inspect the walls and decide definitely on the advisability of any further demolition. As a result of this visit of inspection it has been settled that no more openings shall be made in the wall between the Porta Pinciana and the Porta Salaria; that the three arches in the Via Piemonte shall be left as they were; and that a new archway shall be made in place of the breach near the Porta Pinciana.

The National Arts Club is holding an exhibition of work by contemporary painters, to close February 15. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Gari Melchers at Cottier & Co.'s, till February 21.

David Johnson, the landscape painter, died January 31 at Walden, N. Y. He was born in 1827, and was one of the last survivors of the "Hudson River School." He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1861, and in 1863 a member. He was winner of a medal at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

Finance.

THE RECENT BANK SUSPENSIONS.

At the close of last December, the comptroller of the currency said:

> From October 20 to December 30, 1907, there have been but sixteen suspensions or failures of national banks. Of these, two have resumed, and several more should do so in the very near future. Contrast this with the panic of 1893, when 160 national banks failed and of these fifty-four were never reopened.

This was encouraging. But in New York city, where practically no bank failure occurred in 1893 as a result of panic, the suspensions in October of one national bank, four trust companies, and six State banks, has within a few days been supplemented by the failure of two national and two State banks. The National Bank of North America, which closed its doors last week Monday; the National Bank of New Amsterdam and the Mechanics and Traders' Bank, which failed to reopen Thursday; and the Oriental Bank, which was closed by the State banking superintendent Friday, were not important institutions. The four of them had only $5,750,000 capital; their joint deposit fund, even before the October panic, was only $35,700,000, and was barely half of that sum when they suspended. Nevertheless, the fact of the suspension remains, and emphasizes the contrast between 1893 and 1907, in the banking mortality of New York city and the rest of the country. What is the meaning of it?

In recent years, many New York banks have fallen under the control of an audacious coterie of speculating capitalists, one of whom, a few years ago, practically owned five national and four State banks of this city. The *modus operandi* was to buy shares in one bank, pledge them with another bank for a loan, use the proceeds to buy shares in yet another bank, and so on. It was a remarkably inexpensive operation at the outset; and it was used, as might be supposed, to obtain access to funds for the personal ventures of the ingenious promoters. In October, eight banks and at least two trust companies were dominated by this group. But when the loan account of moderate-sized banking institutions was crowded with the collateral of these speculators, the managers of the banks found a great difference between breasting the waves on the crest of a financial and industrial "boom," and keeping afloat in a time of panic. It was connections of this sort, direct or indirect, in the past, which brought about the latest failures. The reason why the banks survived the panics, was that the other banks of the Clearing House kept them afloat by loan certificates; and that so long as restriction of cash payments to depositors prevailed, no "run" could bring the crisis. But resumption of cash payments furnished the test The banks could not stand alone, and the Clearing House Committee reasoned that, continuing assistance, when the panic and hoarding mania no longer existed, would simply encourage new depositors to entrust their money to shaking concerns.

These four bank suspensions throw a singular light on the plea for the guarantee of bank deposits, by the government or by all the other banks combined. It is not difficult to imagine the enormous advantage which such a law would have conferred on the "chain bankers." The one serious obstacle in their way, which ended in their overthrow as an influence in the New York banking community, was the distrust of their schemes by depositors. Had these depositors been guaranteed against any possible loss, the "chain bankers" would quite possibly have been in the saddle today, pursuing their personal schemes with depositors' money.

"The Finances of Cleveland," by Charles C. Williamson (Columbia University Press, The Macmillan Company, agents), is a careful study in municipal finance. After considering the organization of the government and the methods of financial administration, Mr. Williamson treats in ample detail the revenues, expenditures, industries,

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and debt of the city. The story is not different from that of the majority of our larger cities. Expenditures and debts have steadily increased, rapidly at some times—as between 1865 and 1875—and more slowly at others; industries have been conducted in unbusinesslike fashion, hut with marked improvement in recent years; and, in general, the city has clung to imperfect and antiquated methods which would have hankrupted any business corporation in short order. The chief defect in the monograph is that the author nowhere undertakes comprehensive discussion and criticism of the entire financial policy pursued in each period of the city's history. We learn in one chapter that expenses have increased; in another we find an account of the revenue system; in still another we come to the history of the city's deht. But we are left to discover for ourselves the natural divisions in the financial history of Cleveland, and to piece out, as hest we can, our own account of the financial policies of each period. The author has devoted much labor to the details of a prohlem, hut has nowhere grasped the problem itself in its entirety.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Waterways. Philadelphia: Academy of Political and Social Science.
Ball, Margaret. Sir Walter Scott. Macmillan. $1 net.
Bleackley, Horace. The Story of a Beautiful Duchess. Dutton. $5 net.
Bohannan, William J. H. Nephilim. Reeve A. Silk.
Bossuet's Oraisons Funèbres. Les Classiques Français. Putnams. $1 net.
Brown, Horatio. Studies in the History of Venice. 2 vols. Dutton. $6 net.
Butterfield, Kenyon L. Chapters in Rural Progress. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Cecil, Mrs. Evelyn. London Parks and Gardens. Dutton. $6 net.
Cody, Grace Ethelwyn. Jacquette, A. Sorority Girl. Duffield & Co. $1.25.
Denison, T. S. Nauatl or Mexican in Aryan Phonology. Chicago: published by the author.
Dick Donovan. (J. E. Preston Muddock). Pages from an Adventurous Life. Mitchell Kennerley. $5.
Dodd, William E. Jefferson Davis. Philadelphia: Jacohs & C. $1.25 net.
Doran, Beverley. The Breath of the Mountains. Boston: Badger.
Doughty, Charles M. Wanderings in Arabia. 2 vols. London: Duckworth & Co.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Politician. Boston: Luce & Co.
Gardner, Edmund G. Saint Catherine of Siena. Dutton. $4 net.
Guyot, Yves. La Démocratie Individualiste. Paris: Giard & Brière.
Hay, Alfred. Continuous Current Engineering. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Hauptmann, Gerhart. Kaiser Karls Geisel. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hinds, William Alfred. American Communities and Coöperative Colonies. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Houston, Edwin J. The Boy Geologist. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.
Jewish Historical Society, Publications of the American. No. 16. Published by the Society.
Johnson, Henry. The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins. Dutton. $5 net.
Jones, Francis Arthur. Thomas Alva Edison. Crowell. $2 net.
Keane, A. H. The World's Peoples. Putnams. $2 net.
Lake, Kirsopp. The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Loshe, Lillie Deming. The Early American Novel. Macmillan. $1 net.
Mencken, Henry L. The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. Boston: Luce & Co.
National Civic Federation; Proceedings of the National Conference on Trusts and Combinations, 1907. Published hy the Federation.
Neihardt, John G. A Bundle of Myrrh. Outing Publishing Co.
Osborn, Henry Fairfield. Evolution of Mammalian Molar Teeth. Macmillan.
Oldmeadow, Ernest. Virginie. The McClure Co.
Orchard, Harry, The Confessions and Autobiography of. The McClure Co.
Padon, Ella F. In Charge of the Consul. Boston: Badger.
Paget, Francis. Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Treatise of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. Henry Frowde.
Percy, Frances Percy. An Illuminated Way. Boston: Badger.
Preuss, Arthur. Fundamental Fallacy of Socialism. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.
Ramsay, W. M. The Cities of St. Paul. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $3 net.
Ricker, N. Clifford. A Study of Roof Trusses. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Roscoe, H. E. and C. Schorlemmer. A Treatise on Chemistry. Vol. II.: The Metals. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
Rosenkrantz, Palle. The Magistrate's Own Case. McClure Co.
Sainshury, Ethel Bruce. Court Minutes of the East India Company, 1635-1639. Henry Frowde. $4.15.
Scott, E. F. The Apologetic of the New Testament. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Smith, Robinson. English Quotations. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Toffteen, Olaf A. Researches in Assyrian and Babylonian Geography. Part I. University of Chicago Press.
Tompkins, Juliet Wilbor. Dr. Ellen. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Vaughan, Carrie B. Out of the Depths. Boston: Badger.
Waterfield, Margaret. Flower Grouping in English, Scotch, and Irish Gardens. Dutton. $6 net.
Williams, R. H. With the Border Ruffians. Dutton. $4 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1908.

The Week.

Any one who thinks our American business men lack idealism and childlike faith should read the report of what the delegation from the American Manufacturers' Association did when it went to Washington last week to talk tariff reform. Here are two of their formulated policies:

> (1.) The intelligent, thorough, and unprejudiced study of facts;
>
> (4.) The adjustment of the tariff schedules so that they shall affect all interests favorably and equitably without excessive or needless protection to any.

And to secure these objects they petition, of all people in the world, the Speaker of a Republican House of Representatives and the chairman of a Republican Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Cannon spoke bluntly about the tariff commission plan. No one knows better than he that such commissions stand only the slightest chance of being any more useful than debating clubs, and that the historic commission of 1882 made a report "so voluminous that it was never even read." When the Ways and Means Committee does act, it wants, and is entitled to have, first-hand testimony. But all these are only subsidiary questions. Does any one seriously suppose that our Republican Congresses have been merely waiting for information all these years they have refused to revise the tariff? Information is not hard for Congressional committees to get, least of all the kind which has governed the making of former protective tariffs, namely, information as to how heavy the duties each special interest wants. The Republican party has let the tariff alone because it was paid to, and, as Mr. Cannon truly said, it is exclusively responsible for its legislative policy.

Striking evidence of the "state of nerves" into which the country has got is furnished by the number of ordinarily calm and cool-headed men who are now going about filled with unconcealed apprehension. What they are afraid of is not hard times, but hard knocks. It is not bad business that they dread so much as crazy legislation. People say that these are critical times; there is great excitement throughout the country; a Presidential election is impending; rival political leaders are bidding against each other for the votes of visionaries and revolutionists. So, they infer, some dreadful thing is going to happen. The sounder inference would be that nothing whatever is going to happen. Consider the present settled purpose of Congress to give no heed at all to the President's message. Not a handful of Republicans in both houses could be got to say publicly that they approved of it. That the measures of legislation which it urged will receive no attention whatever, is conceded by all intelligent correspondents at Washington. Indeed, there is no certainty that the President himself either expects or desires Congress to do anything. Whatever his message was intended for, it was not planned to result in immediate legislation. There are still courts in Washington. There is still a dominant number of steady and cautious men in Congress. They will not be raided, and they refuse to be terrified. Nor is there any reason to believe that the mass of the people have a wish or purpose except for corrective and healing laws. All this being so, our apprehensive business men should pluck up their spirits. It is for those who have the serious tasks of keeping the industry and transportation of the country going, to bear in mind the powerful forces which make for stability and sanity, and not to tremble at the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Senator Culberson's attack on Secretary Cortelyou's measures of last October and November contain several distinct specifications. His charge of violation of the law by Mr. Cortelyou, in the sale of bonds and notes when the Treasury was not in need of money, and in the acceptance of the 3 per cent. notes as a basis for new bank circulation, is the same criticism which was made in these columns at the time. Mr. Cortelyou's recent answer to the Senate inquiry plausibly defended the sale of Panama Canal bonds, on the ground that the entire proceeds have been expended on the canal work. But his argument for the 3 per cent. notes, when the law authorizes their use only in such sums "as, in his judgment, may be necessary to meet public expenditure," and when the Treasury had, as a matter of fact, $230,000,000 on deposit in the banks, was not at all convincing. Furthermore, since the National Bank Act requires deposits of United States bonds as security against circulating banknotes, and since it further expressly declares that "the term 'United States bonds,' as used throughout this chapter, shall be construed to mean registered bonds of the United States," the use of one-year 3 per cent. certificates of indebtedness was plainly illegal.

When, however, Senator Culberson denounced Mr. Cortelyou's deposit of public moneys in bank last October, he fell into a series of blunders. Dilating on the share of such deposits allotted to New York banks, Mr. Culberson points out that according to the Comptroller's reports, the amount owed by New York banks to all other national banks decreased, between August 22 and December 3, only $10,820,511. This, he alleges, was all this city's banks paid to outside national institutions, although the loans of the New York banks in the same period increased $63,000,000. But the figures, as presented by the Senator, are misleading. The "amount due to other national banks," referred to, does not rise or fall solely according to receipt or shipment of currency at New York. On the contrary, a Western bank which has been lending its money directly on the New York market and which calls in the loan—as hundreds of banks did at the panic time—converts the proceeds into a deposit in a New York bank; thus, on the face of things, increasing the amount which this city's banks owe to other institutions. Senator Culberson's decrease of $10,820,511 "due to other national banks" is, therefore, no criterion whatever of the currency shipments from New York to the interior. Explicit information on that point was given by the chairman of the Clearing House Committee to Mr. Cortelyou, and was published in the Secretary's reply to the Senate inquiry. It showed that, during the panic period from October 21 to December 7, the New York banks shipped to the interior $106,921,700 more currency than they received from it. These figures Senator Culberson cannot honestly ignore. As for the $63,000,000 increase in New York bank loans on collateral, of which the Senator makes so much, he surely ought to know that when interior banks recall their own Wall Street loans with sudden violence, the burden of sustaining the credits involved is shifted necessarily to the New York institutions.

Mr. Bryan expounding as something entirely new a very old economic theory, which he himself has just discovered and imperfectly mastered, is not an unfamiliar spectacle. Even before his unlucky experiment with the idea of government ownership of railways in 1906, his achievements in this regard had somehow created the impression of a politician hastily running over the pages of a politico-economic text-book, to see if something might not turn up which could be used as an "issue." His remarks to the Civic Forum in this city last week, on the "ideal monetary system," touch the foundation of things in the same light-hearted way. That system, he tells us, "would be one in which the purchasing power of the dollar remained the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." He finds that his plan of 1896 for the sudden injection into our currency system of the whole of our own silver product, and a good part of that of other nations, would have made for this stability of "purchasing power." Following the same line of thought, he finds some amusement in the fact that people who objected to "my silver dollar" at that time, have now adopted cashiers' checks and clearing-house certificates instead. We do not know whether Mr. Bryan imagines that the panic expedients referred to were adopted as a permanent addition to the currency, to make good an insufficiency in gold production; but such a supposition would be necessary to his argument.

The State Labor Department's bulletin, which fixes with some approach to accuracy the real proportions of our much-discussed army of the unemployed, shows, as might be expected, that more men were out of work at the end of December, 1907, than on the corresponding date of the years preceding. The 92 labor unions reporting in this city had 34.2 per cent. of members idle on December 31, while, with a slightly smaller number reporting, the percentages were 12.8 in 1906, 6.7 in 1905, and 17.8 in 1904. Relatively, twice as many men are out of work, then, as in the worst of these years, five times as many as in the best year. Bad as these figures are, however, it is clear that New York city is to-day housing much more than its due proportion of the unemployed. Social workers report that many of the idle men here have drifted in from the smaller manufacturing centres. The merit of the proposed labor-colony plan for the solution of the problem of the unemployed in this State is that it offers a remedy that is permanent, and that involves coöperation on the part of the beneficiary. The obvious defects of the plan are such as appeared in England during the distressing winter of three years ago, when a colony for London's unemployed was founded on land granted for the purpose by an American. The primary object of maintaining a comparatively small number of destitute workmen was, of course, attained, but at an expense, we believe, that did not make the experiment a success from the point of view of practical economics. In a recent undertaking of the borough of West Ham, for example, a product estimated at £7,397 cost £10,135. It was found that the lower-class city laborer and the workman chronically unemployed made a poor showing, though it is only fair to say that malnutrition and illness had done much to reduce the capacity for work, even where the desire existed. How an agricultural colony can, in general, bring speedy relief to the urban workman in need of work, is not easy to see.

Ray Stannard Baker, who contributed to the *American Magazine* several articles on the negro in the South, has begun in the current number a new series dealing with the color line in the North. This bids fair to be of great service, for the negro problem is a national one; and in some of its aspects, as in the matter of obtaining work, the North is harder upon the colored laborer than the South, where labor unions are as yet of comparatively slight importance. Signs of militant prejudice have never been lacking in certain Northern States. The draft riots of 1863 in New York had, as will be remembered, chiefly colored victims. Only three or four years ago the police of this city disgraced themselves by an outrageous assault upon inoffensive colored people because of the act of a negro criminal in shooting a policeman. That there was not a lynching in our streets at that time was merely a matter of luck. In all the large cities of the North, notably in Indianapolis and Philadelphia, the problem daily forces itself more and more upon the attention of philanthropists, charity workers, and police authorities. When indiscriminately herded together, negroes who are suddenly placed amid all the temptations of the city, after being accustomed to rural life in the South, are easily led astray. The change in climate, the difficulty of obtaining decent quarters at the same rents asked of white tenants, the exploitation of the race by demagogic politicians, and by dive- and saloon-keepers tend, as Mr. Baker points out, to make the negro districts, or settlements, danger spots. Industrially, the chief difference, as Mr. Baker shows, is that in the South the complaint is of a lack of efficient negro labor; in the North the skilled negro finds it difficult to get work on any terms. The places where the negroes are best off, Mr. Baker finds, are the smaller cities of the North and West, where they are still few in numbers. The negro people need to-day a strong incorporated national committee for the furtherance of the welfare of the whole race. Such a committee would be able to receive gifts. It could buy land for negro settlers, and in improving the health of the race open new channels of industry, develop schools and churches, agitate for the restoration of civil rights where they are denied, and furnish the best legal skill for the testing of unjust laws.

It has been alleged that too much athletics in college tends to dwarf the reasoning powers of ingenuous youth. This may have been in the minds of the Williams trustees when they voted to cut down the schedule of intercollegiate contests. But it is all a mistake. If any frank man will consider the following passage from the *Williams Record*, in an article on "The Anti-Athletic Policy," he will be forced to admit that it is a magnificent display of the imaginative faculty as applied to logic:

> Followed to the letter, this policy will mean the isolation of Williams. With, at best, only semi-occasional visits of representatives of other colleges, and with a very infrequent Williams representation at other colleges, the broadening effect of contact with other college men will have ceased almost entirely to operate. The benefits of intercollege mingling will thus be forfeited to the ideals of high scholarship. Williamstown may, indeed, be an ideal place for concentrated study, but it lacks the qualifications of a place adapted to the combating of a narrowness which will be apparent when there is only very infrequent association with other institutions.

This keen observer, who has noted the "broadening effect" of being one of the cheering crowds at football matches, with the benefit to "the ideals of high scholarship" to be had from joining the roistering throngs after the game, deserves high place among the discoverers of the age.

The debate between Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer on the recently concluded Anglo-Russian convention with regard to Central Asia, shows how treaties may be taken by the spirit or the letter. To Lord Curzon the agreement was a failure, because its results for Great Britain were "doubtful in respect to Afghanistan, bad in respect to Tibet, and worse in respect to Persia." That was a weighing of clause against clause and article against article, which may be made to show anything. The question is whether Great Britain and Russia, in coming to terms, wished to let their differences in Central Asia rest for a little while, or not. It does not matter what the distant aims of either party to the contract may have been. Possibly, within fifteen or twenty years, Russia may feel herself prepared to resume her advance on India, and Great Britain may have found another partner. Nevertheless, for an appreciable number of years, the recent agreement will hold, if, for no other reason, because it took years to prepare for it and years to bring it about. It is all very well to speak of treaties as not being worth the paper they are written on, but, after all, nations outside of Central America do not change their minds in a day. British opinion probably now finds the Japanese alliance irksome; as Lord Cromer said, the Anglo-Russian convention may have been a preparatory step towards loosening Britain's connection with Japan. Yet admitting all that, it will take years before the Anglo-Japanese treaty can be quite dissolved. The interests which made it desirable cannot all disappear in a day; the forces opposed to it cannot all develop in a day. And that is why we take with mitigated seriousness the rapid political combinations and recombinations that the cable brings us.

Talk of war between Russia and Turkey over the Persian boundary dispute is taken in some quarters seriously. The quarrel is of nearly a year's standing. Difference of opinion between Turkey and Persia as to the frontier line in the north was followed by what Persia has designated as invasion of her territory by Turkish troops. The Porte, on the other hand, asserts that its soldiers have not crossed the true boundary line. That line was established, after long years of dispute, by the intervention of Russia and Great Britain. Hence Russia's present activity as the champion of Persian rights and the guarantor of peace in the Caucasus. Great Britain's silence in the matter may be taken as the result of the recent agreement with Russia by which northern Persia was assigned to Russia as a particular sphere of influence. History shows few examples of national altruism comparable with Russia's unselfish interposition in behalf of Persia, whose internal condition would make her an easy antagonist of Turkey. At the very moment when Russia's Manchurian generals are on trial for their lives, charged with cowardice and incapacity, when internal discontent is by no means suppressed, when famine rages among the peasantry, the Czar would intervene to save the Persian lamb from the ferocious Turkish tiger. Or has the old policy of distracting attention from domestic troubles by seeking foreign adventures once more asserted itself at St. Petersburg?

The recall of the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg on the request of the Russian government, was necessitated, so it is reported, by a letter of the diplomat, which fell into the hands of the Russian police, and which it would be mild to call indiscreet. The famous Sackville-West letter contained nothing approaching in frankness M. Bompard's remarks on the Russian court and ruling circles:

> The bureaucracy, court, and clergy are leading a prodigal and debauched life. . . . The expenses of the court of the Czar Nicholas and his grand dukes are twice as much as the Russian Government provides for the education of the people.

St. Petersburg's conservative circles have been calling the French Ambassador a Jacobin and a mannerless parvenu, and the fact that he was appointed to his present position under the Premiership of M. Combes, the Pope of Free-Masonry, as the French conservatives call him, might be taken to account for his Radical sympathies. At the same time, the incident shows under what difficult conditions an alliance like that between France and Russia may exist, and even be vigorously defended as it was by André Tardieu, an unquestioned authority, the other day at Harvard. In France to-day republicanism and secularism are all-powerful, and so radical a gospel as Socialism is an important factor in political life. Paris is still the city of cosmopolitanism and advanced modernity. What Russia and St. Petersburg of the present day are, needs no re-statement. Yet a common fear holds the most advanced and the most backward nations of Europe together.

The expatriation bill now before the Prussian House of Lords confesses the inability of the Prussian government to assimilate, after more than a century of effort, its Polish subjects; it admits the total failure of the effort to crowd them out by colonizing Prussian Poland with the pure German stock; it reveals the Chancellor as grasping as a last resort at forcible expulsion. Poles have been deeply rooted in these Prussian provinces for centuries. When the Prussian government undertook to buy these lands as opportunity offered, it thought that $25,000,000 would suffice to carry the scheme of colonization well towards fruition; but another $25,000,000 was soon called for, and then $62,500,000. But despite the expenditure of this treasure, despite the construction of whole villages with churches, schools, inns, public buildings, the result is as nothing. Wherever Germans have been settled they have found competition with the frugality and thrift of the Poles difficult if not impossible. This practical failure naturally stirred the Prussian government to fresh efforts. It began making war on individuals. A German major of cavalry who sold his estate to some Poles had to leave the service; officials who showed any favor to the Poles were compelled to accept a transfer or resign. Then came the war upon the Polish school children, who struck rather than say their prayers in German; and later there was introduced a bill which, under the guise of giving greater freedom of assembly to all Germans, struck another blow at the Poles by requiring that within the empire all speeches should be made in German. And now comes the final wrong. To parallel it, the United States would have to expatriate all the Mexican landowners in Arizona, Texas, and New Mexico; or to drive out of New England the French Canadians. Canada, to do a similar wrong, would have forcibly to separate from their farms all whose ancestors followed the star of Montcalm and his predecessors. They, too, have clung to their language, their national traits, and have refused to be assimilated by their conquerors. Yet rare political wisdom has allowed them to rest undisturbed, has granted them full suffrage rights, and allowed them the use of their tongue even in Parliament. Were the guardians of Prussia's policy equally astute, they would have cherished the Poles, won their confidence and friendship, and conceded them both language and customs. But the Prussian Imperialism of to-day has grown more strident, though at the same time less efficient. Conscienceless though Bismarck often was, he yet knew how to use the pride of the several states to weld them into an Empire.

The withdrawal of the Congo annexation treaty for further consideration by the crown is taken as an augury of victory for the opponents of Leopold II. The Belgian Parliament had worked out a satisfactory bill for the government of the colony that the nation was about to acquire, when the terms of the treaty of annexation submitted by the King made the speedy acquisition of the colony once more an uncertainty. The bone of contention was the so-called Foundation of the Crown, the revenues of which, it was stipulated, should continue to be applied to the uses for which the King had hitherto employed them. Such uses were described as "absolutely disinterested and patriotic," consisting chiefly in the creation of imposing public works in various Belgian cities and the support of charitable and educational labors in the Congo. For himself, the King asked "neither indemnity nor repayment," though liberal pensions for various members of the royal family were demanded. It was also required that Belgium should continue the working of the forests in the Foundation; this would mean the maintenance in some form or other of the system of forced labor. The majority in the Belgian Parliament might possibly have been driven by the party lash to accept the treaty, but the approaching general elections would have brought condign punishment. In this situation, the death of the Premier, M. Trooz, and the succession of M. Schollaert, who accepted office free from conditions, have helped to hasten what promises to be an acceptable compromise. That Sir Edward Grey's recent forcible declarations in the House of Commons have also aided, we may readily assume. The struggle has been largely one of principle. Of the Congo's 20,000,000 inhabitants, the Foundation of the Crown holds about 2,500,000, so that, at the worst, Belgium was getting control over fully seven-eighths of the region.

USING THE OFFICES.

President Roosevelt has at last declared himself against the use of Federal offices to control political committees and pack political conventions. He cites his own rule against such official meddling, and writes, in his letter to Mr. Foulke, that "no officer will be permitted to violate the above injunction, with my knowledge." It was not, however, until the proceedings of the Florida Republican Convention were telegraphed over the country, and people discovered that Government employees were neglecting their duties in order to go to St. Augustine and dictate the choice of officeholders as delegates to the Chicago Convention—it was not till then that the President thought it necessary to act.

His explanations on the subject of appointments in Mr. Taft's interest take up only a small part of his letter. The real issue never lay in them. It was not asserted that they amounted to more than a handful. There were four Ohio postmasters. Senator Foraker asserted that they were named to promote Mr. Taft's candidacy; the President replies that they were duly recommended by Representatives. That is, obviously, not a logical contradiction. They might have been urged by Congressmen, and still intended to help Taft in his fight against the Ohio Senators. This matter we must leave for Senator Foraker to elucidate. As for the Wanmaker appointment in this city, the President defends it on the ground that it was recommended by the three Republican Congressmen from New York County. That, again, is not inconsistent with the fact that Wanmaker was made appraiser in order to aid Taft in New York. That this was the understanding of Taft's friends in Washington at the time, is indicated by a special dispatch to one of our good Republican newspapers, stating in so many words that "his selection is looked on as intended to assist the Taft movement in New York."

The President does not deny that Federal officials have been working for Taft, or even that pressure may have been put upon them to that end; he merely says that "if in any such case the accusation is found true, it will have occurred without my knowledge." Nothing is more probable than that over-zealous subordinates of the President's did what they thought would please him, though they did not tell him of it. The charges made by the Boston *Herald* in reference to the orders given Massachusetts postmasters to get delegates for Taft, were very explicit. The orders may have been issued without the knowledge of the President; and if the matter is pressed to public debate in the Senate, we may possibly get more details than Mr. Roosevelt was aware of.

Past occurrences, however, are of less importance than future policy. Is the President really determined to put an end to the gross impropriety of officeholders controlling party conventions and choosing delegates? His answer to the charge that the Florida convention was run by officeholders is singularly lame. The charge was made, he says, by "persons who wish to be put in office." Grant it; but what has that to do with the conduct of those who have been put in office? The rolls of the Florida convention will show how many officeholders were present. It is known that three out of the four delegates elected were Federal officials. In view of that fact, it is of no avail to point out the bad character of those who object to this political use of the offices. The offices were unquestionably so used in Florida.

As for Secretary Taft himself, he must look upon all this activity of Southern officeholders with much repugnance. We know what he thought of its baleful political effects, from one of his utterances before he was an active candidate for the Presidency. Speaking in Greensboro, North Carolina, on July 9, 1906, he displayed, in dealing with the evil of a Republican party in the South run by officeholders, a frankness almost as great as in his arraignment of Boss Cox, the previous year. Mr. Taft referred to the charge that there was no real Republican party in the South—nothing but "a little coterie of politicians who devote themselves solely to the selection of delegates to the national convention, and whose whole object is the securing of the Federal patronage"—and declared that it had "much force and truth." He then went on to say to Southern Republicans:

> You can have no prospect of success and do not deserve success unless you show in the nominees of your conventions and in the men whom you put forward to lead you that you fully recognize the obligation that you are under as a party. . . . You must convince the voters at the polls that you are not merely an office-seeking party. . . . I do not wish to seem ungracious, but I must be candid. In my judgment, the Republican party of North Carolina would be much stronger as a voting party if all the Federal offices were filled by Democrats. . . . The struggle for Federal political office, producing, as it does, jealousies and strifes and disappointments, paralyzes united effort to make the party strong at the polls and worthy of success. . . . As long as the Republican party in the Southern States shall represent little save a factional chase for Federal offices, we may expect the present political conditions of the South to continue.

The man who spoke those pointed and honest words less than two years ago, cannot be entirely happy to see himself now made the beneficiary of the "factional chase for Federal offices." No one can suppose that Mr. Taft desires to be nominated for the Presidency by a mercenary army of Southern officeholders, supported by delegates from a few Western States and the Territories, while the great body of States that cast Republican electoral votes is against him. For our part, we can conceive of no way in which he would more strengthen himself with the country than by coming out bluntly against the interference of Federal officeholders in politics, whether they be for him or against him. The whole thing is abhorrent, and Mr. Taft ought to side with those who would exclude it utterly from our political life.

SOCIALISM UNDER DEBATE.

It is not necessary to connect the capture of the English Labor party by the Socialists with the rioting of the workmen in Berlin or the unrest among the masses in Portugal. The event, taken by itself, is of sufficient significance. At the conference of the party at Hull a resolution that the organization declare as its "ultimate object" the "overthrow of the present system" was first voted down by 951,000 votes to 91,000 (each delegate's votes are proportioned to the membership of the society he represents). The very next day, by a vote of 510,000 to 469,000, the conference adopted this resolution:

> That the time has arrived when the Labor party should have as a definite object the socialization of the means of production and distribution and exchange, to be controlled by a democratic state in the interest of the entire community, and the complete emancipation of labor from the domination of capitalism and landlordism, with the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes.

If this be not radical enough to satisfy extremists, it is at any rate a pretty complete surrender to the Collectivists.

Yet this step, which has excited so much comment in England and on the Continent, is in the direct path which the Labor party has long been treading; for, though English workmen have lagged behind the Germans and the French in the movement toward Socialism, they have kept well ahead of the Americans. Indeed, to many of the policies which were formerly denounced as socialistic, both of the old parties in England are more or less committed. With municipal lighting plants, for instance, which in this country are generally regarded with disfavor, or at least with doubt, the English cities are experimenting freely. Government intervention between employers and employed in settling disputes—as in the recent threatened railway strike—is applauded by Conservative and Liberal politicians alike. Then, too, the leaders on both sides are bidding for the workingman's vote by offering old-age pensions—something that in America would be looked upon as wildly socialistic. In fine, Englishmen of all political creeds have gone farther than Americans both in those socialistic projects in which the difficulty or impossibility of competition offers an alternative between private and public monopoly, and in those which are largely supported by humanitarian sentiment. The mere word *Socialism* is ceasing to be a bugbear. Party chieftains admit frankly that they are no longer afraid of the naked principle of Socialism. The only thing they ask is whether any particular undertaking seems practicable and desirable in itself. The fear that it may be the small end of the wedge seems less disturbing than on this side of the Atlantic. This attitude is, on the whole, typical of the English temper, with its contempt for abstract notions, doctrinaire views, and paper theory—the practical temper which Burke exhibited when he declared:

> It is a very great mistake to imagine that mankind follow up practically any speculative principle, either of government or of freedom, as far as it will go in argument or logical illation. We Englishmen stop very short of the principles upon which we support any given part of our Constitution or even the whole of it together.

This temper of the English renders it doubtful whether the formal adoption of a resolution by the Labor conference will have at present any striking result. The most ardent Socialist must see that the "socialization of the means of production and distribution and exchange" is as far off as ever. The agitators for that end may be somewhat stimulated and encouraged, socialistic proposals may receive somewhat more attention in the public press; but for the great minority of the workmen—perhaps even a majority—old-age pensions seem likely to remain the goal for a long time to come. We are bound to admit, however, that a quickening of the socialist propaganda in England may also be reflected, even if faintly, in America; that lively discussion of socialistic ideas by English-speaking people on one side of the ocean may find some echo here—especially in a period of business depression. In the next decade we shall probably hear a good deal about the beauties and benefits of a régime under which nobody is to be overworked and everybody is to be rich and happy.

Convinced though we are that the reasoning of the socialists is fallacious, we incline to the belief that a socialist agitation may in the long run prove beneficial to this country. We were opposed to the free coinage of silver, and yet we are convinced that the two great political campaigns in which that subject was treated so fully in the press and on the platform were extremely valuable in their educational effect. Thousands, nay, millions, of men and women who had grown up without the slightest notion of economics in general and finance in particular, became fairly well versed in the topic; they were made more intelligent and better citizens; and in the end they sustained the principle of sound money. In like manner Socialism may be the means of widening intellectual horizons; it may lay before Americans a new view of some of the larger questions of life—far larger than the petty tenets of trades-unionism. It may set us to thinking; and the salvation of a republic depends upon the efforts of its citizens to think seriously about its affairs. For one thing, Socialism is eminently a peace movement; it is steadily opposed to militarism; and it will thus help us to see more clearly the silliness of the huge naval and military expenditure in which we seem bound to rival the groaning nations of Europe. And as for other questions—we cannot believe that error will permanently prevail over truth. We are confident that individualism, in its main features, is the policy which has formed and which must preserve our institutions. But if we conservatives are mistaken, we cannot but welcome a discussion which shall open our eyes and set us right. Our attitude toward this topic, as toward any other which touches the vitals of our nation, must be that of readiness to defend our faith in open forum, to meet and conquer reason with reason.

CRIME AND THE READER.

The popularity of police reports and detective fiction does not seem to be always understood. It has, however, a natural explanation. A saleslady supping upon the horrors of the yellow press, and a FitzGerald regaling himself upon the Newgate Calendar, are satisfying the same normal appetite. For in the book of crime we all have the satisfaction of beholding our free and primitive selves in action. There is nothing to be said for vice; but killing and stealing are robust acts which man has always condemned and men have always exulted in. So far as action is concerned, we have sold our birthright, or rather we have come to a convenient agreement not to exercise it as individuals. Except in time of war, the killing of our neighbor and the appropriation of his goods are achievements we deny ourselves for the tedious good of the greater number. But we are all potential sleuths, hard upon the trail of the individual offender, as well as potential jurymen, ready to find him guilty in view of all the evidence. Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, stole a pig and away he run. Ten years at hard labor! Who killed Cock Robin? To the gallows with him, the dastard! So goes cheerfully up to heaven the chorus of husbands, fathers, and fellow-citizens. Yet every man-Jack of us has a sneaking sympathy for Tom, and a more or less critical admiration for the murderer of that somewhat tiresome bird. Who is really insensible to the charm of this vicarious activity?—every man in fancy his own murderer (or shall we say blood-avenger?), every man in his dreams not robbing a till, but heroically bagging a Kohinoor. No wonder the fiction of crime is popular.

Sensible persons, consequently, do not sneer at the detective story as an institution any more than they sneer at melodrama. These are, of course, special and highly developed forms of literary and dramatic expression. The candid mind has only to perceive what their function is, and how well they perform it, to clear itself of false shame in the enjoyment of them. They are equally conventional forms, but the laws which govern them are quite unlike. From the melodramatic point of view, crime is a monster of deadly mien, which to be hated needs but to be seen. It is held before the disapproving eyes of the spectator only that he may be properly prepared to gloat over its eventual payment of the price. Virtue is supposed to be the real mistress of our thoughts; it is our joyful duty to guard her honor from the lightest stain, and to concede to vice no single lineament of her. A heroine with a cigarette is as unthinkable as an adventuress without one. The villain cannot help wearing his hat over his eyes, and the hero could not do it if he tried.

But if melodrama gratifies the juryman in us, detective fiction appeals primarily to the old Adam. Or, rather, we are doubly involved in the affair. Morally the criminal, intellectually we are the master mind which runs him down. It is an exciting game. We do not demand extraordinary novelty or ingenuity of ourselves in either rôle. So far as the crime is concerned, the fact, the mode, can hardly be too simple. Recent practitioners have exercised a good deal of needless ingenuity in the matter. One author uses a snake, another a malarial mosquito, another a subtle gas caused to emanate from the stolid foliage of the harmless, necessary rubber-plant. All this is to paint the rose. The spoonful of rough-on-rats, the obtuse brick, or the bare bodkin serves perfectly well. And the fact of crime needs no particularly subtle garnishing of mystery to lure us on. A little confusion of clues and scents is all we require. Even the great Sherlock's famous "deductive" method is mainly wonderful as we see it mirrored in the round eyes of the solemn ass Watson, and contrasted with the clumsy manœuvres of the idiots of Scotland Yard. His method, with all its pomp is the ageless method of keeping one's eye peeled and adding two and two. The test is a test of common sense applied to uncommon data. One recalls the bewildering multiplication of possible clues in "The Murders in the Rue

Morgue" by the various depositions at the coroner's inquest. The man who gets to the bottom of the matter is the man who refuses to let his imagination lead him away from the few undisputed facts. The story, as it happens, is a little compromised by the eventual discovery that there has been no crime at all. There is a certain pathos in hunting down our man and finding him a monkey. After all, we have been defrauded of our murder; it is not pleasant to have wasted the sympathy due to a fellow-being upon a mere brute. The true formula does not vary: the thing has been done, and the main questions are, Who did it? and, How do we know he did it? How he did it is a matter of secondary importance; and why he did it is a question the answer to which may be found in the bosom of any natural man.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

I.

There was a time not so long ago when the "Reveries of a Bachelor," and perhaps "Dream-Life," stood on the shelf of every college sophomore, the gift of some gentle friend. 'Twas a pretty custom, as if the donor with furtive fingers were knocking for admission into these mysterious masculine quarters, and would hint with sly bashfulness that a young bachelor's idle thoughts should properly turn to matrimony. Well, the sophomore and his maid, I am told, have grown a little ashamed of this peculiar form of sentimentality; yet the writer of the "Reveries" may take confidence in denying, as he did in a recent Preface to his book, "that the boisterous and scathing and rollicking humor of our time has blown all of pathos and all of the more delicate human sympathies into limbo." I do not know certainly what author now acts as go-between for the tender approximations of youth—Dr. Henry van Dyke, I dare say, or some other licensed caterer *virginibus puerisque*; the fashion of taste changes, and old favorites are discarded, but there remains the audience, "forever panting and forever young."

The real danger is that the name of "Ik Marvel," the dreamer, should quite eclipse the more substantial author, for it is true that Mr. Mitchell, as he says rather plaintively, has "written very much better books, every way, since that time," though the world of book-buyers will not hear it. Perhaps the handsome new edition of his works* will bring that fickle world to its senses. I hope so, for Mr. Mitchell represents that rare figure in American letters, the gentleman amateur, whom it is good to honor. Yet it must be confessed that a full half of his volumes are but tenuous things to stand against the trade-winds of oblivion. One cannot feel easy, for instance, about those six volumes of light talk on English and American literature. One might recommend them as pleasant schooling for the young, were it not that Mr. Mitchell shows the amateur's dread of stating simple facts. They presuppose too much knowledge for the beginner, and they are not solid enough critically for the mature. Nor can one be quite sure of his fiction. I profess myself able to read "Dr. Johns," at least the greater part of it, with a kind of pious delight, but I am doubtful of its power over those who have not been baptized in the clear, cool springs of New England tradition. Too many readers, I fear, will be like the sinner of the story, who wrote to the saintly minister from his wanderings:

> I shall never forget the cheery joyousness of that little family scene at your fireside, the winning modesty and womanliness of your lost Rachel, and the serenity and peace that lay about your household. It was to me, fresh from the vices of Europe, like some charming Christian idyl, in whose atmosphere I felt myself not only an alien, but a profane intruder.

The first half of the book is indeed a charming Christian idyl, belonging to that little backwater from the world's current where frail plants open and send out their aroma and fade away in the still shade. It requires more intellectual abstinence than most of us possess to relish fully the savor of this old idealized New England. The passions of life have no place in this sheltered retreat, and when in the course of events these break upon the scene the tale loses its amulet of reticence and becomes only futile.

II.

It is by his more personal works Mr. Mitchell will be remembered for a while, by his chapters of European travel and his pictures of country life at Edgewood. He himself has told us how, when little more than a boy, he was called from working an old Connecticut farm to travel abroad. That was in the forties, when Longfellow's "Hyperion" had set a new model for sentimental reminiscences, and it was inevitable that the traveller on his return should shake out his note-books, kept religiously in shorthand, and give the world a volume of "Gleanings." And the book is well worth reading to-day. France and Austria and Holland were still a land of discovery; it was still possible to wonder at the gay wicked life of the Parisians who had no knowledge of "our glorious Saxon home-spirit"; the roads of Illyria led even further into the kingdom of romance than they do now; and the Dutchman was always placid and steeped in tobacco. Your traveller was not ashamed to muse over a bunch of flowers given him by a pretty waiting-maid, as he was bold enough to confess that he had often "drained a good tankard of home-brewed, and felt [himself]—not a whit the worse for it" (only a dash could prepare the reader for the enormity of such a confession). Well, innocence for innocence, sentiment for sentiment, I prefer the sunny romance of Latin and Italian coloring Mr. Mitchell's memoirs to the nebulous fog of Teutonism that drifts through the pages of "Hyperion." That is my foible, if you will, but the companion who can beguile me through Europe with scraps of the classical poets we learned at school, has made me his humble servant forever after. "The clouds thickened gradually into darkness," says Mr. Mitchell at the beginning of his book, "for the sun was down;—*ponto nox incubat atra*—black night brooded on the waters; the very half line came to me, as I sat hugging the low bulwarks, and gasping between the gusts." With so Virgilian a comrade I protest I can cross even the Channel without bickering. And how shall I quarrel with a friend who quotes Tacitus and Juvenal to me at Lyons; or at Vaucluse reminds me of "some heart-killing Laura in his Homeland" in the language of Petrarch—"nelle medesime dolenti parole"; or excuses his surrender of alms to a pretty beggar-maid with the old tag, "Semper causa est, cur ego semper amem"? We have lost this trick of easy, high-bred quotation, and the world is a shabbier place thereby. To go about with Virgil and Horace in one's mind is to travel as a gentleman, and justifies a little contempt for the contemporaneity of the intellectual upstart.

III.

At the age of thirty-three, having travelled extensively, and seen something of consular service, having, in orthodox fashion, jilted the law for literature, Mr. Mitchell bought an estate outside of New Haven and settled down for the rest of his life as a gentleman farmer. The result of this experience we have in three slender volumes "Wet Days at Edgewood," "My Farm at Edgewood," and "Out-of-Town Places"—by all odds his most successful literary work, because here the strain of amateurishness is the very pith and marrow of the theme. And the best of these is the first. One may cavil at his language sometimes, at his "ruralities" and "ruralisms"—horrid words; one may wish that he showed more respect for our ignorance, and dealt more liberally with elementary facts, but, after all, what a delight it is to have so genial an exponent of this long line of farm and garden writers from Hesiod down to the authority of yesterday:

> In that corner of my library which immediately flanks the east window is bestowed a motley array of farm-books; there are fat ones in yellow vellum; there are ponderous folios and stately dedications to some great man we never heard of; there are thin tractates in ambitious type, which promised, fifty years and more ago [a hundred and more, now] to overset all the established methods of farming; there is Jethro Tull, in his irate way, thrashing all down his columns the effete Virgilian husbandry; there is the sententious talk of Cato, the latinity of Columella, and some little musty duodecimo, hunted down upon the quays of Paris, with such title as "Comes Rusticus"; there is the first thin quarto of Judge Buel's "Cultivator"—since expanded into the well-ordered stateliness of the "Country Gentleman"; there are black-letter volumes of Barnaby Googe, and books compiled by the distinguished "Captain Garvase Markhame"; and there is Xenophon flanked by a Hesiod, and the heavy Greek squadron of the "Geoponics." I delight immensely in taking an occasional wet-day talk with these old worthies.

What names and what memories! How Barnaby Googe and Jethro Tull smack of the fat English soil; how deep a furrow of the mind has been left by the effete Virgilian husbandry! And there are other names that take their proper place in the papers that follow—Horace and all the poets who have retired from the city to their *modus agri non ita magnus*, even Boileau, who, according to his gardener, had no eyes for growing trees though he would have been keen enough for the crop if St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom had been planted; Italians of the Renaissance who joined the arts of ploughing and of living; philosophers and exiled princes, and all who have gained the world by losing it. "To be a husbandman," says Cowley, for whom Mr. Mitchell might have found a niche in his long gallery of honor—"to be a husbandman is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world, or, rather, a retreat from the world as it is man's into the world as it is God's. But, since nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to philosophy, the best mixture of human affairs that we can make are the employments of a country life. It is, as Columella calls it, 'Res sine dubitatione proxima et quasi consanguinea sapientiæ—the nearest neighbor, or rather next in kindred, to philosophy.'"

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*The Works of Donald G. Mitchell. Edgewood Edition, in fifteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

IV.

It is not Mr. Mitchell's literary cunning we admire so much, although he has shown considerable art in weaving together his own farm experiences with these studies of his forebears, and has weighted the whole with allusions to the civil war that, while he wrote, was calling our young men from the plough as it had taken them in the days of Virgil:

> Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
> Neu partriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

Yet it is not his art we admire so much as the life he describes. "Nature," he says, summing up the profit of his labors, "has solemnized the marriage of the beautiful with the practical," and inevitably we compare this union of practice and contemplation with the saunterings of Thoreau and Emerson and others, who desired the romantic alone in nature and scorned laborious days. The comparison of their books may be misleading, for the Concord men were far above our gentleman farmer in the persuasive use of words; to make the point clear we should turn rather to more authoritative names, such as Wordsworth and Virgil. What, after all, is the lesson of the "Excursion," and how does it stand in naked veracity beside the "Georgics"? How does that "virgin passion of a soul, Communing with the glorious universe" measure against the Roman's sober sense of toilsome duty? Wordsworth has compressed his reading of life into one melodious stanza:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
>   May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
>   Than all the sages can—

which, be it said with due respect, is good verse but literal folly. Nor does it yet appear a fact that idle wandering in the fields is better for a man's soul than the discipline of Plato and Jesus. Certainly such is not the teaching of Virgil:

> Labor omnia vicit
> Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas. . . .
> Omnia quae multo ante memor provisa repones,
> Si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.

We are but *durum genus*, sprung from the soil, and only through harsh labor and faithful hoarding of experience shall we make our own the glory of the divine country.

V.

And so I return to our lesser philosophers of New England and say boldly that more of the true wisdom of nature is to be found in Mr. Mitchell's story of Edgewood than in "Walden." I know the canniness of Emerson's "Apology":

> Think me not unkind and rude
>   That I walk alone in grove and glen;
> I go to the god of the wood
>   To fetch his word to men.
>
> . . . .
>
> One harvest from thy field
>   Homeward brought the oxen strong;
> A second crop thine acres yield,
>   Which I gather in a song.

But is the implication really sound? Nay. I doubt that the honest ploughman may carry back from the fields, buried deep in his heart and unexpressed, a masculine acquaintance with natural law such as the gazing rhapsodist shall never possess. Perhaps, as a child of the city, I may be barred out from judging these high matters. Yet I too have had my share of Thorellian vagabondage—who has not in these days?—and have even relived in humbler fashion the experiment of Walden. I know how easy it is to wander by the river's brink, meditating on the eternities, or to discover gospels in the chalice of a flower. Doubtless these solitary communings with nature are a desirable antidote to the fever of the world; they have their incalculable reward, but their very facility is a warning not to trust them too far. For my part, I shall suspect always that, failing the initiation of plough and harrow, I have still come short of the greater mysteries. It is something to observe idly the miracles of spring, but I read the opening of the "Georgics" and know how far this is from the joy of feeling one's self a partner in the great task of renovation. It is something to watch with unconcern the tempestuous glory of the clouds, but again I remember the storm in Virgil and know how different are the emotions of one who spells his prosperity or ruin in the portents of the sky. Alas, *labor improbus!* it is not facile enthusiasm alone, but the curse-born sweat of the brow that shall at last bring a man into harmony with the stern realities of nature. And even where unremitting toil benumbs the fancy to the dulness of the day, there is left the wholesome instinct of the earth. Mr. Mitchell himself reduces this virtue to the lowest point:

> Rural life offers charming objects of study; but to most minds it does not offer the promptings for large intellectual exertion. It ripens healthfully all the receptive faculties; it disposes to that judicial calmness of mind which is essential to clearness and directness of vision; but it does not kindle the heat of large and ambitious endeavor. Hence we often find that a man who has passed the first half of his life in comparative isolation, cultivating his resources quietly, unmoved by the disturbances and the broils of civic life, will, on transfer to public scenes, and stirred by that emulation which comes of contact with the world, feel all his faculties lighted with a new glow, and accomplish results which are as much a wonder to himself as to others.

We go out, poor children of the city, to scamper up the mountain paths or loiter on the seashore, or mayhap, being country-bred, we make a profession of studying and discoursing nature. But never in this way, I believe, shall we possess the strength and silent instinct of the soil that are nurtured by working with the forces of earth and air, or the deeper yet still unuttered understanding that rewards such labor when crowned by observation and reading.

I do not know the full story of Mr. Mitchell's own life, or how far he has shared the common lot of evil and disappointment in his eighty-five years; I should not care to knock at the door of Edgewood and beg his acquaintance, for, gentle to all the rest of the world, he bristles with irascibility at the mere mention of editor or critic; but it is impossible to think of him otherwise than as rich in content, enjoying the harvest of a well-ploughed mind, sitting at this moment, it may be, amid his many books of husbandry, by the window that looks out over his farm, over the spires and belfries of New Haven, to the gleaming line of water and the lighthouse yonder upon the point. May we not once more, in taking leave of Mr. Mitchell, make use of the poet he has himself so often quoted, and liken his state to that of Virgil's old man of Tarentum who, in the possession of a few acres of exacting land, equalled in spirit the wealth of kings. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

THE HILPRECHT CASE AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of January 23, on the Hilprecht case, is much to the point, but, if you will permit me to say so, it is in one respect beside the point as far as the "signers" are concerned. As one of those who signed the memorial to Professor Hilprecht, and also as an officer of the American Oriental Society, I should like to emphasize the following facts before supplementing your editorial with a suggestion which would, if carried out, settle the whole "Hilprecht case" in a week. The first fact is that the American Oriental Society has taken no action whatever in regard to the controversy or investigation. Whatever has been said and written by members has been said or written by them as individuals, unofficially united in a group for the purpose of writing to Professor Hilprecht, but at no time as representatives speaking in the name of the society or of its directors. The second fact is, to the signers of the letter, also one of importance. You say in your editorial that "the report of the trustees exonerating Professor Hilprecht has generally been regarded as a mere piece of whitewashing." However the report may be regarded by others, the signers of the letter to Professor Hilprecht have no quarrel with the University of Pennsylvania, or any wish to imply that the trustees thereof did not do their moral duty as they saw it. They neither have made nor do make any charges against any member of the trustees or against the trustees as a body. Their matter is with Professor Hilprecht alone. From him they still desire satisfactory answers to their queries.

Professor Hilprecht now purposes to publish a volume upon the subject. But, as your editorial very truly says, "the easier and more direct way would be for Professor Hilprecht to prepare an explicit answer to the specific questions covering the main issues." You do not formulate the questions that have been asked; the public has doubtless forgotten them. But they are short and easy questions to answer, and it is to be feared that, in publishing a great mass of extraneous matter on the history of the case, Professor Hilprecht may lose sight of the main issues, and that the voluminous material may of itself blind the eyes of the public to the fact that all that is required of Professor Hilprecht is to answer to the best of his ability these short and easy questions:

(1.) Were the tablets, etc., found at Nippur?

(2.) Were they not purchased or found elsewhere, and at a time prior to 1900?

(3.) Were they not published by Professor Hilprecht as Nippur finds of 1900?

(4.) Were not the boxes of finds at Nippur boxed up prior to the arrival of Professor Hilprecht as director in 1900?

(5.) If boxed up prior to Professor Hilprecht's arrival, in March, 1900, why has Professor Hilprecht published accounts implying that he had previously seen them, and that he was present when they were found?

It is not a question of the *existence* of a library at Nippur. The question is only in regard to Professor Hilprecht's method in establishing such a library's existence, and in regard to his own part in the discovery. He has used as matter illustrative of the contents of the Nippur library certain tablets, *not one of which came from the site of the library.* What did Professor Hilprecht mean exactly, when he declared that he purchased at Nippur the "letter to Lushtamar," which was really purchased by some one else at Bagdad? Professor Hilprecht must see that he stands under a very dark cloud of suspicion, and that equivocation and evasion are not the means to lighten it. This is no local issue. There has been no combination of scholars to attack one of their number. The signers of the letter to Professor Hilprecht represent American scholarship. The scholars of both Europe and America would rejoice to have definite answers to the definite questions addressed to him; they do not want to believe that an able Oriental scholar has represented things which were found at one place as found at another; represented things as *found* at Nippur which had been *bought* years before. The publication of irrelevant matter in a stout volume will not do these scholars any good, nor will it do Professor Hilprecht any good. A brief specific reply to each of the specific questions asked would not take long to prepare. There is no need of many words. To the questions asked nearly two years ago no reply satisfactory to any Oriental scholar has ever been given.

E. WASHBURN HOPKINS.

Yale University, February 1.

THE WORD "BENDS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I think I can answer the inquiry of your correspondent in your issue of January 30, regarding the origin of the word "bends," as applied to caisson disease.

In 1869-72 the three piers of the famous Eads (now called St. Louis) bridge were sunk. Though not the first, they were at that time the deepest sunk on the pneumatic principle, and the caisson disease was then first closely observed and intelligently treated. The physiological effects of the air pressure in the caisson manifested themselves only when the men reached the open air. I was then the general manager of the bridge company, and had ample opportunity to notice the men so affected. As they came up they would, with a suffering expression in their faces, hold their hands against their stomach, bend over, and, in a curved attitude, walk slowly and painfully to shore.

At that period there was a fashion among the women to walk with a bend, heads and shoulders thrown forward, and to emphasize this attitude by a tightening of the skirts across the knees and by wearing a wire cushion, stuffed and covered with various materials, called a "bustle." This fashion of walking was derisively called the "Grecian Bend." Our workmen, those who were well, when they saw one of their comrades coming up with the described symptoms of caisson disease, would laughingly exclaim: "He has got the Grecian Bend!" and, for years, so long as the sinking of the piers lasted, the disease retained its popular designation as "Grecian Bend." As these expert workmen migrated and went to other bridges, tunnels, and submarine work, they carried that name along with them, only, in the course of time, dropping the "Grecian" and retaining only the "bend." Prof. C. M. Woodward. the engineer historian of the Eads bridge speaks, in the caisson chapters, of this disease, its origin, and treatment, as "commonly called the Grecian Bend."

W. T.

St. Louis, February 1.

"PIERCE PENNILESS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An English proverb, one of many in John Lydgate's "Order of Fools," furnishes a possible clue to the name of Pierce Penniless in Thomas Nash's satire (1592), entitled, "Pierce Penniless, His Supplication to the Divell" (printed by Collier, Grosart, and in the recent Oxford edition 1902-5). The proverb runs (line 104):

> Purs penylees in plees may never thee.

The "purse penniless" of the proverb may have become "Pierce Penniless," on the analogy of "Piers Plowman." It should be remembered that the old pronunciation of *Pierce* is identical with *purse*, as is shown in the New England family name, still pronounced like *purse.*

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Oxford, January 28.

"PRACTICAL" STUDIES FOR WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I revert once more to the question of women's education, in order to illustrate the utterance of a sage by the remark of a babe and suckling?

At a recent convention in Boston, President Eliot, while courteously admitting that women faint no more than men in pursuing the same college studies, prophesied that in the future they are rather to direct their attention to courses which will enable them properly to nurture and to admonish children, either their own or those of other people.

I have recently been making a visit in a small town in Maine. There I met a woman whose father was a day laborer, whose husband is a carpenter, and who has four very young children. She belongs to a club, which studies with genuine diligence, and at present is devoting two winters to French history. I said to her that I thought it was wonderful that, with her family of babies, she could find time to write papers and to read so many books. Her surprised answer put me to shame: "But it is just because of my children that I must read. I am determined that they shall not have to look for such pleasures outside of their home as I have had to."

In this country most fathers are forced by their occupations to spend the greater part of each day away from their homes, leaving to mothers the more intimate companionship with their children. The results of such companionship must be mental as well as physical, if the American home is to become the cradle of American citizenship. Precisely because many of us agree with President Eliot that to women chiefly is entrusted the care of the rising generation, we should deplore the entrance into their colleges of child study, and dietary courses, to the exclusion of Greek and astronomy, of history and literature. Man does not live by bread and milk alone.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

Providence, R. I., January 3.

COLLEGE MEN IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "Elres," in the *Nation* of January 9, has set forth among other things the usual doctrine concerning the preparation of teachers for the public schools. It is quite true, as he says, that in the elementary school the child recites in all subjects to one teacher, usually a woman, and that the youth in the high school recites in each subject to a different teacher, who is a college graduate and, more and more commonly, a man. At least this is the goal toward which the better public schools seem to have been for a long time striving.

Now it seems to me extremely important that this doctrine that only college graduates should be permitted to give instruction in the last four grades of a public school while anybody may teach in the eight grades below should never be urged in such fashion as to make a college man consider himself out of place in elementary work if he feels a call to it and the community is willing to retain such superior service. Formerly many college-bred men (always meaning men and women) were found in the rural and elementary schools, from which they are deplorably absent now. In my youth I attended a district school in which, in addition to the "three R's," geometry and Latin were taught, and usually by a college graduate. In a neighboring city there were at that time more teachers of college training in the elementary schools than there are today, although population and wealth have increased nearly eight-fold. I refer distinctly to teaching and not to school administration.

The late lamented Prof. William Harold Payne, in his "Contributions to Education" (Harpers, 1886), was one of the earlier writers in this country to urge a specialization of function among public school teachers. His discussion of this question had a curious practical result in the West, not, I am sure, anticipated or desired by him. It had, of course, little effect upon the high school corps, which had always, and properly, been recruited from the colleges, but it made college men feel out of place in the rural or the elementary schools where they had previously been found in considerable numbers. I kept for a time a large bundle of letters from college-bred people who were bewildered and offended by this attitude toward elementary instruction which they had previously thought honorable and had found remunerative and congenial. Abundant statistics go to show that about this time college men began to withdraw from this field, with a consequent relative decline in the consideration and salary accorded to elementary teaching. It is true that the case would be greatly improved if, with "Elres," we could divide the twelve grades of a public school into two departments instead of the three at present generally recognized.

We need college men in the high school not so much on account of their superior information, though this is important, as for their broader views, higher ideals, and finer temper. And the lower schools need the same kind of men—at least enough to set the pace—for the same reason. Our elementary schools have many excellences, but are wanting in tone. The teachers are devoted but often need the authority and social acceptance, such as a residence at college would give. Even if we take up that great unsolved problem of the public school as a preparatory school we but emphasize the same view. For it is the public school as a whole and not the high school alone which prepares for college. The main objections made against the public school as a preparatory school have reference to the elementary work. Mention is made of poor English, low ideals, bad habits of study, and general slovenliness of work which are intolerable to an educated man and which only educated men can drive out. A concerted effort to improve the tone of all grades of our public schools is in order if they are to hold their place as preparatory schools.

E. A. STRONG.

Ypsilanti, Mich., January 28.

Notes.

Little, Brown & Co. announce for this spring the second and concluding volume of "The Victorian Chancellors," by J. B. Atlay. From the same house will come "In Greece with the Classics," by W. A. Gardner.

"A Good Shepherd and Other Sermons," by the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., rector of Grace Church, New York, is to be reissued by Thomas Whittaker in a cheap and popular form.

The official life of the seventh Duke of Rutland, the Lord John Manners of political annals, is to be written by Charles Whibley. This promises to be a work of considerable interest, as Mr. Whibley writes with a light hand. Another biography under way is of Alexander Pope by Miss E. M. Symonds ("George Paston"), whose last work was a life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Both writers ask permission to copy any unpublished documents pertaining to their themes.

M. Sturge Henderson's study of "George Meredith: Novelist, Poet, Reformer" (Scribner's) offers further evidence of what every reader with his nose to the wind must have felt for some time, that Meredith is rapidly displacing Browning as the advanced prophet of literature. And the large amount of space given by Mr. Henderson to Meredith's poetry adds cogency to such an estimation of the running of the two *vates*. "Meredith, however," says our critic, "twenty, thirty, and forty years ago, sought to give poetical expression to ideas which are only now dawning upon the general consciousness, and which will only be common property twenty, thirty, forty years to come." Such a statement, one must admit, is a little discomfiting to meet in a book of criticism. It raises expectations of some recondite philosophy which, when mastered, will throw a burst of light on the dark tangle of human fate. Naturally disappointment ensues when this esoteric doctrine is found to be only our old friend—or perhaps in things spiritual, enemy—evolution. Earth, in Meredith's scheme, is a mystic symbol for the union of man and nature, man rising by grades of progress from his animal instincts to the dominion of mind, yet, on peril of losing health and strength, carrying with him the source from which he springs. It should really seem to need no Daniel to unravel such a metaphysic. Yet the insistence on this philosophy tends, against the desire of the critic, to exaggerate the weak side of Meredith—and of Browning—as a writer. His novels, and to an even greater degree his poems, lose in artistic effect because their intellectual intention, whether profound or superficial, predominates over instinctive perception and imagination. To dwell overmuch on this aspect of his work is thus to lead the reader to ask why he should have chosen the forms of art for his medium. For those, however, who feel no inhibition to their spontaneous pleasure in such an analysis, Mr. Henderson's study may be heartily recommended. It is thoroughly informed and cleverly executed. Nor with all his admiration does he fail to observe and note the deficiencies in Meredith as an artist. Thus, he concludes:

> It argues no lack of appreciation of this rich intellectual endowment to say that, when Meredith's achievement is estimated as a whole, it occupies a secondary place. His inspiration appears to lie in his poetic grasp, the intensity of realization with which he holds to the main issue and keeps it living, in defiance of the tangles of complexity he is for ever weaving every side of it, and which might have been expected to prove fatal to the life within.

Two doctoral theses of the English department of Columbia University (published by The Macmillan Co.) deserve notice both for the value of the material brought together and, to a certain extent, for their qualities of judgment. One is a study of "Sir Walter Scott as a Critic of Literature," by Margaret Ball, a thorough examination of that writer's work from a point of view commonly neglected. Her chapter showing the position of Scott midway between the school of Jeffrey and Gifford and that of the new romanticists is judicious, if not very illuminating. The other study, by Lillie Deming Loshe, turns to "The Early American Novel," and discusses the fiction produced in this country from 1789 (the date of Sarah Wentworth Morton's "Power of Sympathy") to 1830, when Cooper was in full swing. Apart from Cooper the most notable figure in this period is Charles Brockden Brown, whose novels are here analyzed and appraised with candor and discrimination.

Kent, as one of the ancient gateways into England, is sufficiently rich in historic associations, but there needs only a glance through Walter Jerrold's "Highways and Byways in Kent" (The Macmillan Co.), with its names of famous authors on every page and its innumerable verse quotations, to see how the literary interest dominates over everything in this respect. No county of England is richer. At the very beginning is the Canterbury of Chaucer and Dickens. Allington Castle is famous for the Wyatts, one of whom, Sir Thomas, introduced the Italian manner into England, and is thus the father of the English literature which we are reading to-day. Gadshill brings up Shakespeare and Dickens; Penshurst still preserves the glorious memories of the Sidneys; Boughton Malherbe was the birthplace and always the spot beloved of that diplomat and scholar, Sir Henry Wotton; Deal was the home of Elizabeth Carter; Tunbridge Wells introduces us to half the society and wit of the eighteenth century; Tappington is the country of the "Ingoldsby Legends"—such names might be multiplied indefinitely. Nor are quaint traditions of the soil and the pageantry of kings and tragic queens lacking to fill out the picture. All this Mr. Jerrold has treated with the fulness and fine reminiscent flavor that have made the Highways and Byways series unique among books of travel and description. The illustrations, from drawings by Hugh Thomson, if they have not the topographical exactness of the usual photographic reproductions, possess in themselves a value for the eye, and fit in as a real part of the text. We have praised volumes of this series before, and take pleasure in announcing each new one that appears.

There is large diversity of interest in Scotland's western river as it wanders a clear stream among the hills, flows by the polluted banks of Glasgow, and broadens into the firth. Of this diversity Neil Munro has taken advantage in writing "The Clyde" (The Macmillan Co.), to make a book in which descriptions of nature, reminiscences of old castles, and glimpses of modern industry follow in quick succession. The colored illustrations are from paintings by Mary Y. and J. Young Hunter. They are of the character to which we have become so well accustomed in these picture books—at times clear and almost beautiful, at times a mere daub of crude colors.

The series of Calendars of the Letter Books of the City of London, which Dr. Reginald R. Sharpe has been editing since 1885, has recently been increased by the publication of a new volume, "Letter Book H, Temp. Richard II." The original volumes, thus in process of calendaring, are preserved to-day in the records department of the Town Clerk's Office in the Guildhall, and consist of more than fifty manuscript letter books, A to ZZ, 1275-1688.

Their chief value rests on the fact that they begin about 140 years before the Journals of the Common Council and about 220 years before the Repertories of the Court of Aldermen, and contain almost the only remaining records of these courts prior to the commencement of such journals and repertories. They are written on vellum in Latin, Norman-French, and English, and consist of entries of a miscellaneous character, chiefly relating to the City and companies. Extracts from the first nine letter books were published in 1868 by Riley in his "Memorials of London and London Life in the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries," a publication of value, but manifestly incomplete. The present series is definitive in that it calendars all the entries without omission. We understand, however, that it is to be discontinued as soon as the period of the Journals and Repertories is reached. The volumes as a whole relate chiefly to the history of the City of London in the Middle Ages, but at times throw light on the history of the kingdom. Letter Book H covers a period of twenty-four years, 1375 to 1399, and furnishes important evidence for the policy of London during the reign of Richard II. and the struggle of the factions supporting Richard and John of Gaunt respectively. In fact, the volume becomes almost an indispensable aid to an understanding of certain phases of the history of the Good Parliament, the condemnation of Lyons and other aldermen, the rise of Nicholas Brembre, and the movement which cost Richard the support of the City. On the other hand, it is provokingly silent on many important matters that should have found mention in the original texts. Such omissions are manifestly due to intention as well as to silence, for in these volumes are traces of mutilation which are clearly the work of hostile factions. Blank leaves seem to indicate also that further entries were planned, but never made. Dr. Sharpe's introduction, which deals solely with the contents of this volume, is a notable contribution to the history of Richard's reign.

The "History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal," by Thomas Hughes (Cleveland: Burrows Bros.), forms a section of the great series undertaken by Catholic authority and having for its object a complete history of early Jesuit activity throughout the world. This will account for the fact that Father Hughes's volumes, of which two have appeared, are more limited in scope than the title would indicate. For they are confined to English-speaking North America, excluding the Spanish and French Jesuits, and including Canada only since the English occupation. Thus narrowed in compass, the story of the first volume concerns only Maryland, and is related only to the year 1645. In the second volume are "Documents," from 1605 to 1838, applying to the early history of the missions and to the Jesuit property and its uses in the Maryland and Pennsylvania missions. The materials are drawn almost wholly from Jesuit sources, and the author confesses that a history of the English Jesuit province should first have been published, to which these volumes would have made a fitting continuation. Technically, the most interesting chapters are those which are based on the Jesuit archives, hitherto so little known or used. These archives are imperfect; for the policy of silence adopted by the society has prevented publication, and the persecutions endured have involved extensive losses. It must be admitted that the author has added comparatively little to what was already known of the first years of Maryland's settlement; and the many controversies involved in the purpose and methods of that venture have frequently led him off the main track. Hume, Paley, Blackstone, and Hallam he criticises with some show of feeling, and a few modern writers on Maryland he severely condemns. In a history intended to be "authentic" such animadversions are misplaced. To Cecil Baltimore no commendation is given. He invited the priests to go to the settlement, but made no provision for them; he compelled the Indians, for whom he did nothing, to contribute to his chapel; and he was tricky in his treatment of the fathers and the church property—an "intense feudalist for his own benefit." The charter and acts of the first assemblies are examined minutely to show how hostile Baltimore and his secretary, Lewger, were to the Jesuit interests. The charge that negro slavery was first introduced into Maryland by the Jesuits is stoutly combated.

From E. P. Dutton & Co. we have Robinson Smith's "English Quotations," arranged by authors chronologically. It is mostly verse, only a few prose quotations being included from Bacon, Carlyle, and one or two others. Nor is it quite in the style of the ordinary quotation book, being rather a collection of "elegant extracts." The poetical value of a passage has more weight with the editor than proverbial portability. As such the pages of the volume may be turned over with unflagging interest.

The latest edition of Burke's "Peerage, Baronetcy, and Knightage"—published by Harrison & Sons, London, and distributed here by G. P. Putnam's Sons—is a volume of bulk and weight duly suggestive of the vast accumulation of more or less solid honors, of which it furnishes, on the whole, the most authentic record. With its various prefaces, all packed with information useful to the student of artificial social gradations, it contains more than 2,800 pages, filled with double columns of small and close type. Therein may be found the fullest particulars of the family and standing of every British subject distinguished from his fellows by any sort of title, prefix, or addition. Inasmuch as all the pedigrees printed have been compared with all available public and private records, and have been submitted to the persons most concerned, there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy. "The Peerage," indeed, of Sir Bernard Burke has been accepted for many years as a final authority on such matters, and is invaluable, of course, not only to the mere worshippers of rank and fashion, but often to the historical student. It is a monument of patient research and skilful arrangement, as well as of human vanity.

It is a pity that Horace Bleackley, in writing his "Story of a Beautiful Duchess" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) did not display as much taste as industry. Nothing is more extraordinary in the anecdotal history of the eighteenth century than the sudden burst upon English society of the two beautiful Gunnings, Irish girls of no particular extraction, of whom one, the sprightly and capricious Maria, became Countess of Coventry, and the other, the stately and pensive Elizabeth, became successively Duchess of Hamilton and of Argyle, and just missed by the turn of a lawsuit being the mother of a Duke of Douglas as well. Mr. Bleackley has undertaken to follow Elizabeth through her whole career, and to this end he has caught all the epistolary gossip of the age in his net. And he has gone further than that: in examining the files of the newspapers which lived on the dissemination of scandal, he has opened a practically unexplored field for this kind of biography so much affected at present. Some of the information thus obtained may seem too trivial for repetition, yet, granting the *genre*, one cannot well blame the writer for carrying out its motive to the logical end. If we are to have a description of the masquerade given at the Pantheon, February 18, 1773, and of the meeting there of the Duchess's daughter and the "squat round-faced Lord Stanley" (whence an Iliad of woes), it is well to have that description fortified by details from the *Town and Country Magazine* of the day. And again if we are to read about the rupture that broke the marriage of that ill-assorted couple, we may as well have the scandalous rumors spread by the *Morning Post*, the *Rambler's Magazine*, and the *Town and Country*. At least these details make the society of the day a living, if not always a decorous, reality. Our quarrel is rather with Mr. Bleackley's literary art. He can never mention one of the Gunnings but she is "lovely," "fair," or "beautiful"; his own comments on the life of the times are too often flat and sentimental; he is capable of "sinking" in bathos so far as to say: "The shining cloudland, wreathed by fable around the creatures of the past, invests them with an immortality which the charm of mystery must always allow." It is a pity, we repeat, that honest industry should be marred by such ill taste. So many anecdotal memoirs of the eighteenth century are turned out these days upon the most superficial preparation that we should be glad to commend more heartily a book that is at least thoroughly documented, and, in its substance, not without human value.

"The Life of George Matheson, D.D.," by D. Macmillan (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a most stimulating book. While it is full of lessons for every one, it appeals especially to the young men or women who, laboring under some great physical infirmity, feel that for them an actively useful life is an impossibility. It is the story of a Scotchman who became practically blind at eighteen, yet when he died in 1906, at the age of sixty-four, was the most distinguished man in the Scotch pulpit, and had received the highest academic honors his countrymen could confer on him. For thirty-one years, thirteen of them in one of the largest parishes in Edinburgh, he discharged all the duties of a minister, pulpit and pastoral. He also wrote twenty-two books on devotional, theological, and philosophical subjects, besides being a constant contributor to the magazines. His published works have had a world-wide circulation, one of them, "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul," having been translated into Chinese. To his brilliant qualities as a preacher and writer he added those of a poet. In almost every hymnal in the English language is to be found the hymn which he said "came to me spontaneously, without conscious effort," after most severe mental suffering, "O Love, that wilt not let me go." His biographer gives a charming picture of the man who bore his burden lightly, gallantly, to the end; a man whose life is perhaps best described in his own words when taking leave of his congregation:

> I think that next to the strength of God, and next again to your kind coöperation, I was indebted to my own weakness. . . . My life has been level with your own—an obstructed life, a circumscribed life, but a life of boundless sanguineness, a life of quenchless hopefulness, a life which has beat persistently against the cage of circumstance.

Treatises on homiletics are often of no great depth or value, but an exception must be made in favor of "The Pastoral Teaching of St. Paul: His Ministerial Ideas," by the Rev. W. Edward Chadwick, an Anglican clergyman of Northampton, England, (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The principles, methods, and spirit of the evangelizating endeavors of the great Apostle are submitted to careful examination with a view to securing counsel for ministerial activity in the present day. The temptation in this sort of essay is to let one's feeling for present needs dominate his research into the work of the exemplar, but Dr. Chadwick has evidently studied Paul first, and subsequently applied conscientiously to present needs the principles discovered. The treatise is none the less practical because it is in the first instance a careful piece of Christian biography.

Students of the New Testament will remember a treatise of singular fascination and ability entitled "Silanus the Christian," by Edwin A. Abbott, in which imaginary characters of the second century discuss the problems presented by early Christian life and literature. A sequel to that volume now appears, "Apologia: an Explanation and Defence" (The Macmillan Co.), in which Dr. Abbott replies to his critics, both friendly and hostile, and endeavors to clear away misunderstandings which have arisen in regard to his position. His answers are straightforward and plain, but doubtless many will still be unable to comprehend how he can retain his faith in "the eternal unity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and in the supernatural but non-miraculous incarnation of Jesus as the Son of God," while refusing credence in the miraculous element of the Bible. Further volumes, "Notes on New Testament Criticism" and "Indices to Diatessarica," are promised for the near future.

In February, 1906, at the close of the third Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. John Henry Haynes dug up at Nippur, within the temple area on the northwest side of the *ziggurat*, or step pyramid of the temple, a fine *kudurru*, or boundary stone, of Nebuchadnezzar I., dating from about the middle of the twelfth century B. C., and recording a grant of land to a certain priest connected with the worship of the god Nusku. This stone appears not to have been set originally upon the land granted, as was the ordinary use, but to have been deposited in the temple at Nippur, where the grantee was a high official. In addition to the ordinary contents of a *kudurru* stone—namely, the divine symbols, an account of the circumstances under which the land was granted, a description of the land, a warning against appropriation of the land by any other than the owner, or any interference with the privileges of the owner, an invocation of the gods to mete out punishment to offenders against the warning, curses upon any one removing or destroying the stone itself, and the names of witnesses and date of grant—this stone has two interesting and peculiar features: a map of the land granted and a hymn to Ellil, the Bel, or chief god of Nippur, presumably taken from the liturgical collections of hymns in use at the Nippur temple. This stone has been published by the Rev. Dr. William J. Hinke, assistant professor in Auburn Theological Seminary, and made by him the basis of a discussion of Babylonian boundary stones in general, in Vol. IV., Series D, of the Publications of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, under the title "A New Boundary Stone of Nebuchadnezzar I. from Nippur." It is the fullest discussion up to date of this peculiar class of monument, which seems to have originated with the Cassite dynasty of Babylonia, and to have been almost confined to the Cassite period. The volume contains fifty-one illustrations of boundary stones, the symbols on those stones, inscriptions, and the like. Somewhat more than one-third of the entire volume is devoted to a concordance of names, persons, places, rivers, deities, and symbols contained in the boundary stones heretofore published, and a glossary of the *kudurru* inscriptions in general.

Only ten years have elapsed since Prof. Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania published his "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," but in the interval so much has been added to our knowledge in this field that the author already regards his work as antiquated. Accordingly, when a German publisher proposed a translation, Professor Jastrow found himself obliged to rewrite the book, with the exception of the introductory chapters. The German version, "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann), has in the process of revision been much enlarged, principally by more specimens of the religious literature, especially the prayers, lamentations, oracles, hymns, and magical formulæ. The original English work was contained in a single thick volume, of almost 800 pages. The German translation is to consist of three volumes, of which the first, 552 pages (the work has been published in parts), was completed more than a year ago, while of the second volume considerably more than half is in the hands of subscribers. In Part xi., just delivered, the author describes his aim to be not to give a history of the Babylonian-Assyrian religion, but "a picture of our present knowledge of that religion." This part continues the treatment of oracles and omens, begun in Part x. These were matters of prime importance in the religious practice of both Babylonians and Assyrians, and the larger part of the library of Ashurbanipal, which is still our chief and almost only source of information, deals with those themes. Many of these texts have been published, but comparatively little has heretofore been done in interpretation. Professor Jastrow, who has subjected them to a new and more thorough study, believes that he has found the key to at least one important subdivision, in the fact that in the inspection of the sacrificial victim to prognosticate the future, only the liver was examined, because this organ was regarded as the seat of life and of the soul. The next two parts, which are to complete the second volume, will deal with the other branches of the omen literature—observations of the heavens, cup magic, treatment of the sick, dreams, and forecasts of the future based on various events and phenomena. A third, supplemental volume, dealing with the mythology, the temples, and the ritual, covering the same field as the last seven chapters of Professor Jastrow's original work, will be published later as one whole, and not in separate parts.

J. C. B. Mohr of Tübingen announces as immediately forthcoming from the pen of Prof. Adolf Deissmann of the University of Heidelberg, but now called to Berlin, "Das Neue Testament und die neuentdeckten Texte der griechisch-römischen Welt."

The series of conservative discussions of Biblical and religious problems known as Beiträge zur Förderung christlicher Theologie, edited by Prof. A. Schlatter of Tübingen and Prof. W. Lütgert of Halle, appears in its volume for 1907 in four parts, each of which is sold separately. The most noteworthy features are the late Prof. Fr. Blass's examination of the recent works of Prof. A. Harnack on the Lukean writings and Professor Schlatter's examination of modern doubts on the Messianic character of Jesus. The series is published by C. Bertelsmann, Gütersloh.

An appeal has been published, signed by Pastor Gustav Tschirn of Breslau, chairman of the Association of Liberal Churches in Germany, as also of the Free Thinkers' Union, by Dr. Heinrich Schmidt of Jena, the general secretary of the Monistenbund, and by Dr. Rudolf Penzig of Charlottenburg, the general secretary of the German Society for Ethical Culture, calling a convention of representatives of all organizations advocating radical religious thought, to meet in Weimar for the purpose of effecting a *Zusammenschluss der freien Geister*. The purpose is advocacy of advanced religious thought.

"Menschen, die den Pfad verloren" is the title of a contribution to modern social problems (Stuttgart: Max Kliemann). It is the report of Sister Henriette Arendt on her work among the fallen women of Stuttgart, where she has been coöperating with the authorities as the first woman police assistant in Germany. The report covers five years, and is accompanied by proposals of reform that have grown out of actual experience. The introduction is written by Pastor Friedrich Naumann.

"Per Aspera ad Astra: Lebenskampf" is the title of a new and readable importation of G. E. Stechert & Company. As the subtitle, "Schicksale eines ehemaligen Offiziers in America," indicates, it presents the experience of a German gentleman, formerly an officer in the Prussian army, who came to America in 1893 to seek his fortune, and who was scarcely able, for a long time, to keep body and soul together. The narrative is given in letters to near relatives, dated chiefly from Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Harrisburg, in each of which places the writer contested for existence, suffering intensely from hunger and cold; slaving as iron-moulder, coachman, picture-vender, life insurance agent, and farina packer; and slowly making his way up to be an associate-editor (of an anti-Kaiser Socialist sheet), *Herr Professor* in a language school, and finally instructor of German in a young ladies' seminary. The volume is attractive for its evident truthfulness and the moderate and friendly tone in which the author discusses American institutions and contemporary events. Not that the *Auswanderer* lost his affection for the associations of home and the Fatherland: his letters are full of longing for friends and scenes left behind, of intelligent interest in social and political movements in Germany. Every such book is sure of a wide welcome, particularly in America, for its story is but the echo of an Odyssey familiar to thousands of immigrants who have become desirable citizens.

It was well known to the friends of Berthold Auerbach that this popular poet and novelist intended to write his autobiography; and after his death there were found among his papers many miscellaneous notes containing recollections of his grandparents and records of his early childhood, none of which, however, were in a form suitable for publication. Even if the material had been put into proper shape, so as to furnish a consecutive narrative, the result would have given no information concerning that portion of his life and career in which the public were chiefly interested. The disappointment then so keenly felt will now be somewhat alleviated by the appearance of Anton Bettelheim's "Berthold Auerbach," just published by Cotta, Stuttgart. The author is an Austrian favorably known for his biographical sketches of his contemporaries, Ludwig Anzengruber and Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. In his critical survey of Auerbach's literary activity and productivity he shows a fine appreciation of the eight volumes of "Schwarzwälder Dorfgeschichten," in which the peasants of the German Black Forest are described. The biography presents a remarkable fulness of detail without lapsing into undue diffuseness; and Bettelheim's strong admiration does not prevent him from being impartial in expressing what he deems Auerbach's weak points both as a man and as a writer.

Statistics compiled by the State Education Department, show that of villages in this State having from 1,000 to 2,000 population, forty-three maintain free libraries. The total population of these villages is 62,169, their total stock of books 150,432 volumes, their circulation 350,852 volumes. The annual cost of maintenance is $23,130, of which only $7,710 is received from local taxation, the balance from invested funds, State grants, or proceeds from entertainments, private gifts, or membership fees. A comparison of the showing made by the whole group with that of city libraries ministering to equal populations, indicates that, in spite of scanty support and insignificant salaries these village libraries are far in the lead of those operating in cities, both in their per capita supply of books and in the number of volumes issued. Thus, the population of the group is almost exactly that of Utica. For building, equipment, quality of staff, and public support the Utica Public Library is among the first of its class in the United States; yet these village libraries, with only a quarter as much tax support, and no trained librarians, have accumulated a stock of books three times as large as that of Utica and issue about two and a half times as many books a year.

In April last Henry Sotheran & Co., the London booksellers, issued a catalogue of an important collection of English literature, but the name of the former owner was not made public. The list included a set of the four folios of Shakespeare (priced at £7,000), several quartos, and other important items. Many of these books are now turning up for sale at auction at Sotheby's, March 20 and 21, as the library of the late Rt. Rev. John Gott, sold by order of the executors. Only one of the Shakespeare quartos ("The Merchant of Venice," Roberts, 1600) is in the sale catalogue, but the four folios will be offered. The first is a perfect copy, but small (12½ by 7⅞ inches), the leaf of verses preceding the title page is extended on the inner margin, the last leaf is remargined with four letters in facsimile, and a few other leaves are mended. The third folio is the 1663 issue, without the portrait on title, and without the seven spurious plays at the end. The second and fourth folios are good copies with the common imprints. Among other notable volumes are Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," 1566-67, large paper, described as unique; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, earliest issue of the first edition; Spenser's "Complaints," 1591, large paper, and his "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," 1595; "Paradise Lost," both issues of 1667; Halle's "Chronicles," first edition, 1548; the Coverdale Bible, 1535 (the first Bible in English); two editions of the "Great" Bible, 1539 and 1541; a long series of editions of the Book of Common Prayer; Hakluyt's "Divers Voyages," 1582 (lacking the maps); and Caxton's first edition of "The Golden Legend."

Dr. Albert Harrison Mixer, professor emeritus of modern languages at the University of Rochester, died at his home last Friday at the age of eighty-five. He was a member of the original faculty of the university in 1850, and taught there forty-two years. He was the author of a "Manual of French Poetry" and a "Manual of French Pronunciation."

The death is announced from Weimar of Julius von Eckardt at the age of seventy-one. Dr. Eckardt, a Livonian by birth, came to Germany in 1867 as an assistant of Freytag in editing the *Grenzboten*. In 1882 he entered the state service of Prussia under Bismarck, and was consul at Tunis, Marseilles, Stockholm, and elsewhere. He was the author of several works on Russia and Livonia, and he is supposed to have written "Berlin-Wien-Rom," 1892, which caused something of a sensation.

Dr. Heinrich Hübschmann, professor of comparative philology at the University of Strasburg, has died at the age of fifty-nine. His works include "Die Umschreibung der Iranischen Sprachen und der Armenischen," "Das indogermanische Vokalsystem," and other studies of the kind.

Auguste Lepage, historian and journalist, has died at the age of seventy-two. Among his works are "Histoire de la Commune," Recits sur l'histoire d'Alsace et de Lorraine," and "Les Sièges héroiques."

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

A Life of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. By T. E. S. Clarke and H. C. Foxcroft. With an Introduction by C. H. Firth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A recent life of peace-ingeminating Falkland called attention to the fate of a moderate caught between the furious extremes of royalists and parliamentarians in the civil war; the present volume is the study of one who in like manner attempted to steer between the party passions of Tory and Whig in the succeeding period. We may say, "in like manner," though nothing could be more diverse than the temper of the two men and the results of their "trimming." Falkland, sensitive in nature, loving peace and the quiet fruits of study, leaning, when forced to take part, toward the weaker side, ending his life despairingly at Newbury, has been lifted up as a martyr to reasonableness by such writers as Matthew Arnold and his late biographer; whereas Burnet, boisterously active yet with strange passing whims for ascetic seclusion, the most impudent of men, yet struck at times by moods of self-debasing modesty, a non-partisan in theory, yet ending as a violent Whig, a believer in celibacy, yet thrice married (always to an heiress), has passed into history as the buffoon of the Revolution. It is the contrast of tragedy and comedy. Taking as subject a fire that occurred in Burnet's study in 1713, Parnell hit off his character in a couplet:

> Then roars the prophet of the Northern Nation,
> Scorched by a flaming speech on moderation.

Burnet, through his histories and other innumerable writings, is one of the best-known men of his age, but the very bulk of the material, and his impulsive self-contradictions make such a biography as the present difficult and desirable. It may be said that the joint authors have accomplished their task admirably; they have produced a book that is at once documented at every step, and thoroughly interesting. They have both faced the weaknesses of Burnet's character without flinching, yet have avoided party prejudice. Mr. Clarke is the minister of Saltoun, where Burnet officiated as a young man from 1665 to 1669; he has written the life down to Burnet's appointment in London in 1674. If any comparison is to be made, this first section is the more entertaining of the two. With marked skill Mr. Clarke has set forth the disturbed state of the Scotch church in those days; the divers family influences that moulded Burnet's character, thrown between a father of pacific temper and episcopal leanings, and a mother who belonged to the uncompromising Presbyterian Johnstons of Annandale; the education and travels of the son Gilbert during the troubled years before and just after the restoration; his activity at Saltoun, and his still more prodigious activity for four and a half years as professor of theology at Glasgow.

The larger part of his life, including his ministry in London, his episcopacy at Salisbury, and political career fall to Miss Foxcroft, who is particularly qualified for the task. Her biography of the first Marquis of Halifax, while somewhat heavy-paced, showed how judiciously she could follow the path of a "trimmer" through the labyrinth of restoration and revolution politics; her edition of "A Supplement to Burnet's History of His Own Times" still further prepared her for this other "trimmer" of the age. Like her "Halifax," the present work moves at times, especially toward the close, a little slowly, and lacks, when the author departs from quotation, the faculty of nimble, telling portraiture. It is deficient on the human side, and one is surprised, for example, that not a word is said of Burnet's friendship for Lady Mary Wortley, who made her translation of Epictetus under the guidance of the great Whig bishop. Other touches of this kind are omitted which might lighten Miss Foxcroft's chapters. On the other hand, her political sense is almost unerring, and her characterization, while never brilliant, is remarkably clear and just. It is not a little thing for an Englishman or woman to deal thus impartially with these fountainheads of English politics.

And if she makes no pretensions to the brilliance of Macaulay or Lecky, she at least offers all the materials for the portrait of one of the oddest and most interesting characters in English history. The mainsprings of that character are open to view—an invincible egotism and a no less invincible vitality, which together made the impression of himself upon others a peremptory need of his nature. Never lived a man who gave more advice. He could not meet king, priest, or peasant, but forthwith he began to admonish. When the meetings with Charles II. in the backstair apartments of Chiffinch—sandwiched between less reputable assignations, we fear—were not sufficient, he sent a letter to that long-suffering monarch, warning him that only a change of his own heart and of his course of life could avert impending troubles. King Charles, it is said, read the letter twice, and then, without a word, threw it into the fire. William suffered no less than Charles; Mary endured his interminable lectures even graciously, but the young Duke of Gloucester, who was delivered over to the prelate for instruction, was talked and lessoned into an early grave. When in Paris Burnet was summoned by the unsuspecting *grand monarque* to Versailles, where, says a horrified Frenchman, although he "spoke the French tongue very ill . . . his confidence and assurance bore him fully out, and he talked for ever and as much before the king as in his own room." The distressed courtier remonstrated; but "Burnet did not amend, and the king bore all." One can forgive him all for his blundering *bon mot* to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was asking him the reason of Belisarius's—and by implication her husband's—disgrace. Madame, replied the innocent bishop, he had "a brimstone of a wife."

In the pulpit his egotism and activity, with the resulting proneness for admonishing, had full swing, and as a preacher Burnet was a real power. How carefully he prepared for this office he has himself told —as he has told everything else:

> I read the Scripture with great application to get a great deal of it by heart, and accustomed myself as I was riding or walking to repeat parcels of it. I went through the Bible to consider all the texts proper to be preached on, and studied to understand the literal meaning of the words. . . . I accustomed myself on all occasions to form my meditations into discourse, and spoke aloud what occurred to my thoughts. I went over the body of Divinity frequently . . . and found a way of explaining every part of it in the easiest and clearest way I could, and I spent a great part of every day in talking over to myself [he thus suffered equally with Charles and William and Louis XIV.] my thoughts of these matters. But that which helped me most was that I studied to live in frequent recollection, observing myself, and the chain of thoughts that followed all good or bad inclinations, and thus by a course of meditation and prayer I arrived at a great readiness in preaching that has continued ever with me from that time.

No wonder that once at the Rolls Chapel, in London, when he had preached out the hour-glass and turned it over for another hour, the audience "set up almost a shout for joy." That was not the modern preacher or the modern audience.

Politically, Burnet's ardent temper was a traitor to his judgment. In theory he was an avowed Erastian and believer in non-resistance, but when the policy of James II. brought him the choice of muzzled compliance or rebellion, his temper won the day, and by slow degrees brought him to a stanch maintainer of church independence and political revolt—when circumstances brought religion and state into jeopardy. The inconsistency may be excused, perhaps, as more a matter of degree than of substance. But it brought upon Burnet not only the odium that always attends the middle course in times of heated prejudices, but also laid him open, unjustly, to charges of self-seeking apostacy. It is not a light matter to be accused at once of "trimming" and time-serving. "He strode a bespattered pilgrim through the miry ways of this sublunary world," impulsive, hot-headed, outwardly inconsistent, vain, presumptuous, sometimes ridiculous, yet he never quite lost sight of his youthful ideal of straightforward patriotism and zealous religion. And as a preacher of the *via media* he held the future in fee; the tumults of the hour have died away, and what was once despised by both parties is now the ruling common sense of the world.

Robert E. Lee. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co.

To make one of a new series of lives (American Crisis Biographies), is the sole and insufficient reason for this book, which discloses no new facts and lacks an alluring style. Lee proved the rule that adequate heredity and surroundings should culminate in the gentleman; and this fact the author elaborates, none contradicting. Without doubt Lee's course was determined for him by his progenitors, because of the sentimental and material associations born of descent and environment. It is set forth (p. 66) "as the Southern view" that "the people were citizens of their respective States [and] the individual citizen bore no relation to the United States, [so that] dissolution of the compact between the State and the United States served instantly to release from the obligations of their oaths all citizens of each State who were employed in the civil or military departments of the central government," and it is implied that therefore and in that way Lee became a Confederate. By such a doctrine, had Buchanan been a South Carolinian the Presidency would have been automatically vacated in December, 1860. The truth is that, great as Lee was, he could not withstand those closest ties of the well-born, the claims of blood, and he formally resigned his commission. However his views may have shifted later, while Virginia still held with the Union he admitted neither that there was an abstract right of secession nor that there was adequate reason for its exercise if the right existed. That he saw no imperative obligation, no question of conscience, which detached him from the defenders of the national integrity, is clear from his refusal to advise the resignation of his son under identical conditions. He states his own case thus:

> With all my feelings of loyalty and duty as an American citizen [and therein his principles are displayed] I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home.

In so pure a man the struggle, which none in the Border States could avoid, was frightful; but in the end Lee participated in the revolution which he denounced and dreaded. We may protest, then, against the implication, not the open assertion, that in that crisis all honorable Virginians flocked as a matter of course to the standard of their State. Scott, Thomas, Robert Williams, Sykes of the fiercely-fighting regulars, St. George Cooke, Baylor, come without effort to the mind as among those patriots who did not reckon a part to be greater than the whole.

A wholly irrelevant and illogical discussion of the potential relation of slavery, culminating in the inquiry "Had the North foreseen all this [expenditure of blood and treasure] would she have undertaken the conquest of the South?" which is injected into this Life, is referred to here merely to deprecate so one-sided a view in a volume which may color the opinions of many readers. Slavery with Toombs and Davis replaced the tariff of the earlier South Carolinians as an occasion, not a cause, for dissolution. The effort of the Confederacy to secure its independence by arms and the determination of the Unionists to preserve the whole country, are constantly obscured. There is substituted a sectional war of subjugation with the view of abolishing slavery, for the essential motive of all the non-seceding States, including western [now West] Virginia, which was that of preserving the Union at any cost.

The portrayal of Lee's military career by a sympathetic but unqualified hand, requires no extended comment; and as there are no battle-field maps, the details of the engagements are not clear to readers unfamiliar with the *terrain*. Lee was forty years old when with Scott in Mexico, but he is persistently called "the young engineer"; his unsuccessful campaign against Rosecrans in West Virginia, to draw that mountainous section within the military bonds of the Confederacy, is condoned, because had he won a victory "he would have been compelled to fall back to his base of communications." Dr. Bruce further says: "After Cold Harbor Grant was saved from a counterstroke only by the rapidity with which he effected a change of base," whereas in fact Grant remained in Lee's front more than a week and then disappeared, as a strategical measure, with a secrecy and celerity that completely mystified his opponent. It was on almost that very ground that McClellan performed a similar feat in Lee's front two year's earlier.

Following Grant and certain independent observers, Dr. Bruce places Mr. Davis's character and opinions as Union assets, wherein we cordially agree. And from the beginning to the end every possible military sin of omission and commission, except that of not fighting vigorously when once engaged, is laid upon Longstreet, Lee's brave, persistent war-horse "Peter." Jackson seems overrated; Longstreet not appreciated.

Lee's civil career was one of peculiar service to the united country, and we gratefully adopt the biographer's estimate:

> The moderation, foresight, and wisdom displayed by him after the close of hostilities swell his figure to the proportions of a hero common to North and South.

President Lee not only set the example to his studious youth, and to his impoverished and disheartened ex-Confederates as well, but he inculcated national patriotism and unreserved allegiance to the general government. He made his college a centre of intelligent acquiescence in the result of the war, and on account of his own dignified resumption of Federal citizenship and the influence thus exerted, his memory will not only be beloved as that of a soldier of the South, but will be revered by both sections as an ultimate conservator of our domestic peace.

CURRENT FICTION.

Somehow Good. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The industrious traveller is bound to find pleasant things here and there along the beaten path of contemporary fiction, but for the most part in the way of suggestion or promise rather than firm achievement. What a relief, once in a decade, to come upon a real story, not a mere fiction, but an *epos*, a living, intelligible word. Away with our rule of thumb, down with that anxious yardstick with which we are fain to gauge the ordinary commodity known as the latest novel: are we not coming into our own? "Somehow Good" confirms the testimony (if it needed confirmation) of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short," that one of the true tellers is among us. "Is still among us," we had almost said, so strong is our impression of Mr. De Morgan as a conservative force, as one who has kept alive, and now brings forward, fresh and lusty, a something beloved which in our faintheartedness we had almost agreed to lament as dead. More obviously, of course, we are speaking of that Victorian fiction for the body of which embalmer and stone-cutter had done their worst when "Joseph Vance" appeared to confound them and set their offices at naught. For this was obviously not an exploit of the "resurrectionist," but an authentic survival. People had stopped imitating Dickens and Thackeray and the rest a quarter-century before Mr. De Morgan quietly took his place among those worthies. It would have been impossible for any young man to do this, impossible, indeed, for any professional writer whatever. Mr. De Morgan began to write out of a rounded experience to which books had made their moderate, let us say their normal, contribution. One hardly imagines that he had read much modern fiction; so that when, in his westering years, the mouth was moved to speak out of the full heart, his fancy was not troubled by the fashion of the hour. His natural speech was that of the masters whom in his boyhood no one dreamed of remanding to a past régime. Here and there, as in the opening chapters of "Joseph Vance," there is distinct, though probably unconscious, imitativeness; where it is most marked, Dickens is the obvious, and in these days loathed, model. Minor "character" parts and their attendant facetiæ unabashedly recall the traditions of Boz. But, after all, what really arrests us in these stories, what really gives us the delightful sense of recognition of which we are conscious, is a manner, a true style, not a mannerism. This writer's inconsecutiveness, his apparent casualness, is seen in the end to have been never unconsidered or irrelevant. He is in no manner of doubt as to what his story is or as to how he wishes to tell it. From his point of view, that of creative humor, he sees his theme steadily and sees it whole. All these delays, digressions, hints, repetitions, these hundred obstacles to hasty reading, serve to acquaint us as life acquaints us, gradually, and as it were by stealth, with the persons and events which concern us.

Such a method may safely deal with any theme. "Somehow Good," in which it is employed at its perfection, is built upon as ugly a fact as human experience can produce. Let us put it baldly: A young English girl, innocent and high-spirited, quarrels with her mother on a question of persistent remarriage, and sets off for India to marry an English boy who is at her devoted service. Before joining her boy at his station she is obliged to spend a month in the hands of a precious couple who conspire for her ruin. At least the married woman is complaisant, and the married man has his way. In due time and yet too late, the girl goes on to her lover. She lacks the courage to tell him what has happened, and they are married. Very soon she perceives that her horrible experience is to bear fruit; she tells her husband everything. He leaves her, and after an unsuccessful attempt at divorce, disappears altogether. The girl is rescued by an uncle, a major in the Indian army, and brought back to England. He retires, and lives quietly in London with the forsaken wife and her misgotten daughter. Twenty years pass. The husband has been a wanderer, in Australia, America, Canada, and has finally made a fortune in the Yukon. He returns to London, and one day is disabled by an electric shock, and is taken home by the daughter. The wife recognizes him at once, but the accident has destroyed his memory. To put it as shortly as possible, they are married again, and eventually he regains full remembrance of the past. In the end he is able to see that whatever has happened may have been "somehow good"; he, like his wife, adores the child of the wretch whose memory is a horror to them. What had happened remained vile in itself; in its result, who could say?

It is easy to imagine what morbidness—what repulsiveness or what sentimentality—would belong to the treatment of this theme by the ordinary novelist. Let the reader ask himself what would happen to it in the hands even of a Hardy, a James, or a Meredith. The fact we have to record is that on this theme Mr. De Morgan has written a book as sound, as sweet, as wholesome, as wise, as any in the range of fiction.

The Ancient Law. By Ellen Glasgow, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Miss Glasgow writes, as always, with fluency, gravity, and a species of *empressement* which may go a long way toward achieving the effects of depth and subtlety. Her books are, we gather from the triumphant bulletins of her publishers, widely read, in the main we must suppose, by a class which does not read very much, and is guided to its few choices by the conversational clue. Her work is planned upon a generous scale. There are four books and forty chapters in "The Ancient Law," and they cover some five hundred pages—quite the old three-decker plan. After going over it all, one may find oneself speculating as to whether the cargo is worth the carriage. Superficially the book is of the right kind. The theme is older than Jean Valjean: What shall the convict do with himself when, with the best will in the world, he finds himself outside the bars? One Richard Ordway goes wrong on the stock exchange, and, after five years' imprisonment, is to face the world again. He seeks refuge from it in a Southern village, and there, under the name Smith, carves out an honest and not inglorious career for himself. He becomes, in fact, the local reformer and oracle, and the time arrives when, though they know nothing of his past, his fellow-townsmen are ready to give him the greatest public honor in their power. As an ex-convict, he is legally ineligible for this honor; but he regards himself as having sufficiently atoned, in any but the crude legal sense, for his past, and is prepared to accept what is offered in good faith. His past, however, has followed him, to confront him brutally in the hour of his mild triumph. He therefore determines to set out again upon his quest of service. Up to this point—the end of the second book—the narrative does not lack interest. Ordway himself, to be sure, with all the author's deliberateness of portraiture, is a person commented upon rather than presented. Our first impression of him is promising, but after the opening scene it wanes steadily in distinctness. We do not live with him through his experiences; we do not feel the charm and power in the man which are said to work such wonders in that stubborn rural community. But some of the minor scenes and characters have life; above all the gracious and strong figure of Emily Brooke, the beautiful girl who falls innocently in love with our jail bird. As he has a wife who has failed and repudiated him in his need, this, according to the code, should not have been allowed to happen; but the relation which develops between them keeps itself within the prescribed bounds. One would like to have parted with them both at the moment when, after the full revelation of his past, she professes her unalterable faith in him. But here begins the anticlimax, and the story sinks through chapters of crude melodrama whither we shall not follow it.

Travers. By Sara Dean. New York. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

If the spectacular and the melodramatic are ever to be looked for in real life, it is in such a setting as the San Francisco disaster afforded. The conditions described in "Travers" are probably not overdrawn and the adventures of the pair in question might find parallel, if not confirmation, in the records. Possibly these two have more than their share of narrow escapes, since one building is tumbled inoffensively about their heads by the earthquake, and another is subsequently burned to a shell with the exception of the floor upon which they are imprisoned. The unmasking by the catastrophe of forces both for good and for ill is effectively suggested, and the momentary abeyance of social convention makes plausible the sudden intimacy between Travers and his charge. Some of the minor figures—the harridan who berates all the women in the hill-side camp and slaves for all the men, and little "Montana," the nurse—are vivid and typical. The relation of the man and the girl, however fancifully brought about, is a sound and credible one. In short, though the tale is not of power, it is of interest both as a story and a document.

English Poetry, 1170-1892. Selected by John Matthews Manly. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.70.

English Poems. The Nineteenth Century. Selected and edited, with illustrative and explanatory notes and bibliographies, by Walter C. Bronson. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

These two anthologies, though prepared primarily for the use of college classes, will prove serviceable to students of literature in general, and to lovers of poetry in particular. Professor Manly's book is complete in itself, but Professor Bronson projects three more volumes; one to include Old English poems in translation, Middle English poems, a few specimens of the pre-Elizabethan drama, and old ballads; one to cover the Elizabethan and Caroline periods; and one for the Restoration and the eighteenth century.

Professor Manly explains in his Preface that the plan of his volume originated ten years ago, when he and Professor Bronson and Prof. R. E. N. Dodge (now of the University of Wisconsin) were giving an introductory course in English literature to a class of 140 freshmen and sophomores in Brown University. The object was to have the students read as widely as their time permitted; but since no one volume was sufficiently comprehensive, and since the expense of numerous cheap reprints was too great, Professor Manly determined to "collect into a single volume all the pieces of non-dramatic poetry that any teacher would likely care to have at hand from which to make his own selection." In this undertaking Professor Manly has had the help of other teachers, and the result of their joint labors is a volume of uncommon utility. His 563 pages of text are printed in double columns, giving 112 lines to the page; and, allowing for titles, spaces between stanzas, and overrunning, there must be between forty and fifty thousand lines of the best English poetry.

The first eighty pages carry us through Middle English, Chaucer and his followers, Skelton, the early Tudor lyrics, and the ballads. All these poems are sufficiently elucidated by a copious glossary in the footnotes. But from Wyatt and Surrey on, the language offers few obstacles and the notes are correspondingly rare. Explanations of difficulties of thought or allusion Professor Manly has avoided altogether, on the ground that they can best be supplied by the teacher. In the Introduction, however, he has offered a few comments intended to supplement the ordinary textbooks. As regards Middle English, Chaucer, and the early Tudor period, this commentary is particularly full. His *obiter dicta* on later poets who for one reason or another have attained no wide popularity are brief but keen. For example, after speaking of George Meredith's depth of insight and subtle apprehension of life and its problems, he adds:

> But the gods gave him also the fatal gift of excessive intellectual ingenuity and a delight in the exercise of it; while the sole gift they denied him was self-restraint.

But the critical apparatus is less important than the text itself; for the main thing is that the student shall have access to the poet. In a volume ranging from the "Poema Morale" to Swinburne there is immense room for choice. No man who has read even discursively can go through any anthology without noting in every section the absence of poems which appeal strongly to his personal taste. But Professor Manly's book contains no poem that is not plainly entitled to admission, either because of its importance in the history of English verse or because of its "clear title to intrinsic beauty and value"—for these are the two tests which the compiler has applied. Moreover, the selection from writers of the second and third rank, who form the background for leading spirits of an age, is exceedingly judicious. We are glad, for instance, to see Watts's "Cradle Hymn," beginning,

> Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
> Holy angels guard thy bed!

and Charles Wesley's

> Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.

The minor poets of the nineteenth century, whose modernity gives them special interest, are well represented. Professor Bronson's selections are drawn from Bowles, Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Hunt, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, both Brownings, Clough, Matthew Arnold, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Christina Rossetti, William Morris, and Swinburne. Manly omits Bowles, but he gives us Lamb, Charles Wolfe, John Keble, Mrs. Hemans, Hood, Praed, Beddoes, FitzGerald, P. J. Bailey, Locker-Lampson, Coventry Patmore, Sidney Dobell, George Meredith, "Owen Meredith," Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Lewis Morris, James Thomson, and Alfred Austin.

Professor Bronson's book is better printed, a single column to the page, larger type, and thicker paper. The feature of it is the critical apparatus. The notes, in fine type at the end, include "the poet's theory of poetry and his philosophy of life when these can be given in his own words"; statements by the author or his friends which throw light on the meaning of a poem or illustrate his method of work; explanations of words or allusions which may be obscure to the average student; a few variant readings of special significance; quotations from sources or parallel passages; specimens of contemporary criticisms; and a selected bibliography. We have, for example, extracts from Wordsworth's prefaces, from Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," and Shelley's "Defence of Poetry." The contemporary criticisms are a "cooling card" for the book-reviewer of to-day: Jeffrey's onslaughts on Wordsworth; the *Monthly Review's* declaration that "Christabel" is "rude, unfashioned stuff," and that "Kubla Khan" is "below criticism"; the "memorable and ferocious blasphemy" of Shelley's "Adonais," as the *Literary Gazette* viewed it; and *Blackwood's* advice to Keats, "So back to the shop, Mr. John, back to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes."

The ultimate value of such volumes as these depends upon whether English literature can be "taught"—a subject much debated in the columns of the *Nation*. In this discussion there has been some confusion both as to terms and as to the class of students for whom courses in literature may be intended. No one can deny that mental discipline may be derived from the study of English philology and also from the study of the history of literature. That branch of history, as well as politics, the development of industries, or art, has its legitimate place in the college curriculum. The doubt arises in regard to courses in appreciation of literature. Too often, we must confess, they are sentimental and sloppy—"chatter about Shelley." But a few teachers actually succeed—to use Professor Manly's words—in awakening "a love of literature and the habit of reading." This is worth doing; and in the present state of culture in America it must, for many persons, be done in college or be left undone. If a student has already, through happy influences at home or in preparatory schools, a well-formed taste and the habit of reading, he does not need courses in appreciation. He will probably find far better discipline in other studies and in wide miscellaneous reading out of hours. But under existing conditions and traditions, courses in appreciation meet a genuine need.

St. Stephen's in the Fifties: The Session, 1852-3, a Parliamentary Retrospect. By Edward Michael Whitty, with an Introduction by Justin McCarthy, and Notes by H. M. W. Pp. xl., 316. New York: A. Wessels Co. $3 net.

Well edited, the late Edward Michael Whitty's "St. Stephen's in the Fifties" would have been a valuable addition to the permanent literature of the British Parliament; for Whitty was a journalist of more than ordinary ability and insight; he possessed strong political convictions, and in the *Leader*, the now forgotten London Radical weekly in which these studies of 1852-3 first appeared, he had larger freedom of expression than any writer of Parliamentary studies for a serious journal has since enjoyed. But H. M. W. has taken little trouble with the editing. If ever there was a book to which copious footnotes were essential, it was this, because many of the men of whom Whitty wrote have either had scant notice, or have been ignored altogether, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," many of the political questions have long ago passed out of mind, and many allusions are now meaningless except to the few who are well acquainted with social life in the London of that period. Mr. McCarthy has contributed a helpful Introduction of thirty pages; but H. M. W. seems to have concluded that McCalmont's "Parliamentary Poll Book, 1832-1895," was the only source that he need draw upon for foot-notes. Some readers may possibly recall Paxton's connection with the building of Crystal Palace; but how many will understand, for example, Whitty's allusion to "Mr. Sloman of Chancery Lane"? H. M. W. has not taken the trouble to inform them that Sloman's in the old days of Whitecross and the Bench Prisons—in the days of imprisonment for debt—was a sponging house, at which men might stay for a day or two awaiting a settlement with their creditors. Again, on page 140, Whitty writes of No. 32, Chesham Place, as "our British Temple of Janus"; and H. M. W. has not thought it necessary to explain that No. 32 was the town house of Lord John Russell.

Whitty was of the Press Gallery about the middle of the Parliamentary epoch that lies between the Reform Act of 1832 and that of 1867. This was the period of comparatively narrow franchise; of numerous nomination and corrupt boroughs, which the Whigs had been careful should survive when they reformed the old system in 1832. It was the period of Sunbury, Oxford, and Canterbury, where political corruption was general and deep-seated; and the influence of these boroughs on the *morale* of the House of Commons is described with the utmost freedom. It was also the period during which members from Ireland were largely of the needy and office-seeking class. Whitty was an Irishman—and an Irishman from Cork—but nowhere in the literature of the House of Commons are there more caustic descriptions of the men who represented or misrepresented Ireland than those he wrote. In these papers, also better than in any history of political parties in England, and much better than in any general history, are given the reasons why Radicalism was so feeble a force in Parliament between 1832 and 1867. There were not wanting large constituencies such as Bath and Sheffield willing to elect Radicals. But most of the Radicals in the House were intent on their own political hobbies. They had no recognized leader, no organization such as that of the Independent Labor party of the present day. There was, in a word, no team work; nothing to inspire either the Tories or the Whigs with any real fear.

Social conditions in the House were not much different from those that had prevailed up to 1832. The House was still regarded as a club; and late in the evening members were not afraid to appear there in a condition that to-day would warrant their being put into a cab by the attendants and sent home; and if a member, when drunk, made a fool of himself, Whitty did not hesitate to describe the scene. His disgust with what he described as the "Celtic gentlemen who make a 'holy show' of themselves after the manner of their race in the Imperial Senate" was deep. The Home Rule movement, as organized by Parnell, rid Ireland of the school of Parliamentarians who provoked such loathing in Whitty—of the race of members whose haunting of the Treasury on the hunt for patronage aroused such strong feelings of contempt in Bright. For this great reform in Irish politics the Home Rule movement seldom gets credit; and one incidental value of Whitty's sketches is that they show how necessary such an extra-Parliamentary reform had become by the time of the Aberdeen Coalition Ministry.

One of the best pieces of purely descriptive writing is Whitty's account of Gladstone's great Budget speech of April 23, 1853. Taken in conjunction with the late Duke of Argyll's description of Gladstone's preliminary exposition of his fiscal proposals to the Aberdeen Cabinet, assembled at No. 10, Downing Street, it constitutes a new chapter in the life of Gladstone, and admirably supplements Mr. Morley's account of Gladstone's great triumph.

A Book of Saints and Wonders, Put Down Here by Lady Gregory, According to the Old Writings and the Memory of the People of Ireland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this volume, which is of the same type as her "Poets and Dreamers," 1903, Lady Gregory continues her task of translating Irish texts, and recording legends still current among the aged Irish. The stories of the saints and the personal anecdotes of minor miracles collected here, reveal ready imaginations, ready tongues, and intelligences weighted and saddened by superstition of the most childish sort. For example:

> Brennain came to Brigit one time to ask why was it the beasts of the sea gave honor to her more than to the rest of the saints. Then they made their confession to each other, and Brennain said after that, "In my opinion, girl, it is right the beasts are when they honor you above ourselves."

Page after page of this collection is devoted to this sort of testimony, and contains nothing of the vitality and color of the Irish heroic saga, not a gleam of the true genius of the Gael. The friends of Ireland, like those who ransack the literary remains of great men, are too apt to drag into the light what was never meant by its author to stand the test of print.

More welcome to the lover of Gaelic tradition are the translations of the "Voyage of Maeldune" and the "Voyage of Brendan." Maeldune is the Odysseus of Ireland. But his saga lacks the fine Homeric reserve of the "Odyssey," in which the fairy element is never allowed to degenerate into a mere recital of a string of marvels. The adventures of Maeldune on his quest to slay the murderer of his father have no sort of sequence, and the quest itself drops out of the reader's mind as he drifts with the hero and his crew from one island to another, landing on very few, and constantly warned off by the sight of some monster or by mysterious doings that are to have no influence on any man's future fate. But in spite of frequent lack of shape and savor in this tale, a dull page is often redeemed and dignified by a sudden expression of sorrow:

> Then he turned his face to the wall of the house the way it would be darker for him, and he raised his wild song, and it was the sweetest of all the music on the whole ridge of the world. And all the men of Leinster were crying and lamenting, with the sorrow and the softness of that song.

So Menelaus, in his regret for the lost Odysseus, moved Helen and all that heard him to weeping. The joy of battle often sits awkwardly on these minor heroes of Irish legend, but you will find them acquainted with all the tones of grief.

The "Voyage of Brendan," hitherto accessible in modern English only in O'Riordan's version, is also the story of a quest. Brendan sets out for the Land of Promise, Brendan's Isle, and finds it only after long wanderings very similar to Maeldune's. This island was long believed by the Spanish and Portuguese to lie in the direction of the Canaries, and was even mentioned in international treaties with the saving clause, "when found." The Isles of Sheep and Birds visited by the saint were known to Arabian wonder-books; and the great fish, like an island, on which his party landed, figures in Sinbad's story as well as in most mediæval bestiaries. The "Voyage of Brendan" is the *locus classicus* for the legend of the annual day of mercy for Judas—

> Once a year I go
> To cool me on the floe—

whom Brendan protects for a few hours from the fiends who come to drag back the tortured ghost.

The precise influence of classic myths on Irish tradition is hard to determine. But even the few legends collected here contain several parallels with the classics. The devoted queen with whom, in spite of his impatient crew, Maeldune lingers for six months, and whom at last he leaves weeping on the shore, is the Irish Dido. In the story of Columcille, an old, spent white horse, a humble counterpart of the horses of Achilles, "cried tears into his breast until his clothes were wet." And Diarmid, his servant, would have driven the old horse away, but Columcille said: "Leave him till he cries his fill, keening for me. For you are a man having reason," he said, "and you know nothing of the time of my death but what I myself have told you. But as to this beast that is without reason, God himself has made known to it in some way that its master is going to leave it." Among the stories about St. Patrick is a curious echo of the Tithonus legend. A man and his wife are granted eternal youth, but not so their children, and while, like the dawn, they bloom without fading, they have to watch the painful decrepitude of their children's children.

Lady Gregory's style has this great advantage to Irish readers that it carefully preserves the un-English, curiously inverted forms of speech of the Irish countrypeople, from whom she received many of the legends:

> The justice of God threw a mist about him the way he would not be known.

> I have my fill of riches if I thought it enough, wanting Ireland, in the strange country where I have chanced and I tired. It is a pity the journey that was put upon me . . . it is bad to me the way it is.
>
> And it is what happened, I was a cook in Toraig, and it is a bad cook I was.

That is the way the country-people in Ireland speak today, giving one the impression that they are translating Irish idioms, as, indeed, many of them are. These are the turns of speech that are seldom correctly caught by those who try to write the Irish dialect.

Zur Kritik der künstlichen Weltsprachen. Von Karl Brugmann und August Leskien. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

In the light of the recent Esperanto Congress in England, this little volume of the well-known Leipzig professors will prove full of interest. Particularly should it challenge the attention of language students generally, for it is sweeping and specific in its condemnation of the whole enterprise as worthy neither of the scholar nor the practical man. Under the title of "Die neusten Weltsprachprojekte," Professor Brugmann reviews the various circumstances in which a second language may come into competition with an older one, and notes that a plan suggesting itself naturally to many is to select the most adaptable of the competing tongues as the international medium of communication. National pride and jealousy prevent any such solution, however, and in their perplexity men rush to the making of new languages. As a result, there are already "many dozen" of these, none of which is quite free and independent of the language it is expected to drive out. The dictionaries of artificial languages show the greatest variety of vocabulary, and in only one thing do they seem ahead of old-time forms of speech. and that is in their simplicity. As a matter of fact, however, a really practical result has never been achieved by any of these made-up tongues. Twenty years ago witnessed a high-tide in artificial language, when Volapük came from the hand of the Catholic priest Schleyer. Everywhere there were courses and lectures about the new tongue, and according to "Schleyer's Weltsprachkalender" for 1890, there were two and a half million students of Volapük, 290 Volapük clubs, and 23 Volapük journals. An international congress of Volapükists assembled at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and then, suddenly—the bubble burst.

The grounds for this failure are many. There were few who really knew much about languages who either advocated Volapük or took the trouble to oppose it, and Volapükists had all along pinned their faith to such men as professors of zoology or astronomy. The chief reason, however, was the conviction forced on many that Volapük needed revision and further adaptation; and Schleyer refused to admit weakness and consent to a change. Then, as Professor Brugmann might have shown in detail, there was split after split in the ranks, and new and competing language clubs were formed.

To-day we have another high-tide, for Schleyer had no patent on Volapük, and soon came "Esperanto" (1887), "Kosmos" (1888), "Spelin" (1888), "Myrana" (1889), and the "Lingua internazional" (1890). The advocates of each of these artificial languages wish it to be declared by academy and government the best adapted to science, industry, and commerce; and the means taken to secure recognition are always the same—clubs, lectures, congresses, and language journals. Once the geographer Kirchhoff worked hard for Volapük, and now the Esperantists, who certainly seem to lead the modern procession, have captured the enthusiastic chemist, Wilhelm Ostwald. But even in the world of learned men it is necessary to distinguish between the specialist and the amateur. Linguists only should be competent to judge, yet every one who has studied a language or two in a high school believes himself capable of passing opinion, and thus justifies Goethe's sharp remark: "Ein Jeder, well er spricht, glaubt auch über die Sprache sprechen zu können." As to the majority of scholars, it is probably true that they are neither for nor against the movement, unwilling to devote their time or energy either way. Max Müller was an exception, but his desire to shine before the world, Professor Brugmann thinks, led the Oxford professor to seek the cheap applause of the Volapük arena. In considering the question as to whom an artificial language will chiefly benefit, Brugmann derides the idea that the scholar will add another strange language to his equipment, or that he will labor with unprecedented zeal in order that grandchild and great-grandchild may have it. Brugmann is equally *lustig* at the thought that all the scientific literature of the world will soon be translated into Esperanto, "even with the help of those women who have nothing else to do"!

Professor Leskien contributes a scholarly discussion "Zur Kritik des Esperanto." He says that a world-language should be easily learned, simple in construction, and easy to pronounce. Esperanto, he admits, may be rather easy to learn to read; but for a language designed to be spoken by Europeans of all classes, it is astounding how many difficulties it presents. Esperanto, according to his view, uses the sound *tsch*, *dsch* too frequently; it is overloaded with *au*, *eu*, *ai*, *ei*, *oi*, *ui*, which French avoids; it includes such combinations as *kn*, so unwelcome to the English, and bristles with *kiu*, *kia*, *kie*, *tiu*, *tio*, and *tschia*, which Germans, English and Americans, Italians, French, and Slavs must pronounce according to their peculiar linguistic bias. In short, Professor Leskien contends that the inventor of Esperanto put together on paper his outfit, gathered from school-grammars, without any attention to phonetics or any actual experience in the real world of language, without finding out from others (who might have known better), what was difficult or easy, necessary or unnecessary, rational or irrational. His work, therefore, as an effort to solve the problem of a world language, is quite unsuccessful. In conclusion, Professor Leskien maintains that Esperanto is difficult, stating that he himself has studied and mastered so many languages that he feels competent to make a comparison, and that he has found the new tongue of Zamenhof hard, if not impossible, to master. Those who know Professor Leskien's fluency in Slavic tongues will find this judgment of peculiar interest.

Society in the Country House. By T. H. S. Escott. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4 net.

The evolution in England of the country house, its social and political influence, is an inviting subject, to be handled, of course, only by one who has had the *entrée* to several of the leading sets of English society, and as a looker-on could judge of the game better than the actual players. Mr. Escott, who succeeded John Morley as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and who has been for many years a leader writer for the London *Standard*, has watched rather than shared the strife of social cliques and political parties. A great part of that strife has been planned at "week-end" parties, for the salon of the English country house has seldom been what Horace Walpole made Strawberry Hill, a centre of disinterested social activity.

Mr. Escott traces the rise of country house entertaining from the days of Chaucer's fourteenth-century franklin, in whose house "it snowëd of meat and drink," down to the "week-ends" of a Rosebery. It was prosperity in foreign commerce that made the rural homes of Chaucer's England centres of hospitality; for with the great landowners money was rather scarce. They were the true barbarians, as Disraeli described them in "Lothair," leading an outdoor life, never opening a book, knowing no language but their own, while the men with more money and less land entertained all comers and encouraged political discussions. So it is that nowadays it is entertainers like the Wilsons of Tranby Croft or the Rothschilds who are maintaining the old tradition. From his historical sketch Mr. Escott passes to descriptions of certain houses which for generations have played their part in English politics. Not that their influence has been merely political. More than one prosperous watering place owes its existence to the near neighborhood of a great country house. So Stanmer, the Sussex home of the Pelhams, created Brighton, which might never have had its vogue had not George IV. chanced to visit Stanmer and fix his fancy on the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone. So the Allens of Prior Park made the fortune of Bath by bringing it to the notice of the children of George III., and Heron Court, the home of the Malmesbury earls, made Bournemouth the fashion.

The political activity of the country house has long been an English tradition. Says Mr. Escott:

> The English Revolution of the seventeenth century originated in the conferences at each other's rural homes of country gentlemen. The doctrines of royal absolutism were first framed by a Kentish squire, Sir Robert Filmer of East Sutton, . . . when, as a Hertfordshire squire, entertaining James I. at Gorhambury. From the home and birthplace of John Pym, Brymore, proceeded the first notes of a counterblast to the pretensions of prerogative.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Manchester speech in 1886 announcing the formation of the Union party, was the fruit of a visit to Compton Place, Sussex, where the Cavendishes and the Churchills agreed to sink their earlier differences and unite against the Home Rule policy of Gladstone. So, on almost every page, Mr. Escott points out the association of some country house with political schemes. There are few neutral country houses. But Killerton Park and Holnicote, the homes of the great Devon and Somerset family of Aclands, saw the beginning of an experiment designed to bring together in their social life politicians of both parties. Here, in the favorite haunt of William Wilberforce, the Abolitionist, was first formed the idea of Grillion's Club, whose weekly dinners have for many years brought to the same table the fiercest political foes.

Such a book, teeming with information and anecdotes, could not fail to be interesting, but every reader will regret that the author took such pains to be unintelligible. It is as though one who had so long been obliged to write lucidly for mere journalism had decided to indulge in the luxury of an involved "literary" style. Mr. Escott is so allusive that often only the instructed reader knows whom he is talking about. This is the nearest that he gets to naming Lord Milner:

> Another of the then Mr. Goschen's guests, exactly Dawkins's contemporary, was that descendant of the General Ready of Goodwood associations, as accomplished a Balliol scholar as the future Lord Chancellor himself, and whose name in later years was to become a controversial synonym for a particular school of South African and Imperial statesmanship generally, Mr. Chamberlain's High Commissioner.

Mr. Escott always prefers a definition to a mere name. Balliol is regularly called "the College of Jowett," Byron is "the object of the Countess Guiccioli's passion," Disraeli is "the Asiatic statesman," Hever Castle is "the natal stronghold of Queen Elizabeth's mother." But in spite of his irritating allusiveness, his tortuous style, and his really shocking French—he writes more than once *pied de terre* for *pied à terre*, and other phrases that betray unfamiliarity with the language—Mr. Escott's book is entertaining, a mine of information for some more accomplished writer on the same theme. The frontispiece is a charming reproduction of the picture by Desanges of Lady Waldegrave's salon at Strawberry Hill in 1865.

The University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906. Published by the Librarian of the University.

Following so closely upon the heels of the Report of the Royal Commission on the University of Toronto, this volume is of more than ordinary interest and importance, not merely to the alumni of the university, but to all interested in higher education. It is a fact not without significance, that in educational matters the international boundary is fast becoming obliterated. Not only is a wholesome reciprocity practised in appointments to the faculties of American and Canadian colleges, but to an ever increasing extent the young men of the two countries are seeking the best university for their individual needs, irrespective of its geographical position north or south of the boundary.

The present volume is the outcome of a decision of the senate of the university, as long ago as January, 1903, that in consideration of the fact "that the present year (1903) is the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of King's College, and the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the university on its present line," a volume should be prepared, giving an account of its past history and its actual condition. The long series of delays in publication has enabled the editors to bring the historical survey down to the close of the labors of the commission in the passing of the University act of 1906. In the opening chapter, President N. Burwash of Victoria College sketches the early history of the university, from the granting of a charter to King's College, in March, 1827, down to the organization of the university in 1853; and in the two following chapters, Dr. Burwash brings his survey down to 1904, discussing in an eminently clear and impartial manner the once burning problems of state control and endowments, rivalry between University College and the affiliated institutions, the relative status of their degrees, central versus local examinations, etc. Chapter iv. is devoted to financial history, by the present bursar. Four chapters are given to the arts faculty and colleges; that on the arts faculty, by Dean Ramsay Wright and Prof. W. J. Alexander, being of exceptional interest. The faculties of law, medicine, applied science, the theological colleges, and the affiliated institutions, are dealt with in separate chapters, and the eminently practical subject of buildings and equipment occupies the final chapter. Appendices contain lists of members of the governing bodies, publications by members of the staff, studies published by the university, theses, benefactions, graduates, candidates examined, attendance, the university acts, and the report of the Commission, 1905-6. The whole work is under the general editorship of Professor Alexander.

The Real Australia. By Alfred Buchanan. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.

The author of this book is an experienced journalist. He has recorded his observations on the dominant features of Australian life—politics, amusements, journalism and literature, the tone of society, moral reform and the conditions with which it contends; and the result is a welcome offset to the books which have dealt with the subject in detached phases, more particularly with the political history of the country and the socialistic experiments made there. Hitherto we have had many optimistic forecasts and generous appreciations, which assumed Australian stability and success. Mr. Buchanan is rather doubtful as to the outcome. At least he thinks that the national spirit is in urgent need of a Spartan bracing. It is discouraging, though perhaps not astonishing, to learn that after half a century or more of unhindered political experimenting the prevailing phase of Australian character is its irresponsibility. Moreover, as there has been little in the history of the country to awaken strong sentiment, unless it be disgust at the way in which the aborigines were treated, there is no vital faith of any kind nor even any vital fanaticism. It may be that the ease of Australian life accounts in part for this lack of tone. There have been few soul-testing troubles, and no armed conflict, if we except the work of the contingents in South Africa during the Boer war. The calm of unforced development has been the lot of Australia, the spoiled child of Britain.

It is difficult to see why he has not discussed this doubtful result in the light of socialistic theories and legislation, which have been so hopefully applied in Australia. The lack of any such attempt is the chief defect of his book. Conditions are better described than explained. An American reader naturally asks whether there is any connection between a socialistic régime and the easy going, work-shirking habits which Mr. Buchanan charges against his countrymen. Is it true that reliance upon government for work, land, and shelter has caused a lapse from energy to ineptitude? Not only have trades unions been protected, but women have been given the suffrage in some of the states, and their vote is influential. Advanced theories have had their chance. Yet the social fabric, according to Mr. Buchanan, lacks a strong leaven of individual responsibility, initiative, and self-control. It is easy to believe that too much coddling by the government and too great trust in mere legislation are largely accountable for this condition.

Some of the Australian types described are too interesting to pass by. It appears that the Australian larrikin is the crown and summit of moral irresponsibility. Mr. Buchanan will not allow that all the hooligans of London, all the gamins of Paris, all the lazzaroni of Naples, even all the unspeakable ruffians of Cairo and Port Said can eclipse, or even approach, the reputation acquired by the larrikin in a few decades. Mr. Buchanan ought to be a capable judge of a native product.

Science.

Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates. Adapted from the German of Dr. Robert Wiedersheim, by W. N. Parker. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

This book, written by a professor of anatomy in Freiburg and translated by a professor of zoölogy in the University of Wales, is now issued in a third edition, founded on the sixth German. The original contains 800 pages and 416 figures; the second English edition, 488 pages and 367 figures; and the present, 576 pages and 372 figures. That a technical work of this size should reach a sixth edition in the original language and a third in another is ample proof of its general excellence. It is likewise warrant for what, under other conditions, might constitute hypercriticism. In the present instance there is no excuse for lack of clearness; and for inaccuracy the only justification is the advance of knowledge since the volume went to press. As indicated in the preface and upon the title-page, this is not a literal translation, but a reduced "adaptation," a task which throws upon the undertaker greater responsibility for errors, omissions, and infelicities of expression. The preface states that this edition "has been almost entirely rewritten." That the changes have not always been for the better may be seen by comparing with corresponding passages in the previous edition the statements as to, *e. g.*, the cerebellum of sharks and rays (p. 210), and the brain-cavity of Amphioxus (p. 204). In this last case, the omission of the phrase "in the larva" (p. 157 of the previous edition) conveys an error as radical as would be embodied in the declaration, "man has a short triangular tail" without the qualification, "at a certain stage of development." In the original the discussion of the nature and origin of the limbs opens with a paragraph in which the problem is said to have been "seit einer Reihe im Vordergrund." In the second English edition this phrase was rendered "attacked vigorously during the last thirty years." In the present edition, ten years later, the entire paragraph is reproduced, verbatim.

There is, of course, room for a legitimate difference of opinion as to the selection of subjects and the extent of their treatment, but the reviewer believes most anatomists will regret the omission, for instance, of the observations of Charles Hill upon the primary segments of the brain. Among errors are the ascription of the middle commissure to mammals only (p. 201), the description of the cerebellum of Teleosts as always bent backward (p. 214), the designation of the olfactory tracts of Reptiles as "nerves" (Figs. 166, 167), and the misrepresentation of the pons in Fig. 170, B.

The extensive and well-arranged Bibliography of the previous edition has evidently been augmented, and probably now embraces the six hundred additional titles of the last German edition; but there are signs of carelessness in, *e. g.*, the inclusion in the literature of the brain of mammals (p. 528, fifth from foot) of a title referring exclusively to the amphibian brain. The index lacks at least a score of important entries, including the entire series of compounds (*mesocoele*, etc.), by which are designated (p. 203) the cavities of the several brain-segments. Notwithstanding the defects above enumerated, this is the best English treatise upon vertebrate anatomy as the original is the best German.

The pupils of Prof. Ernst Haeckel and the friends of monistic philosophy, of which he is the leading protagonist, have furnished him with the funds to establish a Phyletic Museum in Jena. For this structure the cornerstone was laid on the last anniversary of Goethe's birth; and the museum and its collections will probably be ready for students during the coming summer. In the *Blätter des deutschen Monistenbundes*, Professor Haeckel has described in detail the character of the new institution. The purpose in all of its departments, anthropological, biological, and other is to furnish as complete collections as possible illustrative of the principle of evolution. Haeckel will contribute his specimens secured during his three scientific journeys: that of 1873 to the Red Sea, that of 1881 to Ceylon, and that of 1901 to Java and Sumatra. He also gives his entire correspondence with the naturalists of the world, extending through fifty years.

Sir Thomas McCall Anderson, regius professor of medicine in Glasgow University since 1900, has died suddenly at the age of seventy-two. Dr. Anderson had a distinguished career as practitioner and educator, and was member of various learned societies of England, Austria, France, and America. He was the author of "Treatment of Diseases of the Skin, with an Analysis of 11,000 Consecutive Cases," and of various other works in that department of medicine.

The death is reported from Paris of Alfred Jolibois, who was for twelve years at the head of the Department of Bridges in Paris before becoming municipal councillor. He devoted himself with enthusiasm to the work of beautifying Paris and improving all the works connected with the Seine, especially the bridges. He also gave much attention to popular scientific education, acting in turn as one of the professors of the Association Philotechnique, and superintending the formation of popular schools to train skilled workmen. His "Bibliothèque du Conducteur des Travaux Publics" is one of the largest engineering compilations ever undertaken. Fifty-three volumes out of the seventy-three contemplated have already been published.

Drama.

The English version of Paul Hervieu's "Le Réveil," which Miss Olga Nethersole presented in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, is a curious medley of social comedy, historical romance, lurid melodrama, and raw emotionalism, but it supplies internal evidence of the ingenious construction and strong dramatic and romantic interest which won public and critical success for the original in Paris. That cosmopolitan scalawag, Milan of Servia, and his son, the degenerate Alexander, are supposed, with sufficient plausibility, to have been the models of the two exiled princes, who play such prominent parts, but the historical groundwork of the plot is too slight to be of the least consequence. In dealing with such characters, fiction is, indeed, likely to be preferable to fact. Actually Prince Grégoire, with all his cheap cynicism and unscrupulous audacity, exhibits a degree of virility and kingly spirit perfectly inconceivable in his alleged prototype. But the true value of the piece—which is, of course, different from the theatrical—does not consist in the conflict between father and son, or in the series of striking and well-devised melodramatic expedients by which the former succeeds in breaking the spell of the passion which blinds the latter to all principles of duty and honor, but in the finely imagined scene of the "awakening" itself, where the innocent pleadings of her daughter, rendered eloquent by virgin love, rouse the conscience of the erring mother and recall her from the edge of the moral precipice upon which she is tottering. Here is a really dramatic situation, brought about in a perfectly logical and legitimate way, and of poignant interest. It is worth all the rest of the play put together, and upon it the fate of the representation will largely depend.

"Kaiser Karls Geisel: ein Legendenspiel," by Gerhart Hauptmann, is imported by Lemcke & Buechner. Whatever may have been the disappointment at Hauptmann's "Und Pippa tanzt!" with its mysticism and riddles so strangely different from the spirit of "Die Weber" or even "Die versunkene Glocke," this latest dramatic venture is likely to provoke enthusiasm, at least in Germany. Hauptmann now returns to verse, the form in which he presented his most successful composition, "Die versunkene Glocke." He has taken a paragraph from Sebastiano Erizzo's "Le sei giornate," which states that King Charles fell so deeply in love with a young girl that he abandoned all thought of the government of his kingdom. In a series of dissolving pictures, the dramatist has drawn contrasts between winter and spring, the frosts of old age, and the flowers of youth. In the end Karl is saved from downfall and made to appear triumphant, with upraised sword, before the acclaiming multitude. The story gives the poet an admirable chance to depict the virility of the aged Frankish king and the voluptuousness of the village maiden. The language, we may add, though poetic, is very frank.

Music.

A History of Music in England. By Ernest Walker. New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

When Sterndale Bennett, who was born three years after Wagner, went to Leipzig he was greeted, as Schumann wrote, by the remark: "An English composer? no composer at all!" Throughout Germany and elsewhere, until recently, the opinion prevailed that from the beginning to the present day England has been an out-and-out unmusical country. As late as 1885 Naumann issued the last volume of a "Musikgeschichte," in which four pages out of 1,200 were devoted to England; and even Nagel, who wrote two scholarly volumes on music in England, seemed to be convinced that artistic life in that country came to an end about the year 1700. The injustice of such an attitude is made abundantly apparent in Dr. Walker's volume. He modestly calls it "a" history of music in England, but it is really "the" history of music in that country. His avowal that this book has been "designed from the standpoint of a musician rather than from that of an antiquarian; and even then more for the general music-lover than for the technically erudite," must not be construed as a confession of superficiality; for, as a matter of fact, the best and most useful results of research are embodied; and, what is more, opportunity is afforded the reader, by means of copious musical illustrations printed in the text, to form his own conclusions.

It would have been too much to expect the author to resist the temptation to boast that whereas musical Italy can barely show four centuries of creative work, and Germany and France half a century less, England gave to the world nearly 700 years ago "the finest artistic work it ever had." The reference is to the famous four-part canon "Summer is i-cumen in," of the thirteenth century, which Dr. Walker, after carefully weighing the conflicting opinions, accepts as an early specimen—and a superb one—of English folk music. His statement that "few musicians have been found to question the assertion that Irish folk-music is, on the whole, the finest that exists," would not escape challenge in Germany and Russia; but this is certainly an aspect—the only one—in which the music of the United Kingdom does not suffer by comparison with that of the Continent. Ireland has also produced three composers of exceptional gifts—Balfe, Stanford, and Field. Of Stanford's opera "Shamus O'Brien," the author says justly that it is "one of the most deliciously 'open-air' works in all British music," being "crammed full of tunes which, without any suspicion of plagiarism, seem to suggest that their composer has lived in the wilds of Ireland all his life." Field occupies a place of honor in musical history as the originator of the nocturne, which Chopin imitated and perfected. But this, as the author frankly acknowledges, is the only case of the work of a composer on these isles having had any germinating force outside his own country. Even Handel, when he made England his home, sacrificed all chance of guiding the course of Continental music. "There has never been a composer of more than the merest second-class rank who owes him anything really vital."

We know of no chapter on Handel so luminous and unbiassed as Dr. Walker's. He claims Handel as an English composer, because Handel lived in London over forty-five years and wrote exclusively for English audiences, his early works, written for Germans and Italians, being now known to hardly any one. This chapter cannot be too highly commended to practical musicians, as it will help to correct the impression that nearly all of Handel's best work is contained in his oratorios. His operas are obsolete because they lack dramatic characterization, and because many of their airs are written in an ornate style no longer cultivated by singers. Nevertheless, there is in these Anglo-Italian operas—thirty-six in number—an almost unworked mine which singers of an enterprising turn of mind would do well to examine. A list of the best of these airs is given on page 194; the author should have added that Robert Franz selected. edited, and published the best of these in several volumes.

Though it originated in Italy, no form of music is so English as the madrigal, and this receives full attention. In the chapter "Later Victorian Music" no living English composer who was born later than 1860 is included, the list being thus limited to five—Mackenzie, Parry, Cowen, Stanford, and Elgar. We specially commend Dr. Walker's remarks on the last-named. In the concluding section an attempt is made, not very successfully, to determine what is the English element in music.

Oscar Hammerstein has proved that it pays, after all, to produce operatic novelties in New York. Beside reviving Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" he has already this season staged three novelties—Massenet's "Thais," Charpentier's "Louise," and Giordano's "Siberia"—and on February 19 he intends to try Debussy's extraordinary "Pelléas et Mélisande." When he announced "Siberia" the knowing ones shook their heads. The same composer's "Fedora" had failed lamentably at the Metropolitan, although the cast included Caruso; how could "Siberia" succeed at the Manhattan without even the aid of a great star? But "Siberia" did succeed; its reception by the audience was enthusiastic. In writing his "Fedora" the composer expected that the popularity of the play of that name would help him, but it did not; the play is not suited for musical treatment and Giordano's musical setting of it proved so surprisingly weak that it seemed impossible that the same pen could ever write an interesting score. But "Siberia" is decidedly interesting, both musically and as a spectacle. It pictures life on the desolate and snowy steppes. For killing a prince who entertains the girl he loves, a soldier is sentenced to penal servitude for life. The girl follows him, joining the living chain of prisoners. A chance for escape presents itself to the lovers, and they flee; but a miscreant gives the alarm and the girl is shot. It cannot be said that Giordano's melodic fount flows much more freely in the music with which he illustrates these scenes than in "Fedora"; but he was so wise as to introduce several beautiful Russian folksongs appropriate to the situation (as Humperdinck introduced German folksongs in "Hänsel und Gretel"), and that makes all the difference in the world. At the same time it must be admitted that Giordano's skill in the treatment of the orchestra and in creating "atmosphere" and working up a climax has greatly increased. He may yet become a serious rival of Puccini.

The Italian publisher Ricordi three years ago offered a prize of $2,500 for the best English opera. It has now been awarded to Dr. E. W. Naylor for a score entitled "The Angelus." Dr. Naylor is instructor and organist at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The number of manuscripts submitted to Ricordi was 191.

Art.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

London, January 22.

The eighth exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, now open in the New Gallery, does not, as a whole, reach the high level of the past. This is evident, especially in the paintings. I have looked in vain for the great pictures that stand out with the distinction there is no escaping. Much of the interest of the collection still comes from painters of an earlier generation. Again there is a chance to see Renoir's extraordinary Portrait de Madame M., the woman standing by a bird cage, extraordinary because of the beauty that fine drawing and tone can lend to costume and detail hideous as the fashions of the early seventies could make them. Monet is at his best in the three pictures here, Vue de Hollande, Printemps, and Fruits, a wonderful still-life; all three show the regard for composition, for the placing of a subject, to which Monet of late years has paid less and less attention. Another of the more notable pictures is Carrière's large Théâtre de Belleville, that huge dim interior, lost in the fog of Carrière's mannerisms, and yet with beauty looming through in the great swinging curve of the principal lines, and tragedy in the intent faces peering through the shadows.

Among contemporary painters are groups of, more or less, independents in France and England, whose one point in common is the inclination to find inspiration and motives in the past. The contrast in results is curious. From France comes Maurice Denis, deliberately, self-consciously primitive and naïve. He paints Sainte-Cécile and La Danse, according to his idea of how early painters, Flemish or Italian, should have painted these subjects. They were Primitive, as we call it, not because they aimed at Primitiveness, but because they were doing as well as they could with the knowledge and means at their disposal. That is precisely where M. Denis differs from them. He is Primitive because he uses the knowledge of to-day to affect ignorance, because he does his best to take over limitations that do not belong to him or to his age. Never were the draperies of saints and dancers expressed by such elementary lines, never were meadows powdered over with blossoms of quite such naïve growth, never were the faces of saintly men and women so expressive of vacuity. The color too is reduced to the last degree of simplicity, empty white set against flat spaces of immature green. This is the Frenchman. But the game of the Englishman I would contrast with him, Charles Ricketts, is another matter. He, too, goes back to an earlier generation for his models, but he takes not the men who were feeling their way like children, but the giants who had found it. He would pit himself, apparently, against no less a master than Michael Angelo, he would build up from the nude a tremendous composition in the manner of the great Florentine. Mr. Ricketts has two pictures at the International: The Resurrection and Don Juan in Hell. In the first, a column of naked figures rises from top to bottom of the canvas; dark, murky figures, stretched and distorted, in the midst of blue space. In the second, a horseman, naked, with drapery of Titian crimson flying behind, tramples on a mass of nudities, the note of the same crimson repeated in a bit of drapery emerging from somewhere in the chaos of vague forms. Subjects both for Michael Angelo, if you will; subjects, however, which he would have left, not dimly conceived, but vigorously executed. Mr. Ricketts has, apparently, neither the vigor nor the drawing to pursue them further than in these two small canvases, which are no more than tentative sketches. If M. Denis does thoroughly what he undertakes, Mr. Ricketts stops short with the note, the suggestion, of what he would like to do.

In just this respect the difference between the French and English painters is very marked. The French prove that they have the knowledge to achieve the aim they set themselves, while the English always seem to bungle and blunder through somehow. M. Vuillard, for instance, paints, on a small canvas, a prostrate figure, Sur le Sofa, in a commonplace room, but gives you pleasure by the perfect tones. M. Vallotton takes a subject as simple, L'Armoire à Linge, a woman, with a lamp, on her knees in front of an open linen closet, but with an effect of light that gives it interest at once; though, to be honest, M. Vallotton was more individual and amusing in his wood-blocks of a few years ago. And the fine drawing makes up for the unpleasant color in M. Forain's Scènes d'Opéra and Danseuse, though M. Forain, too, is stronger in black-and-white. To turn to the English is to find them wrestling with much more ambitious schemes, which they have not the ability to carry out. Charles Shannon again shows a group of nudes, on a smaller scale than his big picture of last year, this time a stretch of blue, foam-flecked sea for background: Children of the Sea. Again, he seems oppressed with memories of Watts, and again his drawings suggest the hesitation fatal to beauty of the nude. Mr. Strang continues heroically and strives to unite the sentiment of Millet with the color and methods of the Old Masters, and make of the combination something entirely his own, but with such indifferent success that this year a Vintage by Victor Reynolds is a complete Strang, suggesting the ease with which the new convention can be borrowed, as personality in paint never can be.

Except from France comparatively little work comes from abroad. Germany is represented by G. Sauter, who lives in England. He does not build up elaborate compositions found only in the studio, he does not look through the eyes of the masters of other days and other lands; he is content to paint the things he sees for himself under existing conditions, the Frost and Mist, in the London streets, or the bunch of flowers in a glass; and with these, he sends one portrait, Joseph Pennell, Esq., full of character, enveloped in atmosphere, the best portrait in the exhibition. Spain is not so sensational as in the past. There is nothing by Anglada or Zuloaga. The Dutch make a poor showing, the Americans a very small one in the painting section.

In the graving section the international element is far more in evidence, a higher level of accomplishment is reached, there is greater vitality in individual examples. Technically, too, there is variety. As a consequence, you do not feel here, as you must nowadays in Paris, the decline of interest in the various forms of engraving. A few years ago, everybody was experimenting, often with the most remarkable results. The revival of lithography was full of promise. Illustration was at the height not only of popularity, but of accomplishment. Wonderful things were to be seen at the Champ-de-Mars. Dull or commonplace work was the exception. But the present is a bad moment for black and white. Illustration verges towards photography—in England, is all but swallowed up in it. The public is afraid of lithography; the collector, missing the plate-mark of the etching, suspects an inferior form of art; and when artists keep on working in this medium, it is largely for their own amusement. Yet a good exhibition of prints and drawings is as delightful and stimulating as ever. Here are wood engravings after Whistler. Vermeer, Da Vinci, and Irving Wiles by Henry Wolf. Here are lithographs by M. Belleroche, M. Veber, E. J. Sullivan, Mr. Hartrich, Mr. Jackson, all so different in method that they prove triumphantly the scope and possibilities of the stone. Here are etchings of French cathedrals by Joseph Pennell, and a series after Félicien Rops, printed in color, by M. Bertrand. And hung with all these prints are the pastels of M. Degas, M. Legrand, Mr. Muhrman, and M. Léandre; the water-colors of Anning Bell and M. Storm van s'Gravesande; and the illustrations in color of Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green.

In the sculpture, a special feature is made of the work of Dalou (the master of many sculptures, now at work in England) lent chiefly by South Kensington Museum and private owners. There are bronzes, marbles, terra-cottas, interesting, but too well known to be now described in detail. M. Rodin's Homme qui Marche dominates the central hal' large, full of life, and movement. It is seen for the first time in London, though Paris already knows it. He also sends his portrait bust, in marble, of George Bernard Shaw, shown last winter in bronze. The bronze was amusing, and full of character. It is not so successful in marble. But that great figure of The Man Who Walks seems to stride across the littleness of some of the other work—work of smaller men who have the courage to vie with Rodin, only to prove how ill-equipped they are for the contest. However, other good things are included: another part of M. Bartholomé's monument at Père-Lachaise; the portraits and studies of animals by Prince Troubetzkoy; little bronzes by Harry Wilson, who sends besides jewelry distinguished by unusual feeling for color and design; a casket and some silver fruit dishes come from Paul Cooper, another man with a sense of form and proportion, and the beauty of finish.

I have said enough to explain that the exhibition remains far the most interesting of contemporary work given in London. Whistler set the members on the right path, always, in his concern for the society, disinterested and practical, though he was always supposed to be the most egotistical and least practical of men. To avoid the parochial in art, that was his leading principle. Now that the English, or British, element grows stronger and the international weaker, one watches the fortunes of the international with more anxiety than in the years of its first triumphs.

N. N.

In the Beilage zur *Allgemeinen Zeitung* of January 21 is an interesting article by the late Prof. A. Furtwängler on the Arndt Collection of Antiquities, which has recently been presented to the Bavarian government. This article is of special interest as the last literary contribution of that great archæologist. The collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, which he describes, has been brought together with knowledge and taste by Dr. Paul Arndt. It consists of bronzes (both statuettes and utensils, such as fibulæ, cups, handles, etc.); vases (chiefly of Mycenæan and geometric fabrics, also a valuable lot of ancient Apulian or Messapian examples); gold work, colored glass, painted stuccos, and terra-cotta. The terra-cottas form the most valuable portion. Dr. Arndt has also made a valuable collection of forgeries, which are very instructive for the appreciation of the originals; they have not at present been exhibited, since no room could be found for them.

An interesting new theory has been advanced by Dr. Valerios Stais of the National Museum at Athens, concerning the small gold plaques which have been found in such numbers in the shaft graves at Mycenæ. It has generally been assumed that these gold ornaments were sewed on the garments of the dead. Dr. Stais, on the other hand, thinks that the dead were buried in wooden coffins, which have, of course, now totally disappeared; and that these coffins were covered with this gold. This would explain the fact that not only have a large number of small gold nails been found, with which these ornaments would be fastened to the coffin, but that in some of the plaques gold nails were still attached to the holes. According to this new theory the gold masks and diadems were similarly placed on the coffin. In connection with this idea it is interesting to compare the sarcophagi recently acquired by the Berlin Museum, on which the face of the deceased is represented as a mask which is frequently gilded.

In the series known as Künstler-Monographien, edited by H. Knackfuss (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), Nos. 85 to 88 inclusive are now issued. The account of Angelico da Fiesole, with 124 pages and 109 illustrations, is by M. Wingenroth; Gesellschap, 86 pages, 92 illustrations, by M. Jordan; Perugino, 134 pages, 110 illustrations, by Fr. Knapp; and William Holman Hunt, 148 pages, 141 illustrations, by O. von Schleinitz.

In the Denkmäler der Malerei des Altertums (Bruckmannsche Verlag), the editor, Paul Herrmann, is furnishing a fine series of reproductions of ancient paintings. The set has now progressed to the fifth *Lieferung*. The last three contain reproductions of the paintings of the Casa dei Vettii, in Pompeii.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by "The Eight," at Macbeth's, till February 15; and prints and drawings by Dürer and Rembrandt, from the collection of Marsden J. Perry of Providence. at Keppel & Co.'s, February 20.

Joseph Grego, an English authority on prints, has died at the age of sixty-four. Among his books are "Thomas Rowlandson," "James Gilray," "A History of Dancing," and "A History of Parliamentary Elections."

Finance.

BOOKS ON THE STEEL TRUST.

The American steel industry and the United States Steel Corporation continue to attract the attention of both popular writers and serious students of economics. "The United States Steel Corporation," by Abraham Berglund (The Columbia University Press; the Macmillan Co., agent), considers the history and present position of the "Steel Trust." It is the sort of detailed study that should be made of each of the great industrial combinations—study that should have preceded much of the generalizing in which economists have indulged. Mr. Berglund's important conclusions are: that the company has never had—and is not likely to have—more than a qualified monopoly of the steel trade; that its policy in respect to prices has been one of moderation, but would probably not remain so moderate if monopoly were ever assured; and that such control over markets as the organization may wield in the future will probably be exercised "in association with independent producers" through such agencies as pools or price agreements. He considers it doubtful if "the competitive strength of such a combination as the Steel Corporation is greater by virtue of mere size than that of some of the more important independent companies with only a fraction of its capital."

Dr. Julius Gutmann's monograph, "Ueber den amerikanischen Stahltrust" (Essen: G. D. Baedeker), covers the same ground as Mr. Berglund's study, but somewhat more briefly. The German investigator, like many of his kind, finds it easier to throw his raw materials—statistics, citations from documents, etc.—at his reader's head, than to digest them and present the results in something approaching tolerable literary form. He treats of some topics, such as the administrative organization of the Steel Corporation and its policy toward employees, which Mr. Berglund does not seriously consider; but his monograph has little to interest American students, except, perhaps, the concluding chapter, which compares the company with the German Steel Syndicate. Dr. Gutmann considers it doubtful whether, in point of economy and technical efficiency, the American organization enjoys any real superiority over the German; and shows that, however this may be, the condition of monopoly is more nearly reached in the German steel industry than in the American.

Herbert N. Casson's "Romance of Steel" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) is designed to be "a popular history of our greatest American industry." It may be of interest to the public, but is more likely to be highly valued by the various steel magnates for whose greater glory it seems to have been written. Mr. Casson dedicates the volume to the men "who have made the United States the foremost steel-making nation in the world"; expresses, in the preface, his personal obligation to some two score captains of industry and finance "for their courtesy and friendly coöperation"; and adorns the volumes with half-tone portraits of his collaborators. Its appropriate place seems to be among the "Fads and Fancies" of economic literature.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archer, William, and Granville Barker. Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre. Duffield. $2.50.

Baldwin, James. Another Fairy Reader. American Book Co. 35 cents.

Bigelow, John. The Panama Canal and the Daughters of Danaus. The Baker & Taylor Co. 50 cents net.

Brown, Dr. John, Letters of. Edited by his son and D. W. Forrest. Macmillan Co.

Burnet, Margaretta. A Laboratory Manual of Zoölogy. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book, 1907. Published by the Institution.

Coleridge's Biographia Literaria. Edited by J. Shawcross. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.

Confessio Medici. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Cook, Albert S., and Chauncey B. Tinker. Select Translations from Old English Prose. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.

Delitzsch, Friedrich. Zur Weiterbildung. Lemcke & Buechner.

Dodd, Anna Bowman. On the Knees of the Gods. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Dumas, Alexandre. My Memoirs.—The Crimes of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and others.—The Crimes of Ali Pacha and others. Macmillan Co. $1.75 each.

Eddy, Charles. A Hole in the Coat. Cassell & Co.

Eltzbacher, Paul. Anarchism. Translated by Steven T. Byington. Benj. R. Tucker.

Field, Edward Salisbury. In Pursuit of Priscilla. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.

Gauss, H. C. The American Government. L. R. Hamersly & Co.

Gerhard, Wm. Paul. Modern Baths and Bath Houses. John Wiley & Sons.

Goss, William F. M. High Steam-Pressure in Locomotive Service. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Hartley, Percy J. My Lady of Cleeve. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Hawthorne, Hildegarde. Women and Other Women. Duffield & Co. $1.20.

Hoffman, Frank Sargent. The Sphere of Religion. Putnams. $1.75 net.

Hungarian Question, The. Translated by Ilona and C. Arthur Ginevar. London: Kegan Paul.

Jacob, Violet. The History of Aythan Waring. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Jacoby, Harold. Astronomy. Columbia University Press.

Kelly, Edmond. The Elimination of the Tramp. Putnams. $1 net.

Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. As You Like It.—The Tempest. Duffield.

Marshall, Archibald. Exton Manor. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. Seraphica. Harpers. $1.50.

Palmer's Business Meeting Manual. St. Paul, Minn.: C. A. Palmer.

Parkin, George R. Sir John A. Macdonald. Toronto: Morang & Co.

Perry, Frances M. An Introductory Course in Exposition. American Book Co. $1.

Persona. A New Gospel. Privately printed. 75 cents.

Phillpotts, Eden. The Mother of the Man. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Pierce, Franklin. Federal Usurpation. Appleton. $1.50 net.

Poor, Charles Lane. The Solar System. Putnams. $2 net.

Quackenbos, John Duncan. Hypnotic Therapeutics in Theory and Practice. Harpers. $2 net.

Randall, D. T. The Burning of Coal without Smoke in Boiler Plants. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Repsold, John A. Zur Geschichte der Astronomischen Messwerkzeuge von Purbach bis Reichenbach, 1450 bis 1830. G. E. Stechert & Co.

Ridgeway, William. Who Were the Romans? Henry Frowde.

Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared. The Gould Prize Essays. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Sargent, Charles Sprague. Trees and Shrubs. Vol. II., Part I. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

Schauffler, Robert Haven. Through Italy with the Poets. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew. Old Spelling Edition. Duffield.

Shakespeare, The Bankide-Restoration. Hamlet. Westfield, N. J.: Shakespeare Press. $1.50.

Shaw, Bernard. The Sanity of Art. Benj. R. Tucker.

Shield, A., and Andrew Lang. The King over the Water. Longmans.

Smith, Joseph Russell. The Story of Iron & Steel. Appleton. 75 cents net.

Spears, John R. A History of the United States Navy. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Thoreau's Mother. (Collectanea No. 2.) Lakeland, Mich.: Edwin B. Hill. 10 cents.

Tilden, Samuel J., Letters and Literary Memorials of. Edited by John Bigelow. 2 vols. Harpers.

Van Vorst, Mrs. John. The Cry of the Children. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond. Rambling Recollections. 2 vols. Macmillan. $7.50 net.

Wood, Mary Haw. Plato's Psychology. Henry Frowde.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1908.

The Week.

Rear-Admiral Converse's official denial of the Reuterdahl charges about our navy is in many respects an admission of their truth. As a whole, he says, the critics suffer from "limited knowledge"—although it is an open secret that all of Mr. Reuterdahl's information came from navy officers with whom he has cruised, and from one in particular whose ability has more than once received Presidential commendation. The perfect battleship is impossible of achievement, is the Rear-Admiral's next point; hence the only question is whether our American ships have a minimum of errors or not. This he answers triumphantly by saying they have as few as the English vessels and the Japanese. This is a safe generalization, since the British and Japanese naval authorities are certain not to engage in a debate with Rear-Admiral Converse as to the merits of their respective ships. Rear-Admiral Converse admits that the Indiana and Kentucky classes are, as charged, too low forward for efficient fighting at sea in fairly heavy weather. In regard to the other ships, he takes direct issue with Mr. Reuterdahl. Evidently, from what the Rear-Admiral says, the matter of the exact place of the armor belt is open to argument. He holds that it should be in its right position, not when a ship is loaded for a cruise, but when a ship is about to go into action, stripped of everything superfluous, and with just enough coal to carry her through a battle. It makes no difference, of course, how she shall get home if, after the battle, she is miles from port with empty bunkers. So far as the Reuterdahl charges in regard to the inferior system of getting the ammunition into the turrets is concerned, the Rear-Admiral again admits that the critic's position is correct. The Navy Department is going to install at once on every battleship the two-stage ammunition hoist, "because it makes for safety." It is not entirely satisfactory, Admiral Converse says, but none the less we are going to spend a half million of dollars in placing it at once in all our vessels, those built and those building. This is a complete admission of the correctness of Mr. Reuterdahl's criticism of the Navy Department for not having done this years ago, following the example of all foreign navies. Finally, Rear-Admiral Converse leaves entirely aside, as perhaps he was in duty bound, the question of our inefficient bureau organization in the Navy Department.

Ohio is fully and fairly for Taft. It was thought that Senators Foraker and Dick would be able to elect six or eight delegates to Chicago, but the primaries last week seem to make it certain that the whole forty-six will be for Taft. What legal or even party ground Senator Foraker has for talking about a bolt and contesting delegations, we are unable to see. If he means simply to advertise that he is implacable, and that the bitter warfare in Ohio will render that State doubtful if Taft is nominated, his motives are intelligible, and the political effect of his action may be considerable. But that he has any substantial reason for denying that Ohio Republicans want Taft, few will believe.

In the current news about Presidential "possibilities," Judge Gray of Delaware appears conspicuously, not because of the importance of the body which endorsed him—merely the Democratic committee of a coal-mining Pennsylvania county—but because of what is said of the candidate:

> He has reconciled capital and labor in the bitterest industrial wars of modern times. Noteworthy among these reconciliations is that accomplished by the Anthracite Strike Commission, of which he was chairman. No peacemaker in the whole range of American history ranks with this man in the service he has rendered to his country. . . . To his initiative and force must be attributed the reform of the child-labor laws in Pennsylvania, and in a large measure the success of the child-labor movement throughout the country.

The praise is deserved. If the Democratic party is looking for a man well-fitted for the Presidency, George Gray is to be carefully considered. His experience as Attorney-General of his State, as United States Senator, as representative of this country on the Peace Commission of 1898, the Joint High Commission, and the Hague Court, and as circuit judge, includes a rare combination of executive, legislative, and judicial duties. Against him are cited, so far as we know, only two objections: that Judge Gray belonged to the gold wing of the party twelve years ago, and that his State has but three electoral votes. Ex-Attorney-General Harmon may likewise be put forward as the man who undertook the First Federal Trust prosecutions, and who, moreover, when summoned by President Roosevelt as a special adviser, recommended the prosecution for illegal rebating of a member of the Republican Cabinet, Paul Morton. It was not Mr. Harmon's fault that the President himself overruled the proposal and lauded Mr. Morton to the skies on his retirement from office. Johnson of Minnesota has behind him two highly successful terms as Governor. These men are only typical of many less "available" Democrats who have been faithful to public trusts small and great. If the Democratic nomination were to be disposed of solely in accordance with the actual careers of the aspirants, Bryan, instead of overtopping all others, would stand near the foot of the list. Mr. Bryan, it is true, has not had a chance. Aside from two terms in Congress, and the colonelcy of a volunteer regiment, he has been defeated for every office he ever sought.

There is one logical answer, and only one, to the Democratic cry that the present depression has controverted the stock argument that Republican ascendency is an assurance of prosperity. It remained for ex-Gov. Black to give that answer: This is not a period of Republican ascendency. "Nature works best when most encouraged," said Mr. Black before the Home Market Club at Boston last week:

> She resumed her industrious career at the beginning of McKinley's Administration, and followed it incessantly until the culmination last October of those dangerous, socialistic, un-American doctrines which took away her courage and started her upon a course of wandering and hesitation. These doctrines have been promulgated under the cloak of a Republican name. But they are not Republican.

Of course not. The definition of "Republican" is something, or somebody, that makes us prosperous and happy. Therefore, anybody or anything that does not make us prosperous and happy cannot possibly be Republican. As for the cloak of a Republican name, Mr. Black cannot evade some responsibility for throwing it about the Roosevelt shoulders. He was the man chosen four years ago to nominate Roosevelt for the Presidency, and he did it in a speech as epigrammatic as that of last week, characterizing his candidate finally as "the highest living type of the youth, the vigor, and the promise of a great country and a great age."

Disregarding the recommendation of the President, as of the Civil Service Commission and of two directors of the Census (Carroll D. Wright and Robert P. Porter), the House Committee on the Census has decided that the employees for taking the Thirteenth Census shall not be appointed under civil service rules. There will be examinations, to be sure, but these will be non-competitive. For all we know, at present, they may be extremely strict, though past experience does not make this appear at all likely. But even the assurance that they will be made harder than any of the ordinary civil-service tests would not remove the objections to the policy of the Crumpacker bill. The securing of a reasonable degree of fitness in public servants is only one of the objects of civil service reform. The main consideration is that even if the census clerks and enumerators have to be trained, their places are subject to the scrambling and wire-pulling of Senators and Representatives, prodded on by ambitious constituents. "The Lord knows I have troubles enough of my own without becoming a lobbyist for office-seekers in Washington," is the complaint of one Congressman who opposes the spoils provisions of this year's census bill. We trust that whatever be the law, the Census Office will secure a force that can do the work with reasonable efficiency and economy. But to subject the office, as the favored bill does, to the mongering of appointments for favorable votes on appropriations has no reasonable defence.

Valerian Gribayedoff, who is called "the originator of newspaper illustration in New York," died in Paris last week. He was not the first to hit upon the idea of telling stories by pictures. "Our special artist on the spot" followed the armies of the Civil War. But whether or not journalistic tradition was then more dignified, the mechanical difficulties of reproduction subjected the artist's work to a sort of censorship which at least gave it a certain amount of deliberation and responsibility. It took time and money to make even the poorest wood-cut. The development of photo-engraving gave the real stimulus to illustrated daily journalism. It takes little longer nowadays to make a zinc etching from the artist's line drawing than to put the reporter's "copy" into type. It is recalled now that Mr. Gribayedoff twenty-five years ago conceived the idea of embellishing his news articles by pen-and-ink likenesses of the persons concerned. After this, it was natural for papers to send draughtsmen on assignments with the reporters. Then followed the newspaper photographer, and the obtaining of pictures became almost as important a part of a certain sort of journalism as the obtaining of news. No critic of illustrated journalism will deny the essential value of pictures as an aid to the understanding of description and narration which deal with practical matters. The weeklies have for generations maintained on the whole a high standard in the picturing of current events. But with the daily, even at its best, the case has been different. The reporter who arrives half an hour after the riot or the bomb explosion secures a reasonably accurate account without difficulty; the sketch artist is relatively and the photographer absolutely helpless. News can be telegraphed or telephoned; pictures cannot. Hence the first pictures of distant happenings must be made in the newspaper offices and the legend "drawn from telegraphic descriptions"—which might as well be "drawn from our inner consciousness"—becomes familiar. The reporter can, without spoiling his story, leave out some of the details which he does not know; the news-picture is valueless unless specific. So the details must come from somewhere. In a word, the temptation to "fake" pictures is considerably stronger than the temptation to "fake" news itself, and it is yielded to with proportionately greater frequency by those papers which make the pretence that their pictorial chronicle is anything like as complete as their news service. Thus the innovation for which Mr. Gribayedoff receives credit has by no means been an unmixed advantage to daily journalism.

"How," said a prominent foreigner in a New York club on Saturday, "would you Americans feel if, ten years after a Chinese raid on Washington, you heard of a Peking auction sale at which were offered many of the treasures of the White House and the finest residences of your capital?" The question was called forth by the auction here this week of what is described as "antique and modern Chinese porcelains, enamels, brasses, bronzes, . . . ancient weapons, a great number of Imperial and Mandarin robes, original rolls of rich silk and gold brocades *which were made for the Imperial household;* beautiful embroideries and palace hangings, etc., etc., all collected prior to and after the siege of the legations in Peking in 1900 by the widow of the American Minister to China during the Boxer rebellion." Let us at once disclaim the slightest intention of insinuating that the present owner, or her personal representatives or relatives, had any hand in the looting of the Imperial Palace which went on in Peking, in the name of humanity and Christianity and civilization. We have every reason to believe the statement in the New York *Sun* that this collection is "not the slow aggregation of years of indulgence in the collector's hobby, but represents the timely purchases of a practical woman with a taste for the beautiful, who found herself at an unlooked-for emergency in an exceptionally favorable position to obtain objects in which all the world is interested." As we understand it, after the relief of the legations and the solemn march through the Imperial Palace, Peking abounded in loot. The vandals wore the uniforms of every Western nation represented in the column which marched up from Tientsin; and beyond doubt many Boxers and Chinese criminals, patterning after the invaders, helped to carry on the plundering. Mrs. E. H. Conger's dealing was either directly with the thieves themselves or with the receivers of stolen goods. We trust, of course, that no one will accuse us of any sympathy for the heathen who were robbed. What we are particularly concerned with just now is the honor of our own country, and we confess to a certain feeling—old-fashioned, if you please—for the reputation and standing of our diplomatic corps. Is there no generous and wealthy American ready to rival J. Pierpont Morgan in returning the famous Cope of Ascoli, as soon as he became aware that he was the possessor of stolen goods? If there is, we can think of no finer opportunity to demonstrate the innate courtliness and honesty of the American people, than for him to acquire the stolen property of the Imperial family of China, and ship it back with the compliments of the whole people.

The uncertainty as to the future management of the Metropolitan Opera House has at last been removed by the official announcement of the board of directors. It is, on the whole, a most encouraging document. Signor Gatti-Casazza, who has been the director of Italy's best opera house, the Scala of Milan, for nearly a decade, is to be the general manager, and he will bring with him Signor Toscanini, whom many consider an even greater orchestral conductor than Campanini. Under their supervision, we shall doubtless have performances of Italian operas that Italy cannot duplicate. The cause of German and French opera will be safeguarded by the administrative manager, Mr. Dippel, and his chief conductor, Mr. Mahler, who may be depended upon not to neglect their opportunity to introduce much-needed reforms, especially in the matter of staging operas, new and old. Here, where the outgoing manager was expected to be strongest, he gave, with some exceptions, the least satisfactory results. Mr. Conried will be most favorably remembered in connection with the successful production of important novelties like "Parsifal," "Hänsel and Gretel," and "Madama Butterfly." One reads with gratification that managers' benefit performances, heretofore the cause of much discord, will be done away with, and that hereafter the Metropolitan Opera House will be administered without any thought of money return to the owners, since all surpluses will be applied to the advancement of operatic art.

A brief but extraordinary dispatch from Lisbon shows to what an unsuspected extent rancorous hatred of the fallen absolutist régime had penetrated the people. Persons, we are told, have been calling at the home of one of King Carlos's assassins, who was cut down by the police, and have been leaving money for the support of his children. A prominent merchant has opened a subscription for their benefit, and has himself contributed a large sum. This dispatch is only confirmatory of previous reports concerning the comparative indifference with which the tragic events of two weeks ago were received by the inhabitants of Lisbon. While foreign rulers and parliaments were expressing their horror at the fate of Dom Carlos, the Portuguese people have virtually been declaring that the dead King deserved his fate. The predicted reaction in favor of the monarchy has not come; of that we may be sure when a department-store owner regards it as a good advertisement to contribute one thousand dollars for the support of a regicide's family. In other words, the Portuguese crown has not as yet weathered the crisis. Our cabled information tells of continued activity on the part of Republican leaders, and it is hardly to be supposed that they will be content with a restoration of the old dual party control whose glaring defects h brought about the dictatorship. A decent regard for the opinions of mankind may counsel a temporary cessation of open warfare against the young King; but conditions are not particularly . assuring.

Conditions in Macedonia are disheartening. From St. Petersburg comes word that Germany's pro-Turkish sympathies, never strongly repressed, are now openly avowed, to the destruction of all hope of effective coercion by the European Concert. For more than a year the Powers have been pressing the Porte for a series of necessary judicial reforms in Macedonia, involving the supervision of the Turkish courts by European inspectors. Germany now abandons the allies, and suggests instead the adoption of the Sultan's counter-proposals, which are tantamount to no reform at all. Nor is Austria-Hungary zealously bent on the execution of even such reforms as have been sanctioned, thanks to various railway concessions granted by the Porte. The Balkan Committee at London has submitted to the Powers a note reviewing European action in Macedonia to the beginning of the present year. The note tells the well-known story:

> The effect of the reform scheme (the Mürzsteg programme of 1903) on Macedonia itself has been disastrous in the extreme . . . In a country of about a million and a half inhabitants, over ten thousand people have been murdered since 1903. Nationalist forces from outside Macedonia terrorize villages in order to effect political conversions, while the Turkish troops raid indiscriminately. There is a vast stream of emigration . . . so that in central Macedonia in many villages there are hardly any able-bodied males left, but only women and children.

The remedy suggested by the Balkan Committee is to make the foreign *gendarmerie* really effective:

> It is universally recognized that but for the opposition of certain Powers the Concert could secure for the Financial Commission and the *gendarmerie* officers a real executive control. If the European officers took over the command of the troops, and were responsible to the European Commission only, they could speedily suppress the bands and restore security for life and property which are the immediate practical necessities.

But the suppression of the Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian bands would mean more than a response to the call of immediate necessity; it would facilitate an ultimate solution of the difficult Macedonian problem. As it is, inter-racial violence in the Balkans only plays into the hands of Turkey and those Powers which are now her friends. Were the Macedonians to appear before the world as the helpless victims of Turkish misrule, no government would be bold enough to refuse intervention. But a Macedonia rent by warring Christian factions enables the chancelleries to shift the blame and give attention to their own cynical policies.

George Meredith, as he looks back over a stretch of eighty years, can trace a record of many things accomplished, but also of many things left undone. He has failed to beat the loud tom-tom of imperial duty and Gatling guns; he has not attempted to combine the rôle of the acrobatic jester with that of the social prophet; he has written nothing about the relations of the sexes on the planet Mars; he has created no single universal character like the famous friend of Dr. Watson; he has shrunk from the cosmic problems that attract Hall Caine. His photograph has appeared only rarely in the illustrated magazines. We do not know how many centuries old is the rural cottage he lives in. We have seen no picture of his library, his automobile, his dog, of his man-servant, or of his maid-servant. We are not even sure that he employs both a man-servant and a maid-servant. He has tried to deal with the subject of modern love, for instance; but his total lack of modernity appears in his complete ignorance of the science and art of press-agency. He has written a large number of books treating of men and women engaged in struggle with their own natures and Fate. But his characters, as Jack London would say, are deficient in "red blood," and his style, as R. H. Davis would say, lacks "go." It is surprising, therefore, that Mr. Meredith should have received an address signed by a great many well-known men and women thanking him for the example he has set "before the world of lofty ideals embodied not only in your books but in your life." Yet the "world" principally knows Mr. Meredith as the man who advocated ten-year marriages. But that is a manifestation of the Comic Spirit.

On the basis of Paul Bourget's novel, "Un Divorce," the author and André Cury have written a play which has been produced in Paris with notable success. A recent issue of *Figaro* contains, in three columns, the climactic scene, which has carried away Parisian audiences by its eloquence and "high impartiality." But the scene appeals on more formal and purely literary grounds. It has long speeches, and the two men who carry on the dialogue are well-mannered enough not to interrupt each other. This is in strong contrast with a printed page of Pinero, of Henry Arthur Jones, or of Clyde Fitch. The plays of these men, especially of Pinero and of Fitch, supposedly aim at the nearest approach to the "natural" mode of speech. There are pages and pages of Pinero which will show a total of forty or fifty words of dialogue, all in speeches of lines, half-lines, and mere interjections. Now, asthmatic dialogue of this kind is far from being "natural." The snappy give and take that makes up the burden of our stage speech occurs with comparative rarity in actual talk, and that only in our lighter moments. In real life, when we tell our friends of our latest misfortune, our friends sit quietly by and interrupt only with a word of sympathy now and then. In real life we don't condense the wisdom of the world into glittering half-sentences. On the contrary, we generally stumble along in a very uneconomical way, using too many words, forgetting essential statements, and going back for them, spreading the butter of our thought very thin on the bread of our words, and often letting it fall to the floor wrong side down. We are so prosy that the "neat" dialogue of the well-built modern play has the right to call itself everything but natural. The reasons for the crisply-written play are, of course, obvious. In the first place, it is a reaction against the long tirades and monologues of the classic and the "closet" drama. Instead of Chorus coming out and acquainting the audience with the necessary preliminary facts of the story to be enacted, William the butler and Marie the housemaid appear. But we have gone much further than was necessary in reaction against the dialogue of lofty and lengthy heroics. Moreover, the long speech requires actors who can speak well, and who can listen well—and neither accomplishment stares us exactly in the face from stages of our theatres. Indeed, the enlivening effect of the half-line and quarter-line dialogue is largely akin to the physical thrill that is evoked by a rapid use of the slap-stick.

CHANCE FOR AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

Necessity is, after all, the best spur; and it may well be that the present necessities of American commerce and manufacture will arouse an inventiveness and enterprise which the fat years have left dormant. We know that it was so after the panic of 1893, and during the years of following depression. American business men then lifted up their eyes and looked to foreign markets as they had not done for a generation. With the home demand greatly curtailed, sales abroad were sought and found. We cannot already have forgotten the "American Peril," before which Europe was shuddering in those days—the invasion, namely, of European markets by American goods. There are some signs that the existing exigencies in this country are about to lead to similar developments. Plainly, the opportunity is great.

We do not say that there will be at once an enormous expansion of our manufactured exports, such as we saw ten and twelve years ago. History repeats itself, but always with a difference. Europe may be better able to supply her own wants than she was in 1897. The chance to find customers in South America and Asia may not be so good. Our business rivals have had time, during our neglect, strongly to entrench themselves. Still, like causes are at work, and will produce like effects. Our consuls are reported to be overwhelmed by letters of inquiry from American manufacturers. Information is eagerly asked for respecting prices and lines of trade and possible openings. With the home market glutted and the consumptive power of the country greatly cut down for the moment, American concerns, anxious to keep their factories going and their men employed, are studying the possibilities of foreign commerce with unwonted zeal.

If home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, so have home-keeping manufacturers. A large and apparently secure domestic market tempts them to take their ease. Why seek to improve processes or reduce the cost of production when everything that they can turn out is taken at top prices? It was this spirit that the German commissioners at the St. Louis Fair remarked upon. They looked about for indications of the extraordinary American inventiveness of which they had heard, but did not find large evidence of it; and they reported that the advantage of our manufacturers lay chiefly in abundant and cheap natural resources. In the application of trained mind to scientific manufacture, they thought that Germany had nothing to fear from the United States. But poverty and struggle are great quickeners; and it may be that we are to see a new display of American organizing ability, and fertility of resource, forced into activity by the pressure of hard times.

National action in such matters is simply the combined efforts of individual citizens. And wherever we look about us, we see what men are doing in the face of diminished trade and narrowed outlook. They are economizing. They are setting their wits to work to devise new ways of adding to income, or making the lessened income go further. They give their minds to new methods of doing old things. But the same motives operate in large business and manufacture. Waste is more carefully guarded against. Attention is directed to the problem of making labor more efficient and machinery more varied and exact. It is clear that the times offer a new and rich premium to every form of invention and intelligent energy. For our part, we cannot doubt that the result will be to give American manufacture a wonderful impetus.

Difficulties, of course, lie in the way. But obstacles are only an inspiriting challenge to a true man. To remove them gives added zest to achievement. A conquerable difficulty is no real difficulty. And among the removable obstacles in the way of such a development of American industry as we refer to is one upon which practically everybody is now agreed, yet which almost nobody proposes immediately to get out of the way. We mean, naturally, the Dingley tariff. Its uselessness in warding off panics, or "making work," or even in providing sufficient revenue, shows that it is a mere cumberer of the ground in all those respects, while in addition it now lays a positive handicap upon the American manufacturer striving to recoup himself abroad for slackening demand at home. It is an old story, but it will be forced with fresh point upon our mill-owners and exporters in the months before them. They will feel more acutely than ever the burden of needless taxes upon their raw materials. With their machinery and other supplies costing them more, too, in consequence of protective duties, they will have to exert all their skill and force to make head against their more fortunate foreign competitors. There has to be reckoned in, also, that spirit of commercial hostility which high and discriminating tariffs provoke. The absence of it, because of the policy of free trade, Lord Cromer recently gave as one of the chief commercial assets of England. We must now go insinuatingly to ask people to buy of us whose own goods we have done our best to keep wholly out of our markets. Dingleyism thus stands as an undoubted hindrance to that expansion of our trade abroad which is so clearly indicated as the remedy for our temporary trouble at home. And one of the indirect blessings of these days of adversity will be to accumulate added indignation at a tariff system which, in an emergency like the present, lays a fettering hand upon American enterprise and checks national recuperation.

THE ALDRICH CURRENCY BILL.

With Senator Aldrich's introduction of his bill for an emergency banknote currency—based on collateral of State, municipal, or railway bonds, taxed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and limited in aggregate amount to $500,000,000—the first of the after-panic expedients in currency legislation is before Congress. We believe that the Aldrich bill ought not to become a law: first, because it is a makeshift, constructed in the confusion of mind and confusion of tongues which always follow financial panic; and secondly, because the measure embodies vicious principles which are more likely to aggravate than to allay our periodical financial crises, and which would probably stand in the way, hereafter, of sober constructive legislation.

Four arguments are advanced for the bill. First, some law for emergency currency must be enacted at once, because we may be soon confronted with another panic, in which, Senator Aldrich reminds us, we might have no available Treasury surplus as in 1907, no United States bonds free for use as a basis of circulation, no facilities for importing foreign gold, and no bankers of sufficient ability to cope with the crisis. Second, something must be done to restore the people's confidence. Third, the demand for an issue of government legal tenders must be stopped by an alternative expedient. Fourth—and in this we cite not Senator Aldrich's speech, but the current talk of Washington—the dominant party must not confess inability to meet this question before going into a Presidential election.

None of these arguments seems to us well founded. Financial panics, with the peculiar phenomena of last October, never follow in quick succession. They are, and always have been, separated by intervals of fifteen or twenty years; and for this separation there is the cogent reason that the conditions which make them possible occur only at the climax of a prolonged and violent strain on credit, the result and the end of an era of prosperity. Therefore the need for legislation is probably less to-day than at any time in more than a dozen years. Moreover, when the crisis does arrive, facilities for importing gold will be present, as they invariably have been in the past; so will competent bankers. A Treasury surplus is no doubt an accident—we had none in 1893—but if a supply of government bonds is a serious matter, the Panama Canal may be depended on to take care of it. "Confidence," in so far as that means abandonment of money-hoarding and of general runs on banks, is already restored; that psychological side of the recent panic is no menace whatever for years to come. The demand for legal-tender issues is an impotent demand, as Senator Aldrich knows: Congress would not have yielded to it, even at the height of panic. The plea for "doing something," before the party confronts the electorate, is the most mischievous of arguments; it is precisely this motive which led to the numerous silver-coinage compromises in a discreditable chapter of our economic history. Every one of those makeshifts made the trouble worse, encouraged unsound financial methods, and put off still further intelligent action on our currency standard. The Aldrich bill, if enacted, would, we are convinced, have the same result.

Objections, based on the fact that currency legislation is not imperatively necessary to-day, are not of themselves conclusive. They would have no force if invoked against a proper measure. But the positive objections to the bill are conclusive. Its emergency provisions, to begin with, would, in all probability, be used in advance of a real emergency. They would almost certainly have been used in advance of 1907—an assertion for which the Treasury's own operations with the banks, in September, 1902, and September, 1906, are proof. On each of those occasions the Treasury yielded to the pressure of banks to "put more money into circulation"; the banks themselves had already yielded to the pressure of speculative borrowers. On both occasions relief was solicited primarily to sustain a rash Stock Exchange speculation. To avert the forced liquidation of the speculators, the Treasury stretched the law beyond all precedent: its actual argument was that call money on the Wall Street market was lending at 75 per cent. or higher. Does any one suppose that, in a similar situation, similar pressure would not be applied, or that a 6 per cent. tax on the new bank circulation would stand in the way of it? Yet the result of such premature use of the emergency expedient would be to stimulate (as it did in 1902 and 1906) the very inflation of credit which was weakening financial institutions.

If the Aldrich bill had not this grave defect, it would still be objectionable, in that it would establish a false and vicious principle. The virtue of asset currency lies in the fact that the trade bills which stand behind it mature in due season, and, through their maturity, extinguish automatically the bank-notes based upon them. In the main, the Clearing House loan certificate possesses the same virtue. But the collateral prescribed by the Aldrich bill is permanent in its nature.

That use of State, municipal, and railway bonds as a basis for this currency would virtually discriminate against sections of the country where the supply of such securities is small, and in favor of sections where it is abundant, is a valid objection to the bill. Senator Aldrich endeavors to meet this argument by contending that many portions of the country need money for local improvements. He adds:

> Nothing would bring the benefits of the national banking system more closely to the attention of the great masses of the people than would the willingness on the part of the banks to give value and stability to local securities by their purchase as a basis for security of note circulation.

For ourselves, we should say that nothing would better prove the tendencies of the Aldrich bill, as a possible inflation measure, than this frank confession by its author of its value as a handmaid of financial promotion and of the market for securities.

NATIONAL DECLINE.

English politicians who favor huge navies, conscription, aggressive foreign policies, and other forms of "imperial thinking," have learned to use the word "decadence" with considerable effect. To build twice as many Dreadnoughts as Germany is to be faithful to the trust of empire; to hesitate is to show signs of imperial decadence. And Englishmen, to a greater or less extent, seem to be actually nervous on the subject. The manifold difficulties of holding together so vast a realm must, of course, increase with time. But behind the vexations of the moment is something like a superstitious fear. "All nations must grow old and fall," runs this unexpressed apprehension. "Rome grew old and fell. England is as old as Rome was when it fell. Is the Empire, then, about to fall?" And when the London *Times* assures them that such will be really the case unless something that Germany doesn't like is done in Persia or Morocco or somewhere, Englishmen feel themselves put on their mettle, like a middle-aged gentleman who is impelled to show that he can hold his own with the youngest of them.

Arthur Balfour chose "Decadence" for the subject of his Henry Sidgwick Memorial lecture, recently delivered at Cambridge University. Mr. Balfour, the lecturer, ventured to take a far more philosophic view of his subject than Mr. Balfour, the British Prime Minister, would have allowed himself to do. He was inclined to regard national decadence with equanimity, or at least with the resignation which the philosopher adopts in the face of an unalterable law of nature. Weismann had advanced the theory that the presence of old age and what we call nátural death in the higher organisms, as distinguished from the lowest forms of living protoplasm, is accounted for by the fact that the death of the individual is useful to the race, and that natural selection had therefore, "in all but the very lowest species, exterminated the potentially immortal." Mr. Balfour was inclined to believe that, in a modified form, the principle would hold with regard to nations. The decay of a particular political group might redound to the benefit of civilization as a whole, and decadence would thus become a necessary condition of progress.

Mr. Balfour very properly takes into account the differences between decay in individuals and in nations. The difference, to our mind, is so far-reaching as almost to amount to contradistinction. Nations decay chiefly in the sense that time brings them face to face with competitors who outdistance them. The Roman Empire seemed ready to go to pieces in the third century of our era. It was given two hundred years of new life by a series of able Emperors. The Germanic tribes were not then strong enough to prevent the patient's recovery, and the Roman Empire managed to counteract the process of decadence till 476 A. D. Had the Germanic tribes by that time failed to develop their full strength, Rome's decadence might have continued indefinitely. It is a question whether the Spanish people of to-day is really worse off, man for man, than under Charles V.; only the other nations have outstripped it. It is quite certain that France of to-day is as inherently healthy as it was forty years ago. It is only the rapid rise of a German Empire that has supplied the occasion for talk about French decadence. And if a liberalized and democratic Russia, twenty years from now, should seize for a time the leadership of Europe, it would not mean necessarily that Germany had started on the downward path. To fall from first to second place in a foot race is not synonymous with getting farther away from the finish line. And that is why the Latins so obstinately refuse to let themselves be labelled decadents. In the absence of actual retrogression, there is always life, and where there is life there is hope.

What renders much of the present talk about national decadence particularly empty is the unmistakable, growing solidarity of the world. According to the primitive theory of commerce, still held in the Congo, perhaps, and at Washington, one of two parties to a bargain was bound to be the victim. Economists have now taught us that free exchange will benefit buyer and seller alike. One of the two may get the better of the bargain, as we call it, but the whole process is based on the principle that both get a certain amount of good out of it. It is largely the same with modern historical evolution. Nations may compete, but even when one nation gets so decidedly the better of the other as Germany did of France in 1870, good may accrue to both. Germany attained the hegemony in Europe, but France, out of the ashes of defeat, built up a more complete democracy than she had had since the Revolution. No nation can progress without drawing other nations along with her. Our own unparalleled material development does not imply retrogression for Europe. On the contrary, Great Britain, Ireland, northern Europe, Italy, in giving us their surplus population, have themselves profited tremendously. By commerce, by the telegraph and the cable, by the triumphs of science which knows no country, by such international movements as that for disarmament, it is being made less and less possible for one nation to sicken and decay without inflicting hurt beyond its boundaries, or to move forward towards a healthier life without impelling others in the same direction.

MISQUOTATIONS.

Attention has lately been drawn to the subject of misquotation by some correspondents of an English periodical, the *Observer*, who have been pointing out holes in the coat of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. That gentleman recently dropped into a volume of literary criticisms, and the critics fell upon the criticism. In particular, they have made merry over a looseness in citation unworthy of Sherlock Holmes. They have proved that Sir Arthur misquoted Dryden and Coleridge and, most unpardonably of all in a critic, Matthew Arnold.

Such discoveries are annoying to any author, but not necessarily fatal. To Emerson's saying about the invincible tendency of writers to quote, might be added a rider touching the ever-present peril of misquoting. Its causes are many, and not always discreditable. The true force and aptness of quotation come from its spontaneity. The allusion, the reminder, the parallel, pop easily into the mind. This is especially the case in conversation. Hence we should naturally mistrust a man who was always minutely accurate in a quotation, always letter-perfect in his citation of poet or orator. That would look as if he were not really so familiar with his matter as he pretends to be; that he had painfully got it up for the occasion, and were discharging a recent load upon his memory, instead of letting reminiscence well up easily from the depths. In the give and take of speech we look for quotation that sits lightly upon the bosom's throne; and that kind we are not likely to get in invulnerable form.

There are, too, the misquotations which have been so long consecrated by usage that one hesitates to set them right. The crime of posing as a pedant is as black as that of misquoting. So the ordinarily prudent man will not break in to correct the common "fresh *fields* and pastures new." He knows how it ought to read, but such knowledge is often best hugged in silence. Winter will soon be again "lingering in the lap of spring," and no hard-hearted man, we hope, will summon Goldsmith from the grave to rebuke the inaccuracy, and to insist rudely that "winter lingering, chills the lap of May." In such matters we cannot expect impeccability. One who never misquoted would be as suspect as that Frenchman whom Marshal Marmont describes as approaching the guards at the Paris barrier in the Revolution. The man answered every question, and produced every required document, only to throw his examiner into a rage. "Canaille, tu es trop en règle. Je t'arrête!"

The case is different, we admit, with deliberate writing. In that, the rule to verify your quotations ought certainly to be followed. Yet here, again, fallible memory or over-confidence often plays sad tricks. De Quincey was doubtless in this respect a sinner above most that dwell in the literary Jerusalem. He frequently wrote, as he warned his readers, away from books, but even so some of his writings on poets are starred with misquotations that seem unforgivable. Wordsworth wrote:

> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears.

In De Quincey this became:

> She gave me hopes, she gave me fears.

But probably the Opium Eater's worst "howler" was in pretending to quote "the exquisite language of Shakespeare" to the effect:

> To write no wrinkle with his antique hand.

This was presumably his shot at Byron's

> Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.

Such blunders are amusing, but do not constitute the unpardonable sin. The reader knows what is meant. He may even enjoy a double share of the "laughter of the intellect" in consequence of such lapses. They are, in a sense, only samples of literary embroidery, badly made and hung awry. More severe must be the judgment on men who make quotations to prove a case, or maintain a thesis, yet who, through either carelessness or ignorance, mistake their authorities or garble them. For such faults, the historic exposure of Edmund Gosse by Churton Collins was salutary, though savage. Even deliberate and malignant misquotation was viewed philosophically by Horace Walpole, who declared that a foe who misquotes you ought to be a welcome antagonist: he is so humble as to confess, when he censures what you have not said, that he cannot confute what you have said; and he is so kind as to furnish you with an opportunity of proving him a liar. But such cases stand in a class apart. The run of misquotations must be thought more venial. The charm of quotation is that it is from memory, but memory in us moderns seems increasingly treacherous. So there is nothing for the detected misquoter but to throw himself upon the mercy of his partners in distress, and ask them to be to his faults in that line a little blind.

WASTEFUL REPETITION IN THE STUDY OF ENGLISH TEXTS.

In a letter to the editor of the *Nation*, October 24, 1907, I suggested that the present ineffective teaching of English in our preparatory schools is due, not to the number or nature of the required books, but to the methods of teaching. Since that time, a careful inquiry among some three hundred freshmen has convinced me that the suggestion is pertinent. I have found among them a genuine interest in the books themselves which speaks for the power of the classics to rise above even the present mode of teaching them; and I have gained surprising evidence concerning certain weaknesses in the methods of instruction which seems to me to demand serious consideration. In general these weaknesses are well known; one in particular, however, seems to have been little commented upon—the wasteful repetition in the study of English texts.

Among the 320 freshmen whom I have questioned, or received reports from through other instructors, I have found many who have read in the schools one or all of the required books, two, three, and even four times. The simplest form of this repetition is the review of some or all of the reading at the end of the senior year, as a final preparation for the college or regents' examinations. In some cases, of course, the review was made by the student herself, outside of school, and with these we have no concern. In many cases, however, special preparation time was allowed for rereading the books, and often class periods were given to review. Of one large city high school I find it reported: "Every book which we studied was read twice the same year, the first time very carefully, and the second time simply reviewed." Upon inquiry I find "very carefully" to mean making abstracts, lesson by lesson; "simply reviewed" to consist in reading the abstracts or the book itself at the end of the year in preparation for a review discussion covering perhaps two days for each book. Of more than one school I find it recorded that a whole term or more of the final year was given to doing over again work already done in the English texts.

Going from these general reviews to the repetition of the special books of the General Reading list, I find "Ivanhoe," "Lady of the Lake," and "Merchant of Venice" the most abused of college texts, though the "Vision of Sir Launfal," "Silas Marner," and the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" are close seconds. The favorite form of repetition here seems to be the reading of one or another of these books as a reading lesson in the final year of the grammar school, with stress only on the story, and the study of the same book the next year in the high school. In one instance "Lady of the Lake" was studied as a "grammar exercise" in the lower school, and later as "a piece of literature" in the high school. In other schools, where "English" and "English Reading" are unhappily divided, the same book was studied in the two courses at different times and in different grades. Elocution and English have sometimes played this double part. The climax is reached, however, when "Ivanhoe" goes on record as having been studied in two different grades, and "still again"—I quote a student's written words —"at the end of the senior year. The last time it was a quick reading, with an outline and abstracts, as a final review"!

The Careful Study list shows, on the whole, a cleaner page than the General Reading; the Careful Study books are, as a rule, left for the final years. But even here there are cases of doubling that seem unnecessary, if not inexcusable. "Julius Cæsar" has many times been studied in two grades; the change in the texts for 1906 seems in most cases responsible for this, as for some of the other instances of doubling to which I have referred, "Macbeth," Burke's "Speech on Conciliation," Macaulay's "Life of Johnson" have been all read twice, sometimes in consecutive years. Several times Milton's Minor Poems have been tampered with in the second year of the high school, and have then been taken up for careful study in the final year. In one school the "Essay on Burns," "Essay on Addison," and "Life of Johnson" have been read three times in succession, the first time as an outside assignment, the second time for the purpose of making an analysis of the whole essay, the third time "slowly"—I quote again—"condensing each paragraph into a topic sentence. The 'Essay on Burns' we read a fourth time, considering Carlyle's opinions of life and writing, Burns as a writer and as a man, and Carlyle's style as found in the essay."

But the most flagrant instance of the kind which I have met with is that recorded of a girl's high school in one of our largest Eastern cities. I could not credit the report until I had in my own hands the note-books containing the daily assignments for the final three years of the course, no one of which was a repeated year. From these note-books I make the following lists of the texts as read, numbering each as it is repeated:

1904.

Essay on Addison, Nov. 9.
Sir Roger de Coverley, Nov. 23.
Ancient Mariner, Dec. 12.
Julius Cæsar, Jan. 5.
Merchant of Venice, Feb. 1.
Macbeth, Feb. 20.
Vision of Sir Launfal, April 3.
{ L'Allegro, April 12.
{ Il Penseroso, April 13.
{ Lycidas, May 17.
{ Comus, April 26.
Ivanhoe, May 25.
Life of Goldsmith, June 12.

1905.

Silas Marner, Sept. 15.
2 Life of Goldsmith, Oct. 9.
Lady of the Lake, Jan. 5.
2 Ivanhoe, Jan. 12.
Idylls of the King, Feb. 5.
2 Vision of Sir Launfal, Mch. 13.
Burke's Speech, Mch. 16.
2 Julius Cæsar, April 27.
Life of Johnson, May 7.
2 Ancient Mariner, May 18.
2 Macbeth, May 25.

1906.

3 Macbeth, Sept. 12.
2 Lady of the Lake, Dec. 4.
3 Ivanhoe, Dec. 13.
2 Life of Johnson, Jan. 17.
3 Life of Goldsmith, Jan. 29.
2 Essay on Addison, Feb. 19.
3 Julius Cæsar, Mch. 5.
2 Merchant of Venice, Mch. 19.
2 Burke's Speech, April 8.
3 Vision of Sir Launfal, April 22.
3 Ancient Mariner, April 24.
2 Silas Marner, April 30.
2 Minor Poems, May 6.
2 Sir Roger de Coverley, May 13.
4 Macbeth, May 29.
4 Life of Goldsmith, June 3.

The list is misleading in one respect: time given to Pancoast's and Stopford Brooke's histories of literature, to the rhetorics of Genung, Hill, and Abbott, must be read between the dates. But for our present purpose it is not misleading. The repetition is plain to see; and no matter how little time is given each year to each book, the continual repeating of the same text is deadening. The bloom is soon gone from the handled peach; the zest of discovery is lacking in the forced return to the familiar. Such doubling and tripling and quadrupling is sheer waste. At this point I find myself near yielding to Prof. F. B. Gummere's contention that the teaching of English in the schools is "overdone." But I fortify myself with the testimony of an exceptionally well prepared student, who writes:

> I think in all my high-school course no book was studied more than once. The first study seemed, to me at least, to be very thorough, and each book now stands out clearly in my memory.

Such cases as these which I have mentioned are not in the majority; they do not indicate wholesale corruption in our English practices. But they are significant—making all due allowance for possible freshman inaccuracies—of the extremes to which the schools have let themselves be driven by the present system of English requirements. And they are sufficiently numerous to command serious thought. The blame rests, perhaps, ultimately upon the colleges and the college board with their examination standards. The demand for this and that outline, for this and that fact, this and that interpretation of word or line, necessitates a final cramming for the English examination, or else a thorough pressing down of notes and analyses as one goes along. I question whether most older minds could master all the mysteries in a Shakespeare play, Milton's Minor Poems, and Burke's Speech against an examination day without some reviewing process. But the automatic nature of the methods applied in some schools becomes apparent enough when I quote the comment of one student upon another, who had never studied Burke's Speech in school, but had given her own synopsis to her master for discussion and correction.

> But, when there are so many texts with good synopses in the notes, wasn't it a waste of time for her to make her own?

A definition of culture which I heard recently may serve as a text for the practical sermon I would preach. "Culture," said one, "is what is left after you have forgotten all you have learned." Training, the power to read, to think, to express the thought, this, and not so much knowledge of so many books, should be the end of the study of English in the preparatory schools. If the college would but recognize this end, if the examinations were framed to test this power, then the senseless study of books never designed for abstracts and outlines, the insidious doling out of predigested outlines and abstracts would cease, and we should have a rational education of the boys and girls in the preparatory schools through the training in the English classics.

But when all this is said, does all the blame for the extremes to which the schools are led rest with the colleges? Is it necessary that the schools shall be such slaves to the college requirements? Can the schools of each city not plan some rational order of reading the college texts which shall be in accord with the natural development of growing boys and girls, grammar school leading to high school, department coöperating intelligently with department? Obviously the reading of college texts must not begin too early if they are to be grasped and retained; with equal obviousness, once begun, there are certain books fitted to certain years. Clearly "Ivanhoe" and "Lady of the Lake" should come early, as an open sesame to the magic outlaw world of daring and of chivalry; clearly Milton's Minor Poems should come very late as ministers to fineness of perception, thought, and feeling. Why, then, confuse the issues by bringing in the one too early, the other too late, merely for the sake of the board examination? A rational plan once made and followed intelligently, no mere "change in teachers," no mere "change in divisions," no change, even, in the college requirement, would necessitate the doubling now found in so many schools. I am not one who wishes that all the children of America should be reading the same book at a given moment; but some unity in the school system of every city there should certainly be, to prevent the present waste.

The text once studied with due care and intelligence, the rest must be left to the boy and girl. By their present methods of repetition and review, the schools are fostering that fatal spirit of dependence which is the bane of our modern preparatory training. This point cannot be urged too strongly. Suppose, even, that pupils are left to do their own reviewing and fail. Is the boy, or girl, who cannot review for himself a fit person to enter college? "I will show a man one corner of a square," says Confucius; "if he cannot find the other three for himself, I will have none of him." Would the schools but remember the saying, and make their preparation for the present type of college examinations less slavishly, shall I say "thorough," we should perhaps have fewer untrained, uneducated freshmen cumbering the ground in the colleges.

Let us study the classics in our schools once, rationally, intelligently, with a view to reading, marking, and inwardly digesting. Let us add to that study—in the time saved by a rational, intelligent order and method of reading the texts—such thorough, old-fashioned training in the elements of the language as shall enable the high-school graduate to analyze a sentence when he sees it, to correct an error if he makes it, to punctuate at least a paragraph correctly, and to write, himself, English more than "tolerably" correct. Then let him who survives the final test go to college. But above all, let him who could survive only through an automatic cramming process in the schools stay at home. Many instructors of freshmen in our colleges will feel, I am sure, that herein lies the hope of their release from the necessity of doing preparatory work in the freshman year.

AGNES F. PERKINS.

Wellesley College.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Grolier Club decided, in 1904, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the club in 1884 by the publication of an authoritative life of Grolier, the "great ancestor of bibliophiles" as he has been called. After three years of preparation, the work is now published. Primarily the book is a translation of Le Roux de Lincy's "Recherches sur Jean Grolier," Paris, 1866. Baron Roger Portalis has written a preface and an additional chapter, and the whole has been translated by Carolyn Shipman (now Mrs. Whipple). Le Roux de Lincy appended to his volume a list of 349 books from Grolier's library; this list has been extended to 562. This alphabetical catalogue, with its companion list of private collectors and public institutions which possess or have possessed books from Grolier's library, fills more than two hundred pages. Jean Grolier was not a book-binder as is often supposed. He was a man of wealth, treasurer for Francis I., and holder of other high offices. He was a lover of fine books—paper, printing, and binding all considered—especially those from the presses of his friends the Aldi. At least one volume was printed by them at his expense, and several of their books were dedicated to him. Of some books he ordered a number of copies (six of the Aldine Virgil, 1527. are known from his library). Many of his books, bound especially for him, have the well-known legend "Io. Grolierii et Amicorum," in gilt on the front cover. His chief interest was in the best editions of the Greek and Latin classics. Since Baron Portalis is an authority on everything relating to book-collecting in France, it seems a pity that he did not rewrite or at least annotate more fully Le Roux de Lincy's book, instead of merely preparing a short preface and a supplementary chapter. Forty years of historical and bibliographical research must have brought to light new facts about Grolier as a man and as a book-collector. The notes are meagre and refer, with a few exceptions, to the enlarged catalogue. A few minor errors are corrected and at least one new one, equally unfortunate, is made. On page 93 Le Roux de Lincy, referring to the Séguier library says:

> But the most beautiful ornament of this magnificent house was the enormous library valued at 200,000 francs, begun by President Séguier, who left it in his will to the Chancellor, his nephew.

A footnote to "nephew" says "grandfather"; this note, should of course, read "grandson." The present volume is typographically beyond reproach. It is on Arnold's hand-made paper with the club's water-mark in every other leaf. The facsimiles of bindings, twelve in number, are reproduced in full color from volumes in the Bibliothèque Nationale and are admirably done. Three hundred copies have been printed, besides three on Japan paper.

The Anderson Auction Co. of this city offers, February 24, a collection of Americana, including more than one hundred lots relating to American railways; numerous State and local histories, and several of Walt Whitman's books, with author's autograph. Under Charles Lamb is described a volume of a scarce London periodical, The *Philanthropist*, Vol. 3, for 1813, in which Lamb's "Confessions of a Drunkard" first appeared. The cataloguer says: "Stated in Mr. Livingston's bibliography to have appeared first in the *London Magazine*, August, 1822." This statement is an error. On pp. 133-134 of his bibliography of Charles Lamb, Mr. Livingston in describing Basil Montagu's book, "Some Enquiries into the Effects of Fermented Liquors," 1814, in which Lamb's "Confessions" was first published in book-form, notes:

> This was not written especially for the volume, having already been printed in a magazine called the *Philanthropist*, as a "Letter to the Editor" in the number for January, 1813.

And on p. 134 Mr. Livingston adds: "Lamb published the article a third time, with additions, in the *London Magazine* for August, 1822." On February 25 the same firm sells a selection of fine books, including some rare American items. Among the more valuable lots are: The "Proposed" Book of Common Prayer, Philadelphia, 1786; Colles's "Survey of the Roads of the United States," 1789 (seventeen plates only); uncut copies of Drayton's "Memoirs of the American Revolution," 1821, and Ramsay's "History of the Revolution of South Carolina," 1785; Filson's Kentucky, in French, 1785; Marshall's Kentucky, 1824; the first edition of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," 1809; the famous "Bill in the Chancery of New Jersey at the Suit of John, Earl of Stair," 1747, with the three folding maps; and the *Pennsylvania Magazine* for 1775 and 1776, with all the plates. There are also some important books illustrated by Cruikshank, among them a set of the Comic Almanacs, 19 vols., 1835-53; "Illustrations of Time," 1827, and the "Table Book," 1829, in the original parts. On February 26 the Anderson Co. sells a collection of duplicates from the New York Public Library, largely Government publications and American newspapers, but including a few books likely to interest collectors, such as Charles Chauncy's "Letter to a Friend giving a concise but just Account of the Ohio Defeat," 1755, a rare pamphlet; Joutel's "Journal of the Last Voyage Performed by Monsr. de la Sale," 1714; Smith's "General Historie of Virginia," 1632 (lacking two of the maps), and his "True Travels," 1630 (lacking the plate); and Cluny's "American Traveller," 1769.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Co.'s auction of February 25 includes first editions of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Bret Harte, Eugene Field, and other American and English authors.

The sixth part of Judge James T. Mitchell's collection of engraved portraits will be dispersed on February 26 and 27, by Stan. V. Henkels, in Philadelphia. This section comprises portraits, mainly mezzotints, of the lord chancellors and chief justices of Great Britain, eminent English lawyers, Kings and Queens of Great Britain, and members of the royal families.

On the afternoon of each week day from February 17 to March 15 Columbia University will have on exhibition, in room 307 of the library, original editions of the English works of John Milton, lent for the purpose by several gentlemen of this city.

Correspondence.

LENIENCY TOWARD COLLEGE ATHLETES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: No well-informed person is likely to challenge the statement in the *Nation* of February 6, p. 116, that college undergraduates demand that athletes be treated leniently. Should its justice be questioned, the answer may be found in the italicized passages of the inclosed editorial from a college periodical.

Burt G. Wilder.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., February 7.

FACULTY VS. ATHLETICS.

The attitude of the University authorities toward athletics is again thrust unpleasantly before us. This time it is by *the havoc made among our prominent athletes by the last examinations*. Now of course, looking at this matter in a strict uncompromising light, one would be likely to say that the man who excels in athletics ought not, in justice, to be favored any more than the student who exercises marked ingenuity in dodging collectors at athletic games. But looked at in the light of what seems best for the name of the University, on what appears to be a truer footing between professor and student, and the light in which the great universities of the world regard the question, one cannot but say, if a student, to everybody, if a professor, to himself, that *discrimination should be made* and can honestly be made in favor of the man who devoted so much time and energy to bringing the name of ——— to the front in a way which, in the present age, appeals so strongly to people. Reputation for high intellectual standing need not suffer from superiority in physical attainments. By attracting attention to the one, interest is aroused as to the other, and it is a reputation to be envied when they go hand in hand. *Athletics leave a vast majority say* 956 *out of a* 1,000 *to take care of the scholarship.* We have established on firm foundations our claim to high scholarship, and while we take a recognized stand among the first of American universities, among the "big four" as it may be called in size, importance and scholarship, in athletics, we, a university of ——— students, wade along in the mire with ———, ———, and ———; and the reason for this? It is not because we are so far below the average man in strength and endurance, it is not because we are at a distance from the great 'varsities, nor is it because our students as a rule take little interest in anything besides regular work. It is primarily because the faculty sits upon athletics and athletes. It is not our purpose here to discuss recent actions in regard to an athletic field, lockers, etc., for they do not concern the faculty as nearly, nor the matter in hand so pertinently. But the damper on athletics in the shape of dropping athletes is quite to the point. We are making no plea and offering no excuses for our athletes' abilities as students, for they need none. The majority *are average students. But how can an average student get along in this University, if he devotes three or four hours a day in careful training?* But if leniency should be shown them, if when there is doubt the decision should be in the athletes' favor, it would make a great difference. This seems little to ask, but many professors make a point of deciding against athletes, apparently going on the supposition, that because a man is an athlete he cannot be supposed to know much about the subject. Now can this kind of thing be justified? If the faculty mean to blanket athletics let us have a manifesto to that effect and thus be saved useless expense and labor. But if the faculty should come out in favor of doing everything just and reasonable to forward the interest of athletics, we could promise them a year of brilliant success.

A WARNING TO BOOK BUYERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Purchasers of the Papers of the "Congress of Arts and Science, Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904," printed for the managers of the Exposition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in eight volumes, 1906, should beware of the work "International Congress of Arts and Science" now being offered as a subscription book, published by the "University Alliance" in fifteen volumes. It would appear that the University Alliance has bought up the unsold remainder of the official edition, and has carefully removed every trace of the connection of the Congress with St. Louis by printing new title-pages, cancelling such pages as betrayed that connection, and even, in one or more cases, cutting out introductory portions of the lectures. It now presents the collection as a new work "privately printed for members by the University Alliance." Illustrations in color and photogravure are added in the usual subscription-book style. In Vol. VI., for example, devoted to "Astronomy and Sciences of the Earth," we find a colored frontispiece, a nude figure of Phœbe by Perrey, a portrait of Copernicus (appropriate enough), Boulanger's Feast of Lucullus preceding the section Sciences of the Earth, and Knelle's Mental Education of a Greek Youth introduced as an illustration of palæontology. Does the University Alliance, one wonders, fancy that palæontology has something to do with archæology?

The prospectus is a masterpiece of ingenuity, for each sentence taken separately is strictly true, yet the effect of the whole is absolutely misleading, for one is left with the impression that this Congress, the executive committee of which bears many distinguished names, has been brought together by the University Alliance, and that the University Alliance itself is, as its name suggests, an alliance of universities which has conducted an expensive and difficult undertaking to a successful issue, in regard to which, it is stated, an avalanche of congratulations has been received.

The subscription blank names $10 a volume as the price (fifteen volumes), but agents are ready to come down to five. The original edition, in eight volumes, with text complete, but no illustrations, sold at $2.50 a volume, $20 for the set, instead of $150. Was there ever a more barefaced piece of imposition? For the honor of American bookmaking, such crafty schemes deserve to be relentlessly exposed.

William Coolidge Lane.

Harvard College Library, February 11.

INQUIRY FOR THE BOSTON "POST-BOY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am anxious to know where can be found copies of the Boston *Post-Boy* of May 20, 1754, and of the Boston *Post-Boy & Advertiser* of October 14, 1765. According to the "Check-list of Boston Newspapers," recently published by the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, not one of the fourteen libraries there listed owns copies of those issues. May I appeal to librarians through your columns?

Albert Matthews.

Hotel Oxford, Boston, February 12.

THE BODLEIAN AND AMERICAN BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Bodleian Library, this morning, I was unable to get a copy of an edition of early plays edited by a noted American scholar and published in America more than three years ago. On inquiry at the desk I was told: "We buy no American books except county (he meant State) histories, or things like that. Most American publishers also publish in England, and we do not want duplicates." That is, the Bodleian Library, the second greatest repository of books in English, obtains practically no books whatever from America, but only English prints of such as may be published in both countries. Is not this attitude a little too conservative, even for the Bodleian?

Henry Noble MacCracken.

Oxford, February 6.

QUALIFICATIONS OF CABINET OFFICERS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You print in the *Nation* for January 30 a letter from Mr. F. C. Clark of Providence, R. I., in which he admits having puzzled his brain "for at least the last thirty years to determine what constitutes the qualifications of a Cabinet officer." He concludes by saying that he has failed "to see any guiding principle laid down for making up the Cabinet." Mr. Clark's quandary presents a difficult problem, not to say a series of problems. It certainly would seem on the face of things that the practice of Cabinet appointments through a period of twenty-two administrations, from 1789, should have established some principles that might prove useful guides to future Presidents.

The Cabinet has always been regarded as the President's immediate corps of assistants. This idea was expressed by Washington when he wrote in 1789:

> The impossibility that one man should be able to perform all the great business of the state I take to have been the reason for instituting the great departments, and appointing officers therein, to assist the supreme magistrate in discharging the duties of his trust.

While administrative work under his general direction was their chief function, the assistants were to advise the President on a large variety of matters and so inevitably became a council.

Leaving politics for the moment out of account, eligibility for any one of the nine great offices should rest upon ability. In the past, ability for Cabinet place has asserted itself most often through the profession of the law. Hence one may expect to find incumbents largely from that calling. Business ability—the ability of the capable administrator—has usually been in evidence, but especially of recent years. As in the case of the law, this ability can be tested in the ordinary experiences of life. Men reveal it easily, and are recognized for it the country over.

So far as the attorney-general's place is concerned, that office, as Mr. Clark recognizes, is comparatively easy to fill. It calls for a man thoroughly familiar with the law in its larger and smaller bearings. From the point of view of training alone, there are always many men capable of filling the position. The places of postmaster-general, and secretary of the interior, of agriculture, and of commerce and labor, plainly demand business capacity. When it comes to the four remaining offices—state, treasury, war, and navy—what shall be said? Here special qualifications would seem to be called for, though legal training and evidence of ability in administration are again sound general bases. Fortunately in modern times war is not the rule, and the demand for extraordinary expertness in the war administration or in that of the navy is limited to emergencies. Of all the departments, the state and the treasury call for distinguished talents and training. Here true statesmanship is most likely to be effective. Take such a period of thirty years as that extending from 1869 to 1899. In the State Department we find such men as Hamilton Fish, Evarts, Blaine, Bayard, Olney, and John Hay. This is a remarkable group. They were by no means all ideal secretaries. Blaine's blundering is a commonplace of recent history. There is, however, but one opinion of them as men of large calibre. Several among them were looked upon as Presidential candidates. Again in the Treasury department during the same period such names occur as John Sherman, William Windom, C. S. Fairchild, Carlisle, and Gage. Here also there is little doubt about the ability of the men. Whatever their particular shortcomings, they served really to distinguish the administrations of which they were a part.

Though formal training in law and approved ability in administration are impressively revealed in the history of the Cabinet, fitness will almost inevitably demand other qualities. To many a first-rate lawyer or able manager the departmental headships could never go. The Cabinet is a council of advisers. It must work harmoniously; its members must coöperate, and on occasions subordinate the individual to the great end. Now politics is apt to develop in men fitness for coöperation. In promoting local and national organization it tests leadership. The lawyer or the administrator *with political training* who may have risen to be a party chieftain, is likely to be a candidate for high place, possibly for a secretaryship. Why shouldn't he be?—especially if, in addition to his proved ability, his appointment meets an intelligently expressed public opinion and accords with the policy which, since early days, has been carefully regarded, of distributing Cabinet honors with some reference to all parts of the country.

The term *training* can, I think, be interpreted too narrowly when considering qualifications for a Cabinet place. There is no single road to a knowledge of finance or even of political economy. That there can be no single "guiding principle laid down for making up the Cabinet" is probably true. But I believe that a Cabinet office has seldom been filled, especially in recent years, without taking into account at least these three qualifications: trained intelligence; ability in administration; well proved readiness to coöperate in the best interests of the nation.

Henry Barrett Learned.

New Haven, Conn., February 10.

A "JOURNALISTIC OUTRAGE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask you to protest for me in the name of decent journalism against a form of journalistic outrage which is not too elusive to be "nailed"? No reasonable man thinks it worth while to object to misrepresentation by sensational headlines and unrepresentative extracts. That is a part of the game. The only remedy is never to permit one's self any vivacities of style or allusions to anything more modern than the eighteenth century.

But the deliberate attribution to a man of forged words which he did not write is another matter. The New York *World*, in a Chicago "special" of February 6, inserts in a jumble of verbatim extracts from a printed paper of mine the words "and Chicago is in the van of vulgarity." Neither this sentence nor anything like it is in my paper, and as the extracts are otherwise copied from a printed text, the insertion is a wilful and malicious misrepresentation devised to justify the sensational headlines. The paper in question was an innocent little address to teachers which I will not advertise further. That and my personality are of no importance. But I am interested to know whether you think that there is or ought to be any remedy, not against loose misrepresentation, but against deliberate journalistic forgery. If not, what security is there for any man's reputation for decency, sobriety, and temperate speech?

One may at least again express the hope that intelligent and fair-minded Eastern men will note the frequency of such cases as this, and not allow the legend to become established in their minds that the teachers at the University of Chicago differ appreciably from their co-workers in other parts of the country. PAUL SHOREY.

University of Chicago, February 10.

Notes.

In E. P. Dutton's list for publication this month we note "Lucretius: Epicurean and Poet," by John Masson; "The Commercial Relations of England and Portugal," by V. M. Shillington and A. B. W. Chapman; "Condition of the Border at the Union: Destruction of the Graham Clan," by John Graham; "Quaker and Courtier: The Life and Work of William Penn," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant; "Complete Poetical Works of George Darley," with introduction by Ramsay Colles; "Poems, Letters, and Prose Fragments of Kirk White," edited by John Drinkwater.

Books to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this spring and not hitherto announced are: "The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife," by Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Soul of Spain," by Havelock Ellis; "Lands of Summer," by T. R. Sullivan; and "The Intoxicated Ghost, and Other Stories," by Arlo Bates.

Scribner's will have ready this month a new volume of the series of Original Narratives of Early American History, containing "Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, 1606-1646," edited by Hon. William T. Davis. From the same firm will soon come part II. of the "Petit Trianon, Versailles," by J. A. Arnott and John Wilson; "The Essential Life," by S. B. Stanton; and "Mind in the Making," by E. J. Swift.

Vol. V. of "The Cambridge Modern History" is now ready to be issued by the Macmillan Co.

March 10 is the date set by the Macmillan Co. for publishing the first volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" in its less bulky and cheaper form. The text will remain the same except for the correction of errors and revision of the bibliographies. The volumes, twenty-one in all, will appear monthly.

From Charles Scribner's Sons comes an enlarged edition of President Roosevelt's "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," with two new chapters, "In the Louisiana Cane-brakes" and "Small Country Neighbors," both of which have been rewritten since they appeared in magazine form. Six new illustrations have also been added to the book.

How is such a human document as "The Confessions and Autobiography of Harry Orchard," just published by the McClure Company, to be regarded? The present volume contains "A Personal Note of Introduction," by Edwin S. Hinks, dean of St. Michael's Cathedral at Boisé, who expresses thorough confidence in the reality of the criminal's conversion and his "honesty and present truthfulness." Nevertheless two juries which heard substantially the same story on the witness stand acquitted the men whom Orchard implicated in the most positive way with his offences. The book itself contains evidence of the peculiar status of the narrative. "Mr. Haywood has been acquitted," writes Orchard on almost the last page. "I can truthfully say I would far rather see him acquitted than hanged." Opposite page 92, however, is a group picture of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners, and in the legend under it Haywood and Moyer are alluded to as "now under indictment." Each reader will have to decide for himself in what attitude to approach this singular story.

James Thomson, poet of "The Seasons," has suffered a peculiar fate. In most cases the creator of a *genre* (he, that is, who first sees its capabilities and stamps it with his genius) retains a primacy among workers in that field; so at least it has been with the drama, the epic, and the novel. But in nature-writing Wordsworth and other late-comers have entirely overshadowed Thomson, who may be said to have created the kind. "The Castle of Indolence" retains a certain interest for us through its medley of limpid language, personal allusions, and quaint imagery, but "The Seasons" has become insipid to palates accustomed to the higher flavor of romanticism. G. C. Macaulay, who has writen the life of Thomson for the English Men of Letters, had a difficult task to make his subject interesting, and has succeeded creditably. The chapters in which he has followed the various poems step by step with exposition and criticism are, in our opinion, relatively too long. Part of this space might have been bestowed on the biographical section, especially in filling out Thomson's relations to the men of his day. Mr. Macaulay has shown that he can handle such themes gracefully. Again the comparison of Thomson's attitude toward nature with that of his contemporaries and his successors is well carried out; it might have been lengthened to advantage by a fuller treatment of nature-writing as Thomson found it, and by a touch more of philosophy. But notwithstanding what may be censured as a slight disproportion in parts, the book as a whole is soundly conceived and well executed.

In four illustrated volumes, with introductions by R. S. Garnett, the Macmillan Co. gives a translation of stories from one of the most horribly fascinating works ever written, "Crimes Célèbres," by Dumas. The first volume contains "The Borgias," "The Cenci," "Joan of Naples," and "The Countess de Saint-Géran"; the second, "Urbain Grandier," "Derues," "La Constantin," "The Man in the Iron Mask," "Murat," and "Karl-Ludwig Sand"; the third, "The Marquise de Brinvilliers," "Martin Guerre," "The Marquise de Ganges," "Mary Stuart," and "Varinka"; the fourth, "Ali Pacha," "Massacres of the South," and "Nisida."

In their "Old English Grammar" (West Saxon), by Joseph Wright and Elizabeth Mary Wright (Henry Frowde), the authors aim to give all the information needed by the ordinary student, but their work will not be disdained by the specialist. Of scientific accuracy and method the names on the title-page are a sufficient guarantee. The works of German scholars have also been laid under contribution. Some may doubt the wisdom of Professor Wright's extensive use of hypothetical prehistoric forms; yet these, in the sections which the beginner will master first, are not unduly obtrusive; and elsewhere, especially in the chapter on the verb, they are practically indispensable. Of course the grammar is to be used in connection with a reader. Thus tried in a class moderately advanced, it stands the test well. We might wish the notes on phonetics, now scattered through the book, had been given also in a brief separate chapter. The sections on the deviations of other dialects from West Saxon seem over-condensed. As a whole, however, the book is a model of completeness and compactness; there is a comprehensive index; the typography is excellent, the appearance pleasing. This is the first in a series of historical and comparative grammars under Professor Wright's editorship. A second volume dealing with English syntax may be expected within a year.

The Connecticut Historical Society, after a lapse of twelve years, has continued the publication of the official papers of the Governors, so admirably begun in the "Talcott Papers," issued in 1892 and 1896. The new series will contain the correspondence of Talcott's successor, Jonathan Law, Governor from 1741 to 1750. The original documents are mainly preserved in the archives of the society, in five folio volumes, and were acquired in 1840 from Larned Hebard of Lebanon, administrator of the estate of William T. Williams, son of the signer and grandson of Gov. Jonathan Trumbull. Originally they formed part of the collection of manuscripts relating to the early history of Connecticut, which had been gathered by Gov. Trumbull before the breaking out of the Revolution. The first volume of "Law Papers" is the eleventh of the Collections of the society, and has been edited by Albert C. Bates, its librarian. The contents are less interesting and valuable than were those of the volumes containing the Talcott papers, but they are important as furnishing evidence for the completion or continuation of many of the questions raised during Gov. Talcott's administration—the religious revival, the Intestacy case, the legal conflict over the possession of the Mohegan territory, bills of credit, etc. It also presents a number of new problems and activities, such as Indian difficulties at Sharon and Niantic, preparation for war with France, equipment of troops for the expedition against Louisburg, and counterfeiting of the colony's bills. The present volume closes with 1745, and at least one more volume will follow.

Volume I, Part 2, of the Proceedings and Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America is largely devoted to the meeting held in Providence with the American Historical Association, the Political Economy, Political Science and Social Science Associations, in December, 1906. The interest lies in the various papers in which the bibliographic needs and possibilities of the social sciences are discussed. W. Dawson Johnston gives an interesting survey of existing attempts in that direction, while Dr. E. C. Richardson discusses future possibilities; and the needs of branch sciences are presented in short papers by several speakers. The most valuable contribution is the list of bibliographies published by historical societies in the United States, which Isaac S. Bradley has prepared to accompany Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites's paper on the bibliographical activities of these societies.

Over half a century since, in 1852, Dr. K. Stark published his well-known work on Gaza, a sort of thesaurus of all then available information with regard to the town, its location, its inhabitants, its antiquities, and its history up to its capture by the Moslems in 634. Since 1852 the discoveries in Egypt, Babylonia, Asia Minor, Greece, Crete, Cyprus, and Palestine itself, have so completely revolutionized our ideas with regard to the early history of the entire Mediterranean region, and also with regard to the historical use and value of the Bible, on which, with the Greek historians, Dr. Stark depended for his information covering the period before the time of Alexander, as to make the work practically useless. The fifth volume of the Columbia University Oriental studies, intended to fill to some degree the gap created by the passing of Stark's work, is a new history of Gaza from the earliest times to the present day, by Dr. Martin A. Meyer (Columbia University Press, the Macmillan Co., agent). From the siege of the city by Alexander the Great in 332 B. C. to its capture by the Moslems in 634 A. D., a period of almost one thousand years, Dr. Meyer's little volume is practically a summary of Dr. Stark's larger work. From 634 to the present time Dr. Meyer has had to break new paths, gathering his material chiefly from such Arabic sources as are already in print, as far as those are accessible in the libraries of this country. For the period preceding 332 B. C., while the path had been broken by Stark, the material used by Dr. Meyer is almost entirely new, even to the treatment of the Biblical sources. This monograph will be a welcome addition to the libraries of Oriental, and especially Palestinian scholars. The author is sane and careful; he appends to each chapter notes containing, among other things, references to the source. In preparation for this work the writer had the great advantage of spending a year in Palestine as a fellow of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, and thus acquiring a personal, first-hand knowledge of the site and surroundings of Gaza.

After an interval of two years the second part of Faridu-d-Din Attar's "Memoirs of the Saints" has appeared, edited by R. A. Nicholson, lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge (London: Luzac & Co.; and E. J. Brill). The value of this work as a contribution to Persian Moslem hagiology is well known. The present volume includes the remainder of the work, together with a supplement containing twenty-five additional biographies. A valuable feature of the edition is a detailed list of the archaisms. In addition to variants the editor has added a table of parallel passages in the "Memoirs" and the "Risalat" of Al-Qushayri. This second part forms the fifth volume of the series of Persian Historical Texts, edited by E. G. Browne, the well-known Cambridge Persian scholar, and Mr. Browne announces that with this volume the series is brought to a close. He adds, however, that any works that could appropriately be included in the series will be published by the Trustees of the Gibb Memorial, whose liberality we have already referred to. Mr. Browne has earned the gratitude of scholars by his self-sacrificing zeal in the publication of Persian texts, an enterprise that cannot be financially profitable; and it is matter of congratulation that we may hope for the continuance of these publications.

For his edition of Benjamin of Tudela, published in 1840-41, Asher had to depend upon two printed editions, of 1543 and 1556, and was frequently at a loss when confronted by doubtful readings. M. N. Adler has been fortunate enough to get access to three complete manuscripts and fragments in two other manuscripts, and on these he bases his publication, "The Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela," with English translation and notes (Henry Frowde). For the Hebrew he adopts the text of the manuscript in the British Museum which is thought to be of the thirteenth century; variants he places at the bottom of the page. To the English translation he has added brief notes, referring the reader for fuller information to Asher, the "Jewish Encyclopedia," Gratez, and other authorities. He gives good reasons for holding that Benjamin's absence from Europe is to be placed between the years 1166 and 1171. The volume is provided with an English index, a Hebrew index, and a list of emendations of text. Mr. Adler thus gives in a small compass excellent material for the criticism of Benjamin's text and of his historical statements; Asher's edition, however, is still an indispensable help. Benjamin's reports of what he himself saw may be regarded as trustworthy. What he says on the authority of others (and this part of his work can usually be distinguished from his account of his own observations) is to be taken with caution. He is not free from the credulousness of his time.

From the Clarendon Press comes a second edition of "An Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Treatise of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," by the Right Rev. Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford. It is little more than a reprint of the first edition, with the exception of a few added references and a useful index. For obvious reasons Hooker has never been as much read in this country as in England, which is only another reason for welcoming the Bishop of Oxford's standard exposition of the work.

A text-book for Bible classes which are sufficiently ambitious to desire to study the Old Testament from the historical point of view is "Israel's Golden Age," by Prof. J. Dick Fleming of Manitoba College, Winnipeg (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The period is that of Saul and David, a difficult, although important and interesting, portion of Hebrew history. Professor Fleming has found his way through the conflicting sources with no small skill, and his manual affords sufficient help for the serious student to form his own opinions intelligently. The volume belongs to the Handbooks for Bible Classes and Private Students projected by Prof. Marcus Dods and the Rev. Alexander Whyte.

During the last quarter of a century Palestine has been undergoing a great change, owing to the large and ever-increasing horde of pilgrims and tourists, to the establishment and growth of foreign institutions, settlements, and colonies, to emigration and consequent contact of the natives with foreigners, to educational and missionary effort by foreigners in Palestine, to the great influx of Jews from Russia, and finally to the introduction of railways, steam-mills, and the like. This change has deeply affected the domestic and social life of the people; and before many years the instructive resemblances to the conditions of Bible times will have ceased to exist. The fact that the old life is thus vanishing has stirred not a few recent observers to publish books on the home life of the Palestinian peasants. The latest of these books, and in many respects the best, is a little volume, "The Peasantry of Palestine: the Life, Manners, and Customs of the Village," by Elihu Grant, (New York: The Pilgrim Press). For three years Dr. Grant, now associate professor of Biblical literature at Smith College, was a missionary teacher in the Friends' School at Ramallah, near Jerusalem, from which as a base he visited mission stations and schools in central Palestine. Intensely interested in the village folk, Dr. Grant recorded with camera and pencil the details and surroundings of their life—utensils, houses, songs, customs, superstitions, linguistic peculiarities, antiquities. The result of those notes with lens and pen is the present work, charmingly written and abundantly illustrated. Convenient foot-notes, referring to passages in both the Old and the New Testaments, which are illuminated or illustrated by the book, make it a useful manual for the Bible student.

A number of the volumes of the Biblische

Zeit- und Streitfragen, the conservative and orthodox tractates called forth by the success of the liberal Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher and edited by Pastor Julius Böhmer and Prof. Friedrich Kropatscheck, have been translated by the Rev. Bernhard Pick and appear as the Foreign Religious Series under the editorship of the Rev. R. J. Cooke. Six volumes constitute the first English series: "The Virgin Birth," by Richard H. Grützmacher; "The Resurrection of Jesus," by Eduard Riggenbach; "The Sinlessness of Jesus," by Max Meyer; "The Miracles of Jesus," by Karl Beth; "The Gospel of John and the Synoptic Gospels," by Fritz Barth; and "New Testament Parallels in Buddhistic Literature," by Karl Von Hase (New York: Eaton & Mains). The series is designed to "refute the findings of rationalistic thought," and to show that "the highest grade of scholarship is not wholly on the side of radicalism." While the volumes vary in merit, the sin common to them all is that they furnish the reader no adequate conception of the views to which they are opposed, and attempt to cover by earnest rhetoric the serious difficulties involved in the problems they consider.

The "Kompendium der Kirchengeschichte" by Dr. Karl Heussi, of which the first half, covering the ancient church and the early centuries of the middle ages, has just been published by Mohr of Tübingen in a small volume of 200 pages, promises, when completed during the current year, to be a *multum in parvo* for this department. It succeeds in outlining clearly the leading factors and forces in the development of the external and internal life of the church, and to do so with due regard to the results of modern research.

The fourth edition of the "Geschichte und Kritik der neueren Theologie," by Fr. H. R. von Frank (Leipzig: A. Deichert), is practically a new work, as the editor, Prof. R. H. Grützmacher of Rostock, has thoroughly revised the book in the light of recent knowledge. The title is perhaps too general, as the work deals only with the theological development of Germany since the days of Schleiermacher, and ignores non-German theology even where it has influenced that of the Fatherland.

A new series representing a conservative type of Apologetics, is being issued by the Agentur des Rauen Hauses, Hamburg, under the general editorship of Dr. E. Dennert. The series bears the general title of Ewigkeitsfragen im Lichte grosser Denker, and two volumes have been issued: one a chrestomathy from the writings of Kant, edited and interpreted by Prof. L. Weis; and the other a similar collection from the Danish philosopher and theologian, Sören Kierkegaard, with comment by Dr. A. Bärthold. Further volumes on Michael Angelo, Tauler, Newton, Tholuck, Gerter von Kaisersberg, Wichern, Plato, Francis of Assisi, and others, are announced.

The first instalment of the new "Grammatik der Septuaginta," by Prof. Robert Helbing of Karlsruhe, just issued (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht), deals with etymology and forms. The abundance of new material found, especially in the papyri treasures of Egypt, makes the investigation of the *Koiné* almost a new science at present, especially in the elimination of the many so-called "Hebraisms" of the Septuagint and New Testament. Especially for the vexed problem of the Septuagint text, Helbing's grammar promises an abundance of good things.

The new "Reallexikon der prähistorischen, klassischen und frühchristlichen Altertümer," by Dr. Robert Forrer (Berlin: W. Spemann), is a solid volume of one thousand pages and three thousand illustrations. It seeks primarily to meet not so much the wants of the specialist and archæologist, as of the general student. It covers the archæological researches from the earliest periods down to the sixth Christian century, and deals more fully with central Europe. The illustrations are exceptionally good.

As the author has been able to draw heavily on hitherto inaccessible Russian sources, the new volume of K. K. Grass, "Die russischen Sekten," recently completed by the publication of Parts 3 and 4, is especially valuable. This, the first volume of a series, is devoted exclusively to Die Gottesleute, oder Chlüsten, the largest body of dissenters, numbering some 140,000. The author rejects all the theories usually advanced in reference to the beginnings of this sect, and finds evidence to connect them with the Massalians, who date back to the fourth century and represent a special type of "spiritual" Christianity. He further declares that their ethical ideals can be easily traced in the teachings of Tolstoy. (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs.)

Dr. Friedrich W. Foerster, professor of philosophy in the University of Zürich, has recently issued two works on modern problems of pedagogics. The first is entitled "Schule und Charakter," with the sub-title, "Contributions to the Pedagogics of Obedience and to Reform in School Discipline" (Zürich: Schulthess & Co.). Foerster is a decided advocate of the training of the will. The other work, dealing with a much-discussed special problem, is entitled "Sexualethik und Sexualpädagogik." Here again the author insists upon a thorough training of the will and character rather than a merely intellectual knowledge of the physiological facts in the sex problem (Munich: Joseph Koesel).

Under the general title of Stätten der Kultur, the house of Klinkhardt & Biermann, Leipzig, with Dr. Georg Biermann as general editor, is publishing a series of finely illustrated Städtemonographien. So far four have made their appearance, volumes on Berlin, Frankfurt, Bremen, and Rothenburg, each by a different author. The price of each volume is 1 mark.

"Le Prix Nobel en 1905," when Robert Koch, Henryk Sienkiewicz, and Bertha von Suttner were among the laureates, has just been issued. It contains, as usual, the proceedings at the Nobel memorial meetings in Stockholm and Christiania, sketches of the laureates, their portraits, reproductions of the medals and diplomas, and also three of the Nobel lectures: "Über Kathodenstrahlen," by Philipp von Lenard; "Über den derzeitigen Stand der Tuberkulosebekämpfung," by Robert Koch; and "Die Entwickelung der Friedensbewegung," by Bertha von Suttner. The Baroness von Suttner emphasizes her belief in the future of *Pacificismus*. The old, the past, the speaker said, cannot rule forever, evolution rules in the social as in the geologic world, and evolution is always towards something higher, something better. She quotes the following from a letter which Alfred Nobel wrote her (it was she who aroused his interest in the peace movement):

> We ought soon to come so far that all the countries mutually will bind themselves to attack the one that attacked another country. That would make war impossible, and would compel even the most brutal and most irrational power to appear before the court of arbitration, or to keep the peace. If the "Dreibund" would embrace all, instead of only three countries, then peace would be secured for centuries.

We welcome an English-made edition (New York: The Macmillan Co.) of George Sand's "La Mare au Diable," in book, not school-book, form with attractive illustrations by Gertrude Leese. The "Notice Analytique," by Sainte-Beuve, is printed as a preface. The same house issues volumes IX. and X. of The Novels of Björnstjerne Björnson, containing "In God's Way," translated by Elizabeth Carmichael.

"Perugia antica e Perugia moderna: Indicazioni Storico-Topografiche," by Raniero Gigliarelli, is being published by the Unione Tipografica Cooperativa, Perugia. In 1903, Dott. Raniero Gigliarelli published his "Venere. Racconto storico della Meta del Secolo XIV." (Perugia: Donnini), a very erudite but most unpleasant book, which, under the form of a novel, treated of the manners, customs, and social life of the Perugians of the Trecento. The notes, which often occupy at least three-quarters of the entire page, are not only crammed with valuable information, which it would be difficult to find elsewhere, but also constitute a veritable mine of reference for further research. In a word, no student of mediæval Perugia can afford to ignore the book, though, from any other point of view than that of the student, it would be difficult to find a redeeming feature in its 516 pages. The present volume, we are glad to say, possesses all the merits of its predecessor, with none of its drawbacks. Published in connection with the recent "Mostra d'Arte Antica," it constitutes a guide-book to Perugia the like of which hardly exists for any other town. The illustrations, which average at least one for every three pages of the text, are not only excellent in themselves, but are really illustrative of the written matter, and include many reproductions of old plans, maps, and documents of which the originals are difficult of access. The author's style is pleasant and readable. His knowledge of ancient and modern Perugia is exhaustive. The book is well printed, and will form an unusually handsome volume. The edition is, we believe, a small one.

Some interesting fragments of Greek literature recently found in Egypt have now been published by the Swiss scholar M. Nicole. The fragments belong to the "Apology" of Antiphon. Antiphon, who was born at Rhamnos in Attica soon after 480 B. C., was a well-known teacher of rhetoric in Athens. The historian Thucydides was one of his pupils and speaks of him with the greatest admiration. He belonged to the aristocratic party and at the time of the Peloponnesian war was influential in bringing in the oligarchic government. On the fall of the oligarchs and the rise of the democratic party, Antiphon was charged with high treason. He did not, like so many of his friends, make his escape, but stood his trial. On this occasion he delivered an oration in his defence, which Thucydides called "the most beautiful apologetic discourse ever given." Of this speech, four fragments have been found. The first fragment belonged evidently to the introductory part of the "Apology." Antiphon does not deny the charge that he took part in bringing the oligarchs into power, but he proves that the motives on which he acted were unselfish. The other fragments are in a bad state of preservation and their meaning has only been made out with difficulty. In the last fragment, Antiphon seems to have made a pathetic appeal to the judges. He reminds them of his family whom he did not want to abandon and without whom he could easily have made his escape. We know that his appeal remained unanswered. Antiphon was condemned to death and had to drink the hemlock; his fortune was confiscated and his house pulled to the ground.

Appended to the report for 1907 of the Enoch Pratt Library of Baltimore, is a table of statistics for twenty-five of the leading public libraries of the United States. According to these figures, in the number of volumes, in home circulation, registered borrowers, city appropriation, and annual expenditures the New York Public Library stands first, and in the proportion of the population registered as readers, is exceeded by but one of the libraries in the list. In the ratio of circulation to population, first place is held by the Springfield (Mass.) Library; it is closely followed by Cleveland and Buffalo. In the per capita tax for library support, Boston stands first, the amount being fifty-four cents. Springfield receives only a fraction of a cent less. The lowest per capita tax in any of the cities named is for Providence, eleven cents. Jersey City pays twelve cents. The average per capita tax for all the cities is about twenty-one cents. In the per capita supply of books, Boston, which has long been first, is now second, yielding the first place to Springfield.

Sir James Knowles, founder and editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, died last week. He was born in 1831, and was trained to be an architect. From his youth he had dabbled with literature, and in 1860 he compiled "The Story of King Arthur" from Sir Thomas Malory. In 1869 he originated the Metaphysical Society, a club of forty eminent representatives of various forms of belief and disbelief, including such men as Gladstone, Frederic Harrison, Cardinal Manning, Huxley, Father Dalvagius, Tyndall, Clifford, and John Morley, St. George Mivart, Frederick Maurice, Dean Stanley, Arthur Balfour, Ruskin, Bishop Magee, John Lubbock, and Mark Pattison. In 1870 he succeeded Dean Alford as editor of the *Contemporary Review*, which gained under his management a very strong position, thanks to the assistance of the members of the Metaphysical Society. The *Contemporary* changed hands seven years later, and Knowles started the *Nineteenth Century*, which, supported as it was by the most eminent English writers of the day, mostly members of the Metaphysical Society, became one of the leading monthlies.

Albert William Quill, author of several legal works and "The History of Tacitus," has just died in Dublin.

The death is announced at the age of fifty-two of Amédée Hauvette, professor of Greek poetry in the University of Paris, president of the Association for the Encouragement of Greek Studies, and member of the Society of Antiquaries. Professor Hauvette's "Hérodote, historien des guerres médiques," was crowned by the French Academy.

COLERIDGE.

La Vie d'un poète: Coleridge. Par Joseph Aynard. Paris: Hachette.

Biographia Literaria. By S. T. Coleridge. Edited with his Æsthetical Essays by J. Shawcross. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde.

The Indebtedness of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to August Wilhelm von Schlegel. By Anna Augusta Helmholtz. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, No. 163.

M. Aynard's animated scholarship suggests a comparison with the work which inspired it, and which has set a standard for other volumes dealing with the Coleridge-Wordsworth group, "La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth," by Prof. Legouis. The problem that Legouis chose was definite and feasible. By means of the "Prelude," he was enabled to watch the very pulse of Wordsworth's development, with the steadfast, objective eye of the poet himself. M. Aynard has elected a task far more extensive, and, in our present state of knowledge, impossible to achieve completely. He has essayed an interpretation of Coleridge, the whole man. It may be urged in general that the way of the sentimentalist is bound to remain an enigma. And concerning Coleridge in particular we know too little during the most critical period in his career as poet, say the years 1797-1798, to be safe in judging of his life throughout. As to his reading we have only scraps of information; we have no certain proof that he was then addicted to opium; the external evidence on the composition of his best known poems is scanty and in part conflicting. Still, throughout the various poems and fragments which Coleridge wrote in his efforts to collaborate with Wordsworth on "Lyrical Ballads," there is a good deal of internal evidence that calls for further inspection; and a meticulous examination of every document that bears on the studies of the two poets in Somersetshire would to some extent enlighten us on the nature of their literary pursuits. In his history of this Quantock period M. Aynard does not see more deeply than his predecessors, although the biography of the poet Coleridge ought to be focused there and not elsewhere. Accordingly, our disappointment in this stimulating book arises largely from a feeling that its emphasis is misplaced.

There are, we may note, a few slips in detail. Thus the assertion (p. 139) that the "Ancient Mariner" and the "Three Graves" owe nothing to the poetry of Wordsworth is obviously made in haste; for Wordsworth furnished the unifying element in the plot of the first, as well as nine or ten lines, possibly more, of the text itself, and "the subject," so he says, of the second. The misprints, too, are frequent, and there is not enough uniformity in the spelling of proper names and the citation of titles (e. g., *Gillman*, p. 324, *Gillmann* p. 360). We do not see why *De Quincey* (pp. 217, 264, 265, etc.) should in one case be given with a large *D*, in another with a small *d*, and in still another without any prefix. In matters like these, M. Legouis was more scrupulous, as he was more generous in his references for statements of fact. Nevertheless M. Aynard, having read virtually everything on his topic, has added liberally to our fund of specific information about Coleridge; for instance, he tells us much that was unknown to Dykes Campbell regarding the visit to Malta. He also presents a number of interesting and heretofore unpublished marginalia.

The defect in general perspective is more grave. Coleridge, M. Aynard thinks, was by nature a poet, not a philosopher. His will was constitutionally weak, the result of heredity and early environment; hence his disastrous recourse to narcotics was not so much a cause as an effect of his instinctive habits of volition. Furthermore, although he had a great deal to say about France and was supposed to have fathomed the Kantian and other philosophies, he never really understood the tendencies of the French Revolution, never really sympathized with the French people, never really entered into the spirit of any German philosopher, and never was stirred to the core by any foreign literature. Why? Because at heart he was an Englishman of the eighteenth century, and because as an individual he was an introspective sentimentalist. What we have put bluntly, M. Aynard has developed with due qualification. But supposing this summary of Coleridge's limitations to be substantially true, why has the French scholar devoted so much space to influences that were remote, and so little, relatively, to those experiences that touched the poet in his essence? For example, if Coleridge's lifelong estimate of France was insular and warped, and was after all a minor thing as compared with the handful of poems by virtue of which he mainly survives, why does this book pay such excessive regard to the course of the Revolution? In the biography of a poet, why not make his poetry the obvious centre? M. Aynard has an enviable acquaintance with the poetical works of Coleridge, but his knowledge of the text is extensive rather than intensive, and is overbalanced by his interest in the history of his own nation.

If one is ever to surprise the inner secret of Coleridge, it must be, as we have hinted, through a more intensive examination of his earlier life and poetry; through an inclusive and sympathetic understanding, not only of Coleridge, but of Wordsworth also, and of Dorothy Wordsworth as well; through a fuller realization than M. Aynard betrays of the meaning in Dorothy's remark that her brother and she and their friend were three people, "but one soul."

In regard to heredity and environment, M. Aynard, we imagine, is something of a necessitarian, trusting the poet's sentimental recollections too implicitly, and reading the story of his later years too clearly in his childhood and youth, where contemporary evidence is meagre. As for heredity, we should remember that neither the Rev. John Coleridge nor Coleridge's mother has ever been accused of infirmity of will; and that the general record of their descendants does not harmonize with a belief that their most gifted child, with his extraordinary powers of application, was predestined to a career of grief.

Yet with all deductions, M. Aynard's study is the first consistent attempt to explain a baffling character in the light of all the facts, and it will doubtless remain the foremost biography of Coleridge until we are favored with the strangely delayed life by the poet's grandson. It ought to be translated into English and provided with an index.

The large amount of conscious and unconscious borrowing in Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," its incompleteness and profound suggestiveness make it eminently a book for the annotator. The standard edition of 1847, prepared by the daughter and son-in-law of the poet, has an Introduction in which the nature of Coleridge's dependence on Schelling is explained at considerable length, and with some animus against those who accused the English writer of plagiarism. That Introduction must always remain the basis of such studies; but it is somewhat vague in its philosophy and not satisfactory to the present-day student. There is reason therefore to welcome this excellent reprint from the Clarendon Press. Of the Notes added at the end of each of the two volumes we can only say that so far as we have looked into them they are full and accurate, affording a valuable running commentary on the text. Mr. Shawcross's Introduction repays a careful reading; it not only fulfils its first intention of clearing up the relation of Coleridge to Kant and Schelling, but throws light on the whole international movement of romanticism.

It was to be expected that, as an Englishman, Mr. Shawcross would be a jealous advocate of Coleridge's originality. In our opinion he carries this argument a little too far formally and not quite far enough essentially. It is undoubtedly true that Coleridge's study of the Neoplatonists and of the Cambridge Platonists, in particular, had prepared him for the influence of the German romanticists, but something more definite should have been said of the *Gefühlsphilosophie* which permeated all of Coleridge's thought. It is this that explains the parallelism in his writings, to German books he had, as Crabb Robinson observes, never read. And it is possible that Mr. Shawcross, as he apparently minimizes the homogeneous spirit that pervaded the whole of German romanticism, does not see how easily Coleridge, with his temperament and preparation, might have been deeply affected by that movement before his visit to Germany made him minutely acquainted with the leaders of the school.

On the other hand, Mr. Shawcross does not make perfectly clear the full significance of the causes which led Coleridge to repudiate the final issues of romanticism. With all his mysticism and sentimentality Coleridge still possessed two British qualities which preserved him from the extremes of Teutonic romanticism: his deficiency in logical tenacity and his sense of character. With the Briton's usual inconsistency he could follow the romantic argument half way, and there break off. He himself—and Mr. Shawcross follows him—makes religion the point of divergence. Where romanticism dissolved into pantheistic heresy, he drew back professedly in favor of the Trinity and the Thirty-nine Articles. It might, we think, be shown that this withdrawal was not so much due to religious conviction, for at bottom Coleridge was intellectually a pantheist, as to a British repulsion at the dissolution of judgment and character which ultraromanticism implied. It may even be that his own uncertainties of will sharpened the uneasiness of his mind and conscience in this matter. Thus in his marginal note to Schelling's "Philosophische Briefe":

> *Der Gedanke, mich der Welt entgegenzusetzen* (the thought of opposing myself to the world) not only *hat nichts Grosses für mich* (contains nothing elevating for me), but seems mere pot-valiant nonsense, without the idea of a moral power extrinsic to and above the world—

in such a note the real emphasis is not on "extrinsic to" and "above," but on "moral power"; it was not pantheism that repulsed him, but the undermining of the conscience. And, again, Mr. Shawcross quotes a sentence from Friedrich von Schlegel which shows where Coleridge's traditional belief in judgment and will would come into conflict with romanticism:

> It is the beginning of all poetry to abolish the laws and methods of the rationally proceeding reason, and to plunge us once more into the ravishing confusions of fantasy, the original chaos of human nature.

Now, it was the first aim of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" to set forth the imagination as something directly contradictory to this romantic fancy. Mr. Shawcross observes very aptly:

> By his lifelong vindication of the truth, that the activity of imagination is determined subjectively by the laws of common reason, and objectively by the truth of things, and thus differs essentially from the accidental and seemingly capricious combinations of fancy, Coleridge rendered an invaluable service to the cause of criticism, both in his own day and for all time. The anarchy of taste which followed the shattering of the old idols was even a more dangerous enemy to art than they had been. The critics of Coleridge's day, having emancipated themselves from the "classical" tradition, were forced by a natural reaction into the opposite extreme of lawlessness.

Mr. Shawcross has done good service in exhibiting this confusion of Coleridge's position, in so far as the poet was thoroughly permeated, but not entirely subdued, by the virus of Teutonic romanticism; our only complaint is that his procedure has not been quite sufficiently determined. To estimate the value of his work, one needs only compare it with the flabby chapter on Coleridge in Saintsbury's "History of Criticism."

As an aid to determining more precisely the extent and character of Coleridge's German borrowings, some mention may be added of a college thesis by Miss Anna Augusta Helmholtz. After following the early charges of plagiarism against the English philosopher, Miss Helmholtz gives in parallel columns the actual passages in the Lectures of Coleridge and the *Vorlesungen* of Schlegel, which show similarity of thought or language.

CURRENT FICTION.

The First Secretary. By Demetra and Kenneth Brown, New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

This tale of modern Constantinople is told in sufficiently good-humored and cavalier fashion to engage, perhaps rather unjustifiably, the attention of the conscientious reader. It plays successfully upon the weakness of the Westerner, of the youthful Westerner, at least, for the romance of the harem, the conventional but ever-pleasing mystery of yashmak and lattice and eunuch-guarded penetralia. Its chief specific object is to promote the nuptials of a child of the harem and an American Secretary of Legation. Rhasneh is the daughter of a pasha, the betrothed of a bey, and the beloved of the Sultan, so that there are sufficient difficulties in the way of the happy event to make the game worth while in the eyes of a dashing secretary and a pair of light-hearted chroniclers. It is a book to pass the time and it has the distinct merit of not pretending to be anything else.

Jacquette: A Sorority Girl. By Grace Ethelwyn Cody. New York: Duffield & Co.

This story, although it has a problem and a purpose, might be placed with perfect propriety in any Sunday-school library. The problem is whether secret societies in schools exert a helpful or a harmful influence upon their members, and the author leaves us in no doubt as to her own opinion on the subject. It is pleasant to find one whose style so strongly suggests youth, advocating the old-fashioned idea that a school is a place in which to study something besides the not always gentle art of amusing one's self; and, while the appeal of the book must necessarily be somewhat limited, its atmosphere is wholesome. The author wisely contents herself with a mere suggestion of pending sentiment, and leaves Jacquette still in the pretty twilight that comes before the dawn of dreams. On the whole, although a creature a little too bright and good for human nature's daily food, she may prove profitable company for her contemporaries in real life.

The History of Babylonia and Assyria. By Hugo Winckler; translated and edited by James Alexander Craig. Pp. 352. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The German edition of Professor Winckler's "History of Babylonia and Assyria" appeared in 1899—eight years ago. Since that time, much new material has come to light and much has been done by Assyriologists to improve on the interpretation of both the older and the newer material. The wisdom therefore of publishing a translation of Professor Winckler's work, excellent though it was at the time of its appearance, may well be questioned, all the more since an English version had already appeared in 1903 as part of Helmolt's "History of the World." Why then do it again? The author, to be sure, has made numerous additions, but with the usual result of giving to the volume an unequal character, so that in part it reflects present knowledge, but in part also it is antiquated. This criticism applies more particularly to the first half of the book, dealing with the earlier and more obscure period of the history of the Euphrates Valley. With steadily increasing knowledge of this period, it is inevitable that for some time to come the history must be rewritten—not merely revised—every few years

It may have been too late for the author to avail himself of F. Thureau-Dangin's volume "Les Inscriptions de Sumer et d'Akkad" (see *Nation*, February 6, 1907), though the French edition appeared in 1905; but the editor could and should certainly have done so and have modified the names of some of the early rulers in accordance with present usage. Thus, instead of Urgur, the reader ought to have been given the form Ur-Eugur, which is now accepted as the reading of the founder of the Ur dynasty; and if Professor Craig thought it proper to retain such forms as Ungal-zaggisi and Ungal-si-kisal, he should at least have indicated in a footnote that these names are generally read Lugal-zaggisi and Lugal-kisalsi. Again, in connection with the dynasties of Ur and Isin, there should have been at least a note in an appendix to call attention to the data to be gleaned from a chronological list found at Nippur in 1889 by Dr. J. P. Peters, and published by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht last January; a list which, besides giving us the full line of the five kings of the Ur dynasty, together with the length of the reign of each, tells us that the dynasty was overthrown by rulers of Isin, and furnishes also the names of twelve of the sixteen kings of this dynasty—seven more than are named on page 53 in the volume before us.

Winckler was one of the first—if not the first—to question the correctness of the statement made by Nabonidus (the last King of Babylonia), who says in one of his inscriptions that Sargon—the great Semitic conqueror of Babylonia—ruled 3200 years previous. Winckler proposed to reduce this figure so as to bring Sargon down to about 2800 B. C., instead of 3750 B. C. His view has gradually commended itself to most scholars, and Professor Craig's note on page 32 pleading for the earlier date is particularly unfortunate in view of L. W. King's discovery (see the *Nation*, November 7, 1907, page 424) that the so-called first and second dynasties of Babylonia were contemporaneous and not successive, as was hitherto supposed. This in itself reveals an error of 365 years in Nabonidus's date and if one mistake of this nature could be made by the scribes, there is a fair presumption that other dynasties which the scribes counted as successive were also contemporaneous. Through King's recent work, to which reference has just been made, chapters vii. and viii. of the Winckler-Craig history need to be entirely rewritten.

In the chapter on the Cassites again, the valuable material for a view of internal conditions embodied in Prof. A. T. Clay's two admirable volumes, "Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur, Dated in the Reigns of Cassite Rulers," does not appear to have been utilized either by the author or the editor, although these volumes appeared over a year ago. Among other things, Professor Clay's researches have shown that the ruler who followed upon Kadashman-Turgu was Kadashman-Enlil and not Kadashman-buriash, as is stated on p. 90. A more recent investigation of Professor Clay's, in which the proof is furnished that the chief deity of Nippur and one time head of the pantheon hitherto read Bel was pronounced Enlil, probably appeared too late to be utilized by Professor Craig; but this paper, which requires changes in the readings of most of the names beginning with Bel in the Index (p. 324), besides a recasting of numerous passages in the book, furnishes another illustration of the unwisdom of republishing a work written some years ago.

For the Assyrian and neo-Babylonian periods comparatively little additional material has been brought forward since 1899, so that the second part—covering, in fact, two-thirds of the entire volume—is fairly representative of our present knowledge. The time, however, is not far off when with the publication of the new material obtained by the German excavations at Kalah-Shergat—the site of Ashur, the ancient capital of Assyria—the early chapters of Assyrian history will also have to be rewritten. Craig on p. 180 refers in a footnote to this material, and it is therefore somewhat surprising that he should not have embodied the preliminary results as furnished in the *Mitteilungen* of the German Orient Society. The statement, *e. g.*, on p. 180, that Shamshi-Adad was the original builder of the main temple in Ashur should have been corrected by him in accordance with Professor Delitzsch's summary in No. 21 of the *Mitteilungen* (published in March, 1904), according to which Ushpia, who lived about four hundred years before Shamshi-Adad, was the first builder of the sanctuary.

Professor Craig, as translator, has done his work well. The translation reads easily, and Professor Winckler knows how to write in an interesting and frequently picturesque manner. His summaries of the chief traits of each period in the long history of the Euphrates Valley are admirable, and "The Historical Retrospect and Outlook" (pp. 127-164) is to be particularly commended though here, too, recent researches have not been used as they should have been. A valuable feature of the work is the copious and carefully compiled Index, which will greatly facilitate the use of the book. The work would, however, have been made still more serviceable to scholars if the author or editor had indicated the sources for the historical material embodied in each chapter—or, at all events, the main sources.

Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard, Major-General United States Army. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $5 net.

Gen. Howard is the last survivor of the Union leaders, who, during the Civil War, commanded independent armies. Going to the war as colonel of the Third Maine Regiment, after an honorable course at West Point, he directed a brigade at the First Bull Run; a division in 1862; the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Lookout Mountain; succeeded McPherson in the command of the Army of the Tennessee before Atlanta, in 1864; and finally led Sherman's right wing through Georgia and the Carolinas.

The record of this veteran will be welcomed. Our soldiers have often shown that they could write well. Grant's homely sense and strength are as obvious in his pages as in his campaigns; Sherman is full of fire and point; Sheridan, while simple and direct, has unexpected passages of sensibility and poetry; Jacob D. Cox shows always sound judgment and literary finish. On the other side, the books of Longstreet and J. B. Gordon are picturesque and thoroughly manly, while the frank and incisive criticisms of E. P. Alexander have high scientific value. Will Gen. Howard's memoirs take rank with such books as these? Hardly, we think. The volumes are much too diffuse: the twelve hundred large pages might, with advantage, have been condensed into six hundred; the rather clumsy sentences have rarely pith or pungency. It is a minor but marked defect, for which probably the publishers are more to blame than the author, that while there are eight portraits of Gen. Howard himself, and valueless fac similes of his commissions, there is not in the books a single map; and yet the detailed narrative is well-nigh unintelligible without maps. The student of military science will find other records more illuminating; for vivid pictures we must search elsewhere. Nevertheless, there are fine qualities, truthfulness, candor, the spirit of humanity. The absence of bitterness towards adversaries is noteworthy. To cite one instance, it was Howard's lot to be in close contact with Hooker almost from first to last. As Howard was a sincere evangelical Christian, Hooker's irregularities must have jarred upon him harshly. Howard often fell under the lash of Hooker's criticism, so notoriously unrestrained and often exercised, and Howard's promotion to the head of the Army of the Tennessee finally aroused so much Hooker's chagrin, that he forsook the service in disgust. Howard could not tell his story without speaking of Hooker at length, but there is nowhere acrimony.

In Howard's life one naturally turns with keenest interest to his conduct at the battle of Chancellorsville. There the Federal humiliation sank to its nadir, and Howard had an unfortunate place in the foreground. The recently published reminiscences of Carl Schurz have turned the attention of many to the story of that fatal field. That Carl Schurz has told what he believes to be true, and that he is well qualified to speak, no one will deny. As commander of a division of the Eleventh Corps he was a witness of the infatuation of Hooker as to the movement of Stonewall Jackson upon his right flank, and close to Howard before and during the terrible rout. Not to cite other testimony, if Carl Schurz is trustworthy, in that dismal time, while Hooker should bear the chief blame, yet Howard was strongly obtuse to indications of peril plainly apparent to Schurz and to many more. The world has believed that the commander of the Eleventh Corps, like the general-in-chief, was on that day curiously blind, and nothing which Gen. Howard now says in his elaborate account will suffice to dispel the belief. We cannot admit that he did, as he maintains, all that could be expected of a corps commander. He fell short, not in courage—there he was never lacking; but in the quick understanding of indications which were unmistakable. Let the reader compare the accounts of May 2, 1863, by Schurz and by Howard, and he will be convinced that the latter makes an inadequate defence of himself.

But Howard then was in important command for the first time. He tried that day his prentice hand. In his scores of subsequent battles, while no one will assert that his deeds were especially brilliant; he was always prompt, constant, intrepid, and generally judicious. Probably the most marked service of his whole career was the occupation, on July 1, 1863, of Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. The credit for this cannot, we think, be taken from Howard; and though Meade, with wisdom probably, preferred Hancock to Howard for his second at Gettysburg, Howard's work made the victory possible. In the West he was adequate to every position into which he rose. Sherman, whose critical eye over his lieutenants was shrewd and merciless, always advanced Howard, commending his soldiership, and respecting, if not sharing, his austerity of conduct and unfeigned piety. Once when a company of generals were chaffing Howard on his Puritanic strictness, and pressing liquor upon him—"Let Howard alone," said Sherman curtly; "I want one officer who don't drink." As an independent commander Howard's first and probably most important achievement was the success at Ezra Church, near Atlanta, July 28, 1864. It is an interesting coincidence that in this sharp engagement Howard was confronted by his classmate and old personal friend, Stephen D. Lee, also on that day for the first time in independent command at the head of the old division of Hood, who had just been put in Johnston's place. To-day S. D. Lee, at the South, as O. O. Howard at the North, is the sole survivor of those who held independent commands.

In Reconstruction times. Gen. Howard played a part in the foreground as head of the Freedman's Bureau and of educational enterprises. Though not escaping accusation, he was not involved in the scandals of that period, but bore himself, according to Prof. W. A. Dunning, the authoritative and discriminating historian of that period, "almost uniformly with moderation and good judgment." Throughout his long life Gen. Howard has been serviceable in peace as well as in war, in an especial way a fervent but not fanatical exemplar of evangelical religion, all of which his autobiography makes plain.

Science.

THE APPEAL OF SOCIOLOGY TO BIOLOGY.

Heredity and Selection in Sociology. By George Chatterton-Hill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

Janus in Modern Life. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

Sex Equality: A Solution of the Woman Problem. By Emmet Densmore. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.

Sociological Papers, Vol. III. By G. Archdall Reid, W. McDougall, J. L. Taylor, J. Arthur Thomson, Patrick Geddes, A. E. Crawley, R. M. Wenley, W. H. Beveridge, G. de Wesselitsky, Mrs. Sidney Webb, and H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

These four volumes have a basic element in common. To biology, as to a court of last resort, they make appeal, one and all, to substantiate their findings, and to validate their programmes in the realm of sociology. Chatterton-Hill impeaches our modern liberal-industrial civilization of biological decadence, and insists on the necessity of some integrating principle if disaster is to be avoided. Flinders Petrie discovers that we are likely to go to smash, because state socialism will atrophy individual variations, and thus leave natural selection a sorry lot of candidates from whom to pick a winning race. Densmore revamps the old appeal for sex equality, but bases it on the biologically adventitious nature of sex, while many of the essayists who contribute to the "Sociological Papers" expound various systems of eugenics, each protected under biological letters patent.

Chatterton-Hill's book consists of three parts. The first is an intelligent summary of the biological doctrine of heredity and germinal selection from the point of view of Weismann. De Vries's mutation theory, although mentioned, appears to be imperfectly assimilated with the main stream of exposition. In these first 173 pages there appear but two excursions into the field of sociology proper, one dealing with consanguineous marriages, and the other with the infertility of hybrid races. In both cases one would like to have the conclusions fortified with more abundant evidence than is offered.

Part ii. (pp. 177-417), devoted to social pathology, is scrappily constructed. Suicide, insanity, and syphilis are each in turn discussed as social factors, but the analysis and findings fail often to carry conviction. That the socially cohesive influence of the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches acts as a deterrent against suicide is hardly a scientific conclusion in which to rest. It seems, moreover, to be in violent contradiction to Westergaard's statistical table cited on page 185. Nor is there longer any particular novelty in the paradox that sanitation, hygiene, and advance in medical knowledge are keeping alive a lot of social undesirables who, from the racial point of view, were better dead. Thus on page 343 the author concludes from superficial analysis of vital statistics, showing a decrease in death-rates up to forty-five years of age and an increase in death-rates at higher ages, that "it is evident that the average standard of life among persons of forty-five years has diminished." A conclusion as to actual diminution is manifestly unwarranted, not to say, absurd. If fewer die in early years, manifestly more must die at maturity; and the higher death-rate at forty-five to fifty-five years (the increase being only from 19.6 to 20.8 in thirty years) is in part due to the fact that deaths now occurring between forty-five and fifty-five include many who in former times would have met an untimely end at earlier ages. Vital statistics, despite their seeming simplicity, are a slippery instrument for the inexpert to handle.

Part iii. (pp. 421-555), devoted to the actual conditions of social selection, is in essence a belated echo of Benjamin Kidd. The upshot of it all is that internal cohesion in any society is a prerequisite for social survival; that individualism as typified by the *laissez-faire* régime makes for social disintegration; that socialism would extirpate competition and thus would narrow the sphere of conflict on which progress depends; that science has no compelling voice in which to enjoin individual subordination to social needs; and that as a consequence a religion or its equivalent with suprarational sanctions is a condition necessary to secure survival in the world strife of nations. In arriving at this conclusion, Chatterton-Hill is needlessly repetitious. He goes out of his way to demonstrate the bankruptcy of liberalism; makes very unscientific, not to say ill-mannered, flings at the Nonconformist conscience (p. 375) and the Aborigines Protection Society. He contradicts himself in the matter of militarism, holding that war in the higher stages of civilization, including our own, "acts by the elimination of the fit" (p. 318); and is a "factor of inverse selection" (p. 320); and yet declares that "nations need war and conflict, not only to effect their expansion, but also to maintain a high level of superiority" (p. 478).

The general verdict on the volume must be adverse. Under competent tutelage, he has given a good résumé of the dominant biological theory of heredity. Left to himself, he has devised an inconclusive and inadequate analysis of social pathology, and has supplemented it with a rambling, unoriginal, and often self-contradictory disquisition on social programmes and social needs.

The title of Petrie's little book—"Janus in Modern Life"—is indicative of its thesis that nations must, like the Latin god, look to the past of history as well as to the future if they will learn by the mistakes of their predecessors. Himself a believer in the doctrine of biological selection, Petrie finds the line of national progress in the "remorseless 'scrapping' of poorer machines" (p. 85). Without more ado, he proceeds to a vigorous assault on schemes of a socialistic character, condemning them as lessening the variety of raw material on which natural selection may do its work. Many of his far-reaching strictures, such as those on workmen's compensation, old-age pensions, trades unionism under the Roman Empire, and the like, are little more than summary expressions of personal opinion. Their filiation to the biological doctrine of selection is very attenuated. The book must be accounted as a vigorous and readable *ex parte* presentation of the social views of a vivacious personality, but hardly a serious, certainly not a weighty, contribution to the study of society. It properly belongs to the Questions of the Day series, for it is nothing, if not ephemeral.

Densmore's "Sex Equality" is a curious blend of an older, *à priori*, doctrinaire equalitarianism and the more recent deference to the sovereignty of biology. The first was common enough during an epoch which has been vaguely described as "the Age of Gen. Grant." The second is, of course, everywhere in evidence to-day. But the combination of the two is unique. The older strata of the naïve teleological era peep out in appeals to "the intention in the original scheme of things" (p. 41), and in repeated misquotations of the Declaration of Independence, to the effect that all men are born or created "free and equal." But, as though realizing that a vague teleology of natural right will not, of itself, carry conviction to-day, the author invokes Darwin, Spencer, and Weismann as witnesses for the cause of sex equality.

The truth is that the biological question of the origin of sex, whether it is "an incident, dependent on the environment for its evolution" (p. 66), or not, is wholly irrelevant to the issue which Densmore raises of complete social, legal, and political equality of men and women. Nor does the author's extended recital of the eminent achievements of noted women suffice to determine the question. The opinion offered that when both "husband and wife engage in gainful work the burden [of maintaining the family] will be greatly decreased and earlier marriages will inevitably follow" (p. 213), is completely refuted by experience. The author's vision is simply clouded by his own obsession. Thus he asks with something like an air of expected triumph in his critique of Jordan (p. 366):

> But have we any ground for concluding that women who are fulfilling the functions of maternity are thereby excluded from exercising full mental and physical activities in other directions?

Most students of the subject would answer in the affirmative; to the author a negative is the only reply imaginable. Whatever be the ultimate disposition of the question of woman suffrage, public opinion at present seems disinclined to add to the burdens womankind now bear the onus of political responsibility. Should women themselves insist generally on assuming this additional function, it will doubtless be conceded; but their insistence must voice the deliberate choice of the sex, not merely the demand of militant individual suffragists.

In the "Sociological Papers" the persistently recurrent note is the action of biological selection in human society. Based on different versions of this selective process, various schemes of eugenics are propounded. Thus G. Ashdall Reid argues that as the germ-cell is practically unaffected by the environment, it follows that "we cannot improve races of plants and animals by improving the conditions under which they exist. Such a course benefits the individual, but results in racial degeneration. The race can be improved only by restricting parentage to the finest individuals" (p. 10). W. McDougall offers what he terms a practical eugenic suggestion, to wit, a government subsidy for the encouragement of the multiplication of the better human stocks, especially in the civil service. Some of the papers touch, it is true, on other aspects of sociology—its methods, for example, are discussed by Mrs. Webb and by H. G. Wells; and the origin and function of religion by A. E. Crawley—but eugenics has the centre of the stage very much to itself.

If it were not for the wholly admirable paper entitled "The Sociological Appeal to Biology," by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson of the University of Aberdeen, the four volumes under review might be dismissed with a tolerably comprehensive verdict of dispraise. But they are all vicariously redeemed by Professor Thomson's contribution. Fortunately he combines with a knowledge of biology an insight into the social heritage of civilized society. A student of society can no longer afford to be ignorant of certain great biological generalizations. But armed with these alone, and let loose upon social phenomena, he may become as misleading theoretically, and as dangerous practically as the veriest quack. Against this unscientific one-sidedness Thomson raises a timely protest. There is no warrant, he asserts, for "pretending that sociology is merely a higher department of biology, and a human societary group no more than a crowd of mammals" (p. 159). The law of selection must be "reverified and tested" for society. "Its biological form is one thing, its sociological form may be another" (p. 161). To assume a crude identity is to court "sociomorphic illusions." The Weismannian doctrine of the non-inheritance of exogenous, somatogenic modifications loses much of its alleged sociological importance "in view of the fact that man has an external heritage of custom and tradition, institution and legislation, literature and art, which is slightly or not at all represented in the animal world, which yet may be so effective that its results come almost to the same thing as if acquired characters were transmitted" (p. 165). The biologico-sociologists have thus been deservedly called to order by one whose biological equipment they cannot disparage. Not the least of Thomson's services is his dispelling of the gloom engendered by the crass transfer of biological theorems into the social domain. The haughty disdain with which various forms of social prophylactic and environmental reform have been pronounced misguided and abortive efforts of a mistaken altruism will now be abated. The elimination of weaklings which has been preached as the primary social duty will have to yield to counsels at once more benevolent and more truly scientific. The preacher of eugenics will have to assume a more modest mien now that it is borne home on him that he has an infinitely subtler effect to compass than can be learned off-hand from the stud-book of the cattleman. And not least grateful for deliverance will be those modest well wishers of their kind who, albeit unversed in technical science, will be strengthened in their belief—avowed only fearfully of late—that common-sense methods of social betterment have no longer to dread the condemnation of an unmasked sciolism, nor any longer to invoke the *imprimatur* of an exposed pseudo-science.

D. Van Nostrand Company announces a number of books as "in press," viz.: "Differential Equations," by W. J. Berry; "Electric Motors: Their Action, Control, and Application," by F. B. Crocker; "Handbook for the Care and Operation of Naval Machinery," by Lieut. H. C. Dinger; "Linseed Oil," by W. D. Ennis; "The Design and Construction of Internal Combustion Engines," by Hugo Gueldner; "Integration by Trigonometric and Imaginary Substitution," by C. O. Gunther; "Electricity in Mining," by R. W. Hutchinson, jr.; "A Laboratory Guide to Commercial Analysis," by R. L. Fernbach; "General Methods Used in Technical Analysis, Part I.," by C. A. Keane; "Design of Electrical Machinery," by A. Press; "Machine Drafting and Empirical Design," by Walter Rautenstrauch; "A New System of Architectural Composition," by J. B. Robinson.

As a piece of fine bookmaking, "The Natural History Results of the National Antarctic Expedition," published by the British Museum, compares favorably with the volumes of the "Challenger Expedition." Volume II., which treats of the vertebrates, mollusks, and crustaceans, is complete in itself and is issued at the price of £3. The material has been worked up in a most entertaining way, abounding in incident. The various whales and seals are described by Dr. E. A. Wilson. The most fascinating part of the work is that devoted to the emperor and king penguins. The habits and life histories of these rare creatures are fully described, with scores of photographs. The emperor penguin, standing over half as tall as a man, selects the darkest, most dismal months of the Antarctic year in which to breed. Not only does it never climb out on land, but it never even touches land-ice, spending the whole of its time on sea-ice. If its egg or chick should rest even for a short time on the ice nothing could prevent freezing, so the parent holds its one egg or solitary chick upon its broad webbed feet. A fold of loose skin hangs down and partly protects the offspring from the icy air. Week after week the parent sits thus, when weary or hungry shifting its charge to the nearest penguin, but soon returning to take up its duties. In spite of all, many young birds freeze to death, and their stiffened little figures, erect as in life, are pitiful sights. This report should be in every public library as unfolding the mysteries of a zone unknown to almost all of us.

The final edition of the first part of J. M. Hulth's "Bibliographia Linnæana," an advance edition of which was issued at the time of the celebrations in Upsala last year, has now been published, containing such revision of details as could be made without disarranging the bulk of the printed matter. More extensive alterations and additions have been reserved for a supplement. One must regret that the author has not numbered the various titles and references in the list, for a consecutive numbering of all the items would have greatly facilitated the use of the book.

The first astronomical observatory in Sweden was the one erected in Upsala in the year 1649, as Karl Bohlin tells in an address delivered by him at the annual meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm, on the first of April, 1907. Another address, delivered by Einar Lönnberg on the same occasion, and, like Professor Bohlin's, printed in the Academy's Year Book for 1907, is entitled "Ett blad ur Elefanternas Utvecklingshistoria," and offers within a short compass an interesting survey of what is known of the evolution of the type of the elephant from the earliest geologic periods.

Dr. James Bell Pettigrew, Chandos professor of medicine and anatomy in the University of St. Andrew's, has just died in his seventy-fifth year. Among his medical publications are "Arrangement of Muscular Fibres in Heart," and "Bladder" (1864 and 1866), and "Structure and Function of

"Valves of Vascular System" (1864). He was also a devoted student of aeronautics, writing on the subject, and experimenting persistently in flying machines.

Drama.

Scheme and Estimates for a National Theatre. By William Archer and Granville Barker. New York: Duffield & Co $2.50.

Although this work relates exclusively to the plans and cost of a National Theatre for Great Britain, it contains much that is of interest for those who are contemplating the possible establishment of a similar institution in this country. It will at least direct attention to the amount of detail to be considered and the labor to be performed before the enterprise could be put into practical working shape. Both Mr. Archer and Mr. Barker are well qualified for the task which they have undertaken, the one by his long study of dramatic literature and the art of acting in England and on the Continent, and the other by his experience as a dramatist, as an actor, and a producing manager. The bulky volume which they have compiled does infinite credit to their enthusiasm, their industry, their technical knowledge and their foresight; it discusses, with a convincing array of facts and figures, every step in the process of construction from the appointment of the first committee to the raising of the curtain on the opening night; prescribes, indeed, a compact and elastic organization, which could scarcely fail to operate successfully, if once started on the assumed conditions. But it is impossible to avoid the reflection that this elaborate edifice rests upon a foundation of hope rather than of rational expectation. As a matter of fact all that Messrs. Archer and Barker have done is to point out what may be accomplished if somebody will present a suitable site in central London, if somebody else will build and give the theatre—both site and building to be free from rent and taxation—and if other volunteers will contribute an endowment fund of $750,000. It is true that provision is made for the creation of a sinking fund for the repayment of donors in the event of the scheme's proving remunerative, but this plan is not likely to prove a great inducement to investors. It is not pretended that money grants may be looked for from either Parliament or the municipal authorities. The fate of the whole scheme apparently depends upon the number of rich men zealous in the cause of a national theatrical art.

But in the scheme itself there are admirable features worthy of note. Great care is taken to ensure the devotion of the proposed theatre to its legitimate purposes and to no other. The property is vested in a board of fifteen trustees, of whom one is to be nominated by each of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, one by the Royal Academy, two by the London County Council, and nine by the original donors. In case of death, or resignation, vacancies would be filled by vote of the surviving members. The trustees are to appoint a director, and a staff—including a literary manager, a business manager, a solicitor, and a play reader. With the direct management of the theatre, the selection or production of plays, and affairs of the interior generally, neither the trustees nor the donors, are to have anything whatever to do. Executive control, subject to general regulations, will be entirely in the hands of the director and his staff, with the director supreme. The latter, of course, is removable by the trustees as a body, if they find him incapable. The regulations ordain that at least thirty different plays shall be acted every year, and that at least three different plays shall be presented every week. Of the performances each season one-fourth at least must be of the English classical drama, and one-third of the English and foreign classical drama taken together. Plays that have survived for one hundred years are to be accounted as classical. Not more than one-fifth of the performances may be of plays of foreign origin. American plays are to be counted as English. All these rules are sound, intelligent, and liberal. Sample programmes are given for an imaginary season in which the authors represented are Shakespeare, Pinero, Henley, and Stevenson, W. S. Gilbert, Congreve, Haddon Chambers, Molière, Wilde, Grundy, Sudermann, Sheridan, W. B. Yeats, H. A. Jones, Dumas, fils, T. W. Robertson, Brieux, Ben Jonson, R. C. Carton, Mæterlinck, Bulwer Lytton, Tennyson, Wills, and Frederick Fenn. This is a list against which very little exception could reasonably be taken considering the representative nature of the theatre. The absence of such names as Ibsen, Gorky, Björnson, Hauptmann, D'Annunzio, and Bernard Shaw denotes a prudent conservatism.

It would be useless to discuss the financial details, into which Messrs. Archer and Barker go with great minuteness, as they apply to England only, but the question of actors for an endowed national theatre, which must eschew long runs and everything that is merely sensational or popular, is one that is as vital here as anywhere else. Messrs. Archer and Barker profess to have no anxieties on this score, but their confidence in immediate results will not be shared by those most familiar with existing theatrical conditions. They say that upon careful inquiry they are convinced that they can assemble a company of some sixty players, capable of a worthy interpretation of the programme which they have outlined, without dependence upon high-priced stars. What they propose is to pay good, but not high, salaries, with an addition of a small special fee for each actual performance and a system of pensions after superannuation, regulated by length of service. They also promise furloughs to actors not in active employment. No doubt the certainty of a regular income would be a great attraction to players only in occasional demand at fancy prices, but this consideration has not been sufficient to stop desertions from the Théâtre Français and other European state theatres, and it is certain that the syndicate managers would offer powerful bribes to any player who could be converted into a star. F. R. Benson has had the best all-round stock company in England for many years—and has maintained it without subventions, by the sheer power of artistic purpose and achievement—but his most promising youngsters have been seduced from him continuously by London managers in need of a new leading man. One of the objects of a national theatre, of course, is to supply just such needs, but a constant leakage of this sort would be most perilous to a new organization unfortified by prestige. And it must be remembered that a national theatre company, to justify its existence, must be maintained at a high point of general efficiency.

Outside the companies of Mr. Benson and Oscar Asche, himself a Bensonian—and a few veterans—actors trained in the higher poetic and romantic drama are extremely rare. And this fact will constitute one of the most formidable difficulties which the promoters of the national theatre will have to overcome. Their plans include the establishment of a dramatic college as a feeder to the company, and the question arises whether it would not be wiser to start this first and begin rehearsals with the breaking of the ground for the new structure. Unless the early performances are a palpable improvement, artistically, upon any of the occasional revivals of recent years, the enterprise would suffer a shock from which it would recover with difficulty. The problem of the players is really the most difficult of all. Sites, theatres, and endowments may be readily provided, but no amount of money or good will can create a really representative company at a moment's notice.

Scribners have brought out a new edition of Professor Lounsbury's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," which, besides being cheaper than the original issue, is now made uniform in appearance with the other two volumes of the author's "Shakespearean Wars."

The production of "Electra"—an English version by Arthur Symons of Hugo von Hofmannstahl's German version of the Sophoclean drama—by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the Garden Theatre is worth a note of record as a praiseworthy, honest, but not very successful effort. As a representation of ancient Greek tragedy, it was unsatisfactory to the classical student, not so much because of the unavoidable inaccuracy of the stage appointments or the radical modifications in the structure and dialogue of the piece itself, as because of the failure of the performers to suggest its antique spirit or interpret adequately its sombre and terrible emotions. None of them could supply the heroic carriage, the sonorous, measured, and pregnant utterance, or the large, free, significant gesture necessary to the dignity and grave portent of the scene. Mrs. Campbell herself, with her striking presence, was a picturesque figure as Electra, and had some fine moments of despair and passion, but she was far more impressive in repose than in action and never rose to any great height of tragic exaltation. The best performance, in respect of form and comprehension, was the Clytemnestra of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

There was not much of the actual Balzac, but more than a faint reflection of his spirit, in "The Honor of the Family," which was produced in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening. It is an English version, not too skilfully made, by Paul Potter, from "La Rabouilleuse," which is in turn an adaptation by Emil Fabre from "Un Ménage de Garçon." The piece does not belong to the highest type of romantic melodrama, but is well made theatrically and is uncommonly strong in characterization and succession of lively incident. In the hands of a first rate company, accustomed to romance, it would prove exceedingly effective. In this case the only really romantic acting is supplied by Otis Skinner, who furnishes a remarkably picturesque, humorous, and vital impersonation of the masterful Bonapartist Colonel, Philippe Bridau. He is one of the very few actors capable of conceiving an eccentric personality of this sort and giving it plausible embodiment. His impersonation is particularly welcome at a time when the stage is occupied, for the most part, by a dull and deadly realism.

The new Irish drama is not altogether unknown in this city, but the Irish National Theatre Company was represented here for the first time on Tuesday evening, in the Savoy Theatre, when three of its prominent members, Bridget O'Dempsay, W. G. Fay, and F. J. Fay, appeared in W. B. Yeats's "A Pot of Broth." On the programme this was described as a one-act comedy, but actually it is only a sketch in a folklore notebook, undramatic in form and quality. It simply shows how a blarneying beggar procures a dinner at the expense of two credulous peasants, by bragging of the alleged virtues of a wonder-stone by which hot water is turned into good soup. The humor of it is rather thin, but conveys an impression of absolute veracity. There is not the least suggestion of the theatre about it. The actors, indeed, seemed purposely to avoid any expedient that might savor of the footlights, playing more like amateurs than professionals. To the ordinary theatregoer, accustomed to the stage Irishman, this representation will seem to have little point or flavor, but the more discerning observer, noting the perfect realism of the cabin and its fittings, and of the costumes, manner, and speech of the actors, and the natural but not altogether trivial dialogue, will realize that this is a distinctly national product, characteristic of race and country, and therefore possessing a special artistic value.

The first play which Mme. Vera Komisarzhevsky will present in New York in her engagement of five weeks, beginning on March 2, is Ibsen's "A Doll's House." It is her intention to give ten plays, the majority of which have never been seen before in this country and she will give two of them each week. In the first week, besides "A Doll's House," she will produce "The Fires of St. John," by Sudermann.

Ben Greet has recently added to the repertory of his company dramatizations of several of the tales in Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." These include "The Mysterious Box," "The Golden Touch," and "The Miraculous Pitcher," all of which have been received with great favor, especially by the children for whose benefit they are chiefly intended. Mr. Greet's list of comedies, this season, includes "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," "The Jealous Wife," and "The Critic." In the spring he expects to give "Comus," with Lawes's music, to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Milton.

Music.

Chats with Music Lovers. By Annie W. Patterson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Half-Hour Lessons in Music. By Mrs. Herman Kotzschmar. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Counterpoint Simplified. By Francis L. York. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Analytical programmes are frequently written which are intelligible only to those concert goers who do not need them; and readers of books on musical topics are often disconcerted by technicalities, many of which are needless. The author of "Chats with Music Lovers" has evidently made a conscious effort to avoid that sort of thing; being a "Mus. Doc., B.A., Royal University of Ireland," she could no doubt have written as learnedly as any of them, but she has preferred to make her pages intelligible to all; indeed, she has gone to the other extreme. The object of her book is to give advice to those who want to know how to enjoy music, how to practise, how to sing, how to compose, how to read textbooks and prepare for examinations, how to get engagements and appear in public, how to conduct, to play the organ, to teach, to organize musical entertainments, to publish music. To each of these topics a chapter is devoted, replete with sound, practical advice to beginners. Nor will advanced students fail to find here and there a point of value. On the subject of nervousness, for instance, which afflicts many mature and famous artists, the author cites the advice of a revered master: "Look upon the listeners as so many cabbage heads," and adds:

> The best safeguard against nervousness is to throw one's self so thoroughly into the interpretation of the work undertaken that surroundings become as if they were not.

Concerning programmes the author has sensible things to say. She maintains that they are generally far too long, and believes that if they were reduced so as to provide no more than an hour of music the masses would be tempted to attend what now they avoid, and good music would become as popular as good fiction. Débutantes, in particular, should understand that "the effect they produce is often in proportion to the length of the solo selection given; *i. e.*, the less we hear from them the more we would like to hear." The most difficult step in the career of an artist is the securing of the first engagement for a public appearance. The author's advice is that the pupils should prepare as many oratorio and operatic parts as possible under the guidance of a competent teacher. It often happens that an eminent singer becomes indisposed on the eve of an important performance. This is the débutante's chance. Mary Garden began her operatic career that way, becoming famous overnight.

Mrs. Kotzschmar's book is written in a style still more simplified. It consists of a series of twelve lessons for those who are called upon to teach children. The author's aim has been "to see from the children's point of view, and to explain and illustrate things musical in a way that would appeal to their imagination as well as reason." She has found children naturally enthusiastic and optimistic, and has aimed to preserve and intensify these traits by the manner of presenting information, resorting to pictures, jokes, and other things the little ones like. Experience has convinced her that for all foundational study, class work is superior to private, because it gives the children the advantages of companionship, comparison, and competition. Details about the lives of great composers are deftly interwoven into the lessons. An occasional statement may be questioned. It is not true that Bach "was always poor." He had for a time an income equal to $3,000 to-day. To be sure, his family numbered twenty children.

Simplification is also the keynote of the third book on our list. Mr. York does not assert that he has discovered any new principles in counterpoint. He has merely attempted to put the old well-known principles of strict counterpoint in as convenient and concise a form as possible, and it must be admitted that he has succeeded very well. His definition of counterpoint as "the art of so writing two or more melodies that they may be satisfactorily performed at the same time," is a good sample of the lucidity which prevails throughout the book—a trait sadly missing in some of the larger treatises on the art of weaving together voices. Of the sixteen chapters in this volume fourteen are devoted to "strict" counterpoint, the last two being concerned with "free," or "composers," counterpoint, in which unprepared dissonances are permissible and the movement of the voices is determined largely by chords.

A short biography of C. A. Debussy, the composer of "Pelléas et Mélisande," by Mrs. Franz Liebich, is announced for immediate publication by John Lane Co. Besides a full discussion of this opera, the book will contain a chronological list of Debussy's works, including several in preparation. In connection with this may be mentioned a special souvenir edition of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," with illustrations from the opera and a critical Introduction by Montrose J. Moses, to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

England has frequently given great singers to the world, but seldom first-class instrumentalists. It is therefore worth noting that there are in our concert field this year three such, a violoncellist and two pianists. The violoncellist is May Mukle; at the last concert of the Russian Symphony Orchestra she played a concerto which made a famous musician exclaim "Gerardy is an artistic infant compared to her!" Her tone is extraordinarily big, beautiful, and varied; her *aplomb* is amazing, and all her instincts are genuinely musical. Of the pianists, one, Harold Bauer, has been a frequent visitor in this country. He was doubly welcome this time because he was the first foreigner of note to play MacDowell's "Eroica Sonata" in public here. The other pianist, Katharine Goodson, was heard last year in chamber music, but as a soloist she has only just now revealed her powers. Her art is much like that of May Mukle—ardent, impulsive, emotional, yet always sane and avoiding extravagance. These three artists indicate that English musicians are at last succeeding in breaking through the British stoicism which has so long tabooed and hindered emotionalism, the very essence of the tonal art.

The annual Wagner concert of the New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, will be given Saturday evening at Carnegie Hall, with the usual repetition on Sunday afternoon. The feature of the programme will be the appearance of Mme. Nordica as soloist. Among other numbers she will sing Isolde's "Lament over Tristan's Body" and the "Liebestod." This will be Mme. Nordica's first concert appearance this season. The orchestra will play three early overtures of Wagner. They are an overture to "Christopher Columbus," to be played for the first time in America; overture to "Rienzi," and overture to "Tannhäuser."

Wagner has more than twice as many performances in Germany as any other composer. The figures, compiled by Breitkopf & Härtel, give him, for the season 1906-7, 1,710; Lortzing comes next with 725, followed by Verdi with 721. Bizet had 530, Mozart 514, R. Strauss 291, Mascagni 281, Leoncavallo 252, Beethoven 187, Humperdinck 158, Meyerbeer 144. But no grand opera was able to compete with "The Merry Widow," which was sung 2,932 times.

Art.

Le Origini Della Architettura Lombarda. By G. T. Rivoira. Vol. II. Rome: Loescher & Company.

In 1901 Signor Rivoira published the first volume of a treatise to which, for years to come, all scholars must refer when considering any important monument of Lombard architecture. In the uncertainty which still prevails in many quarters as to the origin of what is popularly known as Romanesque architecture, whether its inspiration came from France or from Germany, or from Italy, from Constantinople, from Syria, or from Persia, Signor Rivoira raises a clear bugle call in defence of the Italian origin of all its essential features. So sure is he that this type of architecture was not merely founded upon Roman tradition but developed first within the boundaries of Italy (at Ravenna and in Lombardy), that he discards the word Romanesque as being for his purpose too vague and comprehensive. His first volume was concerned with the origins of Lombard architecture: first, at Ravenna, where all the characteristic elements appear at an earlier date than in Constantinople; and secondly, in Lombardy, where Roman and Ravennese traditions long survived.

This second volume traces the spread of Lombard architecture to France, England, and Germany. It is here that Rivoira's strength makes itself felt. To do full justice to his work would require far more time and special consideration than is possible for us to give; but we may, nevertheless, even in a brief review, point out some of the chief merits and defects. Rivoira attacks his subject with a double axe, one edge of which is historical and the other archæological. He has grasped more fully than most historians of architecture the human element which enters into ecclesiastical foundations. Thus, Guglielmo di Volpiano looms up as an important figure because of his foundations at Dijon, Fécamp, Jumièges, Rouen, Bernay, and Mont Saint-Michel; and Lanfranco di Pavia, because of his foundations at Avranches, Bec, and especially at Caen. Rivoira's quest for founders and restorers of churches has led him beyond the field of strictly architectural literature to the sources of mediæval history, which he has evidently studied to good purpose. His dates, of which there are many, are drawn chiefly from documentary sources. Moreover, he proves himself a careful observer of architectural forms and a keen student of their affiliations. He describes in detail every monument of which he treats. This succession of descriptions may not be interesting for continuous perusal, but is most important for reference. These descriptions are illustrated by some 650 photographic reproductions. Ground plans, however, are notably absent. Rivoira has, too, an uncommonly keen eye for sculptural details. From an æsthetic point of view, pre-Lombard capitals and decorative sculptures exhibit, in most instances, such helpless incompetence as to tempt a historian of art to pass them over in silence. Not so with Rivoira. He distinguishes between the degrees of incompetence displayed with the same attentive care that a parent might give to the first efforts in modelling made by an only child.

To most readers the discussion of the ribbed cross vault will appeal as a novel but most reasonable solution of that vexed problem. If Rivoira's dates are trustworthy, it is not to the Ile-de-France in the clumsy ribs of the ambulatory at Morienval (1120-1140), nor to England in the heavy ribbed vaults at Durham (1093-1133), that we must look for the earliest ribbed vaults. Italy, as we might expect, furnishes earlier examples, not, it may be, at S. Ambrogio di Milano (1088-1128), or at S. Michele di Pavia (circa 1117); but certainly in the church at Rivolta d'Adda (1086-1095), and in still earlier examples in the Cathedral at Aversa (1049-1056), and at S. Flaviano di Montefiascone (circa 1032). These churches show that under Lombard influence the ribbed cross vault was, during the course of the eleventh century, represented in widely separated towns in Italy.

Another striking feature of the book is the boldness with which the author mentions the first appearances of specific architectural features in France, England, and Germany. Of such claims we have noted twenty for France, and no less than thirty-two for England. Thus, for example, the first appearance in Great Britain of the front porch, of buttresses, of square transepts, and of the rood screen occur at St. Pancras, Canterbury, where they were introduced by the Roman monk, Augustine. Rivoira also believes that the first appearance in England of the rectangular presbytery was at Lyminge (965); of a Latin basilica with a central tower, at St. Peter's, Westminster (1080); of double transepts, at the Cathedral of Canterbury (1093-1130); of blind arcades as decoration at the base of walls, at Winchester Cathedral (1079-1093); and of cylindrical piers in the nave, at Malvern (1085). It is not to be expected that all of these claims will bear the test of time, but they should at least stimulate investigation; and the young student would do well to schedule them for purposes of study.

It must be said, however, that the method which the author pursues of describing a succession of monuments, even though they be grouped into schools, makes it rather difficult to find what the title leads us to expect, namely, discussions of the origin of specific architectural forms. Having apportioned himself no chapter for such topical consideration, Signor Rivoira is always tempted to present some historic vista when describing a particular monument. Even the indexes present only a list of monuments, arranged chronologically and alphabetically. If we wish, for example, for some account of thrust and counterthrust in vaulted buildings, we must search for it until we reach the discussion of Charlemagne's Chapel at Aachen. If we are interested in the origin of bell towers in the western façades, we hit upon it in the description of Gernrode. Even the important discussion of the ribbed cross vault follows the description of the Abbey at Cluny. The book is already unwieldy as to size, but a topical index directing the reader to these scattered discussions is a practical necessity.

In reading through these splendid volumes we of the north of Europe and America are led to feel how all roads lead to Rome, especially in mediæval architecture. Rivoira is at heart a patriot, and his book carries to its extreme the theory of the Italian origin of European architecture of the early Middle Ages. Doubtless Italy furnished the dominating influence. But we need not forget that the Orient throughout this period solved many architectural problems in the same way, and that one who is not at the same time an Orientalist and a European archæologist can hardly determine questions of priority. The beginnings of Roman architecture are certainly to be sought in the older civilizations of the East, but the development for the specific requirements of mediæval life in Europe may well have gone on without much help from the East.

For the "Collection of English Furniture of the XVII. and XVIII. Centuries," now exhibited at the Tiffany Studios, a catalogue has been prepared by Luke Vincent Lockwood, which, with its plates and text, will have value for collectors apart from the present occasion. The specimens of furniture were originally brought together by Thomas B. Clarke.

One of the finest specimens of book making recently produced in Germany is a work, prepared under the supervision of the Grand Duke Carl Alexander of Saxony, entitled "Die Wartburg: Ein Denkmal deutscher Geschichte und Kunst." The account of the famous Wartburg, a national shrine of Germany, is here given in fourteen monographs, historical, descriptive, artistic, etc., with 706 pictures in the text and 54 full-page illustrations, in copper engraving, woodcut, heliograph, and color (Berlin: Historischer Verlag Baumgaertel). The contents, both letterpress and illustrations, are the work of specialists and skilled artists. Price 260 marks.

The French Archæological Institute in Athens announces an important discovery made in Delos: a vast hypostyle hall covering an area of 1,840 square metres. On the front was a Doric portico facing the harbor; within, surrounding the hall, was a row of Doric columns, which was followed by another row of higher columns; in the hall itself were nine more rows of five columns each; the whole central part of the building was raised. The plan of the building, which is to be dated about 111 B.C., suggests a Roman basilica, of which indeed it appears to be a direct predecessor. At all events this style of architecture is foreign to classical Greece and was probably derived from the East.

The museums of Berlin have recently purchased a remarkable collection formed in South Russia of minor antiquities of all periods. In the Antiquarium have been placed the Greek and Græco-Roman product, as well as the half barbaric specimens from the Black Sea, which have hitherto been only meagrely represented. They consist of jewelry, chiefly gold; glass; well-preserved wooden ornaments of coffins; low reliefs in colored stucco, among which are three groups of Niobids; terra-cotta vases and figurines; bronzes. Among the Gothic finds which have been placed in the Museum für Völkerkunde, the most important piece is a bronze crown covered with gold, on which are mounted red stones. The other objects are a gold mounting for the sheath of a sword, a series of massive gold bracelets and other ornaments, fibulæ, and buckles. The rest of the collection has gone to the Islam collection of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum. It contains Syrian glass from the Caucasus and gold jewelry from a tomb in Tiflis.

The Giornale d'Italia states that the cathedral of Spoleto threatens to become a ruin owing to a gradual sinking of the slope on which it is built. A special commission has examined the building, and has drawn up a report to the Ministry of Public Instruction, suggesting measures necessary for its preservation.

The fourteenth annual exhibition of the T Square Club and the Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects will be held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, April 13 to May 3. The Walter Cope Memorial Prize will be awarded for designs for a monument at the entrance of the harbor of Philadelphia. The jury of selection and award for the exhibition consists of Thomas M. Kellogg, C. L. Borie, jr., John Molitor, Frank Miles Day, William A. Delano, E. W. Donn, jr., Charles Grafly, Albert Kelsey, George Spencer Morris, Philip Sawyer, and Clarence C. Zantzinger; the hanging committee, of Paul P. Cret, Edward A. Crane, M. Edmunds Dunlap, James P. Jamieson, Gustav Ketterer, William W. Sharpley, and Stanley Yocum.

The interest in art in Canada is indicated by the formation of a Canadian Art Club, which is holding its first annual exhibition at Toronto. The members are: W. Edwin Atkinson, Archibald Browne, Edmund Morris, and Curtis Williamson, Toronto; Franklin Brownell, Ottawa; James Wilson Morrice, Paris; Horatio Walker, New York; and Homer Watson, Dover. Mr. Watson is president; Mr. Wilson secretary, and D. R. Wilkie, honorary president. The exhibitors, in addition to the members, are William Brymner, Maurice Cullen, and Robert Harris of Montreal.

An exhibition of handicraft jewelry will be open at the rooms of the National Society of Craftsmen, No. 119 East Nineteenth Street, till February 22. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are Indian paintings by E. Irving Crouse and portraits by André Brouillet, M. Knoedler & Co.'s, February 21; modern Dutch paintings, Arthur Tooth & Sons, February 22; pictures by Paul Cornoyer, Powell's, February 22; paintings by Gifford and Reynolds Beal, Bauer-Folsom's, February 29; and portraits by old masters, Ehrich's, March 5.

At an auction at Christie's in London, February 1, the following prices were paid for paintings: E. Long, Pharaoh's Daughter Finding Moses, £441; A. Cuyp, Hilly Landscape, with horsemen on rustic bridge and peasants driving cattle, £588; Frozen River, with sledges and numerous figures, £273.

Finance.

The Trust Movement in British Industry: A Study of Business Organization. By Henry W. Macrosty. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Macrosty here gives us an admirable survey of the combination movement in Great Britain. He uses the word Trust as a general term applicable to all forms of combinations. Description, rather than criticism, is the purpose of the book, but the concluding chapter presents the author's conclusions.

Combinations of one kind or another have been attempted in a large number of British trades: in the coal and other extractive industries, in the manufacture of iron and steel, in various textile industries, in grain milling, in the chemical industries, in the tobacco and liquor trades, in transportation, in retail trade, and a number of other industries. They have followed three main lines of development: "Integration, or vertical combination, as in the iron and steel industry"; "amalgamation, or horizontal combination, as in the textile industries"; and "terminable associations, as in the retail trades." The process of integration in the iron and steel industry has arisen from the fact that the cost of finished products can be reduced by utilizing some energy which otherwise goes to waste in the earlier stages of production. Horizontal amalgamation is the most common form which combinations take, and this is found in various industries besides the textile. Mr. Macrosty thinks it is due to "destructive competition," but finds that it is not progressing as rapidly as it progressed six or seven years ago. Terminable associations are very common, but, outside of the "shipping conferences," seldom result in anything like permanent control over prices.

Combinations of competing firms, however formed, have little control over prices in a free-trade country, and Mr. Macrosty finds that "there have been very few complaints of price extortion." Instead of seeking temporary gains by a great increase of prices, British combinations must look to their permanent interests; and thus are thrown back upon the policy of strengthening their position as producers. Unless they can show that they have the cheapest and best modes of production, they are, says Mr. Macrosty, sure to fail; and, he adds:

> It is our good fortune that this problem is being worked out in Britain free from complications of tariffs or secret railway agreements.

Concerning the relation of the British combinations to the welfare of the country, Mr. Macrosty speaks with due scientific reserve. He sees possible dangers, but can see also great possibilities for good. The case is radically different from that of the American Trusts, because in Great Britain combination has not been fostered by a protective tariff or railway discriminations. The problem seems to be that of "the modification of society by a new organization of industry, a more efficient method of production, evolving normally without artificial stimulus." Under such conditions, as Mr. Macrosty suggests, it may well be that "patience, not hostility, is the proper attitude."

Under the auspices of the State Banking Department the trust companies of New York city are now issuing weekly statements. There is no law which compels weekly statements by any financial institution. What has been known for half a century as the "New York Bank Statement" is a purely voluntary publication by the banks in the New York Clearing House. In some large cities, such as Chicago, no weekly reports are made. Until 1905, the trust companies of this State were subject only to the requirement of semi-annual reports on January 1 and July 1. In April of that year, the law was amended so as to prescribe that "the superintendent shall, at least once in three months, designate some day therein in respect to which the report shall be made." Under this authority Superintendent Kilburn called for four reports each year, at irregular dates; Superintendent Williams has required reports every Saturday. Undoubtedly the new system of publicity will help the trust companies Persistent secrecy, where the confidence of the public has to be retained, has always reacted on those who practise it. This is one reason why stocks and bonds of railways, which make full and frequent reports

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of earnings, are so much more in favor with investors than securities of industrial companies which do not make adequate reports. Publicity of earnings is certainly one important reason for the support which Steel Corporation securities have had from the public. The copper trade and copper securities of this country have never freed themselves from the suspicions justly created when the ill-advised "insiders," three or four years ago, suppressed the monthly figures of production. The iron trade is undoubtedly injured in the public view, at times of reaction, by the still more recent suppression of the customary returns of unsold stocks of pig iron on hand. With financial intelligence diffused as it is today, all such efforts to deprive the investor of reasonable light are sure to provoke suspicion. It is not impossible that this principle had some part in the fright of depositors over the trust companies last October. If so, that particular cause need never recur.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andersen's Ugly Duckling. Put in phonographic style by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.
Andrews, Annulet. The Wife of Narcissus. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25.
Aristotle, The works of. Translated into English. Part I: The Parva Naturalia. Henry Frowde.
Bacon, Francis, The Essays of. Edited by Mary Augusta Scott. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Baring-Gould, S. Devonshire Characters and Strange Events. John Lane Co. $7 net.
Bates, Lindon W. Retrieval at Panama. Technical Literature Co.
Bradford's Bibliographer's Manual of American History. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Stan. V. Henkels & Co.
Buffalo Historical Society, Publications of the. Vols, X, XI. Buffalo: Published by the Society.
Cameron, Margaret. The Cat and the Canary. Harpers. $1.
Case, T. H. T. Songs and Poems. London: David Nutt.
Clark, John Bates. Essentials of Economic Theory. Macmillan.
Clendening, Laura Kelsey. Ropes of Sand. Boston: Badger.
Coolidge, Helen Elizabeth. Poems. Boston: Badger.
Crawford, J. P. Wickersham. The Life and Works of Christobal Suárez de Figueroa. University of Pennsylvania.
Crockett, S. R. The Iron Lord. Empire Book Co.
Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by James Hastings and others. Vol. II. Scribners.
Donnelly, Eleanor C. The Secret of the Statue and Other Verse. Boston: Badger.
Doolittle, Eric. Catalogue and Re-Measurement of the 648 Double Stars Discovered by Professor G. W. Hough, University of Pennsylvania.
Druce, George Claridge. List of British Plants. Henry Frowde.
Dunmore, Walter T. Ship Subsidies. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ferris, George Hooper. The Formation of the New Testament. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 90 cents.
Fitchett, W. H. The Beliefs of Unbelief. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Franklin, W. S., and others. Practical Physics. Vol. III. Macmillan.
Freeman, W. G., and S. E. Chandler. The World's Commercial Products. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gasquet, Francis Aidan. The Black Death. London: George Bell & Sons.
Gibbons, James Cardinal. True Manhood. Baltimore: Doxey Book Shop Co.
Glossemata de Prudentio. Edited by John M. Burnam. University of Cincinnati.
Gospel of Râmakrishna. The Vedanta Society.
Grainger, James Moses. Studies in the Syntax of the King James Version. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University Press.
Higgins, Aileen Cleveland. Thekla; A Drama. Boston: Badger.
Huey, Edmund Burke. The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading. Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.
Isham, Frederic S. The Lady of the Mount. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co
King, Gen. Charles. To the Front. Harpers. $1.25.
Leith, W. Compton. Apologia Diffidentis. John Lane Co. $2.50 net.
Little Letters to Boys Grown Tall. Chicago: Abbey Press.
Lounsbury, Thomas R. Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. Scribners. $2 net.
McCarthy, Justin. A Short History of Our Times. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Marzo, Eduardo. The Art of Vocalization. Boston: Ditson. 75 cents.
Maxwell, W. B. Hill Rise. Empire Book Co.
Mendelssohn, Charles Jastrow. Studies in the Word-Play in Plautus. University of Pennsylvania.
Mineral Resources of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Neff, Elizabeth. Altars to Mammon. F. A. Stokes & Co. $1.50.
Noyes, William A. Kurzes Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie. Leipzig.
Randall, D. T. The Purchase of Coal Under Government and Commercial Specifications on the Basis of Its Heating Value. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Redlich, Josef. The Procedure of the House of Commons. Translated by A. Ernest Steinthal. 3 vols. London: Archibald Constable Co.
Redmond, John E. Some Argument for Home Rule. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.
Reed, Sarah A. A Romance of Arlington House. Boston: Chapple Publishing Co.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Scribners. $3 net.
Rosenkrantz, Baron Palle. The Man in the Basement. Empire Book Co.
Sand, George. La Mare au Diable. London: George Bell & Sons.
Schultz, Arthur. Graphic Algebra. Macmillan Co. 80 cts. net.
Seneca: Hercules Furens, Troades, Medea. Edited by Hugh M. Kingery. Macmillan Co. 60 cts. net.
Smith, C. Alphonso. Educational Statesmanship in the South. Chapel Hill, N. C.: University Press.
Smith, C. Alphonso. The Indicative in an Unreal Condition. University of Chicago Press.
Smith, Gertrude. Delight: The Story of a Little Christian Scientist. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Smith, Wilton Merle. Giving a Man Another Chance and other Sermons. Revell. $1 net.
Sprague, Rufus Farrington. The True Nature of Value. University of Chicago Press.
State Treasurer's Report of New York, 1907. Albany.
Thorndike, Edward L. The Elimination of Pupils from School. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Traubel, Horace. With Walt Whitman in Camden. Vol. II. Appleton. $3 net.
Weiss, Susan Archer. The Home Life of Poe. Broadway Publishing Co.
Westrup, Margaret. The Greater Mischief. Harpers. $1.50.

NEW NOVELS WORTH READING

Barron's The Lost Goddess

A story of love and adventure concerning some modern New Yorkers and the perils of their search for a beautiful girl at the headwaters of the Amazon. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908.

The Week.

That President Roosevelt must be vexed and scandalized by the open use of Federal offices to promote Taft's nomination, is clear to every one familiar with his principles and his record. To show how flatly the practice of his unruly subordinates is at variance with the convictions and pledges of their chief, we need not stop with Mr. Roosevelt's recent letter to Mr. Foulke. For the true Roosevelt doctrine, we have only to go back to the reports of the United States Civil Service Commission when Theodore Roosevelt was a member. One passage, in particular, states the correct position with such vigor that we could wish it were printed in capitals and nailed up over the door of the President's office. It occurs in the annual report for 1890-1891:

> The public service should be divorced from politics. . . . *No Government office* should be used to control the results of any elections whatever, whether it is an election for State or Federal officers, *or a primary, held for the purpose of electing delegates to a nominating convention*. . . . No officeholder belonging to a dominant party should act in any way which would cause a scandal or create friction in any office if the person belonged to the party in opposition. Under the spoils system, the theory is that politics belong especially to the officeholders. Under the merit system, the theory is that politics belong to the people, and that the people are quite capable of managing their own affairs *without interference and dictation* on the part of those whom they have chosen to serve the whole public in *merely administrative positions*.

This being President Roosevelt's own utterance, and so eternally true, it is easy to understand the exasperation with which he must view the unconcealed activity of Federal officeholders in many parts of the country in the interest of Secretary Taft. In Missouri, for example, specifications and names are not lacking. The *Howell County Gazette*, published at West Plains, gives an account of the proceedings in the convention of the Fourteenth District. "The first man on the scene was Grant Gillespie, an assistant in the office of District Attorney Sager at St. Louis.' Then there were postmasters thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa: A. T. Hollenbeck of West Plains, Charles W. Ferguson of Willow Springs, E. W. Flentge of Cape Girardeau, William Kitchen of New Madrid, C. A. Crow of Caruthersville, J. F. Palmer of Pomona, Postmaster Melvin of Bronson. Such a list can but cause the President grief mingled with anger. Moreover, his strong aversion to "interference or dictation" in politics by any one in an "administrative position" makes it plain that a vast amount of lying has been done by Washington correspondents. Here, for example, is a Washington dispatch to the Omaha *Bee*, asserting the most unblushing interference and dictation by one in an administrative position:

> The President bore down upon the proposition that Nebraska must be lined up for Secretary Taft. . . . He left no doubt upon the minds of Senator Burkett or Mr. Hammond as to his wishes for Nebraska, and he requested the two gentlemen to see to it that Nebraska sends a delegation unqualifiedly in favor of Secretary Taft.

Mr. Roosevelt would be the last man on earth to attempt dictation of that kind He will surely abide by his original doctrine. It was absolutely sound; and only a person whom we should hesitate to characterize would venture to assert that it was, as the Scotch elder said of the sermon, "*all* sound."

At Chicago on Saturday Gov. Hughes was more impressive than in his address to the Republican Club of this city on January 31. There was, too, an uncommon literary skill in the Governor's speech. It was not simply that his thought was clear and his language well chosen, but that the desired shadings and contrasts were so precisely conveyed. Gov. Hughes is attacking no one, comparing himself with no one, setting up no policies of his own as novel discoveries; yet the net impression of his speech is to put him before the country in a light and a position all his own. He is for vigor, but it must be disciplined vigor. He is for action, but it must be preceded by investigation to ascertain the facts. He would resolutely attack public evils, but they must first be delimited. Whatever the political effect of his speech, it will remain a model both in substance and presentation. In Gov. Hughes, it is plain, we have no addition to

> —the breed of such
> Who think too little, and who talk too much.

President Roosevelt is quite within his rights, and it may be his duty, to direct the Interstate Commerce Commission to inquire whether prevailing conditions in the railroad business justify a reduction in the wages of employees. If there is to be a clash between the men and the companies, it is well that the facts in dispute should be in hand. But the President went far beyond this in the letter which he made public last week. In it, the business world will read all kinds of vague threats and possibilities of further interference for political reasons. And the implication that no reduction of wages is to be tolerated in the case of a railroad that has a "bad past"—"past financial or other operations," is the President's language—is reckless. The President himself has distinctly, in his Indianapolis speech and elsewhere, renounced all idea of opening these closed chapters in railway finance. Secretary Taft has emphatically done the same, in his own name and the President's. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt has put himself on record as believing that there exists to-day substantially no over-capitalization in American railways. If the President had confined himself to the one point whether "the loss of business is such that the burden should be equitably distributed between capitalist and wage-workers," he would have been on firm ground. It needs no heaven-sent Commission to ascertain the facts. They are writ large in diminished railway earnings, reduced or passed dividends, and idle cars. If the wages of employees were successively raised, as they were, in the years of prosperity, they inevitably fall in times of adversity. All but the blind can see that we are in for a period of lower prices. With profits everywhere lessened, volume of traffic lowered, and salaries reduced, it is inevitable that wages must come down temporarily. We are all in the same boat. Whoever may be or may not be to blame for the misfortunes that have overtaken the country, all of its citizens must take their part. It is no time to attempt to set up a privileged class, even if they call themselves labor unions and boast of their political power.

We are reassured by the statement of Mr. Gompers that the trouble with our Supreme Court is not so much its lack of legal learning as its failure to inform itself on "modern economics." Characterizing as "mediæval" the doctrine on which the court decided the celebrated "hat cases," the president of the American Federation of Labor proceeds to illustrate his own notions of "modern economics." One postulate is that a labor union is not a Trust, because "there cannot be a Trust in something which is not yet produced." The Standard Oil, then, would not be a Trust if it disposed of all its oil on hand and possessed merely control of sources of production and means of obtaining a practical monopoly of future orders. That the union does try to make itself the only source from which employers can obtain skilled labor does not constitute, to him, a point of similarity. This is exactly like the quibble by which it is attempted to defend the boycott while denouncing the blacklist. The *Ameri-*

can Federationist has changed the phraseology of its "We don't patronize" list and now says mildly:

> It should be borne in mind that there is no law—aye, not even a court decision—compelling union men or the friends of labor to buy, etc.

The real question is not how the list is phrased, but how it is interpreted in practice. If it is, in fact, the means for setting in motion complicated and far-reaching agencies of coercion, and this fact is thoroughly understood in the unions, then it would not matter if it were headed "A list of the firms which have the most beautiful flower-beds in their factory front-yards."

Monday's decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that State regulation of the number of hours a woman may spend in mechanical labor is in accordance with the Constitution, is of vast importance. The issue presented was simple. In 1903 the Legislature of Oregon passed a law providing that "no female [shall] be employed in any mechanical establishment or factory or laundry" "more than ten hours during any one day." Curt Muller, a laundryman of Portland, brought suit to have the law declared unconstitutional, as violating the Fourteenth Amendment. The Oregon Supreme Court decided that the State possessed the power to fix the hours of women wage-earners as a police regulation, and that by so doing it did not infringe the liberty of the citizen to purchase or sell labor. The Federal Supreme Court has upheld this decision. An adverse ruling would have invalidated nearly all our State statutes limiting the hours of adult women. Nineteen of our States and all the leading countries of Europe have passed such laws. The consensus of public opinion the world over is that such regulation protects the public health. While women should have the right to choose their own employments and the working conditions that suit them, the progress of civilization demands that they be saved from over-exertion or from unsanitary surroundings that tend to incapacitate them for family life. Here, again, an abstract question of personal liberty has had to give way before considerations of national welfare. Justice Brewer, who read the opinion, went so far as to say of the woman wage-earner that "legislation designed for her protection may be sustained even when like legislation is not necessary for men, and could not be sustained." If this looks like legal favoritism shown to one sex, Justice Brewer replies that the difference in the physical strength of the sexes and the maternal functions of women necessitate special legislation for their safety "from the greed as well as the passion of man." This decision is not only just in morals, but is sound from the economic point of view. The Industrial Commission of 1900 laid great emphasis upon the fact that "permanent industrial progress cannot be built upon the physical exhaustion of women and children." Again, the shorter workday for women has resulted in a much more equal distribution of work throughout the year, especially in the so-called season trades. Employers who formerly overworked women at one or two seasons and then instituted part-time at the dull periods have been compelled to greater foresight, with the result that their labor is more efficient and contented, and that they have actually saved money.

If, as newspaper correspondents assert, Senator Aldrich is willing, rather than sacrifice the railroad-bond feature of his currency bill, to accept the amendment providing that railroads must have the physical valuation of their properties determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission before their bonds can be accepted as the basis for emergency currency, this is a decided victory for Senator La Follette and the group of Senators—mainly Western—who have joined with him in fighting for the "physical valuation" plan. In spite of the progress of the movement in the States—New Jersey being the latest to adopt the idea—the railroads have generally regarded the appraisal of physical values as useless where it is not positively mischievous. It would be absurd enough, no doubt, to regard the total cost of track, bridges, rolling stock, and so on, which might be higher for a lonely road in the Rockies than for one directly tributary to New York or Chicago, as representing the entire value of a line. But many men of conservative tendencies believe in determining the physical valuation of every road as one among a number of important data to be ascertained before the railroad problem can be settled intelligently.

The overwhelming vote in the House of Representatives against the proposal to compel the District of Columbia street railways to run Jim Crow cars for negroes, is refreshing proof that the spirit of 1861 is not wholly quenched in the Republican party. The vigor and spirit of the debate illustrate clearly the quickening effect of a discussion of fundamental principles and human rights. The great bulk of the colored citizens of the District are clean, inoffensive, and law-abiding. To what lengths this prejudice against color will go appears from recent events in Oklahoma. There the negroes form only 7 per cent. of the population, yet they have been "Jim-Crowed" on the railroads as if they were overwhelming in number, and were always offensive. That it is hard on the whites in certain sections of the South to travel with dirty and disorderly negroes, we have never denied, but it is just as trying for educated and refined colored people, whose number is increasing.

What part the negro vote will play in the coming election is the subject of much newspaper speculation. In 1900 there were, all told, more than two millions of colored voters in the United States. Of these, 4,576 were in Connecticut, 31,425 in New York, 29,726 in Illinois, 18,186 in Indiana, 14,965 in Kansas, 21,474 in New Jersey, 31,285 in Ohio, and 14,786 in West Virginia. The steady negro emigration from the South has, year by year, increased these figures. No doubt, the Brownsville case has stirred these negroes as has nothing else done in the name of the Republican party, and both Roosevelt and Taft, but particularly the latter, are objects of the negroes' anger. Friends of Secretary Taft, whether by authority or not, are industriously circulating among the colored people the story that privately the Secretary is deeply outraged by the President's procedure. Be this as it may, the rejoinder easily made is that, with all the new regiments and companies raised for the army in the last two years, Secretary Taft's love for the negro has not led him to organize a single new company of black men. But, bitter as is this dislike of Mr. Taft, colored voters are unlikely to abandon in a body the habits of a lifetime and go over to the Democratic party. Yet the mere fact that a number might bolt from Taft, is another reason why the Republican party should select another candidate.

It is, of course, a premise of current American politics that the Standard Oil has no friends. Those who say good words for it are its hirelings; all others are enlisted in the campaign for its extirpation. But a deeper reason why this should be safe game to hunt is found in the general assumption that it is not a tariff-created or a tariff-protected Trust. Republicans have felt particularly safe in denouncing it, because if anybody quoted against them the statement that the tariff is the mother of Trusts, they could rejoin by pointing to "petroleum, crude and refined," on the free list of the Dingley tariff law. But a Republican Congressman, Mr. Küstermann of Wisconsin, has brought together the facts regarding the relation between the most odious of monopolies and the most beneficent of tariffs. Those who have ever taken the trouble to look the subject up, know that oil is really one of the most highly protected articles of our consumption. After putting oil on the free list, Congress enacted this simple proviso:

> Provided, That if there be imported into the United States crude petroleum, or the

> products of crude petroleum, produced in any country which imposes a duty on petroleum or its products exported from the United States, there shall in such cases be levied, paid, and collected a duty upon said crude petroleum or its products so imported equal to the duty imposed by such country.

Thus from England, which has no import duties on oil, we can import as much as we like. The only difficulty is that England does not produce any petroleum. The country to which we should naturally look for petroleum is Russia, a country which produced in 1900 more crude oil than the United States, and which would, as Mr. Küstermann says, "be pleased to sell us part of their product, and sell it at a less price than it is sold for by the great monopoly in this country." But Russia, by imposing an import duty, automatically created a corresponding duty at our ports. As a matter of fact, the Russian oil which has come into this country within the last six years was taxed at the rate of 5.4 cents per gallon on the crude and 2.34 cents on the refined. With this comfortable margin of initial advantage, the price of oil to home consumers has uniformly been kept above what is paid in the other markets of the world. The tables incorporated in the speech already quoted give the average price in the United States for the years 1903-1905 as 10.3 cents per gallon, as against 9.9 cents in Hamburg, 7.7 in London, and 5.2 cents as the *New York export price.* Over the exact facts and figures there may be controversy, but we know of no reason for doubting the essential fairness of the conclusions.

The British government's present attitude towards the Congo problem is that conditions in Belgium warrant a little more patience on the part of the outside world. Nevertheless, the Under Secretary asserted in the House of Lords on Monday that the "British government would not regard as satisfactory anything short of a complete vindication of both the treaty obligations and the claims of humanity." The difficulty in Belgium is this: People and Parliament are convinced of the need of reform in the Congo. The annexation of the Free State is a thing decided upon; the general principles upon which the colony is to be governed have been embodied in a carefully worked out law. The only obstacle is the demands of the King with regard to about one-eighth of the total area of the Free State, known as the Domaine de la Couronne. At first the King insisted on retention of his existing rights. That Parliament would not consent to. Then, in the treaty of cession actually submitted to Parliament, a modification of the royal demands was presented. It consisted primarily in the exaction of large indemnities for the royal family and a pledge to maintain existing labor laws in the Domain. Before the storm of opposition this proposal aroused, the treaty was withdrawn, a few weeks ago; and among its opponents was the head of the Ministry, who had but recently accepted office. The subject is again under discussion. The British government believes that "the negotiations between the Belgian Parliament and King Leopold have now reached a crisis, and that it requires time to adjust the delicate points of difference." Englishmen and Americans may rest content with what has been accomplished; the speedy ending of Congo misrule is no longer in doubt. But it would be too much to expect the Belgian Parliament and people to be free from certain susceptibilities that do not weigh on the foreign critic. One need not hold with King Leopold's "consul-general" in this country that the Congo is a negro paradise and the Belgian King one of the world's greatest benefactors. On the other hand, we can understand how the Belgians would take pride in much of the civilizing work done in the Congo basin and credit Leopold with some of it. Another factor is the King's age. Leopold is now seventy-three. Thus in the ordinary course of events the question of the Congo should soon settle itself automatically.

Bulgaria's position in the event of a Russo-Turkish war has been little debated. That she would remain inactive is inconceivable. The Bulgarians seriously regard themselves as the scourge of Islam, destined by Divine Providence to drive the Turk out of Europe. For that work they have been steadily preparing themselves ever since their country became independent. In the past thirty years they have built up an army which has been called by European military critics the best of its size on the Continent. With a population of four million souls, Bulgaria maintains an establishment of fifty-three thousand men, and in war-time could put in the field three hundred thousand trained troops, armed with the Männlicher rifle. Bearing in mind the efficient aid received from Rumania's small army in the last war with Turkey, Russian officers would hardly despise the assistance of the most efficient military force possessed by any of the Balkan countries. If Bulgaria could put two hundred thousand men in motion at once, Russia could leave in her hands entirely the prosecution of the European campaign. The plans of the Bulgarian General Staff for a campaign against Constantinople call for the invasion of Macedonia by two armies of one hundred thousand men each. One of them would mobilize near Philippopolis, having as its objective Adrianople, which is some eight hours' march from the frontier. It is hoped that Adrianople could be carried by a sudden attack. With Adrianople taken, the only bar between the Bulgarians and Constantinople would be the strong fortress of Czertolga. The second Bulgarian army, concentrating on Kustendil, would cross the frontier near that point and march straight upon the seaport of Salonica. It is ten days' march from the frontier, and the Turks would be likely to attempt resistance at several intermediate points. They are understood to have fortified a strong position in the mountains near Seres, a pass called Bechjebel. But in no event could they concentrate a sufficient force to oppose one hundred thousand men, moving as would the Bulgarians. To withstand the Bulgarian advance, Turkey could muster the Second Army Corps, forty thousand strong, in the vilayet of Adrianople, and the First and Third Army Corps, numbering eighty thousand men, distributed throughout the other districts of Macedonia. Man for man, there is no doubt that the Bulgarian soldiers are equal to the Turks, and in discipline they must be superior. It would be strange, then, if two hundred thousand of the best of the Bulgar race could not make Turkey's position in Europe so difficult as to render an attack by Russia on her Asian back-door certain of success.

The Russian military court which condemned Gen. Stoessel to death, and then recommended commutation to ten years' imprisonment, recalls, at first sight, that other pronouncement which sentenced a man to be transported for life, and then to be fined forty pounds. But illogical as the decision of the Russian court may have been, it arose from a desire to reconcile the explicit provisions of the military regulations with extenuating circumstances. It seems to be admitted that the defence of Port Arthur, so long as it lasted, was carried on with courage and a certain amount of skill. The complaint against Gen. Stoessel is that he did not hold out longer. That he could have permanently held the fortress against Gen. Nogi is not seriously maintained anywhere; and that he avoided what, to the outsider, would appear as unnecessary slaughter, is probably true. The frequently cited accusation, however, is that the premature surrender of Port Arthur hastened the *débâcle* of Gen. Kuropatkin by releasing Gen. Nogi's army for operations before Mukden. But that is, after all, resorting to the pleasant game of might-have-been. Probably Gen. Oyama's task would have been harder without Gen. Nogi's troops. Probably Mukden would have come later. But the entire course of the war was such as to render futile any attempt to make Stoessel responsible for its outcome.

OUTLOOK FOR "THIRD PARTIES."

The leaders of minor political parties have remarkable capacity for hoping against hope. But this year there is exceptional confidence among those who think neither of the "great" parties fit to govern. A general impression prevails that the "third party" vote will prove formidable, though the question which party is destined for third place is harder than usual to solve in advance. The "third party" has always been uncertain. Back in 1872 it was the Labor Reform organization; in 1876, 1880, and 1884, the Greenback; in 1888, the Prohibition; 1892, the Populist; 1896, the Populist again, or, if that be ignored because it had only a Vice-Presidential candidate of its own, then the National Democratic; in 1900 the Prohibition once more; in 1904, the Socialist. This year three organizations are hopeful.

The Socialists point out that the whole trend of current political thought is in their direction; that the present industrial situation offers eloquent testimony to the incapacity of the parties with individualistic ideas to deal with the problems of poverty and non-employment; that the two wings of the Socialists are united for the first time in many years; that more Socialists hold office to-day in Legislatures and municipalities than ever before in this country; and that the great advance made by the party in 1904 is morally certain to be repeated several times over in 1908.

The Prohibitionists enter the campaign with the impetus of one of the most remarkable of recent political movements. In the last single year the "dry" area of this country has doubled. The progress of anti-license sentiment has been so rapid that a map of the territory gained becomes obsolete in three months. While the instruments in this steady onslaught upon the saloon have by no means always been Prohibitionists, at least the motive power was largely produced in the long years of persevering agitation by those foes of liquor who believed in maintaining an independent organization. A union of all who have voted against the saloon in the past year would undoubtedly be a tremendous force in politics. As it is, the national chairman of the Prohibitionists claims a million votes next November.

The Independence League, which met at Chicago Saturday to name its National Committee, has not appeared before as a national organization. But the testimony to its strength comes from the old parties themselves. What other body ever had its leader all but elected Mayor of the greatest American city one year, and nominated for Governor of the greatest State by the Democrats the next, while in the year after that the Republican organization of the greatest county gave it more than half the places on a Fusion ticket? In Massachusetts the Independence League asserts that it is not the third, but the second party, since its candidate last autumn polled a larger vote than the Democratic nominee under any single designation. The political unrest of the day, as many think, will help this league rather than the out-and-out Socialists. As for the Independence League's tentative platform, or rather "Address to the Public," that citizen would be an anomaly who could not find something to his taste in it. Deriving its principles from Jefferson on the one side and Lincoln on the other, the league favors in succession:

> Direct nominations, the referendum, the recall, drastic corrupt practices legislation, public ownership of the telegraph immediately, and of other public utilities "as rapidly as . . . government shall demonstrate ability to conduct public utilities for public benefit," an emergency currency issued by the government, the eight-hour day, compulsory use of safety appliances, an anti-blacklist law, good roads, the parcel post and postal savings bank, penal anti-Trust laws, ship subsidies, a big navy, irrigation, waterways improvement, an Interstate Commerce Court, and tariff reform.

It is a catalogue a trifle suggestive of the famous pledge "to give everybody everything."

Conflicting as the claims of these several parties appear, none of them can be laughed at. No one can be surprised next November at developments of voting strength outside of the Democratic and Republican lines. In the last Presidential election, the notable feature, next to the unexampled plurality of the winning candidate, was this growth of the smaller groups. Every party gained except the luckless Democrats. Roosevelt's personality was said to overshadow everything. Yet the Prohibition party added 49,000 recruits, the Populist 63,000, the Socialist 310,000, and the Socialist-Labor 300 or so—and all in a contest which brought out a smaller vote than that of 1900. This growth of minor parties accounts for a larger portion of the Democratic losses than the augmented Republican vote. The minor parties received but little over 1 per cent. of the total vote in 1900, and more than 5 per cent. in 1904. The great parties plainly have to reckon with the fact that the doubtful voter has this year more satisfactory refuges than usual. Disgruntled Republicans and Democrats have often, for purely negative reasons, voted "third tickets" to express their protest. This year, when there are so many positive reasons for following this same course, the chance of bolting is just so much greater. Politicians have long known the art of judiciously aiding the minor parties in places where they have a chance of drawing votes from the enemy. At present, such tactics will be a little like playing with fire.

LITERARY IMPERSONALITY.

George Meredith's eightieth birthday brought him many tributes and was the occasion of diverse studies. Among the latter, none can have been more singular than the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Firmin Roz. A Frenchman tackling Meredith necessarily wears something of the air of a man leading a forlorn hope. The attempt is not unlike Taine's effort to appraise Carlyle. M. Roz is fully conscious of the desperate nature of his emprise. Trained in the theory that a novel is "to be read, not to be meditated upon, commented upon, annotated," he naturally advances with fear and trembling upon the Meredithian subtlety and peculiar humor. With his results, our present concern does not lie. Whatever may be the interpretation of Meredith's works, there can be no mistake about the manner of literary life which he has led. This the French critic perceives, and has his meed of praise, in passing, for "the high probity" of a long career as a writer, "without concessions or chafferings."

This is well deserved. It would be hard to name another famous literary man of our day who has so consistently bidden the public take his books, and not his person, to pieces. Meredith has undoubtedly been, in an age when the interviewer walketh in darkness and the camera wasteth at noonday, a fine example of what has been called "the admirable impersonality of the great classic writers." They have had almost a physical shrinking from exhibiting to the public their "me," as distinct from their work. And they have wished to carry into literature the habits of gentlemen. They have not wished to disrobe themselves to gratify vulgar curiosity.

In the recently published letters of Taine, one finds proof that he upheld the doctrine of literary impersonality even more sternly than Meredith. He steadily refused to be interviewed. He declined to send his photograph to the illustrated periodicals. Even that portrait of him which Bonnat painted he would not allow to be exhibited during his lifetime. Writing once to Émile Planat, who had asked him to glance over an article about himself, he said:

> But, my dear Émile, did we not agree that this should not be done? All that you please about the writer, the abstract being made up of ideas and phrases which are public property. But nothing, nothing whatever, about the man.

In a later letter, written to Francis Charmes, Taine put the matter as follows:

> You are right in supposing that in England I was not free from emotions. But there is a large principle of Gautier and

> Stendhal, which I believe to be true; not to put on paper an exhibition of your feelings, just as a man talking in a salon or in public will repress his sobs or cries. It is indecent to make a show of your heart; it is better to be accused of having none.

Taine lived up to this to the very end. In his will, he forbade the publication of any letters of his that "touched upon the private life."

This is, we confess, a hard doctrine. It might seem impossible for any man to order his life by it, in a day when thousands are ready to break every seal and the trust betray, so that the many-headed beast may know all that it wants to. With the strongest purpose to live his private life to himself, "the world unknowing, and the world unknown," a famous man may yet find himself thwarted and defeated. Mr. Meredith has been unable to escape unscathed. In its unparalleled devotion to all that concerns the highest literature, a New York newspaper has had cabled to it the name of Meredith's dog. Love me, love my dog.

Why is it that writers like Meredith and Taine—authors who refuse to sit all day in the shop-windows, or to parade the streets as so many literary sandwich-men—seem so exceptional? Is it that good manners have declined, and that no one feels any shame nowadays in exhibiting himself, as Rousseau professed to do, *tout nu*? We do not think so badly of the mob of gentlemen and gentlewomen who write. Left to themselves they would doubtless prefer to be modest; to hide their personalities behind their books. But they are caught in the modern methods of book-publishing, and those have become noisy and personal. Notoriety means sales; and sales, notoriety. Hence the photographs showing the gifted author asleep and awake, getting into his automobile or eating his lunch; hence the literary interview and the literary paragraph and the literary rumor. All these things are thought to be a necessary part of necessary advertising. Writers would need to be more than mortal to withstand it, and would have to feel very sure of posthumous immortality to expose themselves to neglect, while alive, through unwillingness to resort to the customary means of being, for one day, our most promising novelist.

If it be said that it is all a question of personal vanity, and that a writer may be as vain in shunning public notice of his favorite underwear, as in seeking it, the reply is that the shrinking vanity is the less offensive. It is also getting to be the most self-satisfying. With the old tradition of literary impersonality abandoned, and with every schoolgirl who writes pictured and placarded, the real distinction and the true vainglory will soon consist in *not* having been photographed in your bathing suit, or interviewed in bed.

THE DECLINE OF BOOK-BUYING.

Is the good old fashion of buying books dying out? The fashion is not, perhaps, so old as some of us think; for Boswell assures us that in the age of Anne, "booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham." But some publishers seem to fear that we are relapsing into the condition of the Birmingham of two centuries ago. They tell us that in this country the demand for books has by no means kept pace with the demand for other commodities, and that a generation or two since, the market for books was—considering the population and wealth of the United States—better than to-day. On this subject a sidelight has been thrown by some letters to the London *Nation*, discussing books suitable for village libraries. One of the writers, Lady Rendel, after saying that the Welsh are "more ready to read, more quick to understand," adds:

> To prove what I have said about the Welshman's greater love of books, let me mention that on two occasions, once in a shepherd's hut away in the hills, I found a shelf of books; the second time in the cottage of a woman who kept the gate of the level crossing, still more books; and when I looked through them in each case, the books were of a strongly religious turn, abstruse and theological, and in both cases I borrowed a book which interested me deeply.

These examples can, we dare say, be matched in this country, East and West. Many a farm-house in the New England hills or on the prairies contains a small but well-chosen library, books which have inspired the children with an ambition for a college education, and perhaps an intellectual life. We ourselves have seen in a little hamlet in Maine, fifteen miles from a railway, a remarkable collection of the English poets—bought by an outwardly prosaic innkeeper for the sufficient reason that he wanted to read them. This, we grant, is an exceptional case; but at the same time it is not a general rule that men who have the most money and easiest access to book-shops possess the best libraries.

An observer from Boston has noted that New York houses, even those which are large and expensive, are planned on the theory that the occupant will not want more than two or three hundred books; and that our apartments are plainly not intended to hold more than fifty or a hundred volumes. The English, if we may believe Andrew Lang, are no better off. He has described the library as a room where no one goes, and where the master of the house keeps an assortment of walking-sticks, the "Waverley Novels," "Pearson on the Creed," and Hume's "Essays." Mr. Lang continues:

> Each generation passes without adding a book, except now and then a Bradshaw or a railway novel. . . . The success, perhaps, of circulating libraries, or, it may be, the Aryan tendencies of our race, "which does not read, and lives in the open air," have made books the rarest of possessions in many houses. There are relics of the age before circulating libraries, there are fragments of the lettered store of some scholarly great-grandfather, and these, with a few odd numbers of magazines, a few primers and manuals, some sermons, and novels, make up the ordinary library of an English household.

From this, it is a far cry back to Richard de Bury, with a separate library in each of his residences, and in the house in which he was staying at the moment, so many books about his bedchamber that it was hardly possible to stand or move without treading on them.

Circulating libraries are put down by Mr. Lang as the chief of sinners; and doubtless Mr. Carnegie and his collaborators have much to answer for. But the evidence is by no means clear. If some people fall into the habit of borrowing books from public libraries, instead of buying them, other people, by seeing books at the library, may easily be fired with a desire to own them. A more potent influence, so far as our personal observation goes, is the increase in the number of magazines. The more ten-cent and other periodicals there are to read, the less likelihood that a man will turn to books, unless his taste is uncommonly well developed. Indeed, steady devotion to the cheap picture papers with which the world is flooded may effectually prevent the formation of a taste for anything so extensive and solid as even the average novel. Apparently, many persons have become so addicted to "storyettes" and three-page sketches that they cannot fix their attention on anything for more than half an hour.

But, above all, books must now compete with many other forms of recreation. The Welsh peasants whom Lady Rendel met, the Maine innkeeper of our acquaintance, turned to books partly, at least, because they had little else to do. If they were overwhelmed with invitations to dinner and luncheon, if they were members of attractive clubs, if they were offered every night the choice of a dozen theatrical or operatic performances, if their daylight hours were occupied with automobiling or other outdoor sports, the Welsh shepherd and the farmer of Massachusetts or Iowa would become just as illiterate as our fashionable folk of New York. That is a cruel thing to say of any intelligent and self-respecting man; but it is true. We cannot admit that the members of our "smart set," with all their stupidity and their passion for the inanities, are actuated by any settled principle against buying and reading books. They do, as a matter of fact, buy handsomely printed and bound "subscription" sets; buy them, we hold, with a full intention of reading some day. But so many other things must be done that the day never comes. The families who read are the fairly educated of the middle class—the families of lawyers, clergymen, teachers, doctors, and the like. They cannot afford to give many and expensive dinner parties; they cannot go to the theatre often; they actually have time to look at a book now and then. This is one reason why the rapid increase in our wealth does not mean a vastly greater demand for books. The people who get rich are by that very event swept into a circle of pleasure-seekers who have not a moment for reading. "We make debts for clothes and champagne," says Henry James's Miss Light, "but we can't spend a sou on our poor benighted minds."

OUR INFANT CRITICS.

The editor of the *Book Review*, published by the graduating classes of Public School 147, Manhattan, writes us: "Dear Friend—Your opinion of our paper will be greatly appreciated." Let us say at the outset that the paper is surprisingly good—under the circumstances. There are the usual items of school news and other odds and ends; but, as the name indicates, the literary articles are the contributions of which our young friends are proudest. We have summaries and critical estimates of Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," of "Oliver Twist," "Ivanhoe," "Hamlet," Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face," and Edward Brooks's "Story of the Odyssey." The children who have favored us with these book reviews are still in grammar school, that is, they are about fourteen years old. No one of them would pretend that he was impelled to write by sheer love of literature. The teacher set a subject for a "composition," and the pupil, like a little man, did his best with it. And why did the teacher choose such absurd topics? Because this is supposed to be the way to teach the art of writing English. This is an old bone of ours, but we intend to gnaw at it again.

Time was, a generation or two ago, when the subjects on which children were asked to exercise their powers were even more ridiculous: "Spring," "Winter," "Hope," "Perseverance," "Ideals," "Personal Influence," "Knowledge," "Music." With such themes as these our unhappy youth would wrestle and finally produce a string of sentences, often ungrammatical, generally vague and meaningless. The fact is that but few professional authors are capable of soaring into the realm of the abstract; and for children the attempt is simply futile. Their ideas are too hazy to be grasped and arranged in logical order—the most valuable discipline that practice in composition affords. Our infant Emersons wander hopelessly lost in a maze of twaddling generalities. Subjects drawn from books are, we grant, not quite so unhappy. The book does offer some substance into which the pupil can set his teeth. Summarizing—in limited amount—is a good exercise in composition; but from a pretty careful examination of themes written by children of all ages, we must conclude that writing literary criticism is beyond the range of most college students. For youngsters in high school, and, even more, in grammar school, it is commonly a waste of time or worse.

For one thing, literary criticism is the kind of writing which is least called for in the practical business of life. In the professions—law, medicine, theology, engineering—in all branches of commerce, men are asked to narrate events, to describe places, objects, and persons, to explain mechanical and other processes, and to present arguments dealing with brute materials; and exercise in writing along these lines is therefore extremely practical—specially important for pupils who are to enjoy no formal education beyond grammar or high school. But mere utility is not the only or perhaps the most weighty consideration. Until children have reached the age at which they can handle abstractions with reasonable firmness, they do better with concrete matters. Their literary criticism is either an echo of the teacher's words, or it is in that loose and flabby style that is the mark of slipshod thinking, and that helps to confirm the vicious habit. Of what advantage is it to set down such helter-skelter observations as these on "Sohrab and Rustum"?

> I am of a rather serious turn of mind regarding stories or poems—that is, I like a sad and sombre poem, or a wild and fearful story which holds me enthralled. Who does not appreciate the poem of Sohrab and Rustum? The cramped little student, studying away, cramming his head and filling his brain with mathematics, will, likely, not have a clear conception of Sohrab and Rustum. He—but as our teacher requires us to state a few reasonable causes for liking and disliking the poem, I will cease delivering my essay on the student and continue. I think the poem teaches us a lesson in patience and heroism. Sohrab certainly was a wonderful example of the two aforesaid qualities. I had also a more clear idea of Persia and Turkestan after I had perused and studied the work.
>
> I know but one cause for disliking the book. Although, as I said before, a sad work is my favorite, I prefer the ending to be happy. Although in a way the conclusion was a happy one, father and son being reunited, it really was too bad that Sohrab was doomed to die by the hand of Rustum.

In justice to our grammar schools and high schools, we must add that this wretched system of instruction in composition was thrust on them from above, despite the earnest protests of many of the most skilful teachers. This literary criticism is the result of the college requirement in English. The colleges insist that certain books are to be read and studied, and the entrance examination in composition—the proof that the candidate can express himself with "clearness, force, and elegance"—is based on these works. Hence, in the high school and on down to the slaughtered innocents of the grammar school the pupils are kept busy writing and writing about books. The curriculum for all students is shaped with an eye to the unpractical test for admission to college. Consider, for example, these questions from a recent entrance paper:

> What does the Spectator mean when he says that Sir Roger is "something of a humorist"? Define Sir Roger's peculiar humor, and contrast it with that of some other character in the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.
>
> Which, in your opinion, is the superior character, Cassius or Antony? Give the reasons for your opinion.
>
> "The best-drawn character in 'Ivanhoe' is that of the Templar." Discuss this statement.

In nine cases out of ten the answers to such questions must be stilted and stupid little compositions. No one but a lunatic would think of training newspaper reporters by asking them to write about the characterization and the diction in the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. The reporter is assigned to something definite and concrete. But your professor of literature in college is accustomed to talk to his classes about the mysteries of characterization and diction; and therefore he must send all subfreshmen to this "school of posturing and melancholy self-deception."

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has broken the mould, and, as Prof. H. L. Seaver noted in the *Nation* of December 26, 1907, now gives at the entrance examination one "composition" question in no way connected with the required books, aimed solely to discover the candidate's capacity for written expression. It is an example which should be widely followed. But even if we retain more or less literary criticism in the secondary schools, we ought at least to banish it from the grammar grades.

CONFERENCE ON ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN ENGLISH.

The Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, which met at Teachers College in this city last Friday and Saturday, made an almost insignificant change in the list of books recommended for admission to college; but nevertheless this conference is undoubtedly more significant, at least in a negative way, than any of its predecessors since the first. The conference has in the past set a sort of standard for a course in literature; and this standard has powerfully helped teachers of literature to wring support from indifferent governing boards. As a result, the claim of literature to a place as important as that of any other subject in school curricula is on the way to full establishment. The conference is satisfied that, without jeoparding what it has already gained, it may now attempt to go beyond tentative plans, such as conditions have so far required, and to discover and apply a general principle.

Although the custom of such conferences has been to provide a list of books for three years, one of the early steps of this session was to vote that the immediate recommendation, whatever it might be, should be for a single year, and that adjournment should be not *sine die*, but for one year. In other words, the conference desired a year for perfecting a comprehensive plan. The next step was to adopt for 1912 the list for 1909-1911, with only two detailed changes. A committee was then chosen to take up the whole principle underlying the choice of books and its relation to composition. The members are Prof. W. L. Cross, Yale; Prof. F. T. Baker, Teachers College, New York; Wilson Farrand, Newark Academy; Superintendent H. E. Giles, Hinsdale, Ill.; and Prof. J. B. Henneman, University of the South. This committee is to consult teachers and other persons throughout the country on many points: for example, the desirability of a defined requirement in grammar, the desirability of distinguishing in a course in literature between books "to be read" and books "to be studied," the best method of testing a student's understanding and appreciation of literature, and the comparative weight to be given to appreciation of literature and to ability to write. The conference declared in favor of greater attention to composition than most schools are now giving.

A matter of weight in the deliberations of the conference was the fact that, since the list adopted three years ago has been modified by several important colleges in the East, the entrance requirements are not actually uniform, and hence the last conference by so much failed in its avowed aim. If a student who has been carefully fitted for college changes his choice of a college late in his sub-freshman year, he may be unprepared to pass the examination. This situation led the conference to seek a change in its own standing. At present it has no permanent organization, no constitution. Though the members are all representatives of organized bodies, they are without authority to bind those organizations. These anomalous conditions led to a vote instructing the committee already chosen to submit a plan of permanent organization. Such a plan will no doubt provide something like authority for the conference, and will continue representation for various local and scholastic interests throughout the country.

NEW HITTITE RECORDS.

Prof. Hugo Winckler of the University of Berlin has published in the *Mitteilungen der Deutschen Orient Gesellschaft* further details regarding the discoveries made by him at Boghaz-Köi in the summer of 1907 (see the *Nation*, October 31, 1907), and has attempted to sketch in general outlines the historical picture which is unfolded to our view through the new documents. It appears that Professor Winckler has made considerable progress in deciphering the valuable archive that he was fortunate enough to discover in 1906, and to which additions were made last summer. Having established the fact that Boghaz-Köi marks the site of the centre of the Hittite empire as early as the fifteenth century B. C., and that the name of this centre was Khatti, he concludes that the language on such of the cuneiform tablets discovered there as are not written in Babylonian is, in all probability, none other than the Hittite translated into cuneiform characters; and numerous as the difficulties are which must still be overcome before the decipherment can be pronounced even semi-satisfactory, Professor Winckler has successfully determined the proper names and the general sense of many of the tablets—thanks in part to the ideographic system of writing titles and some of the catchwords. Professor Winckler has also settled, in a manner that will generally be regarded as convincing, that the Hittite language was an Indo-European tongue. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all revealed by the Hittite archive is the occurrence of the Hindu deities Mithras, Indra, Varuna, and the "twin" deity Nasatya. The presence of these names points to the worship of these gods in Asia Minor in the fifteenth century B. C., and definitely establishes the Aryan strain in the Hittite conglomeration of peoples. The significance of this discovery is further set forth in a paper just issued by Prof. Eduard Meyer on "The First Appearance of the Aryans in History."

In the matter of historical details, the documents, in the form chiefly of official letters, chronicles, and drafts of agreements, reveal the names of seven Hittite rulers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries B. C., representing five generations. Of these rulers, four were known through Egyptian records or through the cuneiform archive found at Tell-Amarna; and with the help of those contemporary documents the political situation is now placed in a clear light. The supremacy of the Hittites at this period was recognized throughout Syria and along the Phœnician coast down to southern Palestine, so that there is no longer any reason to question the correctness of Old Testament traditions which refer to an early contest between Hebrews and Hittites. The Hebrews themselves appear at this period as Khabiri (the older form of Ibri), and are regarded as synonymous with Bedouins.

Another ethnic group prominently mentioned in Old Testament records, the Horites, appear in these remarkable Hittite records as Kharri, exercising a control for a time over a district, Mitani, in northeastern Syria, and when hard pressed, entering into a compact with the Hittites. This district Mitani is, next to the Hittite region proper, the most important power of western Asia Minor (in the larger sense) during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Among the documents in the Tell-Amarna archives are several letters addressed to the ruler of Egypt, Amenophis III., from Tushratta, the king of Mitani; and these are now supplemented by "Hittite" records in which the relationship of the Hittite rulers to Mitani is set forth. Supported by Egyptian favor, Tushratta had succeeded in laying siege to Nineveh, and in at least threatening also the prestige of Babylonia. After the death of Tushratta, however, a decline in the power of Mitani sets in, and the district falls under the control of the Hittites, though not without a show of energetic resistance. The same Hittite rulers who forced Mitani to subjection also interfered with the internal affairs of Babylonia. Indeed, evidence of a Hittite invasion of the Euphrates Valley as early as circa 1900 B. C., is now forthcoming, but the Hittites were driven out again by the Cassites, who, from circa 1757 B. C. until circa 1182 remained in control of Babylonia.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

University of Pennsylvania.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An interesting book on portraits of Washington has just been printed at the Gillis Press for Charles A. Munn, who has a notable collection of engraved portraits of Washington and other famous men of the Revolution. The work, entitled "Three Types of Washington Portraits," is primarily a description of three portraits in oil which Mr. Munn has recently acquired, but it contains much interesting information about other Washington portraits. The three originals owned by Mr. Munn are: (1.) A full-length, painted in 1780 by John Trumbull, who sold it to M. de Neufville of the Amsterdam banking house. This was the original copied by Valentine Green in his mezzotint of 1781, the first authentic portrait of Washington published in Europe. For more than a hundred years the whereabouts of this painting was unknown. (2.) A full-length, painted by Charles Wilson Peale at some date between 1780 and 1783. It was purchased in 1906 by Mr. Munn in Ireland, from the great-grandson of Joseph Wilson, a Philadelphia merchant who, in 1794, was appointed by Washington to be United States consul at Dublin. (3.) Head and shoulders, face to the right, painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1795 for Mr. Scott of Lancaster, Pa. As a matter of record Mr. Munn prints in full letters and documents establishing the authenticity of his three portraits. The volume contains sixteen reproductions, including portraits of Trumbull, Peale, and Stuart, besides paintings and engravings of Washington and a curious chintz bed-curtain containing a portrait of Washington after Trumbull's painting. Two hundred and twenty-five copies have been printed.

Included in the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's auction of March 3 are books and pamphlets on Lincoln and Washington, and Confederate imprints. On March 4 and 5 the firm sells the library of George C. Sawyer of Nashua, N. H., largely Americana, including local histories of New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, and other States, Wheelock's tracts, relating to the Indian Charity School, and other books on the Indians, and early American trials. A rarity is a copy of Jonathan Parsons's sermon, "Good News from a Far Country," Portsmouth, N. H., 1756, the first book printed in New Hampshire. No copy seems to have been offered at public sale since 1895, when $55 was paid at C. F. Libbie's in Boston.

The Anderson Auction Company's sale of

March 2 and 3 includes some good books on the Indians, among them a copy (slightly imperfect) of Daniel Clark Sander's anonymous "History of the Indian Wars with the First Settlers of the United States, Particularly in New England," Montpelier, 1812.

The library of Brunetière, which has just been sold at auction in Paris, brought 43,531 francs. Many of the books were annotated at length by M. Brunetière.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER WORD FOR OUIDA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 30, in noticing the death of Ouida, you say: "No one confesses to admiring her novels, and yet every one has been amused by them." May I rise to a point of order, if not to one of personal privilege, to assert that there are, undoubtedly, many who will confess to admiring her novels; and trespass upon your space to say why these people find them admirable?

Ouida's position has always been unique. She first gained the public ear near fifty years ago, and, till she recently ceased to publish, she retained her audience. Nor were her productions merely ephemeral "best sellers"; the old continued to sell after the new appeared. In the aggregate, probably a million copies of her novels have been sold; and a considerable number of them bid fair to sell for a long time to come. Such a phenomenon, it seems to me, is in no wise explained by the reasons which you assign for her popularity: viz., that she "frequently offers us what her admirers might call a rattling good yarn," compounded chiefly of "mystery, disappearance, and conspiracy," dashed with the salacious, but devoid of "eloquence, ideas, skilful delineation of human traits," etc., etc. Such an equipment, and nothing else, could not have won and kept her immense popularity. In these things alone she was equalled by a crowd of the novelists of her generation, and excelled by more than a few of them. Were this all, she would long since have disappeared with them and left nothing but a list of titles in Allibone.

Ouida's popularity I should assign to the fact that she was a woman of genius who, through her fictions, brought the world of readers into contact with an intense personality, always strikingly idiosyncratic, and possessed of a strong fascination. That she "pleased the crowd rather than the critics" (I find this phrase in a biographical notice in an eminently respectable British publication), is, of course, true. And, moreover, instead of endeavoring to please the critics, she let it be understood that to her their good opinion was immaterial. She was bound to pay the penalty. In the case of Ouida, the critic, who is not likely to be pleased with what pleases "the crowd," has done his best to disseminate the opinion the she was the purveyor of meretricious fiction, which was in no sense "literature." So far as my research has disclosed, the unsigned appreciation in the Warner Library seems the only criticism not penned in a disapproving spirit that any literary reference work has to offer.

"Meretricious"—that is the inevitable epithet; with "salacious" and "unsavory" running it hard. And that Ouida is at times meretricious is but too true. She has offered us falsities and extravagances. But, for that matter, so have most novelists; Dickens, for instance; and Balzac—and a majority of the demi-gods before whose altars the incense arises in never-ceasing clouds. If I were to relate that Ouida hangs in the salon of a mercenary courtesan "two pictures by Greuze, two by Watteau, two heads by Van Dyck, two landscapes by Ruysdael, and two by Le Guaspre, a Rembrandt, a Holbein, a Murillo, a Titian, two paintings by Teniers, a pair by Metzu, a Van Huyzum, and an Abraham Mignon," it would be hailed by the critics as the quintessence of Ouidaism. Yet she never did this. But Balzac did—and then added: "In short, 200,000 francs' worth of pictures, superbly framed. *The gilding was worth almost as much as the paintings.*" (The italics are mine.) Such a climax of barbarism and vulgarity the entire range of Ouida's exaggerations cannot match.

The legend of the "salaciousness" of Ouida's novels is an interesting souvenir of the mid-Victorian epoch. It was her misfortune to attain celebrity in an era which excelled in hypocrisy and pseudo-morality—the era which Swinburne shocked into such spasms of virtuous indignation with "Poems and Ballads"; the era in which critics exalted the fame of George Eliot, but pronounced anathema upon novels whose heroes or heroines adopted her unconventional mode of life. It was into this smug and self-righteous literary world that Ouida—I quote another eminently respectable British publication—"introduced a new and rather French note of sensual passion, previously unknown in English fiction." But the reader of to-day who pries into Ouida to feed a base appetite for this quality will be sadly disappointed: he will feel like demanding his money back at the box-office—particularly if he has lately followed through the pages of two of our chastest magazines the fictions of two ladies of the most eminent respectability.

That Ouida did introduce a new and exotic element into English fiction is true. In temperament and methods she was distinctly un-English: nor were any of her literary masters English. She herself said: "I read few English books for pleasure; I prefer the literatures of other countries." Essentially she was Continental; and a considerable part of her easily-won popularity was due to the fact that she first familiarized English readers of fiction with ideas, manners, and morals which have since become commonplaces through the opening up to them of the Continental literatures—not merely the French, but the Italian, the Spanish, the German, the Scandinavian, and the Russian. It should be remembered that when Ouida's début was made, the Continental novelists were almost wholly untranslated; while such of their works as had been Englished were chiefly of the second and third class, well Bowdlerized for the benefit of that insular hypocrisy which was passed on from London to Boston and New York.

Sexual passion plays a large part in Ouida's novels; and she has not treated it in the five-o'clock-tea manner. Her attitude toward it is almost masculine; nor does she pander to it deliberately, as is fashionable to-day with female novelists. Simply, she recognized it for what it was and is; and, if some of her immoral characters were made attractive, it was because life itself presents many such to view. Moreover, she never indulged in those excursions into the pathology of the erotic now so much in vogue; whose authors—principally women—spare us nothing, and for their "bravery" and "artistic rectitude" are critically applauded. Such passion as she depicts has at least the extenuation of warm-bloodedness, if no other. There are no swathings of subliminal neurosis in undulations of anæmic subtlety.

"Mystery, disappearance, conspiracy," were instruments that Ouida did not use in some of her most successful efforts. If we except "Under Two Flags," her most popular book is probably "Wanda"; yet it is almost destitute of those elements. Such mystery as it contains is conventional, and disclosed to the reader at the outset of the story; and it has no disappearances, no conspiracies, worth mention. For its interest it depends almost entirely upon its character and atmospheric values, both of which are wonderfully well sustained. It is a very human book, its *dramatis personæ* become very real, and it is essentially noble; while its exaggerations are artistically defensible. "Ariadne" is another novel in which the plot is of the slightest, and is conventional. Here, again, character—or, more properly, temperament—and atmosphere, make the story. No piece of English fiction makes Rome so vivid. It is permeated and saturated with the Roman spirit, both of the Rome of its day (now greatly changed) and the antique pagan Rome, which so many British and American novelists have endeavored—with what stale and tepid, what alien and guide-bookish results—to utilize.

To accomplish what she accomplished, it was necessary that Ouida should have been a literary artist—and such, in truth, she was, though by no means a perfect one; indeed, at times almost unforgivably imperfect, for a woman of her capacities. Her imperfections arose from lack of self-restraint and self-criticism, and from overproductiveness. Neither her emotions nor her tastes were disciplined. Her style is picturesque and ornamental; and, as Lafcadio Hearn says, "An ornamental style must be perfect or full of atrocious discords and incongruities: and perfect ornamentation requires slow work." Ouida, as we know, wrote very rapidly—"Idalia," "Under Two Flags," and "Tricotrin" all appeared within two years. Hence imperfections in craftsmanship accentuated defects of taste. Nevertheless she has achieved many passages which are of exquisite beauty and without blemish, and which cannot, as examples of poetic, eloquent, impassioned prose, easily be matched in English fiction. Their quality is lyrical, and their lyric beauty, while often merely sensuous, is often of a rare delicacy of feeling and imagination. To Mrs. Oliphant, who was as incapable of similar effects as a wren is incapable of the song of a nightingale, it is not strange that they failed to appeal except as "high-flown word paintings"; but to Tennyson, who was a poet;

to Mr. Lang, who is a poet, and to poets of my own acquaintance, they do appeal, and strongly.

A final reason for Ouida's popularity with so large and varied a class of readers is set forth in her essay "Unwritten Literary Laws":

> To the writer, as to the reader of a story, it should seem absolutely true. . . . The illusion of reality is only strong in the reader according to the strength of that illusion in the writer. . . . Some such illusion must always exist whilst the reader reads fiction, or fiction would have no attraction for any one.

This illusion Ouida possessed the faculty of creating. She managed to convey the impression of her story's being true, despite the fact that it was untrue—was often impossible. The modern "detached" attitude of the novelist she did not—in all likelihood, could not—assume. But in this she was perhaps wise; for as the aloofness of the average novelist increases, so also does the remoteness of his appeal. It is our consciousness of the personal presence of Dickens and Thackeray and Reade, of Meredith and Hardy and Mr. DeMorgan, of Balzac, of Hugo, and of Daudet, that delights us in their fictions—that and the sense of their personal belief in their own creations. Turguéneff alone achieves both detachment and warmth; but his detachment is seeming rather than real. Flaubert achieved detachment to the *n*th power, but while he leaves us in paroxysms of critical admiration, he has failed altogether to touch our hearts—as every performance in which virtuosity is supreme inevitably must fail. Generations of readers have wept, and will continue to weep, over the fate of Cigarette; but can it be conceived that any one ever wept over that of Emma Bovary? JOHN L. HERVEY.

Chicago, February 13.

THE "SHALLOW WATERS OF THE SHORT STORY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: By way of commentary on your editorial of February 6, in which you declare that the short story is the lowest type of imaginative literature, I beg to quote the following passage from Henry James's new preface to "Roderick Hudson," in the collective New York Edition of his novels and tales:

> I recall again the quite uplifted sense with which my idea, such as it was, permitted me at last to put quite out to sea. I had but hugged the shore on sundry previous small occasions; bumping about, to acquire skill, in the shallow waters and sandy coves of the "short story," and master as yet of no vessel constructed to carry sail.

X.

New York, February 21.

LANG VS. SCOTT IN ST. MARY'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 31, under Notes, you say, in regard to Mr. Andrew Lang's "Poets' Country": "He knows how to slip in little controlling facts," etc., and you quote from Mr. Lang:

> It is by a loving stretch of loving memory that Scott ventures to say:
>
> Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
> At once upon the level brink.
>
> There are no mountains, nothing is "abrupt," nothing is "sheer"; green, grassy slopes descend placidly to the loch on one side, the other side is a plain, to which hills fall easily. It is quite true that there are no trees. except where the "slender line" of land parts St. Mary's from the Loch of Lowes. There is even no "trace of silver sand," there is merely the white margin of dry stones, ordinary stones, whatever their formation may be. As to "a thousand rills," unless you call Meggat water a "rill" (it is a sizable burn), I do not think there is a rill about the place.

Now I know St. Mary's, I have visited it frequently, and have lived two months at a time there; and I cannot conceive what made Mr. Lang write as he did, unless, indeed, his love of contradiction got the better of him. Sir Walter's description is much nearer the literal truth than Mr. Lang's. The hills are "green and grassy," it is true, but they rise abruptly from the loch. On the southeast side Peat Law, a hill 1,737 feet high, rises so abruptly that only a narrow footpath is obtainable. About half-way, where Bourhope water runs down, from between Peat Law and Bourhope Law, into the loch, there is a little plateau on which stands Bourhope farm house, and from there to the head of the loch there is a narrow driving road. On the northwest side the driving road has been terraced on the hillside all the way, except in two places: one near the foot of the loch, where the Dryhope and Kirkstead glens meet; and the second about half-way, where the Meggat water runs into the loch. Neither of these places is half a mile in extent. I find Mr. Lang's "plain" a much greater exaggeration than Sir Walter's poetical license, "abrupt and sheer."

Mr. Lang says there are no rills about the place; in Bartholomew's reduced ordnance survey map, which I have before me as I write, ten streams, exclusive of the Meggat, are marked. Mr. Lang evidently has not seen St. Mary's after a few days' heavy rainfall, when not only these ten are visible, but so many other rills are tumbling down the hillsides as to excuse Sir Walter's "thousand rills." G. P.

Murrayfield, Midlothian, January 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I fear that I must differ from G. P.'s letter on the topography of St. Mary's Loch. I have fished it, in all weathers, since early boyhood. Scott, with his habitual generosity, speaks of the "mountains." There are no mountains on the Border; there are "considerable protuberances," big round-shouldered green hills. Their sides are not, at St. Mary's, "sheer" (as the poet too kindly sings); at most the slopes are steepish. As to "rills," Scott's statistics assure us that there are "a thousand"; G. P. finds ten "colored on the card." In fine weather, such as Scott describes, the ten, like the Styx, contain "just enough water to swear by," but evade the non-scientific observer. Scott is not speaking of the loch after heavy rain lasting for a week. As to Scott's "silver sand," G. P. attempts no defence of a statement which merely proves that Scott never fished the loch from the shore. In short, Sir Walter wrote about the loch as he did about the dramas of Miss Joanna Baillie. In his own words, he added "a cocked hat and a sword." A. LANG.

St. Andrews, Fife, February 8.

QUALIFICATIONS OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The difficulties in the way of securing suitable persons to act as trustees of the public schools—a subject recently discussed in your columns—have been in the past almost insurmountable and probably will continue so for years to come. School trustees should be one of two things: either experts in the line of business that they undertake to supervise, or simply persons of sound common sense and becoming modesty. As a rule they are neither. Experts in practical psychology, pedagogy, and school administration are exceedingly rare. School trustees who frankly acknowledge their limitations in such matters are still rarer. In ordinary circumstances about all that a school board ought to undertake to do is to select a capable superintendent—one who is neither a fanatic nor a fossil—and, after that, follow his advice. This the average school trustee is unwilling to do. He is likely to take himself seriously and to assume that appointment or election to office endows him with the necessary qualifications—instantly, *ipso facto*, miraculously.

This readiness to undertake the function of any and every public office, regardless of equipment, is an extraordinary feature of American public life. Nor is the willingness of the public to accept candidates of manifest incompetence easily explained. The successful butcher, baker, and even man-milliner, haven't the slightest hesitation in becoming guardians of public education—a place for which they are palpably unfitted—and without a qualm of conscience they legislate on matters which they cannot possibly understand. If the same butcher, baker, or man-milliner were put in command of a hospital or a street railway or a saw-mill, or of any commercial, industrial, or mercantile enterprise, the public would instantly enter vigorous protest. What does the expert in sausages and hams know about psychology? What have fried cakes and mince pie to do with pedagogy? How much are the opinions of the man whose thoughts revolve on women's hats and ribbons worth in school administration? When the successful boiler-maker, chair-manufacturer, or sewer-builder talks about art or finance or international policy, the public laughs. But the doctrine of *ne sutor* does not apply to public affairs.

Whatever the genesis of this popular hallucination, the practical outcome is a belief that it is wise to pick up any respectable citizen, of fair average intelligence, and to set him over a vast and complicated organization dealing with deep and intricate questions of public policy, with right to dictate to and overrule experts who have devoted their lives to the subject. The sane American who admits that a private enterprise conducted on these principles would go into bankruptcy within six months seems unable to apply the same process of reasoning to public affairs. M.

Notes.

The "Life of Alice Freeman Palmer," by her husband, Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, will be published in April by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It may be looked forward to as a book of great interest.

Gaillard Hunt has edited Madison's "Journal of the Constitutional Convention," and added notes with comparisons made from the less complete chronicles of the convention kept by Yates, King, and Pierce. The book, in two volumes, will be published by Putnams next month.

Paul Elder & Co. announce as forthcoming, "The Mother of California," by A. W. North; "The Secrets of Beauty and the Mysteries of Health," by Mrs. J. B. Potter, and "Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor," by Wallace Irwin.

A second edition of Irving B. Richman's "Rhode Island: Its Making and Its Meaning (1636-83)" has been issued, unabridged in a single volume, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. In the *Nation* of January 1, 1903, our reviewer said that the work was "an unusually careful and impartial piece of investigation," and must be considered "a valuable contribution to American colonial history."

The country has been somewhat slow in taking in the fact that in the maintenance of the cause of the Union the navy performed work to the full as important as the army. Even so distinguished an historian as Rhodes has been sharply taken to task by no less a critic than C. F. Adams for a quite inadequate presentation of what was done upon the waters. Intelligent Confederate writers indeed ascribe their defeat more to the navy than to the army, and perhaps posterity will think this correct. The publication of the Official Naval Records, delayed until these later years, makes it now possible to know exactly what the navy did. "The Cruise and Captures of the Alabama," by Albert M. Goodrich (Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson & Co.), is a graphic, impartial, and trustworthy résumé, based upon the documents of what was perhaps the most picturesque and important episode of the ocean warfare.

Men still in active life recall that in the map of North America of their school days, a vast area of the West, the profuse dotting suggesting illimitable land, was labelled the "Great American Desert." This region stood in boyish imagination as a true counterpart of Sahara. An intelligent writer in a book published as late as 1858 expresses the idea that the exploration of Lewis and Clark, though picturesque and heroic, had little practical value, the country laid open being quite too barren and lying too far north for human habitation. To those desiring to know how this great Western area, wholesome in climate, abounding in resources, agricultural and mineral, swarming with a population of millions, has come to be regarded as a choice part of the United States, "The Great Plains," by Randall Parrish (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), affords excellent information. We have here an interesting story of the transformation of a wilderness into commonwealths on the whole well-administered, societies of flourishing, highly civilized men, who believe their land to be the best on which the sun shines.

Life in Cincinnati seventy years ago is charmingly pictured in the privately printed "Tribute to Sarah Elliott Perkins by her granddaughter, Edith Perkins Cunningham." The author calls the book "Owls Nest," after the old family homestead, given recently to the city park by her father, the late president of the Cincinnati, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and his brother. The grandfather, James Handasyd Perkins, who was of a well-known Boston family, came to the West in 1832, and during the closing years of his life was pastor of the Unitarian Church at Cincinnati, in succession to his biographer, the Rev. William H. Channing. Both he and his wife, who came from Guilford, Conn., were active in literary, educational, and philanthropic work, and their house was a centre of generous hospitality. Among their friends were Salmon P. Chase and Dr. Lyman Beecher and his daughters, Harriet and Catherine. The latter is characterized as "one of the best, most sensible, witty, entertaining personages whom fate ever kept single." Among the figures which flit across the pages are Harriet Martineau, Fredrika Bremer, Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, Dorothea Dix, Daniel Webster, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. As one catches glimpses of them in the gatherings of the Semi-Colon Club and other recreative entertainments, it is difficult to realize that Mrs. Trollope has described Cincinnati at that time, in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," as "the *triste* little town" where billiards and cards were forbidden by law, and theatre-going was regarded as "an offence against religion." The narrative, however, is not confined to this place, but has much of interest to Bostonians, and ranges from London to San Domingo.

"The Home Life of Poe," by Susan Archer Weiss, is not, and does not claim to be, a full biography of the poet, nor is it written with any literary grace. Within its own field, however, as an intimate portrait of Poe and of those with whom he lived from childhood to death, we regard it as the sanest and truest book yet published. The failings of the man are not concealed, but they are treated humanly, with neither the attempt to throw the blame for them on others, as certain advocates have tried to do, nor the more common gloating over his weaknesses which has been carried on by most biographers from the jealousies aroused by Poe among his contemporaries. Possibly there is a touch of undue animosity shown against Mrs. Clemm and her daughter, but on the whole the story of that strange triangular family as here given seems to us more authentic and natural than as it comes to us through Professor Woodberry (whom Mrs. Weiss persistently calls Woodbury). And so also in regard to Poe's relations with women during his latter years. To see the writer of the exquisite poems to "Helen" and "Annie" fluttering between a morbid susceptibility to feminine charms and a desire to find a wife who would supply him with money, to see him rushing from one eligible party to another, is not a spectacle flattering to our human nature. These sordid, vulgar episodes should never have been made public at all; yet, as it is too late to recall them, the next best thing is to have them in their true light, as they are here presented. Mrs. Weiss is right in laying Poe's errors to weakness of will and not to viciousness; she leaves us with more of pity for the man than of indignation against him. And withal, though the responsibility for his errors cannot be shifted upon any other shoulders than his own, yet, in his larger relation to the public, in his terrible struggle with poverty, he was as much sinned against as sinning. Mrs. Weiss corrects some minor details of fact in regard to Poe's marriage, his quarrel with Mrs. Allan, and other matters; she gives also a curious bit of conversation between the poet and herself over "The Raven"; but her chief service is in presenting a thoroughly human likeness of one about whom legends were not slow to flourish, and, indeed, still flourish. (Broadway Publishing Company.)

One volume of Horace Traubel's shirt-sleeve Boswellianism was tolerable, even valuable, a second volume of 563 closely printed pages is too much for patience. ("With Walt Whitman in Camden," D. Appleton & Co.). What profit there can be in following the record of Whitman's health day by weary day, in reading the diary of his trivial talk night by weary night, we do not see. The fact is, that Whitman comes out of this terrible ordeal a lessened man. Of intellectual life he had small measure, and it becomes monotonous to have two or three ideas drummed into one's ears over and over a thousand times. Curiously enough, though he never misses a fling at the "literary fellers" and cannot think of a literary class in America without being struck "with a laugh or with nausea," almost all his conversation that has much point or interest is about books and writers. Occasionally, as in his criticism of Heine, he exhibits rather startling powers of discrimination. Oftener his insatiable egotism is the arbiter, and he divides authors, as he divides all other men, into two classes, Whitmanites and non-Whitmanites. Such absorption as he betrays in his own work is extraordinary, even among the vanities of authors. This is the one theme about which conversation forever revolves: the authentic revelation of the "Leaves of Grass" and their power as a touchstone to classify all men and books and events. Thus Emerson comes in for a good deal of discussion; there is something comical in the unconscious ignoring of the fact, by both Whitman and his satellite, that Emerson may have any value or meaning to the world apart from his relation to Whitman's message. As this pitiless exposure of the old man's fading days sets his intellectual poverty in a glaring light, so it changes the inspired utterances of his egotism to a senile self-importance. Even his experience of life becomes deceptively contracted in these memoirs. With all his garrulity, Whitman seems to have retained always a curious reticence about sundry events of his life. Some, but not many, of the letters copied are interesting. Perhaps the most significant is the really beautiful letter from Lionel Johnson, written when that ill-fated poet was only eighteen, and giving further evidence that the chief following of Whitman in Great Britain was among the over-ripe and over-educated, who were drawn by the roughness and coarse virility of the man. Yet, withal, though we must account these records as misjudged as they are extraordinary, and though we feel that Mr. Traubel is unqualified to distinguish between the real greatness and the fustian of Whitman's poems—yet withal there does rise at times through this deluge of trivialities and self-asserting vulgarities a word from the depths, revealing dimly the inspiration that saves the "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Traubel, we think, belittles his hero; it is even possible, if not probable, that Whitman himself never saw with the eye of the analyzing intellect the deep-seated sources of emotion and awe which feed his poetry at its best.

"A book of suggestion" is an excellent description of Annie Winsor Allen's "Home, School, and Vacation" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—a volume of detailed rules for bringing up children. The opening chapters are devoted to generalities and "what to avoid"; and the rest is constructive, with appended tables telling what should be accomplished at the various ages, both physically and mentally. The underlying principle in Mrs. Allen's scheme of education is well expressed by her phrases: "Not a month must be unheeded—the child will never come to that age again." This seems rather a dreadful thought in connection with babies, but possibly learning useful things may be made as easy and amusing as new games. One is tempted to think that more bodily and less mental exercise would be better; but Mrs. Allen makes allowance for that also, and constantly warns against over-stimulation. Her chapter on discipline is suggestive. The rules and remarks about older children to the age of twenty-one are of equal value and interest. Having taught successfully for a number of years, she is well qualified to speak of schools and schooling.

"Greece and the Ægean Islands," by Philip S. Marden. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is written in the spirit of the amateur who loves Greece, and who desires to allure others to visit her. To accomplish this object the author, describes his own experiences in Crete, Athens, Delphi, the Argolid, Olympia, Delos, Samos, Rhodes, Thera, Corfu, and other places; but since he frankly disclaims a scientific acquaintance with Greece, he undertakes the difficult task of poaching on the preserves of the archæologists. His best chapters, accordingly, are those in which, as in his excellent accounts of modern Athens, Arcadia, Andhritsaena, and Thera, he treats of present conditions, delightful scenery, or incidents of the way; for here his unfamiliarity with the literature, history, and art of Greece is less of a handicap. For example, the chapters on Crete and Delphi might have been made more interesting, without being cumbered with technicalities, if they had recounted the romantic history of the remarkable excavations there. The few errors in statement may, perhaps, be denominated unfortunate inaccuracies rather than heinous offences. It is surprising to find that the lions of Mycenæ, after standing patiently on their hind legs for centuries, had sat down when Mr. Marden saw them (p. 178); and it would have been better to imply that Mr. Penrose and not Mr. Gardner, is really the exponent of the curvature of the Parthenon (p. 84); better not to accept the discarded view of the "treasuries" at Mycenæ (p. 184), and to hint that a controversy exists in regard to the Lysippus statue at Delphi (p. 166). The style, too, is not impeccable. To balance these blemishes there is a pleasing self-restraint in the avoidance of exuberant epithet, and a comparative absence of paragraphs that recall the manner of the incomparable Baedeker. The illustrations are admirable, and would make a book of much value and interest worth possessing.

A new version of Dante's much-translated "Inferno," has been made by the chief justice of the Australian Commonwealth, the Rt. Hon. Sir S. W. Griffith (Sydney. Angus & Robertson). There have been English renderings of Dante in many measures and in plain prose; this is one of the few attempts in English in the metre of the original. Has the author realized his ambition? Whatever else it may be, a translation must, first of all be faithful, and so ripe an Italian scholar as Principal Harper of Sydney pronounces the new translation a marvel of accuracy. The measure is at once more and less debatable. If it would be too much to say that the lines never halt, in general they run smoothly. The fault of his versification is, not that it is unrhythmical, but that it is wooden. Often the language is not poetical at all; sometimes it is "pure pr—— no, 'tis not even prose," as Lowell said of Emerson's verses. The "ethereal lift" is wanting. The inner vision, painted as in flames on a background of darkness, is not there, or at least the translator fails to use such words as render it.

A book of verse, composed, set up, printed off (with its eleven large pictures from photographic blocks and its thirty-six cuts of Australian wild-flowers), bound and published by the author, is a curiosity even in these days of curiosities. Walt Whitman in both senses of the word composed the "Leaves of Grass," but he was a professional compositor. A. W. Brazier, author of "Music and Light and Other Verse," is a Melbourne librarian. Though obviously inspired by the great paintings that are used to illustrate them, his poems have a stamp of individuality and independence.

Books on philosophy have not yet been produced in any number in Australia. Indeed, till Professor Mitchell of Adelaide some months ago published a treatise on metaphysics, it may be doubted if there had been any at all; and as Mr. Mitchell's volume was issued in England and inspired by the author's Scottish training, it belongs rather to English than to Australian literature. A more popular work, addressed to the general reader, is "Kosmos; or, Philosophic Studies on Order and Correlations in Nature, Mind, Art, and Theism," by George Woolnough (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co.). He is a working journalist, who has been struck with the story of Laura Bridgman and has concluded that the order of her acquisitions was the natural order, which ought to be a model at once for the educator and the philosopher.

With Dr. Karl Schüddekopf as chief editor, a complete edition of the works of Clemens Brentano, including correspondence, will be published by Georg Müller, Munich. All those who have in their possession letters or manuscripts of Brentano are asked to turn them over for the time being to the editor in Weimar.

Prof. A. Bertholet of the University of Basel has issued (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) a collection of data for the study of the origin and development of the leading religions of the Orient, called "Religionsgeschichtliches Lesebuch." His four coadjutors are Prof. William Grube of Berlin, religion of the ancient Chinese; Prof. Karl F. Geldner of Marburg, religion of the Vedas, Brahmanism, and the Zoroastrian religion of the Avesta; Prof. M. Winternitz of Prague, Buddhism; and Prof. A. Mez of Basel, the religion of Islam, as based on the Koran.

As Volume XXI. in the series known as Land und Leute, Monographien zur Erdkunde (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing), Prof. Hermann Guthe of the University of Leipzig, has just issued his "Palästina," with 142 illustrations and one chart (4 marks). The author was for many years the editor of the *Zeitschrift* of the German Palestine Society. The book deals with the soil and climate, fauna and flora, and the inhabitants, and brings from the Old Testament an abundance of illustrative matter. Toward the close of the book the author discusses the archæology of the Holy Land, both of the Biblical and the pre-Biblical periods.

Prof. Heinrich Weinel has written for the series known as Lebensfragen, of which he is general editor, a volume entitled "Ibsen, Björnson, Nietzsche" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). The aim of the book is sufficiently indicated by the sub-title, "Individualismus und Christentum."

The lectures on ethics delivered in Tübingen by the late Prof. Johannes Gottschick have just been issued under the title "Ethik" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr).

The report of the Public Library of the District of Columbia for the year 1907 shows a stock of 92,937 volumes, a registry of 45,231 borrowers, a reading-room attendance of 133,059 persons, and a circulation of 481,463 volumes. Since the occupation of the new building in 1903 the growth in annual circulation has been from 214,261 to 481,463 volumes, or more than 125 per cent. More significant than this increase in volume has been the change in the character of the circulation: the percentage of fiction issued has decreased from 83.7 to 69, with a corresponding increase in the use of non-fiction. The methods that have brought about this change have been to bring before the readers, in as persuasive a way as possible, the better and more invitng kinds of non-fiction, thus to a degree counteracting in the public mind the impression produced by the advertisements of current fiction. Particularly effective in influencing the choice of readers has been the display in rotation of the various classes of books in the open-shelf room, or lobby. The percentage of loans in each class has been immediately affected by this display.

A Social Education Conference, in continuation of the work of the Social Education Congress of 1906, will be held in Boston on the evenings of March 6, 7, and 8. The subject will be "The Social Education of Girls and Women." The speakers will be Prof. Julius Sachs, Columbia University; Miss Julia Richman, district superintendent of schools, New York; the Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, Cambridge, Mass.; Miss Katherine E. Conway, editor of *The Pilot*; Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League; Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman; Prof. Thomas N. Carver, Harvard; Mrs. Mary K. O'Sullivan, vice-president of the Women's Trade Union League; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; President Mary E. Woolley, Mount Holyoke College; Prof. E. Charlton Black, Boston University; and Mrs. May Alden Ward, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

The present state of the educational awakening in China is the subject of an informing letter in the London *Times*, February 6, from its Shanghai correspondent. Some interesting facts are given in relation to the new educational and general literature which is flooding the country. A large proportion of the educational works come from a native Commercial Press, a company with agencies all over the empire. Its text-books vary in price from five cents for "Elementary Ethics," to ten cents for "First Readers" and thirty-nine cents and upwards for handbooks on scientific subjects. Of one of the text-books 355,000 copies had been printed in 1906. Moreover, there is a growing demand for translations of novels and light literature, of which at present there are 220. The most popular of all European works of fiction now on the market is "La Dame aux Camélias." Others that sell freely are "Treasure Island," "Robinson Crusoe," Irving's "Sketch Book," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Ivanhoe," Haggard's "Dawn," "The Talisman," "Les Misérables," "Manon Lescaut," "Arabian Nights," and "Sherlock Holmes." In reference to these novels the correspondent says that it "must be borne in mind that our romantic and sentimental treatment of the relations of the sexes is a thing so foreign to Oriental ethics that the hero of the ordinary European novel appears to the Chinese mind as a person of perverted moral sense and doubtful sanity. . . . A Chinese novelist would have solved the difficulties of David Copperfield, and avoided much unnecessary pathos, by making him woo and marry Dora and Agnes simultaneously." His concluding suggestion is:

> The provision of one hundred good books suitable for Chinese readers would be of the greatest help to the cause of civilization; the list should commence with translations of the best Greek and Roman classics and end with standard English tales of travel and exploration.

Edward Gaylord Bourne, professor of history in Yale University since 1895, died last Monday. He was born at Strykersville, N. Y., in 1860, and was graduated from Yale in 1883. From 1888 to 1895 he was a member of the faculty of Adelbert College; and he had served as chairman of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. He was the author of several books: "The History of the Surplus Revenue of 1837" (1885), "Essays in Historical Criticism" (1901), "Historical Introduction to the Philippine Islands" (1903), "Spain in America" (1904), and "Life of J. L. Motley" (1905). Besides this original work, he was a busy editor, his name standing on Wolley's "A Two Years' Journal in New York" (1902), Fournier's "Napoleon I." (1903), Rocher's "Spanish Colonial System" (1904), "The Chase Papers" (1903), "The Narrative of De Soto" (1904), and "The Voyages of Champlain" (1905). He was one of the editors of the *Yale Review* and a valued contributor to the *Nation*.

The Right Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, for the last twelve years Protestant Episcopal bishop of Washington, died at Washington February 22. He was born in New York in 1843 and educated at Columbia and the General Theological Seminary. He was author of "Christ and His Church," "Life Lessons from the Prayer Book," "A Creedless Gospel and the Gospel Creed," "New Testament Churchmanship," "The Building of a Cathedral," and "The Calling of a Christian."

George Helm Yeaman, a lawyer of this city, died November 23. He had been a member of Congress, minister to Denmark, and lecturer on constitutional law at the Columbia Law School. He was author of "The Study of Government," of pamphlets on political and financial questions, and of the article "Legal Aspects of Insanity" in the American supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Dr. Adolf Hansen, lecturer in English at Copenhagen University, has died in his fifty-eighth year. He was known for his history of English literature and for his translations of "Childe Harold" and Shakespeare's Sonnets.

STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

The American Revolution. Part III. Saratoga and Brandywine. Valley Forge. England and France at War. By Sir George Otto Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

The period covered by this volume gives the author every opportunity to display his best qualities as an historian. A careful investigator, he has a keen eye for the picturesque, even resorting to legends of doubtful origin where they may serve his purpose. After stating his facts, he has no hesitation in expressing a definite opinion, which carries conviction to the reader more by reason of its obvious honesty than because it is the final word to be said. His point of view is so catholic, his reading so wide, and his likes and dislikes so positive that he confers upon the story a semblance of novelty, due to his own personal qualities as a writer. Moreover, it is a pleasure to observe his sympathy for the best in the American cause; for he is a democrat in spirit, and feels the popular movement, of which the Revolution was but one symptom. Yet he is strongly British when discussing European affairs, looking upon the declaration of war by France against England as an instance of bad faith; involving an unnecessary and objectless struggle, and driving France to ruinous measures. Peace would have made France the great Power on the Continent; war hastened the destruction of what was regarded as a cause of her greatness. And, finally, he shows clearly in these pages the depth to which England sank in political morality through her contest with America—an eloquent arraignment of a spoils system.

The narrative of military events is skilfully told, and it would be difficult to point out any omission of essential fact. The invasion from Canada under Burgoyne and the taking of Philadelphia by Howe are the two leading events, but a number of connected manœuvres and engagements occurred which lend themselves to the graphic methods of the author. His criticisms of the British generals are severe, but are tempered by praise for military qualities which could not be advantageously used in existing circumstances. Unsupported by Howe, Burgoyne's expedition was doomed to fail, but the real fault lay with Germaine, whose incompetency was not in need of such advertisement. Howe's course was quite as extraordinary as Germaine's; for his futile march into New Jersey was followed by a long journey by sea to take Philadelphia, a journey as wasteful of valuable time as of money and lives. Without orders from London to aid Burgoyne, he was free to pursue his own policy; but the occupation of Philadelphia was unnecessary, costly, and in the end did much to increase, even among loyalists, the bitter feeling against the English and their hired auxiliaries. The Peace Commission came at an unpropitious time and in an unfortunate manner. During six months the "question whether Great Britain could conciliate, pacify, and permanently and smoothly govern America, was tried out in a limited and securely protected locality, under every condition which could be expected to ensure success." It failed completely. The absence of either civil or military success, and the certainty of war with France, seemed to bring the fortunes of Great Britain to their lowest point. The energies of her rulers were devoted to unworthy and unprofitable objects, and the personal government of the King excluded from office the men best fitted to maintain the better qualities of British policy. A civil war had degenerated into a war of conquest, and the national reputation for prudence and shrewdness was grievously impaired in the eyes of Europe.

The American generals receive praise fairly given. Washington was a king by nature, always a fighting general, and the man who was the very centre of the Revolution. Yet his master strokes of victory were few, and his strategy was imperfect:

> Any painstaking military student, without being a Clausewitz or a Jomini, can see that Washington made mistakes and missed chances; but the final result of his exertions was the total discomfiture of his adversary.

Ultimate success came from his skill and foresight, and still more from his elevation of character. Gates receives no mercy. He is a "lobbyist," a miserable self-seeker, a sorry tactician, whose one victory is due, not to himself, but to Arnold. He had no public spirit and no personal gratitude, being hopelessly incapable as a leader in battle, and even a coward. Greene and Wayne are ranked high, but a protest is made against calling the affair at Paoli a "massacre," which it was not. To Schuyler is given unstinted praise, and nothing could be more skilful than the comparisons made betwen Schuyler and Gates, Conway and Lafayette, Wilkinson and Hamilton.

As to the course of Congress on the convention of Saratoga, it placed the young republic "below the moral level of civilized and self-respecting nations," and remains a blot on the lustre of the American Revolution. To arrive at an entirely just opinion on that subject is difficult, for the original convention was a blunder perpetrated by Gates, and much confused by subsequent disputes, grievances, and charges of bad faith on both sides, which induced Congress practically to set it aside.

Of Congress in those years the author says little good. The industry and devotedness of some of the members could not compensate for serious errors committed in internal and foreign policy. The commissariat system broke down at a critical time, the finances were mismanaged, offensive operations were demanded when the army was a mere shadow, and a cabal against Washington was fostered when his services were all essential. The question might be raised whether the author is not too severe on that body, made up of men whom he calls politicians and pettifoggers. All executive functions were nominally concentrated in Congress, which at the same time had no adequate machinery for carrying its resolutions into effect. It was certainly never a "handful of untrained and for the most part insignificant personages," for some of the best constructive measures were framed at a time when the representation appeared weakest. The resolves on accounts of April, 1777, which are condemned as destructive of efficiency and discipline, were called for by the prevalence of practices which made honesty out of the question. The criticisms passed upon Washington were in part grounded on a fear that the continent would be left without a leader should he be removed by one of the many chances of war. For the bad use made of this feeling by some self-seekers Congress was not responsible, and the general support given to Washington was proof of loyalty to his policies. The many unfortunate errors committed in appointing unfit diplomatic agents were largely compensated for by the recognition of Franklin. In this formative period, when there was no true confederation, and consequently no real power in Congress, many of its acts are open to criticism; but the progress towards better conditions was steady and fruitful. Better the honest errors of Adams, the Lees, and even Rush, than the acts of a Weymouth, a Sandwich, or a Germaine.

The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba. By Herbert H. Sargent. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.

The announcement that Capt. Herbert H. Sargent of the Second Cavalry had undertaken a history of the Spanish-American war inspired hopes that the result would be an authoritative work; for his excellent studies, "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign" and "The Campaign of Marengo," now in their fourth and third editions respectively, gave great promise. These hopes, however, are not realized by the three volumes before us. Painstaking they are, and full of valuable citations from Spanish, German, and American sources; yet the judicial spirit of the historian is lacking. Thus, in his survey of the causes leading up to the struggle, he boldly assumes not only that the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war, but that "the American people and their representatives in Congress believed that Spanish officials were responsible for the destruction of the Maine, and they were determined that Spain should atone for the act and that her rule in Cuba should end." Even those who think our war in Cuba a holy crusade should protest against this attributing to the bulk of the people of that moblike thirst for blood, that low spirit of revenge, which was actually confined to a few yellow journals and hysterical persons. In this connection also Capt. Sargent fails to relate the efforts made for peace or to record the shameful suppression by President McKinley of that dispatch from the Spanish government, received on the eve of war, which granted every demand made upon Spain up to that time.

In treating the details of the battle before Santiago, Capt. Sargent holds that the raising of the American balloon and moving it along the road which the American troops were following to San Juan was a costly blunder. In support of this view, he cites the opinion of that eminent military critic, Richard Harding Davis, and of the chief of the Signal Corps, Gen. A. W. Greely. To be just to Lieut.-Col. Derby, the able engineer and officer responsible for the raising of the balloon, a really scientific historian would at least have presented his side. About Gen. Shafter, Capt. Sargent writes rather enthusiastically. He admits, however, that Shafter violated a fundamental principle of strategy in detaching Lawton's division to take El Caney, because Lawton and Chaffee assured him it would need only a couple of hours to reduce that place; whereas every consideration dictated the keeping intact of Shafter's main force, and the leaving of only a regiment and a battery or two to contain El Caney. Capt. Sargent grants, also, that several tactical blunders were made in the face of the enemy. None the less, he describes Gen. Shafter (about whom he writes in the present tense, although the general died in November, 1906), as having "indomitable, rugged energy," being a "blunt, brave soldier," a "fighter," "firm, untiring, decided," and "successful because he had a clear comprehension of the principles of war." But even this—enough to make one sit up and rub one's eyes—is as nothing to the characterization of Secretary Alger as "efficient," and of Gen. Henry C. Corbin as the "greatest executive staff officer this country has ever known."

These individual judgments are enough to discredit the book as that of a judicial military student; and the deeper one goes into the work, the more evident it is that the volume is more than anything else a tract for a large and costly standing army and a navy second only to that of Great Britain. Nevertheless, many of Capt. Sargent's professional comments, which follow each chapter, are admirable, as, for instance, his pointing out the mistakes of the Spanish commanders in their efforts to end the Cuban revolution from 1896 on. But when we find no comment whatever on Gen. Shafter's famous and inexcusable dispatch of July 3: "I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles," our faith in Capt. Sargent's desire to write in a really non-partisan spirit is much shaken. Again, his "General Comments" in volume three, range far afield, including a discussion of the Boer war and of Great Britain's imperial destiny. In conclusion, while the book must long remain a handy volume for reference, because of the many facts and figures it gives, it leaves the field still open to the historian who wishes to tell without fear or favor the true story of our ever-regrettable West Indian war.

CURRENT FICTION.

Dr. Ellen. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

Dr. Ellen was blonde, and yet looked well in khaki; her "nose and chin were roughly modelled, but the mouth had been exquisitely and delicately finished." In action she suggested the figurehead of a Viking ship, and when we read that Amsden "never saw this woman without an overwhelming desire to match his strength against hers," we settle back comfortably to unwind the tangled skein of their romance at leisure, secure in the confidence that the romance is indeed to be theirs. To be sure, the fatal charm of Amsden's cameo profile is too strong for the susceptible heart of Ruth, Dr. Ellen's sister, who proves the truth of her claim to possession of all the "comfortable little feminine vices" by making herself intensely disagreeable to her high-minded relative; but Amsden, though tempted for a moment by her beauty and simplicity, gently informs her—through an intermediary—that he will be a brother to her, if he can compass it, and all ends as it should.

Dr. Ellen's struggle against an unscrupulous quack for the confidence of her mountain patients, and her ultimate triumph, furnish the bulk of the incident—a sombre groundwork, which Willie Wallace enlivens with beams of such amiable inanity that we rather resent his final casting into the arms of the objectionable Christine, to furnish a jingling obligato for the solemn wedding bells of the hero and heroine.

Deborah of Tod's. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is an earlier story by the now popular author of "Peter's Mother" and "The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." It is much the same sort of wholesome and good-tempered romance, just the thing for the large class of readers always on the lookout for fiction that is neither dull nor distressing. Mrs. de la Pasture's stories move along the pleasant lines of the fiction of Miss Braddon and William Black. Her heroines are nice English girls in reduced social or pecuniary circumstance destined in the fulness of time to marry the amiable lord or baronet who may early be descried cruising matrimonially in the offing.

Deborah of Tod's is to our mind a more interesting figure than her successors. Tod's is a thrifty farm in Devon which has belonged for generations to Deborah's maternal ancestors. The mother has made a runaway match with a brilliant but irresponsible English subaltern of gentle birth. Upon the early death of her parents, the child has returned to the farm, and grown up under the care of an aunt, the incumbent of Tod's. Deborah has inherited the thrift and industry of her humbler forebears, and after the aunt's death, when she becomes owner of Tod's, she continues to live there, busy and contented as mistress and manager of the estate. To her, in her twenty-sixth year, comes by chance a retired officer, Gen. Sir Arthur d'Alton, who was formerly in command of her father's regiment. He is, in point of fact, an ancient dandy and rake, but in his rôle of the father's commanding officer, and, as she discovers, benefactor, he becomes glorified in her eyes. She takes his philandering seriously, and regards herself as betrothed to him by the token of a random caress. His discovery that she is a considerable heiress reconciles the impoverished old gallant to this silly error, and he marries her. Her eyes are quickly opened to his character and to the hollowness and corruption of the fashionable city life with which she is obliged to come in contact, but she devotes herself to the care of his decrepit person and disordered household till his death leaves her free to go back to her asylum of Tod's. She does not, however, find peace there, for the amiable lord in question has long since cruised in out of the offing and come to fairly close quarters. He presently runs alongside and everybody is happy.

In stories like this, with their naïve waiver of those psychological and pathological problems which encumber our fiction, there is much to content and soothe, if not profoundly edify, the old-fashioned reader who resents, now and then, the increasing claims of the story-teller to be guide and philosopher as well as friend.

The Forest Playfellow. By E. K. Sanders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The theme of a lonely child and a ghostly playmate has been worn wellnigh threadbare by much handling, but the author of "The Forest Playfellow" brings to the task a tenderness and simplicity that set the story beyond the charge of triteness. The little volume is as unpretentious in its style as in its binding; nothing about it suggests a bid for loud and ephemeral popularity; but one may venture the hope that after sixty times Six Best Sellers have shouted themselves into second-hand bookshops, "The Forest Playfellow" will still stand on many a Beloved Shelf, shabby with much cherishing by old and young who have felt themselves lonely children.

By Veldt and Kopje. By William Charles Scully. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

It cannot be said on the basis of these sketches that Mr. Scully is entitled to place in the first rank of British Colonial chroniclers. Material is apparently as abundant in South Africa as in India or Canada or Australia, but as yet no Kipling or Parker or Lancaster has given it saliency. "The Story of an African Farm," written long before the Boer War, has hardly been supplanted by later interpretations of life in South Africa. Most of Mr. Scully's stories have found acceptance in magazines and newspapers, and they are more than ordinarily acceptable as such material goes. They are remarkable in not dealing with the triumphant Briton in exile who is commonly celebrated by the Imperialist chronicler. Mr. Scully is interested in the Boer, the Kaffir, and the European who finds himself in natural human contact with them. The matter of political or racial supremacy does not excite him. One of his heroes is a filthy and barbarous Hottentot, who delights in torturing birds and small animals, yet gives his life for a little English boy, whom he adores. Another is a young Kaffir chief, who prefers a noble death to an ignoble one; another is an old blind Boer, who has attained the serenest philosophy by way of a soul-shaking experience. Least successful are two or three tales about imported Britons, in which the author's attempt at humor results in mere facetiousness. About the workmanship of most of these stories, indeed, there is a sort of crudity, a smug amateurishness, which marks them as really provincial. What atones for this defect of mode, and makes them on the whole worth perusal, is the evident sincerity and sympathy of the mood in which this writer approaches his interpretations of the native life as he has seen it.

Adam's Clay. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: Brentano's.

This is a book which presents a not ungrateful challenge to the critic whose lot it is to deal with the "ordinary run" of English and American fiction. It is, at all events, not dull. Perhaps one may best suggest its quality by naming it a story not for the young person: it has precisely that Gallic attribute of ineligibility. By this we do not mean the absolute worst; it is not a sheer deliberate salacity, framed for the indecent amusement of those who leer and giggle. Indeed, nothing actionable really happens; it is only that the mind and heart of a brutal coquette are stripped naked, and that the author appears, according to the French mode, to be quite as much entertained as shocked by the spectacle. If the story is not dull, it cannot be dismissed as flippant. With all his air of satirical rogue about town, his insouciance in showing up the good fellow and the pretty woman who know how to play the brute under the cloak of good manners, Mr. Hamilton has more insight and body of doctrine than the ordinary heavy-handed moralist in fiction. He is obviously under no stress of determination to be portentous or searching. His story tells itself with a swiftness, spontaneity, and neatness which are so familiar in the fiction of the Latins, and, alas, so rare in our own.

The principal persons are a young farmer, an English naval officer and his wife. The woman, a pretty, discontented, middle-class provincial, has married the officer for the sake of freedom, knowing that after the honeymoon his duty would entail a three years' absence. Lovely and innocent in appearance, she is a vampire, whose single delight is to prey upon the passions of men. For three years she amuses herself to the top of her bent, when the impending return of her husband makes it necessary for her to disentangle herself from a particularly loathsome (though legally blameless) intimacy. She retires to a little village to await her spouse, and enlivens her tedium by enslaving the young farmer. Her progress with him and her general philosophy of life are recorded in a series of letters written to a friend in London, who is (and whom, delightful thought! she knows to be) a former mistress of the husband. He gets hold of these letters, and learns her real character. She is cast off both by him and her young lover, and calmly puts herself under the protection of the man whose morbidity had interested her. For its directness, simplicity, and ruthlessness, this study of the social wanton is remarkable. Juvenal's evil women were not stripped more bare. A healthy taste will add that, without something more of Juvenal's *sæva indignatio* than Mr. Hamilton exhibits, fiction is scarcely justified in dealing with such a theme.

The Literature of Roguery. By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

If the reader is induced to undertake these volumes of Professor Chandler's (in the series of Types of English Literature, edited by Prof. W. A. Neilson), in the hope of arriving at a clear definition or tracing the development of a distinct literary *genre* or "type," he is doomed to disappointment. Professor Chandler is indiscriminate in the treatment of his subject. He includes much material which has little or nothing to do with literature and is of interest only to the antiquary or the sociologist—jest books, for instance, and prison tracts and "repentances," or actual reports and studies of vagabondage or the like, composed with a statistical or scientific purpose. At the same time he seems to feel sufficiently justified in enclosing in his *cadres* any book whatever, if it happens to contain a rogue of any sort, no matter what its general character. So Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and Scott's "Ivanhoe" find themselves in the same category with "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," and "Tom Jones" as kindred of "Don Guzman de Alfarache." For the inclusion of such a story as "Vanity Fair" there may be more excuse. But it is obvious that the same principle would involve almost every modern novel or drama, and that there is a wide, an impassable gulf between even "Vanity Fair" and anything than can properly be spoken of as picaresque.

The fact is that Professor Chandler seems to have formed no very clear idea of the limits and *differentia* of his subject. To be sure, he points out that all this literature is marked as a whole by the presence of an "anti-hero," who is characteristically more rogue than villain. In the picaresque novel proper, which he carefully distinguishes from its derivatives, this anti-hero is the servant of several or many masters, the satire of whose vices or failings constitutes one of the principal motives of the story. In the later literature of roguery certain of these traits may persist—of them all, perhaps the vagrancy of the main character, as in "Tom Jones," has been the most obstinate and has done most to hinder the growth of the regular novel. In general, however, Professor Chandler insists that "rogue fiction . . . for the past hundred years has lived more or less apart from its origins." But unfortunately he fails to determine what are its constant and invariable notes, or ear-marks. Theoretically, indeed, it would seem clear that in a literature of roguery properly so-called, the rogue, or anti-hero, whose predominance distinguishes the type from every species of tragedy, must be treated with some degree of indulgence, if not with actual sympathy, under penalty of confusion with comedy; while in mitigation of the protagonist's rascality, society will come in for sufficient satire to keep the mood of the story distinct from that of romance. Such would seem to be the necessary requirements of anything like a *genre tranché*, a pure type; and some such characteristics would seem to have haunted the writer's mind in spite of the bewildering latitude with which he has gathered into his catalogue almost every variety of novel.

Nor is the evolution, the internal growth of the type, if there really be any such type, made much clearer. At most it is possible to name, after Prof. Chandler, certain popular elements which have contributed in one way or another to the final result. And in this case the mania for reducing everything to a popular origin seems more justifiable than usual. At all events, there can be no doubt that the popular mind has always been interested in the rascal and has always been confirmed in this taste by the "literature" which it most affects—to-day, the sensational papers, in the past the jest-books, popular tales, satires, and "characters." So established, the theme appears to have received two important developments—one by the criminal biography; the other by the "anatomies of roguery," including beggar books, cony-catching pamphlets, prison tracts, down to the modern sociological study. Exactly how these things ever grew into such literature as Borrow's "Lavengro" or what was the manner and mode of their influence we are not informed. When the author remarks that the link between such matters and the novel was supplied by Addison, he seems to think that he has done enough by way of explanation in adding that Addison borrowed from this literature of roguery. In this point, as in others, Prof Chandler, like so many scholars, is exceedingly keen in the hunt of origins without conceiving any intelligible relation between seed and fruit. For that reason his discussion is almost exclusively a *catalogue raisonné*, a list of all the rogues in English, with the titles of the documents and other "literature" in which they figure and a brief summary of their story. There is no criticism; no sense for the peculiar problems, ethical or other, suggested by the subject, such as the effect of romanticism upon the revival of interest in the picaresque; very little even of that research of literary comparisons so popular just now.

In short, the book is one big bibliography; and as such it is not without its value. To find an equal amount of material, arranged topically and chronologically in such a manner as to be easy of reference, would be impossible elsewhere. There are, of course, omissions; if Wilkie Collins is to be included at all, it is too bad to slight so accomplished a swindler as Capt. Wragge, in "No Name." While, on the other hand, it may seem as though a good deal of the lighter current fiction that is analyzed were hardly deserving of such serious attention. At the same time, it is only fair to remember that the first step toward the mastery of a new subject consists in a knowledge of just such facts as Prof. Chandler has accumulated; even though it must be added in the next breath that their selection and classification is no less important than their collection.

Father and Son: Biographical Recollections. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The name of the author is not given, but it is an open secret that he is Edmund Gosse. He offers the book chiefly "as a *document*, as a record of educational and religious conditions which, having passed away, will never return"; but also as "a study of the development of moral and intellectual ideas during the progress of infancy." The story is, in brief, "of a struggle between two temperaments, two consciences, and almost two epochs." The father and mother were orthodox, pious, rigid, extreme, members of that small sect known as Plymouth Brethren. They endeavored to keep their son in the same straight and narrow path. But since he was of a different type and belonged to a different generation, he was accessible to those ideas which have eaten like an acid into the old formulas of orthodoxy. Within fifty years the change in the point of view of Christians has been greater than in the preceding five centuries. This mighty unsettling has been accompanied by a bitter struggle between the adherents of the new doctrines and the old; and it is this vast conflict rendered concrete, personified in two admirably portrayed characters, that makes this book more interesting, as a mere narrative, than nine-tenths of the current novels.

The father and mother "dedicated" their son to the Lord when he was a babe of six weeks; and thenceforward they spared no effort to make his calling and election sure. The father was a naturalist who had travelled widely in pursuit of his profession, and who had won such repute as a careful investigator that Huxley referred to him as an "honest hodman of science"; but he parted company with Darwin and the progressives, and clung doggedly to a literal interpretation of the account of creation given in Genesis. He even wrote a book, the theory of which "was defined by a hasty press as being this—that God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity." The mother was also a writer, but of religious verse and tracts. The course of training through which these excellent people put their son seems almost incredible to-day. Fiction was strictly banished from the house; and the boy's reading was chiefly the Bible and works of devotion. The parents found pleasure "nowhere but in the Word of God, and to the endless discussion of the Scriptures each hurried when the day's work was over." They seemed never to understand why the little boy should not be equally absorbed in the Bible.

Many of the reminiscences of this singular childhood are very amusing—but under the surface humor runs the pathos of a young life cabined, cribbed, confined, and of the prayers and efforts of the parents tragically misdirected. Here is one typical story:

> My Father . . . assured me that God would be very angry, and would signify His anger, if any one, in a Christian country, bowed down to wood and stone. . . . I determined, however, to test the matter for myself, and one morning, when both my parents were safely out of the house, I prepared for the great act of heresy. I was in the morning-room on the ground-floor, where, with much labor, I hoisted a small chair on to the table close to the window. My heart was now beating as if it would leap out of my side, but I pursued my experiment. I knelt down on the carpet in front of the table, and looking up said my daily prayer in a loud voice, only substituting the address, "O Chair!" for the habitual one.
>
> Having carried this act of idolatry safely through, I waited to see what would happen. It was a fine day, and I gazed up at the slit of white sky above the houses opposite, and expected something to appear in it. God would certainly exhibit His anger in some terrible form, and would chastise my impious and wilful action. I was very much alarmed, but still more excited; I breathed the high, sharp air of defiance. But nothing happened; there was not a cloud in the sky, not an unusual sound in the street. Presently I was quite sure that nothing would happen. I had committed idolatry, flagrantly and deliberately, and God did not care.

And so the story moves on through delicious glimpses of the Punch and Judy show, through the eating of a Christmas pudding (Christmas was a wicked relic of Popery), through the boy's immersion and admission at the age of ten, "another infant Samuel," to the society of the Brethren. He talked so glibly that his elders and betters were "deeply cheered, and led far along their own heavenly path by hearing such accents fall from the lips of a babe and a suckling." But, in spite of this consecration, the temptations of the world were very alluring. With the other boys of the neighborhood, he was invited to a little party. His father said they must pray together, and ask God for guidance. The prayer ended:

> My Father, perfectly confident in the success of what had really been a sort of incantation, asked me in a loud, wheedling voice, "Well, and what is the answer which our Lord vouchsafes?" I said nothing, and so my father, more sharply, continued, "We have asked Him to direct you to a true knowledge of His will. We have desired Him to let you know whether it is, or is not, in accordance with His wishes that you accept this invitation from the Browns." He positively beamed down at me; he had no doubt of the reply. He was already, I believe, planning some little treat to make up to me for the material deprivation. But my answer came in the high, piping accents of despair: "The Lord says I may go to the Browns." My father gazed at me in speechless horror. He was caught in his own trap, and, though he was certain that the Lord had said nothing of the kind, there was no road open for him but just sheer retreat.

And so the rift between father and son gradually widened. When the lad went out to walk with a friend, the father would suggest some passage of scripture, "some aspect of God's bountiful scheme in creation, on which you may profitably meditate together"; but the boys were interested in other things. The final rupture came when the youth of eighteen went to London to live. He then preferred Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Scott to Dean Alford's New Testament in Greek, and Wood's "Continuity of Scripture." He would, or could, no longer tell his father that he was "walking closely with God," and that his "sense of the efficacy of the Atonement was clear and sound." Thereupon the father wrote, upbraiding him for "this dreadful conduct," wrote, not in anger, but in pain.

This is, with variations large and small, the history of many fathers and many sons. To readers of middle age it must recall vividly the trials of adolescence, and the faithful and sincere, but none the less futile, endeavor to put the old wine into the new bottles. There must, however, be few instances in which the strain has been so great as Mr. Gosse describes it; for most fathers are ready to allow for the different point of view, and trust the son, whose errors are intellectual rather than moral, to the uncovenanted mercies of God.

The Heart of Gambetta. By Francis Laur; authorized translation by Violette M. Montagu. New York: John Lane Co.

The heart of this book is the love-letters of Gambetta written to Madame Léonie Léon. Around them are grouped a certain amount of history, a larger amount of inference or conjecture, and a still larger amount of tearful sentiment by M. Laur. He is doubtless the stanchest of friends, and the most devoted worshipper of the memory, whether of Gambetta or of the woman that the great French orator loved; but as an historian, he inclines one to grieve—or laugh. The famous secret interview between Gambetta and Bismarck, which M. Laur had built up out of a few hints and guesses, was so mauled by Lucien Wolf and others that the author of the invention has apparently withdrawn it; at least, it is not included in this volume. But M. Laur's method is throughout too gushing to pass for that of sober history. He reminds one of a lachrymose Victor Hugo: "I wept. All France wept." The style is staccato drowned in emotion, and grows very wearisome.

The secret of Gambetta's romance with Léonie was well kept. But few of his friends had the least inkling of it. The different accounts of its rise and strengthening all agree that her fascination over him was great and persistent. These letters now come to prove it. They are impassioned, clinging, adoring, grateful—a nature which pulsed with life, pouring itself out day after day to a woman. There can be no doubt of the sincerity or depth of Gambetta's attachment to Léonie. But M. Laur pushes her ascendency over Gambetta to surprising lengths. She corrected his manners; she inspired his policies; she moulded his career. One hesitates about accepting all this. It rests on little but Gambetta's own glowing words: "My Léonie was the soul of those efforts." To draw from such phrases M. Laur's conclusions is to make an affidavit out of a love-letter. A man is not on oath in writing to his mistress, any more than in composing a lapidary inscription. A great passion absorbing a generous man naturally leads him to attribute all efficacy to the object of it. Examples of it crowd biographies. Think of Comte and his Clotilde, to take a French instance. One craves the letters of Héloise as well as of Abelard; but only a few of Léonie's are given, and these answer back feebly to the call of Gambetta's deep. There is no such proof, then, as in the Browning letters, of the marriage of true minds able each to sustain and satisfy the other's love. But bearing in mind the one-sidedness of the relation as here revealed, and disregarding most of M. Laur's sentimental embroidering, these letters of Gambetta must be taken as a real contribution to our knowledge of the man.

Newfoundland and Its Untrodden Way. By John Guille Millais. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The author of this book, son of the artist, is himself an artist as well as writer, naturalist, and sportsman. He has written a life of his father, Sir John Everett Millais, and has also embodied the result of years of labor in "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland." In his modest preface to the present work he says that this is "a hunter's book"; but the reader who expects the usual dull tale of slaughtered animals, will be agreeably disappointed. Stories of the chase are here in plenty, but there is far more. It is in the first place an exhaustive description of an interesting animal, the caribou, illustrated at every point. Moreover, the volume is redolent of the forest and the stream, and the wild life of the woods. The style is pleasant and easy. The characters who move across his stage are all alive and vivid: the Newfoundland guides, Bob Saunders and Jack Wells, the Mic Mac Indian Joe Jeddore, and Mike, the ten-year-old station master and telegrapher. The numerous pictures are admirable.

Though the book is largely concerned with the Newfoundland caribou, it contains much interesting information about Newfoundland and its inhabitants, including the Indians. To the average Englishman or American the island is inseparably connected with fogs, dogs, and bogs, just as Africa is "a mass of lions mixed with sand." But as described by Millais, Newfoundland is a most attractive place, with its thousands of lakes and pools, picturesque streams teeming with salmon, trout, and onananiche, great open moors, and marshes dotted with the ever restless herds of caribou. For its size Newfoudnland today holds more of these animals than any other part of the world. It contains dense forests of varied and beautiful trees. Its wild seacoast is inhabited by thousands of sea birds. All these things contribute to make the island one of the most delightful of wild countries to the sportsman and the lover of nature.

> Here in these forests and barrens, with their natural sanctuaries, the caribou are holding their own—one of the few instances where the purely wild game of Europe and America are not decreasing.

The reason why the great herds of caribou still remain in thousands undiminished is not far to seek. The island, larger than Ireland, is one vast deer park, wholly uninhabited. Indeed, Millais was the first to survey and make a map of a portion of the interior.

To many readers one of the most important chapters will be the description of the Mic Mac Indians. While Millais is lavish of praise for his Newfoundland guides, extols their cheerfulness, and their endurance, he gives the palm to the Indians for their skill as canoe men and as pilots in the wilderness. Consumption and the trader's rum are playing havoc with this fine race. In one drunken spree they often waste the earnings of months of toil. The law forbids the sale of liquor to Indians, but in the far-off outposts the law is a dead letter.

One of Millais's objects in coming to Newfoundland on his fourth trip was to study whales for the third volume of his "Mammals." His great desire was to get a picture of the greatest monster of the deep, the blue whale, and nothing in the book is finer than the story of the capture of this leviathan:

> It was a moment of intense excitement when the two finbacks rose right in front of the bows and within easy shot, but the captain and I were gazing fixedly into the green and clear depths looking for the blue whale, when far away down beneath the water I saw a great copper gray form rising rapidly right underneath the ship. The captain signalled with his hand to the man at the wheel on the bridge, turning the vessel off a point just as the ghostly form of the whale growing larger and larger every moment until it seemed as big as the ship, burst on the surface beside us and broke the water within ten yards. In a moment we were drenched in blinding spray as the whale spouted in our faces. I turned my arm to protect my camera and to click the shutter as the captain fired the harpoon gun. The latter planted the harpoon fairly in the great creature's lungs. After 500 yards had run out, a great commotion was seen in the sea, the next instant the whale appeared rolling and fighting on the surface. It lashed the sea into white spume with its flippers, and frequently raised its head right out of water, opening its immense jaws. Its struggles only lasted about two minutes.

The Norwegian of to-day, fine sailor and whaler, is the direct descendant of the bold Northmen who discovered America five centuries before Columbus, who conquered Normandy and ruled England. In like manner the Newfoundlanders, whose fathers came from the west of England, companions of Drake and Raleigh, are to-day the men selected by Peary for his Arctic expedition—the only race of daring seamen who can hunt the hair seal on the ice floes. One other feature of the islanders' character is their bandiness. They build their own boats and houses, tan their own leather, and make their own shoes. This peculiar gift of handicraft is inherited. All the first Newfoundland settlers were winter crews of skilled mechanics—carpenters, sawyers, blacksmiths, etc.—left behind to prepare the work for the fishery.

To all who wish to know about Newfoundland and her attractions for the tourist, the man of business, or the sportsman, we can strongly recommend Millais's book. It is the best work that has ever been written on the natural history of the island.

A Year in Russia. By Maurice Baring. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The Red Reign: The True Story of an Adventurous Year in Russia. By Kellogg Durland. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

As the number of books on contemporary Russia continues to grow—and there is already a respectable literature dealing with Russian history since 1904—it becomes possible to divide them into two distinct classes. There is the volume which deals with those dramatic features of a revolution which naturally come close to the heart of the journalist, and there is the volume which treats of those causes and presuppositions of historic events which appeal primarily to the student. The second class is by far the smaller, and it is not increased by the two works under consideration. Mr. Baring's year in Russia covered the eventful period between August, 1905, and August, 1906, but the book pretends to be nothing more than a jotting down in diary form of hearsay, impression, and casual observation, and as such can possess little permanent value, especially in the presence of more elaborate and systematic presentations of the same subject.

Mr. Durland's account of his adventures within the Czar's empire in 1906-7 is a far more commendable piece of work. In fact, within its own class, it is probably the best book on présent-day Russia that has so far been written, for completeness, clearness, and picturesqueness of treatment. In differentiating it from the kind of book that would appeal to the serious student of Russian history, we do not mean to imply that Mr. Durland's story is merely one of battle, murder, and sudden death. Non-spectacular political and social questions are far from being neglected, and a satisfactory picture of Russia's moral state is also presented. At the same time, the point of view is intensely and avowedly anti-governmental, and no attempt is made to study the present situation in the light of Russia's history and institutions after the fashion of, for instance, Bernard Pares's "Russia and Reform" (see *Nation* of October 10, 1907, p. 332). The author's intimate relations with the most active of the revolutionaries has, however, enabled him to seize what may be called the soul of revolutionary Russia, with convincing appreciation. His account of the events that preceded the Kronstadt mutiny of the summer of 1906 makes the best reading in the volume, because of its insight into the blending of the spirit of martyrdom, of youthful recklessness, and naïve delight in conspiracy which is the motive power behind a large section of the Russian "Intelligence."

The Caucasus, the Baltic provinces, the revolutionary south, the pogrom centres, the capitals, the peasants, the city workmen, and the Duma, all receive more or less adequate mention.

Science.

Henry Frowde has ready for publication the Fitz-Patrick Lectures, delivered by Dr. Norman Moore before the Royal College of Physicians of London. They will appear as "The History of the Study of Medicine in the British Isles."

"The Book of Water-Gardening," by Peter Bisset (New York: A. T. De La Mare Co.), places within reach of amateurs the information necessary to establish and conduct successfully small and inexpensive water-gardens; and it gives directions also for the cultivation of aquatic plants upon the large scale demanded by parks and estates. The general features of preliminary engineering are presented with care, and the various accessories, such as windbreaks, etc., are treated sufficiently. By taking advantage of excellent photographic methods of engraving, the author has made his work most attractive throughout. The value of a book of instruction and reference like this is much enhanced by a full index, and perhaps one may be given in a second edition. Such an index would, no doubt, enable one to find what has been looked for in vain in the text—some reference to the intimate relations of the mosquito to water-gardening. The mosquito tones down the enthusiasm of many cultivators of aquatics, and a hint or two as to the proper management of the insect in places where it is impracticable to keep fish to consume the larvæ would be welcome. We suggest that the brief allusion to this serious drawback, on page 24, be somewhat expanded. Even the most cursory glance at the pictures will show how wide is the range of taste displayed by water-gardeners in this country. Most, though not all, of the plates indicate sound judgment and appreciation of beautiful effects.

In Part I. of Volume II. of "Trees and Shrubs; Illustrations of New or Little-Known Ligneous Plants," prepared chiefly from material at the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, and edited by Charles Sprague Sargent, director of the Arboretum (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), twenty-five species are described and illustrated. To those who know the excellent quality of Professor Sargent's "Silva of North America," and who have followed his later contributions, no commendation of the present treatise is necessary. In all respects the continuation of his great work is on the high level of what has gone before. Charles Faxon's delineations are perfect as to detail, and as to stereoscopic effect, and indicate the power of a line drawn by one who knows exactly what he sees. It is difficult to be reconciled to the loss of *Garden and Forest*, in which Professor Sargent and Mr. Faxon were making frequent and more easily accessible contributions to the knowledge of our ligneous plants. Certainly the numerous garden magazines, illustrated copiously by photographic processes and filled with descriptions which seek to avoid all savor of technical language, do not fill the place occupied by the vanished journal. *Garden and Forest* was educative from the first, and of immense importance in guiding taste. Fortunately the energy which gave to that journal its distinctive character is in its new channels doing high service to science.

A new astronomical journal, *Gazette Astronomique*, has been established at Antwerp. It will contain some popular articles.

The Fourth International Mathematical Congress will meet at Rome April 6. The four divisions are: (1) Arithmetic, Algebra, Analysis; (2) Geometry; (3) Mechanics, Mathematical Physics, Geodesy, Applied Mechanics; (4) Philosophy, Historical and other Questions.

The senate of Cambridge University purposes to celebrate in 1909 the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species."

Students of science and admirers of the late Lord Kelvin will be glad to know that F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia has published a large portrait of him suitable for framing.

The death is announced of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Strachey, at the age of ninety-one. His life work was done in India, beginning as far back as 1836. To him was chiefly due the extension of railways, canal, and irrigation works in that land. He was a member of many scientific societies and commissions, and he published "Lectures on Geography"; and "Finances and Public Works of India" (with his brother, Sir John Strachey).

Dr. Karl von Voit, celebrated physician and physiologist of Munich, has just died at the age of seventy-six. His principal discoveries were in the field of metabolism; as early as the age of twenty-six he had shown that an animal's proteid metabolism can be measured by the amount of nitrogen in its excreta. His doctrines attracted much attention and have been the cause of many controversies between the "Munich school" and the advocates of other views; nor can it be said that a final conclusion has been reached To the last Voit edited the *Zeitschrift für Biologie* which he had founded with Buhl and Pettenkofer many years ago.

Dr. Johannes Friedrich von Esmarch, professor of surgery in the University of Kiel, died February 23 in his eighty-sixth year. He was director of the surgical faculty in hospitals of Berlin during the Austrian war and surgeon-general during the Franco-Prussian war. Among his works are "Beiträge zur praktischen Chirurgie," "Verbandplatz und Feldlazar," "Kampf der Humanität gegen die Schrecken des Krieges," and "Handbuch der kriegschirurgischen Technik."

The death is also announced of M. A. Lancaster, chief of the meteorological department of the Royal Observatory of Belgium at Uccle.

Drama.

THE PARIS THEATRICAL SEASON.

PARIS, February 8.

The Paris season at the theatre has proved unusually worthy of note. It has markedly strengthened the bond, which, in modern France as in ancient Greece, unites and all but identifies the drama with literature. Acted or read, the works of Euripides were at once plays and poems, just as Paul Bourget and Gustave Geffroy and even Paul Margueritte purge almost too violently our own passions, political, social, religious, with pieces which primarily were novels. Even the engrossing stage art of Sardou is used to set forth intensely human anecdotes of French history, with scenic archæology. And what is now the passing comedy of playwrights like Alfred Capus and Tristan Bernard may still give pleasure to lovers of past literatures when a fuller civilization than our own is raging in some Chinese Hinterland, just as we ourselves delight in recovered scenes of Menander. For the present, at any rate, these plays are business successes, and this assuredly shows a high average of literary cultivation among Parisians from lofty to low.

"Divorce," drawn from Paul Bourget's novel of that name by the author, with the help of André Cury, has a timely story. The plot in the book has been closely followed; but it is concentrated in the play with a stage talent which no one would have attributed to Paul Bourget. None of the characters expounds anything in the dialogue. From beginning to end there is scarcely a break in the march of the story—and of the ideas. The author prefers to say that this is no problem play, but only a *pièce à idées*. Characters, story, ideas rush us forward breathlessly, relentlessly, head and heart, to the situation which is the outcome of the play—and perhaps of life in the France of to-day. I can remember nothing like it in living dramatic authors, with the exception of Paul Hervieu. The wife of an utterly undeserving husband secures a divorce, and the right to their child. Soon she tears herself from her religious past by civil marriage with a violent, but honorable free-thinker, who cares for the son of her first marriage as he does for the daughter born to themselves; and he trains the boy's mind to his own ideas, leaving his daughter to the mother. Two things happen. The first communion of the little girl stirs slumbering deeps in the soul of the mother, who, like French women, lives and has her being in her children; she wakes to find herself shut by her second marriage into outer darkness from the religion with which she has striven to enlighten her child's conscience. Next, and this is the ridge of battle, her son insists on his right, his duty, to espouse a young woman obnoxious to both husband and wife. This girl, too, is noble-minded, principled, like all these protagonists of a conflict where sure religion is face to face with uncertain ethics; and she has already followed out her free thinking by a free union, not religious and not civil marriage, with another whom she has left because he proved as unworthy as did the first husband in the marriages. This consequence of free thought is too strong for the young man's stepfather, if that is his correct title while the real father is still alive; for the free-thinking father has destroyed in himself the religion, but not the conventional morality, of society around him. But the young man is inflexible: "You married my mother after she had had a child—myself—by another man still living. Why shall not I marry Berthe, who is in the same position?"

Here we have a startling dilemma—must France, in practice, choose between indissoluble Christian marriage and unions of free love dissolved at will? The presentment of this question in the play has troubled the Parisian conscience beyond all that would have been believed. The radical critic, Ernest-Charles, accuses Paul Bourget of "gross sophistry—he calls moral what is only an abolished belief, a superannuated social convention." But even Ernest-Charles has to acknowledge that Paul Bourget has suppressed none of the very human thoughts and emotions which may honestly exist in all these lives swayed by conflicting principles: "The doctrine is inhuman, barbarous, antisocial to such a degree that the public was revolted and declared itself partisan of free union." The truth is that, save in Gustave Geffroy's play, which is also of this year, such uniform interest, with so conflicting applause for both sides, had not been provoked in Paris theatres since the "morale indépendante" of Dumas' "Natural Son," and Sardou's "Thermidor." Every one recognizes that the crucial point in divorce is the fate of the children of the first marriage. Alfred Naquet, author of the French divorce law, says openly in the newspaper symposium started by the play: "Let the state take care of the child." Paul Margueritte, without heeding the child, has long carried on a campaign to enlarge the present law by making divorce possible at the will of one only of the parties—thus favoring more and more the individual as against the family, which is Paul Bourget's, and, indeed France's, traditional social unit. Probably all thoughtful men to-day agree with the real conclusion of novel and play: "It is folly to expect to conciliate all the traditional virtues in the world of the past with the system of ideas which is most contrary to such virtues."

"L'Apprentie" of Gustave Geffroy excited even a greater storm of applause and counter-applause as the varying sentiments of the characters were brought out. People rose up in their seats to declare that this is true; and others contradicted them. It was once more the two Frances of real life, shown truthfully on the mimic stage. The piece is described as an historical drama. It is in reality a succession of scenes, of which nearly half portray the rise and fall of the Paris Commune, while the others follow out the tragedy in the lives of one Communist family twenty years later. Gustave Geffroy, like Antoine, who has staged his play superbly, was old enough to make his own observations at the time and, what is more, inhabited the workmen's quarter of Belleville. He was later one of the young men of Clemenceau the editor; he has headed the movement which brings to the artisan instruction in the fine arts, of which Gustave Geffroy is an able critic; and he has just been named to the high post of director at the Gobelins. There is a touching air of sincerity about all his writing. The book from which the play has been taken is superior in style, in fairness, in all that should make for human interest, to Zola's "Débâcle"—and has had, perhaps, one-tenth the sale. Those who know that there are two sides in every historic tragedy cannot afford to ignore it when they attend to the Paris Commune. The ensuing family tragedy is a Labor incident, with the one sister swallowed up alive in a selfish world and the other left to struggle alone and with no prospect of aid or recompense from society as it exists.

"L'Autre" of Paul Margueritte is in line with the campaign which he carries on unweariedly in favor of allowing one of the partners to dissolve the dual contract of marriage. The play is dramatic and as literature is of high order—but it is uncomfortable in bringing out what is often the truth, that husbands are responsible for their own matrimonial misfortunes. It is, of course, a *bourgeois*, capitalist, property-owner's play, of and for the middle classes.

Sardou's play—"L'Affaire des Poisons"—has a heightened interest from the controversy into which it has plunged him with Frantz Funck-Brentano, whose documentary book on the subject is the latest authority. There are still people who doubt the complicity of the Duchess de Montespan in the "black masses," although most follow the Puritan jury of the Maybrick trial, that when adultery is proved murder shall be the verdict.. The play dwells only on the murder part—the wholesale poisoning in which the King's mistress took part only to keep the royal affections. The controversy deals with less dramatic and more contested points: Did Louis the Fourteenth keep his hat on his head when a lady dropped him an official courtesy? Did he send to the galleys by *lettre de cachet?* Were his galley prisoners treated, as Professor Lavisse says, to "worse horrors" than are retailed of ancient slavery? And did the Grand Monarque sacrifice innocent lives for state reasons—the famous "raison d'État" which cropped up to the amazement of us all in the republican Dreyfus trial? Certainly Victorien Sardou, old as he is, hits back hard. Not for nothing has he passed a good part of a century in finding out the picturesque details of the dramas of French history. It was he who started on his way the chief of all such documenters—G. Lenôtre.

As Racine has been mixed up in the Affair of Poisons, it is right to notice this year's series of lectures on his life, friends, and work, by Jules Lemaître. Last year this lecturer, by what is now his book on Rousseau, drew out an answer from government. This time he shows himself a Sainte-Beuve redivivus. S. D.

It is a significant fact, that while in this country and in England the prevailing belief seems to be that a national theatre can be established only by means of large subventions and general coddling, Ireland, in her distress and poverty, with nothing but patriotic aspirations to support it, has actually started the institution about which everybody else has been talking, and has shown how a thing may be done by doing it. For there can be no doubt that this Irish National Theatre Company, some of whose members are now performing in the Savoy Theatre here, is exactly what it claims to be. It is rather a feeble affair as yet, with an uncertain future, but it has maintained itself for several years, and already possesses a repertory of plays, which are distinctly characteristic of Ireland and of no other country, and are, in many instances, remarkable for literary and imaginative qualities. The second play given here, Lady Augusta Gregory's "The Rising of the Moon," is of more substantial texture than "A Pot of Broth," but is really only a sketch. Three policemen arrive from a quay to look for a Fenian who has escaped from jail and for whose apprehension a reward of £100 is offered. Presently, the sergeant is left alone, and the fugitive appears in the disguise of a lame ballad-singer. He first allays the sergeant's suspicions, by telling stories about himself and volunteering his services to secure his own arrest, and then appeals to his sympathies, by discussing the accidents of birth and experience, and by singing proscribed Irish airs, in which the sergeant joins. Soon the latter is so softened that when his companion reveals his identity, he connives at the fugitive's escape in the boat which his friends bring for him. That is the whole story, and it is unfolded without the least attempt at dramatic effect, without one of the innumerable theatrical expedients which would suggest themselves to the least inventive of stage-managers. Considered only in the light of a theatrical episode, it is of the smallest value, but as a bit of real life, illustrative of the condition of affairs in Ireland, of the relations between the peasants and the police, and of Irish character, it becomes almost as interesting and instructive as it is veracious. Beyond question actors trained in the ordinary melodramatic school would make the incident much more theatrically effective than these Irish players do, but they would at the same time destroy its value as a human document.

The recent rapid succession of theatrical failures has brought to the front a number of young dramatists who are endeavoring to attract public attention by what they call a bold and frank treatment of indelicate subjects. Recourse to such expedients is a sign of weakness, not of strength. It is symptomatic of poverty of dramatic invention, and is but another phase of the crude sensationalism which, in professed melodrama, creates its shock by less credible and less objectionable methods. The latest specimen of these social "shockers" is a piece called "Paid in Full," by a new writer, Eugene Walter, which was produced in the Astor Theatre on Tuesday evening, and seems likely to fulfil its purpose in provoking comment. In some respects it is a rather notable work for a novice, as it exhibits capacity for character drawing, a sense of effective situation, considerable ingenuity, close observation of detail, and a mastery of realistic, lively, but utterly unliterary dialogue. On the other hand, it is tricky, extravagant, and uncertain in purpose, and in some of its incidents alike repulsive to good taste and common sense. Beginning with some pretence of offering a study of socialistic and plutocratic phenomena, it speedily resolves itself into the portrayal of a singularly base and selfish, but indisputably consistent and vital character, that of the hero, who, having robbed his employer, tries to save himself from prison by the barter of his wife's honor. From this unspeakable infamy he is saved by the purity and courage of the latter and by the generosity of a man, who, for clumsy theatrical ends, had been represented as a monster of cruelty and lust. The juvenility of the work is manifested in surprises of this sort, which are purely arbitrary and devoid of dramatic logic, and in the radical improbability of the main premise that such a strong, self-respecting, and keen-witted woman as the heroine is represented to be, could ever have been inspired to devotion by so transparent a blackguard as her husband. Unquestionably the play shows ability and signs of promise, but it is sadly lacking in moderation, judgment, and reticence, teaches no lesson that is not trite, serves no good purpose, and is, therefore, in spite of some striking scenes, of small account artistically. For the young, it is in many respects an undesirable exhibition.

Bella Patemann, the actress who died recently in London, was an admirable performer in her day. She was well known in this country, where she at one time supported Edwin Booth. She made a popular hit as Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," and another as Lady Clancarty. She also won success in "Proof," a version of the play known here as "A Celebrated Case."

Music.

Bizet. Von Adolf Weissmann. Berlin: Marquardt & Co.

What is to be the future of French operatic music? Will it follow in the footsteps of Debussy, whose "Pelléas et Mélisande" is the sensation of the week, or will it take Bizet's "Carmen" as its starting point? Adolf Weissmann has no doubts on this subject. To him Debussy is an impressionist, who would substitute vagueness for the definite outlines and the clearness of style which are of the essence of French music, whereas Bizet represents the perfection of that style. His "Carmen" is the apex of all French music. Nietzsche proclaimed it a trump which would take all the Wagner cards; and while this was exaggeration, it is certainly true that Bizet proved by his opera that the established form of patterned melody is as compatible with the demands of a true music drama as Wagner's "endless" or continuous melody.

That the Parisians failed to see this, that they actually accused Bizet of being a follower of Wagner, and that this was one reason why "Carmen" failed when first produced in 1875—these are among the strangest facts in musical history. Several other reasons why the opera did not succeed seem almost as strange. The traditions of the Opéra Comique demanded that the gypsies should be adapted to French ideas, that Carmen should be a model of purity, and that she should not die at the end. The orchestra found not a few pages of the score unplayable and the chorus balked because it had to act as well as sing. The report went forth that "Carmen" was so immoral that fathers could not take their families to see it. Thus prudery, hypocrisy, and ignorance combined to bring about the fall of a great work of genius. Whether the predominance of Spanish local color in the play and the music contributed to this result is doubtful. Exotic coloring of the crudest sort did not prevent Félicien David's "Lala Roukh" and "Désert" or "Délibes's "Lakmé" from pleasing the Parisians; and Bizet's exoticism is much more subtle, and modified by his individuality. As our author remarks, the actual Spanish melodies included in the score "are so thoroughly saturated with the personality of Bizet that the Spaniards had to accustom themselves to recognize in them their own flesh and blood."

Weissmann seems to have had two main objects in writing this short life of Bizet—to sing a pæan on "Carmen," and to call attention to the fact that Bizet was not a "one-opera man." The general impression is that "Carmen" came into the world like a meteor, but the author shows by a careful analysis of Bizet's earlier works that there is in them much music for the future, and he pleads for performances of the "Pêcheurs de Perles," the "Jolie Fille de Perth," "Djamileh," and, particularly, the glorious "L'Arlésienne" music, in connection with Daudet's drama. Weissmann's book should be translated into English at once. We need a good biography of Bizet.

When the audience at the first American performance of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," at the Manhattan Opera House, called out Oscar Hammerstein after the fourth act, he said that his one object in presenting this opera had been to endear himself to the public, and to perpetuate himself in its memory. Whether he will endear himself remains to be seen, but his undertaking is certainly memorable for its daring. Debussy's score is seven years old, and while it has been sung more than sixty times in Paris and seventeen times in Brussels, no other city except Frankfurt has dared to produce this strange, gloomy, and difficult music-drama. Mr. Hammerstein reduced the chances of failure—but also greatly increased his expense—by bringing over from the Opéra Comique nearly the whole cast that had won success for the work in Paris and Brussels—Mary Garden, Gerville-Réache, Jean Périer, and Hector Dufranne; and he had in Cleofonte Campanini a conductor who proved his ability to do full justice to the intricate and extraordinary orchestral score. This score is musically of much greater importance than the vocal parts; for whereas Wagner maintained that in his operas the orchestra, with all its complexity and fulness, is nevertheless a mere accompaniment to the singing voices, Debussy deliberately banishes melody from his vocal parts, making them mere recitative, or declamation. This boycotting of melody seems likely to prove the fatal weakness of Debussy's work, for it is infinitely easier to write recitative than original melodies or tunes. It is also much easier to write an orchestral score like that of "Pelléas et Mélisande" than one like "Tristan and Isolde." In Wagner's opera every bar is organically connected with the bars preceding and following it, whereas in Debussy's anarchy prevails. He scorns the laws of harmonic and contrapuntal concatenation as he despises vocal melody; his chords and groups of chords follow one another quite at random. This constitutes the essence of his unique musical personality. Its tang is intensified by the frequent use of the mediæval church modes in place of the modern major and minor. His great reserve in using the modern orchestral opportunities for dynamic climaxes is another peculiarity which can hardly be called a merit. When the music does rise to a climax, as where the jealous Pelléas maltreats Mélisande, or in the murder scene, it becomes thrilling. The best thing about Debussy's talent is his ability to adapt his music to the atmosphere of the play which it intensifies. In this respect his opera is worthy of Wagner himself. Debussy's music fits Maeterlinck's play like a glove.

Puccini's next opera will be on an American subject, a musical setting of Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West," and Americans will probably be the first to hear it. The composer hopes to have his work completed by the spring of 1909. The opera will be in three acts, the last, however, differing considerably from the American original. Besides that of the protagonist, there will be two big parts—one for tenor and the other for baritone, and about fifteen less important rôles. The chorus, consisting entirely of men, will appear only in the last act.

Art.

Die Plastik Sienas im Quattrocento. By Paul Schubring. 256 pp.; 156 cuts. Berlin: G. Grote.

If there ever was an art the quality of which was unplastic, it was the art of Siena. Byzantium itself was scarcely less productive of graven images. To be pictorial, and, in a minor sense, decorative, was the accepted ideal, and the sculptor was wanted only when his work seemed to be indispensable. When there was need of a fount to contain water, an angel to support a candle, a pulpit to exalt a preacher, Siena turned perforce from the gilder of panels to the carver in stone or bronze. But even here the opportunity of the sculptor was limited. There is no storied bronze door in Siena, statues on the façades of her palaces and churches are exceptional, even portrait tomb slabs are rare. As for independent portraiture, it may hardly be said to exist. The few examples attributed to Sienese artists are of doubtful provenience and workmanship. No Sienese sculptor except Jacopo della Quercia is a resounding name in the world, and although at different times Giovanni Pisano, Donatello, and the Robbias made splendid works for the City of the Virgin, these seem to have had only the slightest effect in creating a taste or a demand for sculpture. To study the plastic art of Siena in the fifteenth century is accordingly to follow a byway; an investigation, say, of the sculpture of Holland would be quite as promising.

It is possibly this sense of the barrenness of the field that has reserved for Dr. Schubring the honor of writing the first history of Sienese sculpture in the Renaissance. But the task was well worth the pains. As a pioneer Dr. Schubring has naturally magnified his office, and perhaps the unwary should be warned once for all that Siena is not next to Florence as regards sculpture in this period. Venice and even Milan take precedence. And the same caution should be applied to his attributions which are too often of the merely hopeful sort. By such valiant efforts to increase the list Dr. Schubring has managed to find only ten sculptors with some hundred and fifty works for a century of Sienese sculpture. And this sparseness suggests both the scantiness and comparative insignificance of the material, and the necessary shortcomings of the book. The author has gone little beyond the material accessible in Siena at the time of the regional exhibition. Doubtless a more thorough search of private collections and dealers' stocks and a diligent tour of the regions in Tuscany and Umbria that drew their art from Siena would double the list.

Dr. Schubring has in any case provided a useful basis for such a definite study, digesting in accurate fashion the scanty material from published and unpublished archives, and reviewing all accessible examples of the sculpture. Abundant illustrations, many from the author's negatives, put one in a position to weigh the plausibility of most of the attributions. Upon these contentious matters we have no space to enter. The case of Francesco di Giorgio must illustrate, in lieu of many, the merits and defects of his method. By a very interesting and convincing argument, he reclaims for the versatile Francesco, the famous bronze relief of the Deposition, in the Carmine, Venice. This has usually been attributed to Verrocchio, and associated with the stucco relief of the Discordia, South Kensington, and the bronze Flagellation, in the Perugian University. The latter two Dr. Schubring ascribes to Francesco on the strength of similarity between their architectural backgrounds and that of a predella in the Uffizi, which is also ascribed to our master. But the resemblance seems quite casual. In both cases, probably, the artists have drawn upon the forms in Leon Battista Alberti's treatise. It is by no means evident that the South Kensington piece is by the same hand as the Venice relief, while the Perugian bronze seems surely of Paduan-Florentine origin. In short, if it is a gain to find the author of the Venice Deposition, this gain is largely offset by the attachment of two other doubtful works to his name. As for the bronze bust of Pontano, in the Palazzo Bianco, at Genoa, our author admits that there are no stylistic grounds for attributing it to Francesco. The ascription rests only on the fact that he worked in Naples and conceivably might have portrayed this humanist. One must protest also against the practice of printing such attributions under the cuts with no sign of doubt. In this matter Dr. Schubring is not a unique offender. The habit evidently tends to give too cheaply to a supposition the credit of fact, and a conscientious scholar should be as careful in regard to these captions as he is with the text itself.

We cannot part with Dr. Schubring's useful book without a word on Sienese sculpture in general. Like most things Sienese, its exquisiteness atones for its lack of high seriousness. In Neroccio and Giovanni di Stefano, we find that peculiar sensitiveness which is the most agreeable feature of the Renaissance. Few have excelled these sculptors in the gracefulness of poised angels perceived through fluttering draperies. And yet one recalls that the Florentine Agostino di Duccio did this same thing with more preciousness and fire. In Vecchietta, another Sienese, we feel the peculiar qualites of late gothic sculpture which make it drastic or tender as the mood serves. His scanty work then strikes a note rare in Italy, though common enough in France. Antonio Federighi, one feels, might have become a great sculptor had he had the luck of being exiled. Except Quercia he was about the only Sienese artist who read the importance of the new movement. But as usual the value of Siena lies not in her prophecies, but in the placid mood of retrospect which she knew so well how to hold. She represents to us better than any other Italian city the half pictorial charm of sculpture in painted wood or terra-cotta. Even more than marble and bronze these were the sympathetic materials for ecclesiastical sculpture, according perfectly with frescoed walls, colored vaults, and illuminated windows. For preserving so many examples of the polychrome sculpture which elsewhere disappeared before advancing neo-classicism, Siena, as in so many other instances of tenacity to the old, has the admiring gratitude of lovers of fair forgotten things.

Early in March Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out a luxurious volume on "Country Residences in Europe and America," by Louis V. LeMoyne.

In Albert Forbes Sieveking's charming treatise, "The Praise of Gardens," Humphry Repton is properly given a place of honor as the first to employ the term landscape gardener. It is, therefore, right that Repton's early work, "The Art of Landscape Gardening," should have been selected by the flourishing American Society of Landscape Architects as the initial volume of their series of republished classics. The typographical execution, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the editing, by John Nolen, are very satisfactory. The original work was published in 1794, in a rather clumsy form. The new issue avoids this clumsiness, but, through a felicitous choice of type, preserves completely the antique character of the original. The first edition was enriched by illustrations, which in some cases had a lifting leaf by which transformations in landscapes could be shown; one could see at every step the changes. Thus a broken forest with a commonplace foreground was turned into a noble park, or a sombre view was suddenly enlivened by the introduction of some fitting edifice. Repton's illustrations are here well reproduced, and are likely to give great pleasure to those who are fond of seeing what transformations can be brought about by comparatively simple means. Repton's career was varied. He is said to have failed as a merchant, and, later, to have lost much money in a mail-coach system, so that, if failure counts in the business of critic, he came well prepared to his task as a critic of natural and of artificial landscapes. Of the latter, he had many within easy reach. Lancelot Brown, who had carried all before him by his generally skilful management of natural factors, had made many blunders; but, worse than this, a school of gardeners had grown up around Brown who made havoc with numerous estates. Repton was a keen observer, who detected errors, and suggested ways of correcting them; hence his work, while possessing little originality, is often exceedingly suggestive. The reader will find many evidences of sound judgment and of consummate tact. It is fortunate that this stimulating treatise has now been made accessible to lovers of country life in America.

Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld's Fourth Report (January, 1908) summarizes his Leucado-Ithacan excavations of June and July, 1907. He describes several finds, all accompanied by monochrome potsherds of the most rudimentary handiwork. He has found a prehistoric sanctuary, superseded first by "Dorian" and last by Byzantine worshippers. Their successive handiwork also appears. Moving eastward toward the harbor of his Leucadian Ithaca, he has found in an olive-grove deep-level remains of a prehistoric garden. This reminds him of the τέμενος of Odysseus (Od. xvii., 299), because he has discovered in it traces of a prehistoric water-supply, which also served the city near by. No such supply is alluded to in the Odyssey as serving the τέμενος of Odysseus, but just such an one serves the gardens of Alcinous (Od. v, 293, 129). Not far away was found a prehistoric necropolis, which Dr. Dörpfeld regards as a characteristic Homeric barrow. He likens its burials to the shaft graves of Mycenæ, and to those of the "Achæan" sackers of the first and builders of the last Tirynthian stronghold. Finally, Dr. Dörpfeld was so lucky as to come upon what he confidently hopes must prove to be remains of the palace of Odysseus. Its main wall resembles those of the palace in Triphylia lately discovered by him. For anything like certainty another campaign is necessary, but in the meantime Dr. Dörpfeld warmly urges the suitableness of this site for Odysseus's house. The whole settlement he dates far back into the second millennium B. C., since he has found, but not published, sporadic Mycenæan shards with the primitive monochrome ware everywhere so abundant; but the settlement lasted, he thinks, down to the very verge of the first millennium, because this same "Achæan" monochrome pottery has been found on many Greek sites in association with "geometrical" ware. This year's attempts to find the grotto in the harbor of Phorkys have not met with success.

Seven members of the American Society of Miniature Painters have contributed fifteen pictures to the ninth annual exhibition open at M. Knoedler & Co.'s till February 29. Sixty-three outsiders send 112 miniatures.

Among the exhibitions in dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by the Barbizon and modern Dutch landscapists at Noé's, till February 28; paintings by Corot, Durand-Ruel's, February 29; pictures by T. W. Dewing and D. W. Tryon, Montross's, February 29; paintings by living American artists, Macbeth's, March 7.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 8, the following prices were paid: Van Dyck, Portrait of a Gentleman on Horseback, £2,205; Lawrence, Duchess of Norfolk, in white dress, £961; Andrea del Sarto, Madonna and Child, with St. John, £682; Guercino, St. Gregory, seated on a throne, £367; Etty, The World before the Flood, £241; Rubens, Philip IV. of Spain, on horseback, £136.

Harriet G. Hosmer, the sculptor, died in Watertown, Mass., February 21. She was born in Watertown in 1830. After receiving lessons in modelling in Boston, she entered a medical college in St. Louis in order to study anatomy. In 1852 she went to Rome and became a pupil of John Gibson, the English sculptor. Her first full length figure in marble, completed in 1855, was Œnone, and this was followed in the same year by Puck, of which many copies were made. Next came a companion piece, Will-o'-the-Wisp, and in 1857 she exhibited her reclining statue of Beatrice Cenci, which is in the St. Louis Public Library. The colossal statue of Zenobia in Chains, was completed in 1859 and this was followed by the statue of Thomas H. Benton, in Lafayette Park, St. Louis. Among her other works are the Sleeping Faun and the Waking Faun, a statue of the Queen of Naples as the Heroine of Gaëta, a monument to Abraham Lincoln, and the statue of Isabella of Spain for the Chicago World's Fair.

Peter Janssen, artist and director of the Royal Academy of Art, Düsseldorf, has died at the age of sixty-three. His best-known work was as a mural and fresco painter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albright, Victor E. A Typical Shaksperian Stage: The Outer-Inner Stage. Knickerbocker Press.
Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States of Maryland, Proceedings of the Twenty-first Annual Convention. Published by the Association.
Barrett, S. A. The Geography and Dialects of the Miwok Indians—The Ethno-Geography of the Pomo and Neighboring Indians. Berkeley: University of California.
Balzac's Eugénie Grandet. Edited by H. E. Berthon. Henry Frowde.
Barron, Edward. The Lost Goddess. Holt. $1.50.
Bloomfield, Maurice. The Religion of the Veda. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Boas, Franz. Anthropology. Columbia University Press.
Burnet, Étienne. La Lutte Contre les Microbes. Paris: Armand Colin.
Bruce, Edwin M. Detection of the Common Food Adulterations. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. V. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Campbell's Poetical Works. Edited by J. Logie Robertson. Henry Frowde.
Clifford, Lucy. Proposals to Kathleen. Barnes. $1.50.
Colles, H. C. Brahms. Brentano's.
Corner, Caroline. Ceylon, The Paradise of Adam. John Lane Co.
Davenport, Herbert Joseph. Value and Distribution. University of Chicago. $3.72.
Ellis, J. Breckinridge. Arkinsaw Cousins. Holt. $1.50.
Francis, Paul James and Spencer Jones. The Prince of the Apostles. 75 cents net. Garrison, N. Y.: Lamp Publishing Co.
Gibbs, Philip. The Romance of George Villiers. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Gotch, Francis. Two Oxford Physiologists: Richard Lower, 1631 to 1691; John Mayow, 1643 to 1679. Henry Frowde.
Hirth, Friedrich. The Ancient History of China. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
James, Henry. New York Edition. Portrait of a Lady, 2 vols.—The Princess Casamassima, 2 vols. Scribners.
Leland, John, The Itinerary of. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Macmillan.
London, Jack. The Iron Heel. Macmillan. $1.50.
Noyes, Alfred. The Golden Hynde and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Olston, Albert B. Mind, Power, and Privileges. Crowell. $1.50 net.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1908.

The Week.

Tariff reformers have been described as amiable dreamers. "Visionaries," they have been told they were almost as often as "doctrinaires." Hard-headed men in actual contact with the rude facts have said that it was all very well to take high moral ground about an iniquitous tariff, but plans for reform were absolutely impracticable. "My dear fellow, you don't know all the political ins and outs of the tariff as well as I do, and for you to imagine that duties can be changed, or the protected interests induced to yield anything, without a political convulsion and the ripping of business to pieces, shows that you are living in an unreal world." Well, unreality for unreality, and dream for dream, we would back the present Republican scheme for revising the tariff against the most baseless fabric of the reformer's vision. The whole thing is innocently set forth in Tuesday's New York *Tribune*, in a dispatch from its Washington correspondent. There are to be no "blasts of trumpets," but the Senate Finance Committee and the Ways and Means Committee of the House are to be authorized to set quietly to work during the recess. They will "conduct such examination into the tariff schedules as may be deemed wise." They will study the mass of "statistics" prepared by Treasury experts. There will be "no public hearings," no "widely advertised consideration of particular schedules to upset business and frighten importers," but just a plain, steady, business-like preparation, so that when Congress next meets it will find not only that the party is pledged to tariff revision, but that "a considerable amount of preliminary work" has been already done. This tale is idyllic in its simplicity. On what drowsy syrup have these Republican tariff-revisers been feeding? Have the woes and buffetings of the men who have in the past tried to reduce the tariff been wasted on the existing generation of politicians?

Translated into terms of hard fact, what would be the actual procedure of a tariff-revising committee headed by Senator Aldrich? Why, the protected manufacturers would be down upon it instantly, like a wolf on the fold. They would demand to be informed whether their particular schedules were being "examined." If so, the committee would be told bluntly that it had better drop the subject at once. And only think of these secret inquiries being held while a Presidential election is pending! More fat would be fried than schedules altered. It would be an unequalled opportunity for the tariff blackmailers. Granting that some sincere Republicans might be on the committee, are they prepared to meet manufacturers whose protection they propose to take away? Better encounter a lioness robbed of her whelps? The truth is that all this prediction of injustice and oppression and special privilege being expunged from the protective tariff without an open struggle is concentrated humbug. The country has been given these smooth prophesyings for years, and has come not to believe a word of them. In the March *Atlantic*, the historian, William Garrott Brown, writes strongly of the way in which the Republicans have played fast and loose with the people, in this matter of tariff revision:

> For six years we have waited in vain for President Roosevelt to affirm or to controvert the last and on the whole the most important announcement of policy President McKinley ever made. He has never moved in that matter, nor has he even explained why he does not move. And now, as his Administration approaches its end, the man whom he would have us take for his successor will go no farther than to reclare for tariff revision—after the election! That, of course, means after the election of a Republican President and Congress. It means, therefore, revision by a House of Representatives under the control of Speaker Cannon and a Senate under the guidance of Senator Aldrich.

In reality, the Republican party lies bound hand and foot in the tariff prison-house. The standpatters will not allow it to budge. Secretary Taft, seconded by President Roosevelt, goes again and again to Congress to get a little tariff mercy for the Filipinos, but is rebuffed every time. The protected interests feel that they own the party, and do not propose to permit it to venture upon the smallest beginning of justice. In view of their determined attitude, and the pitiable helplessness before it of the Republican leaders, the idea that tariff revision can be got furtively, as it were, and without any fight at all, is ludicrous.

With such detailed proof as comes from Virginia of officeholders running political conventions, how can the President fail to act? The dispatches give the names, not only of postmasters, but of rural-delivery carriers, leaving their work to help control a district for Taft. Mr. Roosevelt assured Mr. Foulke that he would not allow this to be done; yet here are his orders disobeyed just over the Potomac. If the President continues to turn his blind eye to all this defiance of his own commands and of decency, why does not the Civil Service Commission bestir itself? A part of its business is to prevent such violations of the law. Last year it restrained some North Carolina postmasters from meddling in politics. Cannot it now see as far as Virginia? We have quoted President Roosevelt's round assertion that "no government office should be used . . . for the purpose of electing delegates to a nominating convention"; and his declaration that the people should be left to manage politics "without interference and dictation" by officeholders. On what ground can his allowing that kind of thing now be justified? Possibly, the phrase of the Marquis of Zetland may help us. He recently attacked the Liberal leaders, because, he said, "they have not the moral courage to swallow their previous utterances." But President Roosevelt is unsurpassed for moral courage.

The favorable report on the Fowler currency bill by the House Committee on Banking and Currency brings that measure more definitely before the public. It is avowedly revolutionary, in the sense that it retires, under a rather unusual proviso, all of the banknotes at present based on government bonds, substituting new credit notes under an entirely new machinery; that it introduces the deposit-guarantee device; and that it opens to national banks the right to enter on the business now transacted by both the trust companies and the savings banks. With some of the innovations proposed by the bill we are heartily in sympathy—notably with the general plan for reversion to an asset currency. But whether such a plan can safely be complicated with provisions not essential to proper currency reform, and involving serious problems in altogether different fields, is another matter. Nor can we by any means agree with the statement that unless reform legislation is enacted at a moment when the panic shock has converged the public mind on currency problems, it will not be enacted at all. The whole history of our currency legislation proves the contrary. Had the measures proposed in the session following 1873 and 1893 been enacted into law, great harm would have been done, and wise currency reform would have been indefinitely retarded. So far was it from true, moreover, that failure to pass such measures in the immediate aftermath of those panics prevented further consideration of the problem, that the two greatest achievements of the past generation in currency reform—the Specie Resumption Act and the Gold Standard Act—came each to a vote in much more than a year after the panic of which, in a sense, they were the outcome. The one was passed in December of 1875; the other in March of 1900. Each was the product of thorough public discussion and of matured legislative consideration during the intervening period.

A Constitutional objection has been raised against the projects for forestry reserves in the White Mountains and the Appalachians. The immense forest reserves in the West were made for a specific purpose out of lands which the government already owned, at least in chief part. But the power to acquire for forestry purposes tracts now in private or State ownership is, it is contended, nowhere granted by the Constitution. The advocates of the plan reply that the power of the government over navigable streams involves the right to adopt any policy which is necessary to prevent or remove obstructions to our waterways. To those who think of forestry as merely the science of cutting down old trees and planting new for lumber, this may sound like a technical defence, justifying a great project of doubtful legality because one of its remote incidental benefits brings it under the Federal jurisdiction. In fact, the conservation of water courses is not a remote but one of the primary purposes of modern forestry. The best authorities believe that, with the denuding of the mountain ranges in which they arise, the rivers of New England and the South will lose a great part of their value to the regions through which they flow, becoming subject to flood and dearth alike.

In forbidding the payment of the "scrip dividend" declared by the Erie Railroad last August, the Public Service Commission goes to the root of things. The directors voted semi-annual dividends at the rate of 2 per cent. on the company's $47,000,000 first preferred and 4 per cent. on the $16,000,000 second preferred. The $1,596,000 requisite for the payment had been earned, but the directors, foreseeing that cash would be needed during the approaching period of trade depression, decided to pay the dividend, not in cash, but in scrip bearing 4 per cent. interest and redeemable in 1917. The Public Service Commission sweeps away all subtleties and points out that what the directors proposed to do was to put the company in debt for the purpose of paying dividends. Now, the law permits the incurring of such long-term debt for four purposes only—acquisition of property, extension or improvement of facilities, maintenance of service, and refunding of outstanding obligations. In the present case, none of these four purposes is proposed or would be attained. The company, as a company, gets nothing in return for the ten-year evidences of debt which it puts out. The "scrip dividend" is therefore forbidden. The wisdom of this decision cannot be fairly questioned. When the Erie directors voted the dividend, last August, their action was in principle a reversion to a vicious expedient, practised with unfortunate results in the haphazard railway finance of a generation ago. It is time for railway directors to learn that if it is not safe to pay a dividend, the dividend ought not to be paid at all.

If the proceedings in Superintendent Kelsey's case had been at all, as they pretended to be, judicial in character, ample time would have been given to Mr. Fleming to answer the allegations of Kelsey's counsel. As it was, but a scant twenty-four hours were allowed, and the matter had to be hurried to Albany, where it received not the slightest consideration. The Senate had its mind made up, irrespective of the evidence. Even in the short time at his disposal, Mr. Fleming was able to make a very damaging rejoinder to Kelsey's defence. He showed it to be full of evasion, misrepresentation, and garbling. By repeating some of the critical testimony taken at the inquiry, including Kelsey's own, Mr. Fleming heightened the general conviction that the Superintendent of Insurance has shown himself negligent and incompetent. But the Senate was notoriously governed in its action on the case by motives wholly personal and political. The pro-Kelsey men had "got the votes," and that was enough for them. Yet they confessed, in their very explanation of their plans, that they were doing something against the interest of the State. It seems that they finally "let off" two or three Senators, whose votes they could have had if need were, since these precious gentlemen are very anxious to be reëlected! The admission that the retention of Kelsey is a defiance of public opinion and of political decency could scarcely be plainer.

If anything could demonstrate the necessity for the provision suggested in the State Banking Superintendent's recent report, that the Superintendent himself be made the statutory receiver for insolvent banks, the recent performances of Attorney-General Jackson would do so. The actual condition of the Oriental and the Mechanics and Traders' banks may be in doubt; but what is not in doubt is that efforts were in progress to effect resumption without receivership, and thus relieve the hardships incurred by depositors. These efforts were conducted in coöperation with the Banking Superintendent, and the negotiations were still in progress when the Attorney-General suddenly interfered with a peremptory application for receivers, who were duly appointed by the court. No conference was had with the people who were at work on the plan of resumption; no time allowed, as in the case of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, to show whether or not the plan was assured of success. Even the Banking Superintendent, the one public officer who may be assumed to have been acquainted with the condition and prospects of the institutions, was ignored. Why was this done? The Attorney-General's public explanations are perfunctory. He had already, he declares, "delayed action longer than he should have done," and he thereupon consulted "a large stockholder" of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, at whose suggestion he "took steps." One of these "steps" was to secure the appointment, as one receiver, of the brother-in-law of this "large stockholder," and as another the Attorney-General's private secretary, a former newspaper reporter; these gentlemen then selected the "large stockholder" himself as counsel. In the case of the Oriental Bank, one of the receivers was a Tammany Hall member of whom the Attorney-General is reported as saying that he knows nothing of him, "except that he is a real estate dealer." Further comment is hardly necessary. The Attorney-General, however, had some further comment to make. "The powers of the Banking Superintendent," this eminent financial authority declares, "are too great as it is"; and the pending bill to place the receivership work in the Banking Department's hands, to the exclusion of the Attorney-General, is "a most dangerous and ridiculous piece of legislation"—in fact, "almost infamous in its nature." One can certainly sympathize with the honest indignation which must inflame a spoils politician at the prospect of losing rich political pickings from the misfortunes of depositors.

Artists complain of the lack of recognition of art in the United States. They often declare that they do these things better in France, where the national and municipal governments not only encourage the education of artists, but later nourish them with commissions. It is a tradition in Europe, handed down from the time when princes were almost the only dispensers of patronage, that artists of all kinds should look to the ruling powers. These having given the fashion, the nobles, the clergy, and the burgesses followed suit. It is a truism to say that the United States lacks such traditions, and that our artists have not only to work in rivalry with foreigners, but have to stimulate Americans to the point of wanting and buying objects of art at all. But the death of our foremost sculptor has been followed by signs of a deeper and more widespread interest than ever fell to the lot of an American artist. The memorial exercises at Mendelssohn Hall last Saturday afternoon, followed by the memorial exhibition of the works of Saint-Gaudens at the Metropolitan Museum, are honors of a kind generally reserved hitherto for distinguished soldiers and statesmen, or for popular heroes. A New Yorker from his earliest years, a pupil in our public schools and art academy, the sculptor of our fairest monuments, Augustus Saint-Gaudens is in all respects fitted for local honors; but it is safe to say that, at any time in the nineteenth century a man having all these titles to consideration would not have obtained such marks of esteem. That they are spontaneously offered to his memory indicates a change in the estimate placed on art in the United States.

Since it is practically certain that Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman's poor health will soon compel him to give up the leadership of his party in the House of Commons, the Conservative newspapers are having a little fun over his possible elevation to the House of Lords. Could he as a member of that august assembly maintain a truculent attitude towards it? But this is to forget Lord Rosebery. He was Premier, though a member of the upper house, and in 1894 was as ready to take up a crusade against the Lords as ever Bannerman has been. Indeed, from the vantage ground of a seat in the gilded chamber, Rosebery has addressed some of his plainest truths to his brother-nobles. A situation which he could thus carry off, would surely not be beyond Sir Henry's adroitness and good humor. A more serious question is whether, even when relieved of the burden of leading the House of Commons, his strength would be equal to the labors of a Prime Minister. How great is the work and how severe the strain of that office, quite apart from the task of personally conducting legislation, few realize. A writer in a recent number of *London* shows how enormous is the load which the Premier has to carry in the way of correspondence and consultations and Cabinet meetings and public addresses. Some men go through it with more ease, or appearance of ease, than others. Mr. Balfour, with his golf and his agreeable manners and his frequent social engagements, seemed to show that a man might be Premier and yet have a good deal of leisure; but Balfour was always accused, even by some of his followers, of being too much at ease in Zion. A conscientious and hard-driving leader like Gladstone, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, cannot go through his necessary work without showing its marks upon him. The chances are good, therefore, that if the Liberal leader quits the House, he will also lay down the Premiership.

Sir Edward Grey's statement in the House of Commons casts no cheerful light on Macedonian conditions, unless there be comfort in the fact that it is no longer possible to conceal from the world how unhappy affairs are in that land. In the present uncertain state of feeling with regard to the position of the Powers, the British Foreign Secretary could bring forward no definite remedy. He was inclined to believe that if a Christian governor were appointed for Macedonia the problem might be solved, but the "if" in this case is a big one. For, if the European Concert cannot agree in forcing upon Turkey the execution of the meagre police regulations which were embodied in the Mürzsteg programme of 1903, it is hard to see how common action can be expected in a far more drastic reform. It will be recalled that at Mürzsteg the Austrian and Russian governments stepped forward as the mandatories of Europe for the pacification of Macedonia. It was a complicated system. The European Concert pushed on its mandatories; its mandatories, through their agents in Macedonia, were supposed to push on the foreign official gendarmerie in Macedonia; the foreign officers were to see that the Turkish police did their duty. But up to the present the Turkish police have not done their duty, because the foreign officers were practically helpless, because Austria and Russia were not as zealous as they might have been in behalf of the Macedonians. And now, with the new railway question, comes the final "because"—because the European Concert itself is going to pieces.

Contrary to expectations, the Polish land expropriation bill in its unamended form has passed both houses of the Prussian Diet. Prince von Bülow has once more shown himself a masterly compeller of majorities. Only a few days ago it seemed certain that the amendments brought forward by the House committee would be adopted. They would have meant the virtual nullification of the bill, since the amount of land subject to expropriation would have been reduced to a trifling area. That the predictions of competent observers should be so completely and suddenly falsified shows that the Chancellor must have brought the whip down sharply on the parties of the *bloc*, just as he did in the crisis in the Reichstag some months ago. Prince von Bülow offers a shred of comfort to the opponents of the law in the form of a promise that expropriation will be exercised only when absolutely necessary. Such a statement but serves to illuminate the iniquitous character of a measure which is justified by no economic reason, and which is intended to hang as a sword of Damocles over the heads of an entire population, whose only crime has been loyalty to their historic tongue and love of their native soil. Prussia's attempts at the eradication of the Poles in Posen have hitherto failed. It is difficult to believe that the new measure, for all its severity, stands any chance of success in the face of opposition not only on the part of the Prussian Poles, but of a large element among their German fellow-subjects.

Another battle between the French under Gen. d'Amade and the Moorish tribesmen, is reported to have ended in the defeat of Mulai Hafid's supporters, but not without the loss of eleven French killed and thirty-six wounded. What the loss on the other side was can only be conjectured from the fact that in the battle at Settat on February 6 the Moors lost 800 men killed to the one man killed and thirteen wounded among the French. It is increasingly evident that France is facing a serious situation in Morocco. It is no longer possible to speak of "policing" or "pacifying" the coast region, for the French have to do now with no marauding tribesmen, but a hostile army, which, according to the reports of French war correspondents, seems to show a fair measure of discipline and high courage and determination. Gen. d'Amade was thought to have performed a notable piece of work in fighting his way from Dar Ber Rechid southward to Settat in the five days of February 2-6, yet the distance was only some twenty-five miles. Opposed to him he had a force of 8,000 tribesmen, provided with a few field-pieces and what appears to be a regular commissary system. The report that Gen. Lyautey, of Algerian fame, is to replace Gen. d'Amade would indicate that the French government realizes that it has on hand something much like war.

Last week the Italian Chamber of Deputies defeated by a large majority a Socialist resolution in favor of the abolition of religious instruction in the public schools. The Socialists were supported by the Radical Republicans and a few dissident Conservatives, and it is not probable that they will accept their defeat as final. The anti-clerical movement is too strong for that. In regard to this particular question of secularizing the schools it is significant that the Italian school teachers should constitute one of the most militant factors. The situation is parallel to that in France, where the associations of schoolmasters have shown themselves deeply imbued with revolutionary doctrines. In both countries such conditions have given rise to pessimistic opinion in Conservative circles, where it is feared that Socialism may use its powers over the schools as unsparingly as the Catholic Church has done in the past.

A REAL GOVERNMENTAL CHANGE.

Secretary Taft easily maintained, in his address to the Brooklyn Bar Association on Saturday night, that there has been no impairment of the Constitution by judicial construction. On paper, and read in the light of court decisions, the division of powers prescribed in that national charter remains intact. Whether the inquiry be respecting the demarcation between the functions of the States and those of the Federal government, or the prerogatives and duties of the different branches of that government, Mr. Taft asserted that the judges have steadily seen to it that no serious departure has been allowed from the general scheme of the Constitution. This may be and probably is true; yet it is another question whether great changes in actual practice under the Constitution may not have insensibly stolen upon us. To detect them is very hard for contemporaries. With the written theory remaining what it always has been, we do not perceive how far away from it the unwritten fact has wandered. It is like the diagnosis of certain diseases. The patient does not know what is the matter with him till he is dead. It takes a post mortem to reveal the truth. And there are Constitutional post mortems, continually held by historians, which discover changes that people knew not when they walked therein.

Even contemporaries, however, are able to note the beginnings of silent innovation. Of all of its bearings, they may be but dimly aware, yet they can see that a real change is slowly taking place. One such was not touched upon at all by Secretary Taft, but it lies upon the surface of English politics to-day, and is clearly discernible in our own. We mean the greatly heightened powers of the executive government, in what relates to legislation. In England, the initiative of private members of Parliament has almost entirely disappeared. All the important bills are now government measures, and the government is claiming and getting more and more of the time of the House of Commons. This is a profound change, and represents an entire dislocation of the literary theory of the British Constitution, a hundred and twenty years ago. But a similar alteration of inherited practice is rapidly invading this country also. The Executive as Legislator is now a familiar figure among us. President Roosevelt is not the only exemplar. Governor after Governor has been making of himself the chief fountain of legislation in his State. There is no more suggestive sign of the times. East as well as West, the phenomenon presents itself. Gov. La Follette in Wisconsin has been imitated by Gov. Johnson of Minnesota and Gov. Hoch of Kansas. To the initiative of Gov. Hughes of New York comes an immediate response from Gov. Woodruff of Connecticut and Gov. Fort of New Jersey. All of them press critical matters upon their Legislatures. All of them tacitly assume that the Governor must intervene with prompting and public advocacy of important legislation, or else it will fail. Nor is this attitude much resented by Legislature or Congress. As for the people, they accept it enthusiastically.

Yet how deep a breach with the old ideas and historic practice all this represents, every one must see who stops to think. The jealous isolation of the Executive, in all that relates to law-making (except assent to new statutes), is one of the most vital traditions of Anglo-Saxon constitutional law. Turn, for example, to this resolution, which was adopted by the House of Commons on December 17, 1783:

> To report any opinion or pretended opinion of His Majesty upon any bill or other proceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influencing the votes of the members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honor of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privilege of Parliament, and subversive of the Constitution of the country.

Contrast this with the constant appeal, nowadays, to the wishes of President or Governor; with the direct activity of Executives not only in recommending legislation but in sending for members of Congress or of the Legislature to urge them to vote for particular measures; and we begin to understand how long is the road we have travelled.

How does all this fit into the democratic theory? What does it signify in regard to representative institutions? It would be rash to attempt a full and satisfying answer to these questions. We are too near the political development, too much a part of it, to detach ourselves and pass judgment upon it conclusively. Partial answers, however, we may find in the very facts under discussion. It is clear, to begin with, that Congressmen and members of the Legislature are becoming more strictly *local* representatives. They cannot see beyond their districts. Few of them are nationally-minded or State-minded. In large affairs, affecting all the people, they have lost their initiative, because their time and strength are taken up with the petty interests of their immediate constituents. For them, they run errands, seek offices, work for local appropriations. Somebody else has to take the broad view, to look after the nation or the State, while they are absorbed with Buncombe County or Podunk. An this somebody is getting to be more and more the directly elect of all the people. To a President, or Governor, thus chosen, all the people are coming to look increasingly, not merely for administration, but for impulse and driving power in legislation. They may be no wiser than the nominal legislators, but they have a wider outlook, and they feel mightier impulses from the whole citizenship pushing them on. Hence, it is no trouble for democracy to adjust itself to the new practice. Choosing the Executive directly, it chooses him now to be the chief medium of progressive and reformatory law-making. If it gets its will done, it cares little about the instrument. "After all," said Mr. Balfour, when defending his plan to take power from the House for the government, "we are no longer fighting the Crown." And if American Congresses and Legislatures are leaving off fighting the Executive, it is because the Executive has come best to represent the whole people.

WHY NEW YORK IS DOUBTFUL.

Gen. Stewart L. Woodford declared in Boston the other day that New York must be reckoned this year as a highly doubtful State. Similar assertions have been publicly made by Seth Low. Other New York Republicans, favoring the nomination of Hughes at Chicago, are free to express the same opinion. It may be said, it doubtless is said, that this is only an ingenious and not wholly sincere way of building up an argument for the Hughes candidacy. But facts are facts, no matter to whose advantage the inference from them falls out; and it is the business of serious men to consult the facts, not their dreams or hopes. Those who feel with us that the election of Bryan would be a public misfortune, must not shut their eyes to the truth that it will be no easy task for a Republican to beat him in New York. We must not incur the reproach which Carlyle addressed to the Irish, when he alleged of them that their habit was to say to the hard fact: "Thou art not *that* way but *this*."

There is no denying, to begin with, that New York is normally a Democratic State. Only exceptional circumstances enable the Republicans to carry it. Bryan flung it away in 1896, but even after his defeat by more than 200,000, the tendency to drift back was shown in 1898 when Roosevelt, with all the glamour of the Spanish war upon him, was elected Governor by less than 20,000. Again in 1904 New York was triumphantly carried for Roosevelt, but two years later every Democrat on the ticket except Hearst was elected. The fierce personal cutting to which Hearst was subjected in Brooklyn and this city, combined with the confidence which Hughes succeeded in inspiring, alone gave the State a Republican Governor.

Since then, what has the Republican party as such done in New York, what have the organization leaders done, to retain that support of independent voters without which, as Mr. Low frankly admits, the State cannot be held against the Democrats? The answer is that they have done little except to furnish aid and comfort to the enemy. They have stood sullenly athwart the efforts of their own reforming Governor. Consider the proceedings in the Kelsey case. They look, according to a high Republican authority, almost like a deliberate attempt to turn New York over to the Democrats. The question was put to one of the Republican Senators at Albany whether the retention of Kelsey would not be a great help to the Democratic party. He cynically replied: "Oh, it will be only one thing more." On top of this, the fact cannot be blinked that the Republican party in New York is torn by factional quarrels and disgraced by a peculiarly offensive set of local bosses. A ferocious contest has already been begun for the control of the State Committee. And when one contemplates the spectacle of Boss Barnes in Albany "delivering" his two Senators against the Governor, and Woodruff in Kings, Ward in Westchester, and Aldridge in Monroe performing their antics, with Odell resuming his sinister activities, the attitude of the Republican machine is seen to be one to flout and repel independent voters, instead of attracting them.

Ah, but "anybody can beat Bryan in New York!" The *World* says that he could not carry the State even if 100,000 Republicans should stay at home. But this is to argue as if nothing had changed since 1896 and 1900. It was the silver issue which in those years piled up the enormous majorities against Bryan. In 1900, the prosperity argument also made against him. "I have observed," said President McKinley, after the election of that year, "that majorities rise as prosperity rises." He would not have denied that they sink as it falls. This year, the prosperity argument will bear hard against the Republicans. Say what they will, they cannot get away from it. Out of their own mouths they will stand condemned. This is one of the great changes in outward things which must affect the politics of New York, as of the rest of the country. And the silver issue is dead. It will not again throw this State into the arms of a Platt. If it be urged that the Republicans can find a bogey just as good in Bryan's other radical and unsettling proposals, the reply is that they have, by force of contrast with a Republican President's, lost their power to startle.

Gen. Woodford is right. New York is a doubtful State. With the intense unpopularity of the Roosevelt Administration in this city, a united, greedy, and powerful Tammany, the discontented vote swollen to great proportions, the difficulty of financing a Republican campaign—with all these things taken into the account, it is folly to deny that a great majority for Bryan may be rolled up in Greater New York. Political managers may as well face the situation. Some Republicans are saying that they can elect a President without New York. That is mathematically possible, of course, but no politician in his senses would plan a campaign which began by conceding New York to the Democrats. The big fight will be here. Bryan makes that plain. He must have this State if he is to succeed, and will put forth tremendous exertions to get it. Who could go forth to give him battle with the best chance of victory? Ask any disinterested and sagacious man in New York, and he will tell you—Hughes.

PHYSICAL VALUATION OF RAILWAYS.

The project for a physical valuation of railway properties, a project which a group of Senators is striving to graft on the Aldrich currency bill, seems to be exciting more interest than the original measure. According to the latest reports, the proviso will contain merely the requirement that the specific property mortgaged by a railroad shall be officially valued before the mortgage bonds are accepted as security for emergency currency. "In this form," reports one correspondent, "the amendment would answer all the objections presented by those who maintain that good business methods demand that the government shall not accept a mortgage on property the actual value of which it does not know."

In the last number of the *Political Science Quarterly* Prof. William Z. Ripley summarizes in some detail the contentions on both sides of the question. This movement for physical valuation is, as he points out, an inevitable outgrowth of the general commitment of State and national authorities to the principle of government regulation of public utilities. The power to regulate cannot be exercised intelligently without adequate information. Most regulative laws contain provisions for opening of the books of the railways and requiring detailed reports of operations. Says Professor Ripley:

> That some valuation of the property or investment of railroads is not only theoretically, but also practically, a prerequisite to the determination of reasonableness of rates is demonstrated by three facts. In the first place, such valuation is commonly introduced by the railroad attorneys themselves as a main line of defence against proposed reductions. The direct issue of valuation has thus time after time been forced upon the public at the initiative of the carriers. Secondly, as thus presented, it has frequently been adopted by administrative commissions as a basis for the determination of rate controversies. And, finally, with the supersession of administrative by judicial settlement, the courts also have been forced to consider the same line of argument and, in fact, to treat it as fundamental.

The question remains, shall there be a physical or a commercial valuation? The one is made by engineers and appraisers in the field, piecemeal, rails, stations, rolling stock, as a merchant would make an inventory of his goods at the close of the year. The other is made on a basis primarily of the securities and their selling prices, treats the entire property as a unit, and necessarily reckons in all sorts of potentialities favorable and unfavorable, "good will" and franchise.

The objection offered to the plan of physical valuation, aside from the great practical difficulties of making it accurately, is that the information it affords is of no real use. Having to deal with two lines of equal length, one built in level, open country, and connecting, say, a prosperous agricultural region with a great city, the other located, through bad judgment, in a mountainous region, in the expectation of developments which never came, the physical valuer would appraise the latter at the higher figure. Rates are not determined on a basis of physical value. The totals, therefore, are of no help to the official who desires to deal fairly between carrier and shipper, though they are eagerly caught up by demagogues who will at once proceed to treat the railways as if physical value were the same thing as total value. "The value of a railroad, viewed as a single asset," says a recent writer in the *Atlantic*, "is its earning power capitalized, and nothing else whatever."

The reply is, in substance, that if the value of a railway is simply its earning power capitalized, then the interest of the public can make no headway at all. If high rates justify large capitalization, and large capitalization justifies high rates, statesmanship and finance alike are caught in a vicious circle. Rates must not be touched, because they are necessary for a respectable return on the capitalization; capitalization must not be touched, because it is justified by earnings under the existing rates. The science of rate-making, as most of the proponents of this view admit, is as yet undeveloped, but they say it never will be developed until all obtainable facts are in possession of the authorities responsible for transforming a new political doctrine into orderly practice.

These, substantially, are the chief arguments pro and con. As in the case of so many other mooted Federal questions, it turns out that individual States have tried on their own accounts the policies proposed at Washington. Texas, Michigan, and Wisconsin have made physical valuations of their railways, as Professor Ripley remarks, "without overturning the institution of private property." They took up the policy—as New Jersey is likely to do this year—not so much with a view to regulating either rates or stock issues, as with a view to equal taxation. In this connection, Senator Everett Colby's advertisements directing attention to the inequality of taxes paid on a railway main-stem and a taxpayer's cottage will be remembered. Michigan found in 1900 the commercial value of her railroads per mile to be $32,100, the physical value in present condition $21,500, and the cost of reproduction $26,100. Wisconsin in 1903 appraised commercial valuation at $40,400 per mile, present condition at $25,500, and cost of reproduction $30,900; while Texas in 1906, not attempting to set a present value, found the commercial valuation to be $20.100 per mile, and cost of reproduction $16,531.

Professor Ripley has small patience with the view that "vast and unknown possibilities of evil" are involved in the physical valuation plan. The trouble is that the possibilities of good are little more definite. He says:

> The plan of valuation under consideration, he says, seeks not to find the *total* value at all, but to discover *what part of it is represented by real property, and what part by intangible assets.*

This knowledge, practically irrelevant to the fixing of a particular rate, becomes important, he believes, when the general level of rates is to be considered. The States which have procured it, however, as we have seen, did so with a different object chiefly in view, namely, the imposition of direct taxes, in which the Federal government has no concern.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

Cable dispatches from Russia during the last three months have brought news radically different from that which came out of St. Petersburg during the three years preceding. The word "Duma" does not occur very often; "revolution," "agrarian," "suffrage," and "popular liberties" are mentioned still more rarely. Death sentences and conspiracy, on the other hand, are frequent. We seem to be back with conditions and terms of five years ago. The dispatches tell of projects for a new billion-dollar navy, of an active Near East policy in connection with Macedonia, of an active Middle East policy in connection with Persia, of renewed aggression in Manchuria, and of a threatened resumption of the policy of autocratic officialism in Finland. It is apparently the old Russia of the days of Von Plehve and Grand Duke Sergius. The failure of the revolution is acknowledged by the revolutionists themselves. The third Duma is still in session at St. Petersburg, but to the great majority of those who made parliamentary life in Russia possible, the Landlord's Duma is a matter of profound indifference. If anything were needed to render it absolutely futile in the public mind, it would be the Czar's declaration to his loyal deputies at last week's formal meeting. I am content with you, the Czar practically told them; you have learned to work in harmony with the government. Interpreted, that means, of course, "You have learned to take orders quietly from the government."

The rise and fall of the Russian revolution of 1905-7 was admirably summarized by David Macgowan, a correspondent of experience, in the columns of the New York *Evening Post* more than two weeks ago. The St. Petersburg massacre of January 22, 1905, was the dramatic beginning of a struggle that ended with the dissolution of the second Duma in June, 1907. The character of the struggle is thus outlined by Mr. Macgowan:

> After six months' preparatory work, all of Russia's thinking citizenship was brought to and kept at fever heat for twelve months. An unexampled conspiracy of brain and brawn paralyzed the government's arm, inspired a nameless dread, and won a great victory—at the cost of the country's nervous energy. The thunderbolt was spent, and all too frequent and all too local flashes drained the rain-clouds of their menace. Still, fear froze the government's marrow for six months more.

And when the government had regained courage, it dispersed the second Duma, threw away the old electoral law, and secured the election of the present Duma. Failure had come through the lack of popular education, the lack of discipline, but most of all, as Mr. Macgowan has it, through exhaustion. Human nature has its limits of endurance. The Russian temperament, in its habitual oscillation from extremes of energy and self-assertion to extremes of passive resignation, made it inevitable that a period of dazzling revolutionary triumphs should be followed by a period of profound depression.

Nor was this all of it. Liberal and revolutionary Russia practically starved itself into defeat. The contest against the government was in the beginning a national one, in the sense that all classes of enlightened Russian society made common cause against the autocracy. Judges, lawyers, and physicians joined in the great strike of October, 1905; and employers sympathized with their striking workmen, because it was an iniquitous political system that the workingmen were protesting against. But when the Constitution of October 30 had been gained, when the revolutionary leaders, carried away by their unexpected victories, swept on towards glorious visions of social reconstruction for Russia and Europe, there ensued a period of labor warfare which did much to intensify the depression of Russian industry induced by the war with Japan. The factory population in the Russian towns attempted by means of the strike and "direct action" to raise themselves to a level attained by the wage-earners of no other country in the world. Incessant strikes resulted only in the ruin of employers and increased misery for the laboring classes. At the present moment western Russia suffers from lack of employment, a high cost of living, and empty stomachs.

If revolution has failed, is it equally correct to speak, as we often do now, of reaction as triumphant in Russia? That depends on the meaning we give the term. If we mean a reaction from the high hopes and apparently high achievements of the days of the first Duma, the answer has already been given. But if by reaction we mean a return to conditions just as they were before the outbreak of the war with Japan, then the Czar's Empire, in spite of pessimistic comment to the contrary, is not in the throes of reaction. The autocracy may be seemingly as absolute as ever, the police as all-powerful, and the liberties of speech and press yet rigorously controlled; but it is impossible to deny that the Russian people think more freely and speak and write more freely than they dared before the outbreak of the Japanese war. Not even the sternest censorship can deprive the people of what they have already heard and read and learned; and that stock of ideas and experiences gathered during the last three years should be enough to leaven the heavy Russian mass during the years of repression that seem destined to ensue.

As a final check against reaction, there is the Duma. Hated by the old régime, despised by the great body of the enlightened, it retains nevertheless the potentiality of a freer political life. The Russian has been called impracticable, and not without reason. On the other hand, people overlook the fact that the Russian has enjoyed but slight opportunity for becoming practical. Experience teaches, and experience even in a lame and almost impotent Duma may bring its lessons. The Zemstvos, or provincial councils, created under Alexander II., had only a brief period of free activity. Under Alexander III. they were maimed, bound, and given over into the hands of the bureaucracy. Yet even under such conditions the Zemstvo councils managed to nourish and develop a spirit of liberty, and a high grade of political ability which revealed itself in the course of the revolutionary struggle. If the Russian people profited by their provincial councils, they will learn to profit by the Duma. Every force that works for progress impels to that conclusion.

LONGEVITY OF LITERATURE.

The celebration of the eightieth birthday of George Meredith has set the critics to discussing his verse, and incidentally the reasons why it is less popular than his prose. A writer in the London *Times* explains by a generalization which expresses only one side of the truth. After saying that Meredith's "Love in the Valley" may be remembered at least as long as "The Egoist," the critic adds:

> "Rasselas" had in its day many more readers than "The Vanity of Human Wishes"; and Sidney was long thought of as the author of the "Arcadia," and not as the writer of the Sonnets to Stella; but in each case, for us to-day, the verse has a stronger life than the prose. The fact, perhaps, is that the pleasurable excitement afforded by metre, and the higher mood in which poetry is usually written, carry us into an atmosphere in which we are less conscious of changed fashions in thought and expression than we inevitably are in prose. There is in poetry an element of strangeness which makes us ready to welcome a certain unlikeness to our ways of speech and our own point of view. But that is not so in prose. The fancies which are delightful in Elizabethan verse are only tolerable in the contemporary prose; the conceits which we endure in Donne or Cowley would not be endured in any writer who was not a poet. Perhaps the truth is that, with contemporaries, prose has a better chance than verse, other things being equal; with posterity, other things being equal, verse has a better chance than prose.

These reasons—except, perhaps, the one implied in the phrase "higher mood"—relate to the style rather than the substance of prose and poetry. For our part, we should ascribe the longer life of poetry to the fact that it deals powerfully and beautifully with subjects of more enduring interest; more often than prose it takes hold of the eternities. The true theme of poetry is the great common emotions and those loftier meditations on life and death which appeal to us to-day as they appealed to the Elizabethans, to the Italians of Dante's day, to the contemporaries of Virgil, and to the ancient Greeks and Hebrews. If a man has the gift of writing poetry, he is likely to employ it on such topics as these, while his thoughts on matters of current or temporary import are relegated to prose. This, too, is a generalization which must not be pressed too hard; but there are many illustrations of it in our own literature.

It is significant that the popular survivals from the period preceding the year 1700 are for the most part poetry, including, of course, the drama. The mass of scientific treatises and sermons, of speculations in philosophy and religion, of books on politics and history, are, for the public at large, and even for lovers of literature, waste paper. A few exceptions stand out, like Bacon's "Essays," Walton's "Compleat Angler," and Sir Thomas Browne's writings, but the rest lie in dust and darkness. Few people are even aware that Chaucer wrote a "Treatise on the Astrolabe." Were the astrolabe still in use, the "Treatise" might still circulate in cheap reprints; but the Parson, the Clerk, the Squire, the Wife of Bath, and the other types of humanity depicted so brilliantly in the "Canterbury Tales" are dwelling with us yet. With Spencer it is much the same. "Very few and very weary," says Macaulay, "are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast"; but not one of the weary readers of "The Faerie Queene" would think of undertaking the "View of the Present State of Ireland." Milton's prose fills five solid volumes of Bohn's Standard Library, but the causes for which he contended are forgotten. Now and then a sentence from the "Areopagitica" graces a magazine article; but who Salmasius and Smectymnuus were, and why Milton fell into such violent language, are matters of profound indifference to the twentieth century. Dryden's prose—three volumes in Malone's edition—is often described as the first really modern English prose. As such it is justly admired by professed students of literature. But the world at large cares nothing for the theories of dramatic art which Dryden propounds in the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," nothing for the "Discourse on Epick Poetry," nothing for "A Parallel of Poetry and Painting." And the world, we may add, cares as little for the verse in "Absalom and Achitophel," "Religio Laici," and "The Hind and the Panther." They were tracts for Dryden's times; and not all the skill of the greatest poet of that age can make them tracts for ours.

Passing to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we find, first of all, Swift and Defoe, both writing verse and prose, and both surviving in their prose rather than their verse. But their prose has lived and their verse has died for the same reason that Milton's verse has lived while his prose has died. Swift's political and personal skits, like Defoe's "True-born Englishman," "Jure Divino," and "Caledonia," with all their vigor of phrase, are nearer the stuff of prose than "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe"; for these immortal tales have not a little of the epic quality. Goldsmith's prose and his verse seem to enjoy almost equal favor; Cowper's letters certainly compete with his poems; and Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" holds its own with "The Lady of the Lake." But in addition to the Waverley Novels there are twenty-eight volumes of Scott's prose which are seldom opened. The prose of Wordsworth and Coleridge is likewise disappearing. No one reads Wordsworth's "Convention of Cintra" and "Guide to the Lakes," and his several prefaces, as well as Coleridge's critical writings, are food only for the student and specialist. In another hundred years also they may be put on the upper shelf with Dryden's "Essay of Dramatic Poesy." Later authors we need not discuss; for they are too close to us for clear judgment.

These several examples, if they show anything, indicate that the prose of our poets, as well as the poetry of our prose writers, falls short not so much in point of style as in matter. A book perishes because the theme which engaged the author is not vital. On no other theory can we account for the attraction which Homer, Virgil, and Dante still exercise in translations, often prose translations, the style of which is destitute of distinction. All the aroma and much of the flavor have vanished in the passage from one language to another; but beneath the fleeting felicities of the style is the perdurable substance. We must conclude, then, that Hazlitt (like the critic in the *Times*) had lost sight of the main issue when he declared:

> Poets are winged animals, and can cleave the air, like birds, with ease to themselves and delight to the beholders; but like those "feathered, two-legged things," when they light upon the ground of prose and matter-of-fact, they seem not to have the same use of their feet.

An aspect of the case at which we have but hinted is the development of the novel as a sort of successor to the Elizabethan drama. The Elizabethan novel, Sidney's "Arcadia," Lyly's "Euphues," Nash's "Unfortunate Traveller," Lodge's "Rosalynde," and all the rest are now merely curiosities. But the plays are still presented on the stage. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, the prose which has retained anything like popularity is chiefly fiction. We have mentioned "Gulliver" and "Crusoe." A little later come Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Goldsmith, and Miss Burney, and so on down to our own day. Surely, it is not the style—the form as distinct from the essence—which has preserved these novels; rather, it is the fact that, like the Elizabethan drama and the highest poetry, they have had the essence. They have dealt not with the externals and accessories of life, not with modes of government, controversies in church and state, discussions of science and art; but directly and forcibly with life itself, the elemental fears and hopes and passions that are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

Paris, February 15.

The week has given us two literary works of prime actuality. Each seems to be its author's appeal to posterity—with what success time only can disclose.

Anatole France, after many years of study and tentative publication, at last presents the first volume of his definitive "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc"—553 octavo pages, with 83 more of defensive preface. The first impression of the book is uncertain. There can be no doubt of the greatness of the author's effort. Long since he reached the maturity of his literary powers; and, for particular reasons, almost partisan, his later fame has been overshadowing. Only a "treasure for aye" can now justify the expectations which have been aroused.

The style, in large sense—that which has been always the first thing to consider in Anatole France—is not now, at least not as a rule, that acrid scarifying of Church and tradition to which his Dreyfus period accustomed us. It is not the smiling, cynical skepticism, out-Renaning Renan, of his previous "Monsieur Bergeret." It is not even a return to the kindly, undisabused writing which earned his earliest fame. No need to say that it is good Anatole France; but there is obvious preoccupation in it, studious reserves, and artificial enthusiasms, to guard against the thought's offence. The avowed aim of the book is to make the reader think himself back into the state of mind of Joan of Arc's contemporaries and thus, with no twentieth-century sidelights, to see her as she lived and acted in the real world. The erudition for such a process is ostensibly in the author's possession. The use of it, quite as ostensibly, is guided by "science," surely no fifteenth-century light. That Joan had hallucinations of hearing and sight, of touch and smell, is a conclusion of present-day professors of *psychiatrie*. Zola, whose mental discipline and learning were vastly inferior, used similar conclusions of science, but he applied them to creatures of his own imagination. We may admire such intellectual feats as difficult; they leave us with little feeling of mental security. To reassure any reader who might fear a recurring offence of the broad moral complacencies of Abbé Jérôme Coignard and Monsieur Bergeret, their creator announces in an interview that he has sedulously not used many inviting documents. Such are the records of the crude witness borne by the soldiery to Joan's chaste influence among them; yet these have significant bearing on the "commonsense" history of Joan by her chief blasphemer, Voltaire. In general, this Life of Joan of Arc corresponds, in aim and likely effect, with Renan's Life of Jesus; but in substance, and taking no account of its literary brilliance, it belongs to a newer day, and is nearer to ex-Abbé Loisy's treatment of the Gospel story.

"Ex-Abbé" Loisy, it seems, must now be said. No Modernist, however confident, can for one moment suppose that the two new bulky volumes—"Les Evangiles synoptiques" and the small book of personal defence, "Simples réflexions," on the Holy Office's decree and the Pope's encyclical letter—announce anything short of exodus from the Church. For more than a year the abbé has not been allowed to say mass or engage in any priestly function. In these volumes there is even an apparent disavowal of all revealed religion, so far as Christians have hitherto understood the word Revelation. That this is the author's real mind, under much learning unrelieved by lucidity of either style or method, seems evident from his peremptory sayings under stress of controversy and in self-defence against accusation. The main personal argument brings us back curiously to the days of Port Royal, where the five propositions condemned by the Pope as Jansenist obstinately refused to be found in the works of Jansenius. M. Loisy proves in detail to the Pope's counsellors that they apply no scientific higher criticism to his writings, "which have furnished the greater number of the propositions censured by the Holy Office." After the present publications, however, there can be no doubt that his propositions, even as rectified by himself, will meet with as little favor as ever, not only among Papists, but even with Presbyterians or the immediate disciples of Channing. Only Theodore Parker could admit them to Christian communion.

A Judean crisis, according to M. Loisy, called for a prophet; John the Baptist awakened Jesus to the vocation. Jesus began preaching the coming of the kingdom of heaven after his mother Mary was a widow with four other sons and two daughters. "No member of this family seems to have accepted the Gospel until after the death of Jesus." The preaching of Jesus lasted at most a year, perhaps only a season. The author continues:

> The priests and doctors of Jerusalem reckoned only the inconveniences which such an agitation would have, from the side of Roman authority, the Messianic color of the movement and the popular emotion being likely to disquiet the governing authorities. They arrested the agitator and had him condemned by the procurator, Pontius Pilate. . . . We may suppose that the soldiers took down the body from the cross before evening and put it in some common pit, into which they threw pell-mell the remains of all who were executed. . . . None of the disciples was present at the death of Jesus; none saw his body dragged to the charnel. . . . We ought not to forget that the Apostles had the same mentality as their fellow-citizens of Capernaum or Bethsaida, who asked whether Jesus might not be Elias or some prophet risen from the dead. . . . The inner working of their enthusiastic souls was sufficient to suggest to them the vision of what they wished. . . . Peter first acquired the conviction that his Master was living. He had seen him one day at daydawn as he was fishing by the Lake of Tiberias. Doubtless, he assembled the eleven, and, with his own ardor, reanimated their wavering faith. Once the impulse had been given, the faith grew by the very need which it had to be strengthened.

In an interview, M. Loisy has reduced all this to a few words: "History shows Jesus only as a man, without consciousness of divinity."

An outsider cannot help wondering at the effort so long made to teach such doctrine under cover of the Church whose faith is built on the resurrection of the dead. Spinoza would have appreciated the conclusions of the book on the Gospels. Renan wrote such pages—after he had left the Church for ever. In logic, the Pope can scarcely be blamed for his inability to distinguish their new "immanentism" from the old Pantheism, as M. Loisy bitterly reproaches him:

> The dream of Jesus was as frail and narrow as is our own science. It seems absurd to us, just as our dearest ideas will seem to our grand-nephews. But it also contained the most precious germs of human truth, the most fruitful principles of human progress: namely, that the golden age of humanity is not in its past, but in its future; that the worth of man is in the sentiment animating his conduct; that true religion is that of the heart; that such religion consists essentially in love, the love of one's neighbor in God or of God in one's neighbor; that God—that is to say, the living law of the universe—is goodness; that the abnegation of each is necessary to the good of all; that, in case of need, we must be ready to risk all in the order of material goods and temporal life to gain all in the order of spiritual goods and spiritual life; that sacrifice is the root of all happiness; finally, that our ephemeral existence floats on an ocean of life wherein it plunges to endure for ever, from the instant it seems to cease to be. If the last word of all things be not nothingness—and it cannot be nothingness—then the Gospel has the appearance only of a chimera and Jesus did incarnate in man the wisdom of God and his death could only be a passing into immortality.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The discovery of a work in Martin Luther's autograph, in the library of the Russian Prince Lwoff, recently deceased, has excited considerable interest among European palæographers. Prince Lwoff was a man of scholarly tastes, well known as a bibliographer and discriminating collector of rare books. The manuscript in question is a volume of 552 pages of heavy paper bound in vellum, and its contents consist of miscellaneous theological treatises chiefly exegetical, written in Latin, although a few annotations on the last pages are in German. They have never been printed, at least they are not found in any edition of Luther's works. On the fly-leaf are the words:

> Manuscripta Theologia Miscellanea Wolfgangus Musculus dono dedit Johannj Parsimonio tandè Abbat. Hirsaug 2 Augusti Año 1547.

Under this inscription is the seal of Wilhelm Gmelin. The suggestion that this manuscript became the property of Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt after Luther's death on February 18, 1546 is at first sight quite plausible, since the Prince was an ardent promoter of the Reformation and a personal friend of the Reformer. A little closer observation would have shown him that it belonged unquestionably to Wolfgang Musculus (Meusslin), who was born in Lorraine, 1497. His father was a cooper, but the boy, having a passion for learning, led the life of a vagrant student. When only fifteen years of age he visited his aunt in Lixheim, went with her to vespers in the Benedictine cloister and joining in the singing attracted the attention of the prior, who induced him to enter the cloister. It is well known that after Luther had nailed his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences to the door of the Schlosskirche in Wittenberg, October 31, 1517, his writings began to be widely diffused. Wolfgang Musculus, then about thirty years of age, received from a friend, whose name is not given, a package of Luther's writings, which he read with eagerness and final conviction, and in 1527 left the cloister to join the Reformatory movement. It is possible that the manuscript, recently come to light, may have been in this package, and this supposition is rendered all the more probable because it evidently contains some of Luther's earlier Biblical studies. After a varied career as preacher in Augsburg, Zurich, Constance, and Basle, Musculus was appointed professor of biblical exegesis in the University of Berne, where he died August 30, 1563. Before leaving Augsburg, he gave the Luther manuscript, as recorded on the fly-leaf, August 2, 1547, to Johannes Parsimonius (Johann Karg) afterwards Abbé of Hirsau in Würtemberg. The words "tandè [tandem] Abbat. Hirsaug" in the inscription were not written when the gift was made, but were added by another person at a later period as is evident from the character of the script and the manner of their insertion. We may add that the title of abbé does not imply that Parsimonius was either a Catholic or a celibate; on the contrary, he had become a Protestant and was the father of a family. His daughter Judith Karg was married January 9, 1600, to Wilhelm Gmelin, who inherited the manuscript and stamped it with his seal, as already stated. Nothing more is known of the history of this manuscript, nor is it possible to ascertain when or where or how it came into the possession of Prince Lwoff. Of its genuineness there can be little doubt. It can be clearly traced for a century and a half after Luther's death as we have already shown by brief notes on Musculus, Parsimonius, and Gmelin, through whose hands it passed successively and by whom, as ardent adherents of the Reformation, it would be highly prized. The fact that a prominent German dealer in antiquities and especially in palæographs has offered 10,000 marks ($2,500) for it proves that he does not regard it as spurious.

It might have been supposed that the bibliography of Longfellow had by this time been pretty thoroughly worked out, and that collectors were well-informed about his first editions. Several important, privately printed first editions are, however, practically unknown. Among the extracts from Longfellow's diary, printed in the "Life," by his brother, is this, under date of December 2, 1852:

> It seems to me that I shall never write anything more. I am therefore thinking about a volume of old matters collected from corners of reviews and magazines, to be called Driftwood. Write a short preface for the same.

To this entry Samuel Longfellow adds a note: "This was partially printed but never published. Some parts of it, under the same title, are printed in the Complete Works." No copy, however, seems now to be known and perhaps no portion was actually printed.

In 1856 Longfellow's friend, Scherb, suggested the writing of "a poem on the Puritans and the Quakers," and Longfellow noted that it was "a good subject for a tragedy." Within the next few days he read up Besse's "Sufferings of the Quakers" and other books on the topic. On August 27, 1857, he had "finished the first rough draft." His thoughts then turned to "Miles Standish" and not until after that was published did he come back to his "New England Tragedy." Originally written in prose, it was put into type in that form in 1860, and a few copies were run off on small sheets on a hand press. One of two known copies was acquired by the late J. C. Chamberlain, and it is among the gems of his collection. It consists of a title-page, "The | New England Tragedy. | Boston: | Ticknor and Fields. | MDCCCLX." One leaf for the "Dramatis Personæ" and pages 1-130 of text. Apparently nothing was done with this book for almost eight years. In January and February, 1868, the first tragedy was rewritten in verse and given the title "Wenlock Christison;" and a second tragedy, of witchcraft, "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," was written. These were put into type, and, before Longfellow's departure for Europe (in May), ten copies were printed. Two copies he apparently took abroad, one for Routledge's use in bringing out an English edition and the other for Tauchnitz's Continental edition. It was arranged that Ticknor in Boston and Routledge in London should publish simultaneously on October 10. In the Boston edition (with which collectors generally must be satisfied), the title of the first of the tragedies is "John Endicott." In the London and Leipzig editions it is simply "Endicott"; and there are other differences. No one of these special ten copies has ever come upon the auction market. The copy given by Longfellow to his friend George W. Greene, with inscription dated May 6, 1868, was acquired by Mr. Chamberlain; and the copy given to a Quebec admirer, George Stewart, with inscription dated February 20, 1878, was acquired a few years ago by Mr. Spoor of Chicago. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his Life of Longfellow in the American Men of Letters Series, evidently got the two private issues mixed. After saying that "Wenlock Christison was finished on August 27, 1857," he adds:

> It was more than ten years (October 10, 1868) before it was published, having first been written in prose, and only ten copies printed and afterwards rewritten in verse.

The Jahrbuch der deutschen Bibliotheken, which has just made its appearance for 1908, contains information about the work undertaken by a committee of the Berlin Royal Library, which is to furnish a "Gesammtkatalog der Wiegendrucke," containing the full bibliography of all the products of the printing press during the fifteenth century. A beginning has been made by collecting all the data available from the public and private libraries of Germany. The work is under the direction of the Oberbibliothekar of the royal library in Berlin, Prof. Konrad Häbler, assisted by four librarians in Leipzig, Munich, and Berlin, and by Isak Collijn of the University library in Upsala.

On March 6 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city offers an important collection of first editions of American authors. Bryant's "Poems," 1821, is in flexible paper covers (it more often occurs in stiff boards); "The White-Footed Deer" is the copy which brought $220 in the Alfred B. Street sale; the "Hymns" is the earliest issue, 1864, and is a presentation copy. Kendall's "Sermon at the Ordination of H. G. Goodwin," 1830, containing "The Right Hand of Fellowship" by Emerson, his second writing to appear in a book, is in original paper covers, uncut. It seems to be the copy which brought $100 at Peyser's sale, 1906. The Hawthorne books, include "The Sister Years," 1838, (the rare "Carrier's Address to the Patrons of the Salem Gazette"), the first copy offered at public sale in New York; "The Gentle Boy," 1839; and "Mosses from an Old Manse," in the two parts, with paper covers. Among the Holmes books are "The Harbinger," 1833; "Poems," 1836; and the rare large type "Oration before the City Authorities of Boston," 1863. Among the Longfellow items are presentation copies of "The Belfry of Bruges," 1846; "The Golden Legend," London, 1854; "Tales of a Wayside Inn," 1863; and "Divine Comedy" 1867. The "Ballads" of 1842 is in the original boards, with label, rare in this condition. The "Poems of Maria Lowell," 1855, and Lowell's first book "A Year's Life," are among the rarer Lowell items. There are two copies of Thoreau's first book "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," 1849, one a presentation copy having a pencil correction on p. 396. In making up into pages three lines were omitted at the bottom of p. 396, and these three lines were sometimes written in by Thoreau. Whittier's "Legends of New England," 1831, is a desirable copy in the original boards uncut: and "Moll Pitcher and the Minstrel Girl," 1840, is in its original printed cover.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, sell on March 10 and 11, a collection of autograph letters. Included are a series of letters of the Earl of Beasonsfield, addressed to his father and his sister; an A. L. S. of Charles I. and one of Charles II.; signatures of Queen Elizabeth, James I., Cromwell, and Queen Anne; and nine letters of Thackeray.

Correspondence.

NUMBERS AS AN EDUCATIONAL IDEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: President Woodrow Wilson's severe arraignment of our educational policy, in a recent public address, seems to have struck many as a bit of extreme and intemperate criticism. It does, however, voice a widespread, if not general, feeling of disenchantment with the present system or lack of system, among those who, from the inside, contemplate the results of our so-called higher education. We have been gradually forced to the conviction, though we are not often frank enough to say so, that our colleges and universities do not succeed in giving to the majority of their foster children either intellectual power or moral earnestness. They fail to train them properly either for the work or leisure of life.

The reason is not far to seek. We started out with certain ideals, borrowed partly from England and partly from Germany. We lived up to them as best we could. The results, if not entirely satisfactory, were certainly better than they are now. But the cry of "monastic exclusiveness" was raised against us; we were not in touch with the nation's practical needs; we were out of joint with democracy. Since then, we have grown more "democratic"; "we have passed through a period of dissolution of the standards of education." One by one our ideals have been thrown to the winds and we have given ourselves over to reckless experiment, drifting aimlessly on the tide of what we conceived to be popular demand, until now we are very much at sea. Lacking convictions of our own or unwilling to take responsibility on ourselves, we have substituted for the old standards what our critics choose to call the democratic ideal of "doing as one likes." We are still old-fashioned enough to require that the student pass in a stipulated total of hours before we give him his degree; but we soften our tyranny by spreading before him a most tempting bill of fare, with variety enough to please the most fastidious palate —solid and substantial food, but with it dainties, tid-bits, garnishings a-plenty. But alas for the choice! "Natural selection" for the majority of young people means indolent selection; and we are dismayed to find that the democratic doctrine of free election in education, as in theology, means in practice that the student is urged to take what he likes and is damned if he does.

And yet it is not entirely for lack of conviction that we are where we are. It is, let us be honest, for lack of courage. We are at least agreed that the present system, the present practice, is absurd, and if we continue our policy of *laissez-faire* it is only because we are afraid to run counter to the popular worship of *numbers*. Unfortunately, bigness is the one proof of excellence which impresses the public, and numbers is the one effective plea which wins substantial support from wealthy philanthropists and indifferent legislatures, sources upon which many of our colleges and universities still depend for their very existence. Public opinion is, therefore, the great sophist which has sophisticated us all. We have abandoned our "aristocratic aloofness" with a vengeance. We open our doors to the fit and the unfit, and we make it easy for them to remain when they come; we advertise our indiscriminate hospitality by all manner of methods, dignified and undignified; nay, we go out into the highways and byways seeking whom we may persuade.

And we succeed—too well. We have more guests than we can serve. Most of our institutions are crowded beyond their capacity to do effective work. The growth of the teaching force lags far behind the growth of the student body. A hundred freshmen and more are crowded into a single class, making direct supervision, effective teaching, and systematic training impossible. Immature students are left largely to their own devices, and if in the end some of them come out well educated it is owing, as Plato would say, not to their environment but to the grace of God.

The result of all this is a pleasant, easy-going atmosphere of "college life," where the man who takes his work seriously is held up to student scorn. Better the "flunk" than the "grind." The student's interests are not in his books, his lectures, which he regards as a conspiracy against his happiness and peace of mind, but in things of his own devising to which his energies are given. Hence, those "evils" of college life against which our academic authorities legislate with such amusing diffidence. Such problems as those presented by excessive interest in athletics, social distractions and dissipations, could hardly become serious in an institution of high standards where systematic work was made an imperative requirement and idleness a disgrace.

The present conditions we know are a perversion of all good sense. The evils exist, we admit, nor are we blind to their cause. They are, however, winked at as incident to a necessary, though temporary, stage of growth. We must have institutions of learning, and we must get support for them. When we reach a certain size, when we are established firmly and independently, then, and not till then, we can build "according to the heart's desire." But in the meantime, the poison works; the habit grows strong upon us, and we cannot throw it off when we would. We move in a vicious circle; we get more students to get more money to get more students to get more money, and so without end. Our worship of numbers has become an established faith.

But is it not possible—welcome the thought—that on this subject, to use Emerson's phrase, "life is ahead of theology and the people know more than the preachers teach"? A recent writer on "Externalism in American Universities" laments the lack of a prophet to cry aloud to us: "Woe unto that which is big!" Such a prophet, it is feared, would meet the usual fate in his own country. But would he? Are we not waiting for him? If one or more of our higher institutions of learning should have the courage to sacrifice numbers to standards and assume amid the shifting ideals of American democracy a position of wise, conservative leadership, "proving all things and holding fast that which is good," would there not probably arise such a chorus of popular commendation as would prove that what we take to be the voice of the people is but the buzzing in our ears of an *idée fixe* by which we are obsessed, *tintinnant aures sonitu suopte?*

GEORGE NORLIN.

University of Colorado, Boulder, February 15.

PROTECTION THE MOTHER OF SOCIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Republican party seems determined to cleave to Protection as the old Democratic party in the South clung to slavery, in spite of all warnings. Such obstinacy is the sign of an institution far gone in decay. Protection—we have it on the best authority—is the Mother of Trusts. That it is also the Mother of Socialism was foreseen two generations ago. Since that time Socialism has made immense strides, until to-day there is no sober-minded man who does not perceive that it may soon become the foremost issue in our national life. It is interesting, therefore, to quote the following paragraph from a famous speech made by Count Cavour in the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies on April 15, 1851. Cavour, recently come into office as Minister of Agriculture, was carrying through a series of commercial treaties with England, France, and other countries, on the basis of a free exchange. After contrasting the method of freedom with the method of restriction, or governmental interference miscalled Protection, he says:

> Gentlemen, I affirm that the most powerful ally of the Socialist school—I refer, of course, to the intellectual order—is the Protectionist doctrines. They start absolutely from the same principle: reduced to their lowest terms, they assert that it is the right, and consequently the duty, of the government to interfere in the distribution and employment of capital, that the government has the mission, the power, of substituting its will, which it deems more enlightened, for the free will of individuals. Were this accepted as an unshaken truth, I know not what we should reply to the laboring classes and to their champions, when, appearing before the government, they put forward the following argument: "You believe it your right and duty to interfere in the distribution of capital, in the regulation of capital; but why do you not interfere to regulate the other element of production—wages? Why do you not organize labor?" And in truth I think that, if we admit the Protectionist system, there follows logically the necessity of admitting if not all, at least many, of the Socialist doctrines. "Discorsi," Vol. III., pp. 381-2.

If Cavour had had before him as examples the most recent American phenomena, he could not have spoken more pertinently. It is as illogical to beat the Trusts with one hand and to pour out wealth to the privileged protected interests with the other, as it is to destroy private initiative by substituting governmental control and yet to deny the claims of the Socialists.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Cambridge, Mass., February 23.

A NEW METHOD OF PHOTOGRAPHING MANUSCRIPTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among recent improvements in photography, none is of such value for the scholar and librarian as the *méthode Graffin*, which permits, at a nominal price, the reproduction of manuscripts and rare books. This invention is a god-send to higher instruction in history, philology, and literature, especially in America. It will give added importance to palæography. Since American universities can now obtain for a small sum, ranging from five dollars or less up to twenty, photographs of almost any manuscript, the young men who present themselves for advanced work in our universities will be increasingly supposed to know something of palæography, just as they are expected to be able to read several foreign languages.

The new process, sometimes called *procédé blanc et noir*, is due to the inventive genius of Mgr. Graffin, professor of Syriac in the Institut Catholique of Paris. He has given his improvement gratis to the world, and his only reward has been a medal from the French government. It has been suggested by the Abbé Rousselot that his name ought to be preserved in a verb, *graffiner*, a proposition to which many will subscribe. The apparatus for the *méthode Graffin* consists essentially of a prism, or mirror, inclined at an angle of 45 degrees, in front of the object glass of the camera, in order to reverse the image before its passage into the object glass, in such a way that, twice reversed, it is reproduced as a positive on the sensitive paper. The proof will be negative; the black letters of the manuscript or book copied will appear in white against a black or dark background. The order of the letters and their position will be normal, by reason of the double reversal. The plate-holder contains sheets of bromide paper, preferably rapid. One great advantage of the method is that the manuscript or book to be photographed may be placed horizontally on the table or chair, or on the floor. The work is done with rapidity, almost as fast as one can turn the pages. Only one copy can be made by this process, which cannot therefore serve for the production of a large number of copies.

The following photographers at Paris are skilled in the new method: Berthaud Frères, 31, rue Bellefond; M. Mayer, 67, rue des Batignolles; P. Sauvanaud, 45, rue Jacob. The prices, which depend somewhat on the size of the page, have been augmented recently by a decision of the government requiring two copies of all photographs of manuscripts taken to be deposited for distribution among French libraries. Including this additional cost, the prices range from 1 franc to 1.50 franc per single page, for an entire manuscript or book of fifty pages or more. Of course, only a few sheets cost proportionately more. For copying at the British Museum, a letter addressed to J. A. Herbert, manuscript room, would be given to one of the photographers who are allowed to work at the Museum.

Copies of manuscripts taken by the *méthode Graffin* have been utilized for several years in the Universities of Wisconsin and Missouri. The University of Wisconsin is said to have recognized the new reproductions as coming legitimately under the head of library equipment for graduate study. I am told that the method is described in a book by Krumbacher, published in Germany, but I have not seen the volume.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

University of Missouri, Columbia, Feb. 20.

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Who deserves the credit for originating the famous maxim, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day"? Hoyt and Ward's "Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations" and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (ninth edition) give the credit to "Poor Richard's Almanack" (1732-57). Dalbiac ("Dictionary of Quotations," 1899), however, assigns its origin more particularly to Chesterfield, who uses it in the letter to his son dated February 5, 1750. I have not been able to consult any more recent dictionaries of quotations than those just mentioned; but in the absence of any other information, I beg to submit the following discoveries made by me in this connection. In the first place, Henry Fielding comes in for some consideration. In his *Champion* article for January 12, 1740, we read: "Put not off until to-morrow, what you can do to-day." But in all likelihood Fielding derived his use of the maxim from Addison, for in his *Spectator* No. 469 (dated August 28, 1712), this sentence occurs:

> The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life should be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day.

Incidentally, the varying forms in which this maxim appears yield an added interest to this subject, in the light of your recent article on misquotations.

LOUIS N. FEIPEL.

Annapolis, Md., February 25.

Notes.

April 2 is the day set in London, and presumably in New York, for the publication of Swinburne's poem "The Duke of Gandia." It will be brought out in the same form as the complete works issued by Harper & Bros.

There is to be another volume of FitzGerald letters. The new book will be called "Edward FitzGerald and 'Posh,' Herring Merchants," and will tell the story of the friendship between the poet and his favorite boatman.

Next month Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out a volume of studies in Italian life and letters by W. M. Thayer, to be called "Italica." It contains an essay on Fogazzaro's masterpiece, "The Saint." A companion volume will be Nathan Haskell Dole's "A Teacher of Dante and Other Studies in Italian Literature," to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

On tthe twelfth of this month Harpers will publish two novels of importance, Mr. Howells's "Fennel and Rue," and May Sinclair's "The Judgment of Eve."

Forbes & Co. of Chicago are about to publish two books on the Indians. One, "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian," is by George Wharton James, who is an adopted member of the Havasupai tribe. The other is Frederick Starr's "In Indian Mexico," and is said to describe a region hitherto untouched by travel authors.

Thomas Whittaker, Inc., is publishing a book for the special use of those who keep the Lenten season. It is a series of readings for each day, prepared by the Rev. A. W. Snyder, and called "Through the Forty Days."

J. Lowes Dickinson, than whom to-day no one is writing better and more thoughtful English, has a new book with the McClure Company, which will be issued this spring, probably under the title of "Justice and Liberty." Mr. Dickinson has been appointed to deliver the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard in the spring of 1909.

"Coleridge's Literary Criticism" will soon be added to the Oxford library of Prose and Poetry. The Introduction, furnished by Professor Mackail, ought to make the edition a notable one.

A life of the late ex-Gov. Daniel H. Chamberlain of South Carolina being in preparation, his son will be indebted to any persons possessing letters of interest from him if they will kindly send them to Paul C. Chamberlain, No. 10 Torrington Square, London, W. C., England. The utmost discretion will be exercised in their use, and care in returning them as soon as copies can be made.

The Early English Text Society has sent out two volumes in its Extra Series of re-editions, viz.: the "Romance of Emare," edited by Edith Rickert, and the Middle-English "Harrowing of Hell" and "Gospel of Nicodemus," edited by Prof. W. H. Hulme. Besides these the "Magnificence" of Skelton, with Dr. R. L. Ramsay's Introduction, is printed, and Dr. R. Dyboski's edition of the carols and songs of Richard Hill's MS. at Balliol is in type.

William Stanley Braithwaite's "Book of Elizabethan Verse," reviewed in the *Nation* of January 17, 1907, has been enlarged and thoroughly revised, so that in its present form, as issued by Small, Maynard & Co., it is practically a new work.

Charles Scribner's Sons have issued Vols. III.-VI. in the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales"—"The Portrait of a Lady" and "Princess Casamassima," in two volumes each. The prefaces, in spite of the exasperating style, continue as interesting as in the first volumes of the set. Mr. James tells us that the "single small corner-stone" for the "large building of 'The Portrait of a Lady'" was his "conception of a certain young woman affronting her destiny." He elaborates at some length his theory that the story must grow out of the characters: "I might envy, though I couldn't emulate, the imaginative writer so constituted as to see his fable first and to make out its agents afterwards." In the course of his argument Mr. James gives us a significant reminiscence:

> I have always fondly remembered a remark that I heard fall years ago from the lips of Ivan Turgenieff in regard to his own experience of the usual origin of the fictive picture. It began for him almost always with the vision of some person or persons, who hovered before him, soliciting him, as the active or passive figure, interesting him and appealing to him just as they were and by what they were. He saw them, in that fashion, as *disponibles*, saw them subject to the chances, the complications of existence, and saw them vividly, but then had to find for them the right relations, those that would most bring them out; to imagine, to invent, and select and piece together the situations most useful and favorable to the sense of the creatures themselves, the complications they would be most likely to produce and feel.

Thus Mr. James's story has grown up about Isabel Archer:

> I seem to myself to have waked up one morning in possession of them—of Ralph Touchett and his parents, of Madame Merle, of Gilbert Osmund and his daughter and his sister, of Lord Warburton, Caspar Goodwood and Miss Stackpole, the definite array of contributions to Isabel Archer's history.

In considering the result, Mr. James decides that this novel is the "most proportioned of his productions after 'The Ambassadors.'" In like manner "The Princess Casamassima" grew up about Hyacinth Robinson, who should watch the show of public life in London, but, "so far as all the swarming facts should speak of freedom and ease, knowledge and power, money, opportunity and satiety, he should be able to revolve round them, but at the most respectful of distances and with every door of approach shut in his face." Mr. James's explanation of the return to life of the Princess Casamassima is a striking passage:

> Certain of a novelist's characters, more or less honorably buried, revive for him by a force or whim of their own and "walk" round his house of art like haunting ghosts, feeling for the old doors they knew, fumbling at stiff latches and pressing their pale faces, in the outer dark, to lighted windows. I mistrust them, I confess, in general; my sense of a really expressed character is that it shall have originally so tasted of the ordeal of service as to feel no disposition to yield again to the strain. Why should the Princess of the climax of "Roderick Hudson" still have made her desire felt, unless, in fact, to testify that she had not been—for what she was—completely recorded?

The question of Mr. James's alterations and additions in these reprints we reserve for future discussion.

The trend of literature from one year to another is indicated by such publications as the "Annual List" of new and important books added to the Boston Public Library. The one just published is larger by thirty-five pages than the previous issue, the increase being mainly in works on fine arts, languages, science, religion, medicine, and rare old books and incunabula. There are fewer additions of books on political and social science, philosophy and education, while fiction remains about the same. The biographical index and that of authors, editors, and subjects add much to the value and usefulness of this publication as a book of reference.

"Selected Readings in Economics," by

Prof. Charles J. Bullock (Ginn & Co.), sustains the high character of the series to which it belongs, Selections and Documents in Economics. The choice here offered evinces catholic taste and good judgment. Just enough economic history is included to illuminate the industrial morphology of the present time. The remainder of the material bears either on the essentials of economic theory or on the more important problems of to-day. So vast is the literature of the subject that any compilation of this character must omit some of the cardinal classics. It may be suggested that an excerpt from Hamilton's Report on Manufactures might properly be included in a future edition. Questionable also would appear the excerpt from Mill on the accumulation of capital, though the needful corrective is given in Hobson's adverse criticism of Mill's doctrine. The most serious omission appears to be the virtual neglect of the more recent developments in economic theory commonly associated with the Austrian school. Jevons, it is true, is cited by sample, but the excerpt is isolated; the more recent intensive criticism of the older notions of capital is slighted; and the prominent rôle assigned to the time-element in abstract economic theory is not emphasized. These, however, are minor defects. It is doubtful whether any other equal group of selected readings would prove more generally acceptable or serviceable.

"Internal Taxation in the Philippines," by John S. Hord (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Series XXV., No. 1), is rather an explanation of the new internal revenue system adopted in 1904 as a basis of argument for opening the markets of the United States to Philippine products than it is a carefully prepared monograph on the subject its title covers. We are told how the 1904 law, designed chiefly by Mr. Hord, who is Philippine internal revenue collector, was meant to meet lower customs receipts following free trade with the United States, and how such free trade would be of benefit in the Philippines as in Porto Rico. The pamphlet sets forth very well the content of the new Philippine internal revenue law and its administration, but gives it slight consideration from the point of view of the student of taxation theories and practice. The summary of internal taxation under Spanish rule in the Philippines is incomplete and faulty.

In a slender little book Clarence A. Palmer gives "A Compendium of Parliamentary Rules," with special adaptation to the needs of business meetings. In general the laws of procedure accord with "Robert's Rules of Order." Perhaps the most useful part of the book is that which shows how the chairman can expedite business and avoid friction. (St. Paul: The Minnesota Typographic Co.)

The noble series of "Early Western Travels," edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites and published by the Arthur H. Clark Co., is brought to a conclusion by a full "Analytical Index" in two volumes (XXXI. and XXXII.). In the preparation of this invaluable appendix Dr. Thwaites has had the active coöperation of Annie Amelia Nunns, Louise Phelps Kellogg, and Lillian Jane Beecroft. The Preface explains the system used in indexing.

In a single compact volume Harper & Bros. have a new edition, revised and enlarged, of Justin McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times." The period embraced is from the accession of Queen Victoria to that of King Edward VII. It is late in the day to say how entertainingly this history is written; it is never too late to protest against the printing of such a volume without maps or chronological tables.

The Rev. Dr. M. H. Harris has added a "History of the Mediæval Jews" to his lengthening series of school histories in the same field (New York: Published by the author). Within the compass of about 300 pages he has given a fairly readable and trustworthy summary, whose interest for the average young person is probably not increased by a slightly homiletic flavor. It is none the less a marked improvement on the few existing text-books on the subject, and is equipped with useful maps, tables, and references for further reading.

Israel Abrahams's "A Short History of Jewish Literature" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is an improvement on his "Chapters on Jewish Literature," 1899. He gives a clear and succinct outline of Jewish literature from the final fall of the Temple to the era of emancipation (1786). The difficulty in such a work is less to steer between the academic and the popular than to condense without disproportion. Mr. Abrahams has succeeded in presenting his subject in sufficient detail and with sober discrimination. Perhaps in a new work, under preparation, he may devote more attention to the points of contact between Jewish thinkers and their contemporaries in the outer world, and the profound influences exerted on Jewish thought by external forces. There is, however, ample material in the present volume to surprise the general reader who has no idea of the Jew's intellectual development in early and later eras, and his fertility and versatility in lines other than purely theological. He had his classic epoch in Spain, in poetry, philosophy, science, centuries before the dawn of the English epic.

Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) has recently been increased by four volumes devoted to "Ancient Hebrew Literature, being the Old Testament and Apocrypha," arranged by the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor. The topical order has been followed so far as the books are concerned, and the apocryphal books are mingled with the canonical writings, Daniel being dislodged from its customary place and included in apocalyptic literature. Such disarrangement seems rather arbitrary. The text is practically that of the King James Version; the customary divisions into chapters and verses have been dropped, and there are other changes, all probably to emphasize the literary rather than doctrinal character of the work.

"Little Bits of Judaism," by "Amiel" (Baltimore: Fleet-McGinley Co.), is a series of short essays, in general superior to articles of their class. They touch on themes like prayer, patriotism, intermarriage, spirituality, and the need of leadership.

Toward the end of his "Apologia Diffidentis" (John Lane Co.), W. Compton Leith writes:

> Turning back over these pages, I am conscious that I have failed to give real experiences their proper life. Describing solitude I have been dull; I have fixed the rushing flames of emotion in poor flamboyant traceries.

In these last words the author has laid his finger upon the defect of the book. The style is so carefully elaborated, at times so precious, that it suggests insincerity. Mr. Leith is a man of education and wide reading. He has apparently studied the manner of De Quincey, Ruskin, Stevenson, and especially Pater. He has an ample vocabulary, and he has uncommon skill as a maker of phrases. He says what he has to say so well that it is a pity his message is so insubstantial. The book runs on, without chapter divisions, for over two hundred pages. The career of the diffident man as a youth in England, and as a young man in India is presented with much detail of pictorial description. The writer is evidently aware that his descriptions are uncommonly vivid. Then comes an explanation of the causes and consequences of diffidence, followed by an exposition of the resources of the diffident man—the study of nature and of books, the consolations of stoic philosophy, and so on rambling to the end. The first fifty pages, fluent and sometimes almost brilliant, give the impression of a book of genuine distinction in style and of subject matter above the mediocre. But the additional hundred and fifty pages of much the same thing, still fatally fluent, grow rather monotonous and trite. The pose of graceful melancholy, of almost morbid introspection, and of gentle self-pity yielding to stoicism ceases to charm. Perhaps the book, if taken in small doses, would seem a thing of firmer texture.

From Armand Colin of Paris comes a well-informed and thoroughly sympathetic study of "Sully Prudhomme," by Ernest Zyromski. Of the philosophy of the book we cannot speak so favorably. M. Zyromski begins with a fair analysis of romanticism, and shows in what way it springs from a delirium of sensibility. The office of Prudhomme was to heal this disease of the ego and to set forth in his verse the reconciliation of man with nature. So far, good. But it is not always clear that M. Zyromski quite understands this malady of the soul out of which Prudhomme worked his way into the healthy region of natural law. It is disquieting to read the names of Plato and Lucretius and Alfred de Musset thrown together as if their theories of love in any way coincided. And he does not seem to have considered that this escape of the poet from himself into nature may be only the passage from one cell to another of the same prison. However, these are matters too large for discussion in a note. M. Zyromski has written a book which can be read with profit by any one interested in the higher currents of thought of the nineteenth century.

The avowed object of the two French journalists, Raymond Gros and François Bournand, in "L'Oncle Sam chez lui: mœurs américaines" (New York: Imported by Lemcke & Buechner) is "to make known a great people, with their virtues, their vices, their comeliness, and their ugliness." There is a chapter on the American man, and another on the American woman; one about marriage, and, of course, another about divorce. Works of charity are considered, the authors concluding that, "if the American is a man of business *par excellence,* he is also the most human of men." Then comes a thesis on lynch law, which is reënforced by a lengthy treatise in an appendix, showing why the negro is born to be hanged. Education, national faults, social vices, as well as American art and the stage, are all discussed, and there is a catalogue of the curiosities of American life. Many of the seventy-three illustrations in the text are of personages scarcely known to the public, or of scenes or incidents of American life not at all typical. Indeed, the *galerie de tableaux* reminds one of a lecture on America recently delivered in England, when the one picture illustrative of American homes showed the residence of James G. Blaine! The Indian and the cowboy figure conspicuously among the engravings; Ballston Spa is famous, not because of its mineral springs, but because one of its fair daughters was kissed there 1,236 times in fourteen years, and finally brought suit for $3,000 damages, getting *"10 fr. 42 centimes par baiser."* Football, Andrew Carnegie with his L-I-B-R-A-R-Y building blocks, and golf are the prominent features of our educational system depicted by the artist; and the Beef Trust and the "grafter" are given many pages, with copious and fearful foot-notes.

Even Francesco d'Ovidio finds something more to be said about Alessandro Manzoni, and under the title "Studii Manzoniani" (Hoepli: Milan) has just added a third entertaining and instructive volume to those which established his reputation as a student of Manzoni and made him a fit editor of the "Brani inediti dei Promessi Sposi," published two years ago. The new volume is made up chiefly of a careful study of the character of Ermengarda in the drama "Adelchi," including an exhaustive criticism of the celebrated chorus on her death.

Students of American aboriginal folk-lore will find much to interest them in Knud Rasmussen's recent book (Copenhagen and Chicago: The Gyldendal Publishing Co.) entitled "Under Nordenvindens Svöbe" (Under the Lash of the North Wind). It contains a large number of myths and fairy tales of the Greenland Eskimos. Mr. Rasmussen, who himself has some Eskimo blood in his veins, took part, some years ago, in the so-called Danish Literary Greenland Expedition, under the leadership of Mylius Erichsen, and at that time he collected the material of the present volume. Half of the book deals with the West Greenlanders, the other half with the eastern branch of the race.

Dr. W. Staerk, one of the theological teachers in the University of Jena, has just published (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht) a book entitled "Das assyrische Weltreich im Urteil der Propheten." In his investigations of the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries the author takes a decided stand against the current critical school. Dr. Staerk furnishes also an entirely new translation and commentary on the prophetic books in question.

In the series known as Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr) we now have "Richard Wagner's Religiöse Weltanschauung," by Prof. O. Schmiedel of Eisenach, in booklet size. The volume offers a clear-cut view of the ups and downs of Wagner's philosophical and religious thinking.

"Ausgewählte kleine Schriften" of Heinrich Gelzer (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) is a collection of ten papers, most of them based on research in Oriental church history. Special interest attaches to the seventh and eighth papers, detailing the author's personal recollections of Ernst Curtius and Jacob Burckhardt.

Prof. Theobald Ziegler of the philosophical faculty of the University of Strassburg will soon issue (Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner) a large volume on David Friedrich Strauss and his work, in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the author of the "Leben Jesu."

The Vienna Academy of Sciences has entrusted to the Belgian scholar Germain Morin the preparation of a new and critical edition of the works of Cæsarius of Arles, the great churchman of Gaul in the fifth century. Morin is making his preliminary research in Munich.

Prof. H. Diels, in behalf of the commission that is preparing the "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ," reports to the Berlin Academy of Sciences that the third volume is in type down to Carmen, the fourth down to Conventus, and the proper names, separated from the rest of the material, to Cæsidius.

In September, 1909, the fiftieth meeting of the Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner is to be held in Graz. A new section for *sachliche Volkskunde* is to be added, to deal with the occupations and utensils of primitive man.

At the February meeting of the Hellenic Society in London Louis Dyer read a paper on "The Olympian *Theatron* and the Battle of Olympia." The *theatron,* he said, was mentioned by Xenophon in bounding the battlefield of 364 B. C. No "theatre" of the usual type could be meant, for none such ever existed at or near Olympia. Long before the day of theatres and stadiums, however, Olympian worshippers witnessed from the Terrace of the Treasuries (1) athletic contests; (2) processions, sacrifices, and the like. In 476 B. C., presumably from this *spectatorium-theatron,* Pindar (O. x. 101) saw Agesidamus win "alongside the Olympian Altar." In 450 B. C. a quadrilateral running-field, with fields adjacent for onlookers, was provided for athletic contests. The old *theatron* was left, however, overlooking all other spectacles, and to it was made, for the same uses, an enormous addition—(a) the Painted Colonnade, (b) the front Colonnade of the Southeast Building—intersecting it at right angles in the northeast corner of the Altis. From that corner these Colonnades stretched southward to the Council-House, while the Terrace extended westward to the Shrine of Hestia. Thus the Terrace and the Colonnades formed two sides of the triangular battlefield of 364 B. C., described by Xenophon (Hellen. VII. iv.) as the space "between the Council-House, the Shrine of Hestia, and the *theatron* adjoining these buildings." Dr. Frazer, requiring a stone theatre and not finding one, suggests that the Council-House and the Theatre are still somewhere unexcavated—a desperate solution since it withdraws from human comprehension Xenophon's whole account of the fighting, and leaves the perfectly identified remains *in situ* of the Council-House to shift for themselves. Dr. Dörpfeld clearly accounts for the fighting, but requires that Xenophon in bounding the lists should momentarily have been bereft of common sense and of his gift of consistent and perspicuous diction. These views were then reënforced in a short paper by E. N. Gardiner, who had reached Mr. Dyer's conclusions about the Olympian *theatron* independently, and on other grounds.

Henry Loomis Nelson, professor of political science at Williams College died in this city February 29. He was born in New York in 1846, and was graduated from Williams in 1867. Though admitted to the bar, he devoted practically all his time after 1878 to journalism. He was a correspondent at Washington and an editorial writer here and in Boston. From 1894-98 he was editor of *Harper's Weekly.* Among his books are "Our Unjust Tariff Law," 1884; "John Rantoul," a novel, 1884; "The Money We Need," 1896.

The death is announced of David Syme, proprietor of the Melbourne *Age.* Mr. Syme was born in England in 1827, and emigrated to California in 1850, and from there two years later to Victoria. He published several books: "Outlines of an Industrial Science," "Representative Government in England," "On the Modification of Organisms," "The Soul—A Study and an Argument."

THREE STUART BIOGRAPHIES.

The King Over the Water. By A. Shield and Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.20 net.

James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. By Martin Haile. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

The Romance of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham. By Philip Gibbs. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

That the Old Pretender should have waited until to-day for a biographer to defend him against Thackeray's defamation in "Henry Esmond" is, considering the amount of Jacobitism that has lingered on among Scottish writers, one of the curiosities of literature. Perhaps the sight of two champions, fully armed with documents, rising together upon the novelist, will rouse the proverbial feeling of two against one. It must be said emphatically that Miss Shield and Mr. Haile agree in their characterization of James III., that their conclusions are fully supported by evidence, and that they utterly demolish Thackeray's picture of the tipsy, dissolute Chevalier. We may regret the diminution of our pleasure in "Henry Esmond"; we cannot but welcome to the gallery of eighteenth-century portraits this grave, pathetic figure, dull and earnest, with nothing of the hero about him save his patient sufferings, shuffled to and fro like a play-king among the real sovereigns of Europe, vexed by charlatans and dissemblers, baffled by the self-seeking of pretended friends, his own incompetence, and by the malignant ill-luck of the Stuarts, but preserving through all temptations and disappointments his devotion to the Roman faith, the white flower of chastity, and his kingly dignity.

So far the two books are in accord. In their methods they are somewhat different. The first-named, written by Miss Alice Shield under the guidance of Mr. Lang, who also condensed and revised the manuscript, is the better work as literature, and offers a more minute account of the Chevalier's personal life at St. Germains and Bar-le-duc; perhaps its briefer treatment of the domestic concerns during the later Italian years is due to the skilled and, to the reader, merciful hand of Mr. Lang. Mr. Haile's work is less intimate in its biographical details (save in the wearisome quarrel of Queen Clementina with the Hays), but dwells at much greater length on the political intrigues and combinations throughout Europe that kept the exile in constant hopes of restoration. In a word, Miss Shield has written the better life of James III., Mr. Haile the fuller history of Jacobitism.

It must be added that Miss Shield, in so far as she touches on political matters, shows the truer historic sense. Both writers are in sympathy with the Chevalier, and betray a distaste for the boorish character of the first and second Hanoverian; to which no one can take objection. Both dwell on the strange ill-luck that attended the adventures of the Stuarts; both recognize the lack of impelling force in the Chevalier; but Miss Shield is a little more open to his entire incapacity for judging and controlling men, and to the consequent discord and inefficiency that ruled all the doings of his court. Mr. Haile exhibits more completely the tragic incompetence of Mar as a soldier, but Miss Shield again explains more clearly the ruinous defection of Berwick. Nowhere does the difference between the two biographers come out more clearly than in their treatment of Bolingbroke. Miss Shield acknowledges the great ability of that arch-traitor and almost, if not quite, admits that under other circumstances he might have remained loyal to the Stuart cause, and with the aid of Berwick's military genius, if such an event were at all possible, steered that rudderless vessel to port. Mr. Haile has nothing but contempt for Bolingbroke, and, indeed, dismisses him as an utterly unimportant factor in the game. And the reason for this is easily divined. In his famous letter to Sir William Wyndham, Bolingbroke attempted to prepare his way back to England by exposing the hopelessness of the Stuart pretensions, and so alluring the ultra-Tories from their opposition to the government:

> Here (he says, meaning the courts of the Regent and of James) I found a multitude at work. Hardly one would lose the air of contributing to a restoration by his own intrigues. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. No sex was excluded from this ministry. Fanny Oglethorpe, whom you may remember in England, has a corner in it, and Olive Trant is the great wheel of the machine, etc., etc.

Now Bolingbroke had no thought of the scandalous inferences which might be drawn from such a passage, and which, as all the world knows, Thackeray did draw from it. As a matter of fact, a little royal license on the part of the Pretender would have been no disability in the eyes of Henry St. John or of most Englishmen, whereas his sturdy refusal to barter his religion for a crown was always inexplicable to his libertine advisers. It is not on this score Mr. Haile is incensed against Bolingbroke, but because that powerful writer and cynical man of the world exposed so relentlessly the confusion of counsel prevailing about the Pretender and the petticoat influences which, more by the fault of the Orleans than the Stuart court, were so disastrously predominant. Mr. Haile could not forgive Bolingbroke for jeering at his idol's feet of clay. Again, the two biographers differ somewhat in their estimate of the enemy's character. Mr. Haile thinks the evidence sufficient to convict Lord Stair absolutely of two attempts to make away with James, at Nonancourt and at Avignon—and that evidence is indeed black; but Miss Shield leaves open a loophole of doubt, being in general more disposed to grant honesty of purpose to the anti-Jacobites.

From both books, as they supplement each other, may be gathered a pretty full and accurate account of the division of England against itself which furnishes the key to the political tangle of the first half of the eighteenth century. History is commonly written from the Whig point of view so exclusively that the real danger to the Hanoverian succession and the immense ability displayed by Walpole in warding it off are somewhat obscured. Not much is said by either biographer about that parliamentary bulldog, but from their minute view of Jacobitism one is taught to harbor greater respect for his power and more leniency for his methods of corruption. There is also, of course, the opposite temptation of exaggerating the danger, and into this snare both writers—Miss Shield less than Mr. Haile—have fallen. Neither of them distinguishes sharply enough between the mere spirit of discontent against the ruling powers and the spirit which would really have welcomed a change. To read the letters and reports of the Jacobites in England one might suppose that practically the whole people was clamoring for James; yet somehow when the opportunity of acting arose, these agitators were strangely inert. And there are plenty of pamphlets of the day that betray the secret of this paradox. Take, for instance, Sir Richard Blackmore's "True and Impartial History of the Conspiracy against the Person and Government of King William III. in the Year 1695," composed soon after the event, but not published until 1723—it contains a perfectly accurate study of the fever of discontent.

In fact, the chief interest in this study of Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites ought to be, but never or rarely ever is, psychological. We speak lightly of the treachery and time-serving of those men, and undoubtedly they were marvellously dexterous in riding one horse and then the other, or both horses at once. We do not realize the conditions. On one side, with the Whigs, lay the practical prosperity of England, the hard facts, the forces of time, so to speak; on the other all the appeals of loyalty and of the imagination—it is significant that almost all of the higher literature of the age was Tory, if not Jacobite. The cruelty of the situation was this, that an honest man might be divided within himself by these two impulses; and thus, while he talked and schemed for one side, at the crucial moment he would abandon dreams for facts. Some were narrow enough in sympathy, like Walpole, to lean always to one side; others, such as Halifax in the preceding years, were clear enough in self-knowledge to trim with honor, if not with ultimate success; too many, in the difficulty of deciding on principle, turned to this party or that as the momentary advantage to themselves seemed the stronger. A satisfying psychological study of that age is still to be made.

For their general accuracy of statement both Miss Shield and Mr. Haile are to be commended. The former should know better than to accent Fénélon (*sic*) throughout her book; the latter should not say that "Maria Theresa's title as . . . Empress of Austria was at once opposed by the Elector of Bavaria, who claimed the empire for himself," for it was her claim to the Austrian possessions that the Elector disputed, whereas her husband aimed at the head of the Empire. A few other slips might be pointed out, but not many.

If, without leaving the field of biography, one wishes to read the first act of this Stuart tragedy whose fifth act closed with the death of James III., one may find it in the life of George Villiers. That evil genius of the Stuarts shows more fully even than does either of his masters the causes of their ruin. It is sometimes supposed that the fall of the Stuarts was due to the attempt to introduce a new régime with the new dynasty; whereas it was really caused by too faithful an adherence to Tudor precedent and by lack of that kingcraft "which alters when it alteration finds." It was the sluggishness of the Stuarts that destroyed them, with the exception of the second Charles who, alone of his family, could adapt himself to circumstances. The character of the Tudors was a boundless egotism and a passion for dramatic action; and in these they were in harmony with their age. One of these traits, the egotism, was carried over by the Stuarts into a century when, among the English people, the notion of irresponsible personality was giving place to that of law and solidarity, and to unimaginative rationalism. James I. was fond in his way of pageantry, but the passion for splendid dramatic action, denied him by his poor pedantic mind, was supplied by his favorite, the first Duke of Buckingham, who thus complemented the inadaptability of the Stuarts.

There is not much philosophy in Mr. Gibbs's memoir of the duke, and, as in almost all these present-day biographies, the old tradition of literary taste is lost; but he has got his materials well together, and has made a book that can be read with interest. Naturally, while not disguising his hero's notorious sins, he is inclined to show greater lenience of judgment than would be expected from a general historian such as S. R. Gardiner. This can be excused as pertaining inevitably to the *genre* of writing. And, in fact, we can agree with him in a certain human admiration for the insolent magnanimity, if the phrase be permitted, and hot-blooded impulsiveness of Buckingham; after all, he was but a spoiled beauty. To hold that he poisoned James is preposterous, and, unless pushed too far, he was a loyal friend to those in adversity and an open enemy to those who thwarted him. But Mr. Gibbs does not sufficiently recognize the terrible evils brought upon England by Buckingham's domestic and foreign policy, on the one hand by cultivating the personal irresponsibility of his masters, and on the other by entangling them in the fatal French alliance. Who can say how much of England's calamities through the seventeenth century and the resulting intellectual poverty in the eighteenth, were due to the ruffling, imperious beauty of the young Villiers, who, at the age of twenty-one, came up to London almost in rags; at thirty-one was with Prince Charles in Madrid, shocking the Spanish grandees by his pranks and insulting Olivares to his face: at thirty-three was in Paris on another and more fatal marriage embassy, dazzling France with his magnificence, and making love to the Queen, almost under the nose of her husband; and at thirty-six by the knife of John Felton expiated the crime of attempting to oppose his vanities and passions—if these two were not one trait—to the current of the age. More perfectly than his master, James I., he introduces the drama that drags its slow pathos to an end with James III.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Mother of the Man. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Not long ago we noticed a collection of short tales by Mr. Phillpotts which seemed to possess the merits of clever experiment rather than of such firm achievement as may be expected of him in his familiar field. To this field he here returns, to the study of human nature and character as they are to be seen among the simple folk of a bit of Dartmoor countryside. This writer works best with such material, not so much because he consciously or unconsciously holds a brief for rural life or character, as because he clearly discerns here the free working out of those everlasting problems of human experience which are so compromised or obscured by the veilings and quibblings of sophistication. These people have no manners; their motives and moods are absolutely bare to each other and to us. The game is played hands down, and has none of that element of intellectual titillation for the observer to which the masked skill (or is it rather legerdemain?) of urbane fiction has perhaps accustomed him. None of these people have "cultivated" minds. We have not to solve them as intricate puzzles, but to watch them unfold in character and meaning, simply and beautifully, by what they say and do—rather than like Mr. James's people, complexly and often beautifully, by the play of his fancy about them.

The man Ives Pomeroy is at first sight a crude and on the whole repellent shape of human clay, a selfish and graceless yokel, an idler, a braggart, and something of a libertine. It is only as we are able to see him through his mother's eyes, with her knowledge of his nature and inheritance, that we discern dimly what time may make of him. It is a slow work, and in the end he has not been transformed into a hero of romance; but his mother's faith in him has been justified, and if he remains a yokel with rude manners, he has become a strong man. There is no romantic conversion, the process of his development is gradual and natural—inevitable, even, his mother knows. For she recalls her own youth and recognizes much of herself in him. The foes he has to contend with are within: pride, anger, untamed desire, have long the upper hand. They are the ebullitions of a generous nature of which a profound sense of justice is to be the salvation. His resentment of the world's injustice finds at last its healthy complement in a fine scorn of his own selfishness. For such a son no mother content with wise saws and modern instances could have done much. Avisa Pomeroy has one of those firm-poised, high-hearted natures which are to be found oftenest among the heavy-laden of whatever social class—a radiant influence making for good by dint of its sheer indomitable optimism. There is more than the grief of physical loss to be heard in the broken fragments of threnody with which Avisa Pomeroy's death inspires her rough son:

> 'Tis all one to the lamp when it goes out —but them that be left—the darkness. . . . But us—us that walked by the light of her —and must go blind evermore. . . . Her work's done, her wonderful, beautiful deeds are all ended now, and she've led a better life than any born woman did afore. She've done with the business of being alive. 'Twas worth while to the earth her being alive.

Without this love passing the love of men, this understanding passing the understanding of merely good women, a nature like that of Ives Pomeroy might have been driven into enmity of its kind. As it is, he is destined to become not a man of piety and small tendernesses, but a man of wholesome activity and even authority in the sphere to which he has been called.

The Hemlock Avenue Mystery. By Roman Doubleday. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

It is hard to write a detective story that is not interesting. Given a murder, two gentle ladies suspected of the guilt, a multi-millionaire suspicious of his wife, and a young reporter who unravels all and thereby gets his own reward—who could write a dull book with such material? We must demur, however, against a disposition in the present entertainer to disregard the rules of the game. The erroneous suspicions should not depend on a series of coincidences, each alone credible enough, but in the mass impossible; nor should we in the end be mocked by finding there was no murder at all. The art of the detective story is to eliminate chance altogether. The reader thus lays down this mystery of Hemlock Avenue with some resentment against the author for having cheated him, but only after a couple of hours of exciting play.

The Footprint and Other Stories. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

By reason of the publisher's dictum that collections of short stories are not popular, it has been the fashion of late to weave separate tales with some thread of continuity so that in combination they may take on more or less successfully the aspect of a novel. Mr. Morris must have the credit of letting his stories stand on their individual merits. There are eleven in the present volume, and they cover incidents in the Gulf of California, San Francisco, Paris, a pirate island, the Carolina swamps, the tenements and the palaces of New York, and the North Pole. They show Mr. Morris to excel most of the short-story writers of the day in his use of the Stevenson manner, which he combines with Edgar Allan Poe matter. The knack of descriptive narration he has in an uncommon degree, whether his pictures be first hand or not. There is, for instance, an excellent bit of this kind at the beginning of the title story, where five weary and parched American adventurers on a sand spit of Lower California watch the arrival of the fat, rich, jovial Chinaman, who, as it turns out, has come on his forty-fifth birthday to be strangled in fulfilment of a parental promise to the High Gods.

The subjects, however, are generally ignoble, even to an occasional Shandean touch. Those who read the stories because they are in the vernacular of adventure will note that there is not an honest stand-up fight in the collection. The noble motives come to grotesque anti-climaxes. The explorer who reaches the North Pole only to die of small-pox on the spot, lies down beside the frozen bodies of seven predecessors who had all—from 1798 down—attained the pole to die there. The roguery is equally futile, a scoundrelly elopement ending in an opium dream. This sense of futility is the chief defect of what are otherwise capital tales.

My Lady of Cleeve. By Percy J. Hartley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a romantic tale, the period of which is just subsequent to the Great Rebellion, when England was rife with plots for the restoration of the Stuarts. Capt. Cassilis, soldier of fortune in the service of "Dutch William," has orders to take possession of Cleeve Manor, where a French plotter is said to be in hiding. In the performance of this mission he receives a momentary check from Lady Grace, whom report holds to be the most beautiful, as she assuredly is the most haughty, daughter of English nobility. She attacks Cassilis with her riding whip. And then:

> If ever there was all hell in a man's heart, it was in mine that night. . . . That I—I of all men—should be struck by a woman! And in public! . . . Oh, to hurt her! to humble her pride! to see her at my feet begging for mercy—and to refuse it! I gloated over the thought.

How he secured his revenge upon his lady, and how, in the end, instead of gloating, he humbly sued for her hand and heart, and how his service was most gloriously rewarded, it were no less than sin to disclose here. The lovers of second-rate historical romance must not be deprived of their immemorial privilege of finding out these mysteries for themselves.

The Red Feather By Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

It would be hard to suggest by way of comment the sheer delightfulness of this tale. Let him who is wearied with the sweetened and diluted literature now commonly prepared "for the young" apply himself with assurance to this strong and wholesome brew. It is not a story for children in the sense of being unfit for grown-ups. It is a fairy tale and an Indian tale and a little manual of kindly and ripe philosophy in one. In short, we really do not see why it should not win a place on that small beloved shelf where Grimm and Alice and the Water-Babies and how few others! stand in quiet and perennial disproof of the pap-theory of juvenile fiction. No doubt its persons are the stock characters of fairy romance. The "littlest warrior," to whom the magical red feathers are presented in infancy, is simply our friend the fairy prince. The red feathers themselves, as well as the "moccasins of the air" with which they are destined to vie, are variants of the seven-league boots and the magic carpet of familiar lore. The long conflict between the good magician and the bad magician, and the eventual victory of the good one, is quite by the card. But the air of the whole thing is so simple and spontaneous that one instinctively accepts recognizable items as elemental rather than commonplace. For a marvel, one does not feel them to be shabby and tiresome properties trotted out in the name of a convention. The story is told with a fine and gentle simplicity of style—that is, of mood and phrase—which marks it as literature of a high order.

The Development and Chronology of Chaucer's Works. By John S. P. Tatlock. London: Published for the Chaucer Society by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

It is gratifying to note that a thorough examination of all the questions that pertain to Chaucerian chronology, such as we have in Professor Tatlock's treatise, has resulted in confirming in all essentials the views on the relative chronology of the poet's writings, which have generally prevailed since Prof. Ten Brink's famous discussion of the subject, although in some important instances arguments are here advanced for new datings of individual works. The revolutionary changes which Prof. J. L. Lowes has in recent years proposed in the chronology of Chaucer's middle period have not stood the test of a closer examination. Professor Tatlock's treatise is distinguished by such an unusual combination of acumen and judgment that one cannot but look forward with interest to the promised continuation which is to deal with the evolution of the "Canterbury Tales," the grouping of these tales, the question of revision by the poet, etc. Our author was well-advised in disregarding in the present work the minor poems and in discussing those only of the "Canterbury Tales" whose dates have been most frequently the subject of debate.

Indisputably the most important change of date which Professor Tatlock proposes is in the case of "Troilus and Criseyde," which he would place between Chaucer's return from his first Italian journey and 1377, the probable date of composition of the passage in Gower's "Mirour de l'Omme" which contains the allusion to the "geste de Troÿlus et de la belle Creseide." In this he is only urging, of course, an idea which he had advanced several years ago, but the argument here is fuller and the author has endeavored, moreover, to meet the objections to his interpretation of the passage raised in the interval by Professor Lowes.

We agree with Professor Tatlock that this "geste" should be identified with Chaucer's poem, for, as he properly maintains, the fame of the love-story of Troilus and Cressida only begins with Boccaccio, so that Gower must have had in mind either the "Filostrato" or Chaucer's poem; and since there is no reason whatever to suppose that he understood Italian, he must have been referring to the latter. In support of Professor Tatlock's contention that the love-story in question was not famous before Boccaccio, we may cite from the thirteenth-century French romance, "Amadas et Ydoine," lines 5,857 ff., the long list—fifteen in all—of women who had proved faithless in love. This list includes Iseult, Audain, and others, and the omission of Cressida from it is all the more significant, inasmuch as three of the names are drawn from the legend of Troy—Œnone, Helen, and Polyxena. The author is even impudent enough to charge with disloyalty characters like Penelope, who were really types of fidelity. We have noted two or three similar lists in the Arthurian prose romances, also, but in none of them is Cressida mentioned. As regards Professor Lowes's suggestion that Gower might have known of Boccaccio's poem through Chaucer, before the latter had begun his "Troilus and Criseyde," one may answer that Chaucer was unlikely to delay adapting the "Filostrato" after he had once mastered the contents of the poem. He doubtless brought back a manuscript of it from Italy with him in 1373, and it seems singular that with the admiration which he conceived for Boccaccio's masterpiece he should only have determined to adapt it after so considerable a number of years as is generally assumed. To be sure, there is no absolute reason for supposing that the adaptation was complete at the time that Gower penned the allusion in the "Mirour," for Chaucer and he were in all likelihood closely associated in this period of their lives and might well have often discussed the "Troilus and Criseyde" together during the course of its composition. But in view of the length of time that had elapsed since Chaucer had become familiar with Italian, the allusion is more likely to be to the completed poem.

Coming to the "Legend of Good Women" we observe that Professor Tatlock accepts the so-called F version of the "Prologue" as the earlier form and strengthens the recent arguments of Professor Lowes on the subject by the plausible suggestion that the changes which have rendered the later version inferior were made after the death of Queen Anne of Bohemia and are due to a consideration for the well-known morbid feeling of the King in regard to the memory of his wife, all specific reminders of her being omitted in the revision. But, after all, Queen Anne, who, as our author himself allows, is unquestionably the Alcestis of the "Prologue," is too intimately connected with the poem ever to be effaced from it. Is Chaucer, then, likely to have attempted the impossible?

As to the "Canterbury Tales"—we find ourselves in agreement with Professor Tatlock when he takes 1387 as the year in which they were begun. Whether their composition was carried on as late in the life of the author as is maintained in this book, is too difficult a question to be discussed here. On the possible relations of the "Canterbury Tales" to Boccaccio's "Decameron" we note that Professor Tatlock omits to mention the most serious argument that has yet been made to connect a story in the former collection with one in the latter—namely, that of Pio Rajna with reference to the "Franklin's Tale" in the thirty-second volume of *Romania*. The authority of the writer's name renders this article worthy of particular consideration.

Annals of St. Michael's: Being the History of St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, for One Hundred Years, 1807-1907. Compiled by Order of the Vestry. Edited by John Punnett Peters. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The history of St. Michael's Church of this city is more than an account of the founding and growth of a particular parish, with its petty trials, its varying fortunes according to the abilities of its leaders, and its trivial enterprises of merely parochial significance. Such narratives have their place as contributions to local history, and are of interest to those immediately concerned in the affairs described. But the story of St. Michael's constitutes an important part of the history of the development of the upper part of New York city, its old families, its marvellous material changes, its schools, hospitals, orphanages, and institutions for the variously afflicted. Not even the extension of transit facilities in the city can be adequately recorded without the assignment of considerable space to a description of the activities of this parish; and any sketch of the progress of Semitic learning in America and American encouragement of Oriental archæological research would mention with honor the present rector, the author of this volume.

St. Michael's is among the few churches of New York city which have served a particular locality throughout their history. Founded in 1807, in the old Dutch Bloemendael, as a parish of ease for summer residents and families who fled their aristocratic homes on Wall and Broad Streets on account of the ravages of yellow fever, it led a feeble existence until about the middle of the last century. Thomas McClure Peters (father of the present rector), who served the parish for over fifty years, was the leader who gave St. Michael's its great influence in the upper part of this city. The institutions which he founded and conducted with industry and skill, the Sheltering Arms, the Children's Fold, the City Mission Society, the House of Rest for Consumptives, gave him a wide reputation as a philanthropist. The present rector was associated with his father as assistant for ten years. Such a long period of parish leadership, continued in one family and characterized by eminent ability, is very rare if not unique in America. Dr. Peters seems to make good the claim that St. Michael's was the first free church founded in New York, and the first Protestant body to establish a sisterhood. It is noteworthy that both he and his father largely increased their influence through their ability to preach and conduct services in German.

The story is told with fidelity to fact, skill in narration, and with an enthusiasm that sustains the reader's attention throughout.

Dante's Vita Nuova. The Società Dantesca's Critical Edition. By Michele Barbi. Pp. cclxxxviii, Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.

In 1896, five hundred and seventy-five years after Dante's death, appeared Pio Rajna's critical edition of "De Vulgari Eloquentia," the first excellent edition of any of Dante's works. The end of 1907 was again brilliantly marked for Dante scholars by the publication of Michele Barbi's edition of the "Vita Nuova." Since this volume was announced, fourteen years have elapsed; but every student of Dante will rejoice at a delay which enabled the editor to avail himself of a manuscript discovered not long since in the Capitular library at Toledo. This manuscript, which came from the hand of Giovanni Boccaccio, is the fountainhead of all the manuscripts of the "Vita Nuova" traceable to Boccaccio; it reveals his wonted care, and, though it varies little from other ancient versions, it does away with many doubts. The editor was twice lucky; for, as this volume was on the verge of publication, the lost manuscript from which the edition of 1829 derives, also came to light, and Signor Barbi could insert a correction of the statements made in the section (No. 5) devoted to this edition. Not one word in Dante's handwriting is known to survive; but, as the oldest manuscripts substantially agree, we may now read this love story of the poet's youth in a text essentially as it was completed by Dante.

A fact which may interest even those familiar with the Inquisition is brought forth in Barbi's chapter on the Sermartelli edition, Florence, 1576. That the "Decameron" should have seemed to need censoring in those days of the fierce counter-reform, should excite no surprise; but, as the editor observes, that any one should find in the "Vita Nuova" things that might offend religious feeling, is wonderful. Yet such is the truth: the Inquisition caused every allusion to the Deity, every word belonging to sacred usage, every scriptural quotation, to be changed or removed. *Osanna in excelsis* was cut out, and *beato* was altered to *contento*. It had even become a heresy to call Beatrice "one of the very beautiful angels of Heaven"; she became "*like* one."

The task of collating thirty-nine complete manuscripts and some thirty-six fragments, involving, as it does, the fixing of their relations to each other, is of itself so perplexing that a few defects can be forgiven, though not overlooked. The absence of a full index, for example, and the almost total lack of cross-references, render verifications and corrections difficult. As a whole, however, this volume, second in the series to which it will belong, and first of the Società Dantesca's critical editions of Dante's Italian works, is a good specimen of Italian book-making, and an honor to Italian scholarship. It virtually renders every other text obsolete. There is no commentary, except what textual criticism necessarily involves. It should be added here that Signor Barbi has devoted many pages to *Ortografia*, and on that subject has gathered data extremely precious to those who are endeavoring to ascertain the true character of Tuscan sounds and forms about the year 1300.

Mexico and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: L. C. Page & Company. $3.

One is glad to find at last a book on Mexico written by one who is more than the superficial tourist. The latter, too often hurrying through the country, goes home to jot down his impressions, describing Mexico as "a land of lace and lice and love; of flowers and fights and fleas." Mr. Winter writes with the sympathy and insight of one who knows his subject thoroughly. The reader is given briefly the story of Aztec land, of the Conquest, and of the founding of the republic; and, more at length, a picture of the Mexico of to-day—including the climate and scenery as well as the life of the people. The peon is, perhaps, more sympathetically and fully pictured than is the patrician. But this is hardly to be wondered at, for Mexico is the land of the peon. He is as much a part of the landscape as his faithful burro and as the soaring vultures.

Other topics recount the economic resources of the country—agriculture, railways, and mines. Americans should read the following description of business methods in Mexico. Speaking of an Englishman who was a fair example of the successful European drummer, Mr. Winter says:

> He had made this route for years, and was thoroughly conversant with the language, and understood the ways of the people. His methods were a good illustration of the reason why English and German houses have for many decades controlled trade in Spanish America. For several days after arriving in the town, he did nothing but make social calls on his customers, take them to the theatre, and entertain them in a general way. During the next few days he invited them to his room to inspect his stock, which was large and varied. Then he began to take orders. This method seems like a waste of time, but the orders secured were large and well repaid for the time taken. The American drummer could not have controlled his impatience to be on the move and would have made a failure.

It is to be regretted that so admirable a book should contain many sentences as careless as the following: "Arrived at Vera Cruz, the purser still befriended him, he got ashore in a launch loaded with cargo, disguised as a Mexican sailor, while a detachment of soldiers in boats was waiting for him." The illustrations, which are from photographs, are artistic and well chosen, and the entire make-up of the book is attractive.

Science.

A History of Nursing: The Evolution of Nursing Systems from the Earliest Times to the Foundation of the First English and American Training Schools for Nurses. By M. Adelaide Nutting and Lavinia L. Dock. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

As the secondary title suggests, these handsome volumes treat of the nurse herself and of her training, and touch but lightly on the care of the sick, as found in the records of the past. The authors, well known for their active participation in the schooling and organization of nurses, have gathered a large amount of material with much industry and from a great variety of sources. For the most part, well chosen works and compends are freely drawn upon, but here and there, particularly for the more recent periods, there is some use of original sources. The outcome is an instructive as well as entertaining story of many of the endeavors to carry out systematically definite plans for the care of the sick and needy. The first volume brings the narrative from the "pre-Christian" period down to the "pre-Fliedner" movements in the early part of the nineteenth century. The second volume begins with the humble founding of the establishments at Kaiserswerth, in Rhenish Prussia, and the revival of the order of deaconesses. Here stress is laid upon the fact that the wives of Fliedner—Friederike and Caroline—are entitled to much of the credit ordinarily given him for the upbuilding of Kaiserswerth. Then comes a scanty "pre-Nightingale" period, followed by a long, but perhaps not too long, account of Miss Nightingale and her work. She is regarded as the true founder of the training school, the originator and patron saint of the really trained nurse. Later developments are considered briefly, the story of quite recent times being left for another book, which the authors hope to publish. Let us add that these two volumes are pleasantly written, barring some reportorial fancies in the second volume, and are liberally illustrated with pictures germane to the text, even if not always necessary. The picture of the greater Béguinage at Ghent (I. 258) is misleading, that site being no longer occupied by the community, which removed to other buildings outside the city more than thirty years ago.

Even a casual reader will hardly fail to note, what is also mentioned but too little emphasized, how largely the earlier charitable and sanatory undertakings almost without exception depended upon personal influence or somewhat local conditions, and how frequently they flourished only so long as the impulse given by a strong personality lasted, and then, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, degenerated into undesirable or useless establishments. And the central thought of the book seems to be that the nurse of earlier times was herself the product of circumstances, of more or less accidental conditions; that she came and went with certain social tides, and reflected in her status and success the changes in the relation of woman to the social order; while the modern nurse, on the other hand, is the product of training carefully planned and deliberately undertaken, and stands for the solidarity of an occupation or "profession," for the furtherance of individual aims, rather than for the work of a school or order. How this individualism, and all that goes with it, is to affect public interests and the practice of medicine is a question of great import, which has already caused some discussion. Here and there our authors plainly indicate high ideals concerning the occupation of the nurse. To some they may perhaps seem to magnify their office and to desire to treat nursing as an independent part of medicine, coördinate with recognized specialties. Just what they, as representative nurses, really wish will probably come out more fully in the later volume to which we shall look forward with interest.

W. S. Harwood has prepared a second edition of his account of Luther Burbank and his work, "New Creations in Plant Life" (The Macmillan Co.). In the preface he notes: "Statements in this volume, both those which have a scientific and those which have a practical bearing, stand unreservedly vouched for by Mr. Burbank." Comparatively few changes have been made, so that one can say of this as of the first edition, that it is a readable account of a remarkable man.

The title of "Nature and Development of Plants," by Carlton C. Curtis, instructor in botany in Columbia University (Henry Holt & Co.), seems unintentionally misleading. It deals with the nature and development of plants, to be sure, and with nothing else, but it so deals with them as to render the work an excellent handbook for serious beginners, who might perhaps infer from the title that this is a mere volume of reference, rather than a pleasant guide to their lecture-room and laboratory work. The first part, devoted to the "Nature of Plants," is a capital introduction to vegetable morphology and physiology; the second part treats of the great groups of flowerless and flowering plants. A careful examination has shown the treatise to be trustworthy. It is, moreover, interesting, and it should be very useful.

In "Comparative Electro-Physiology," a handsome book of 760 pages and many illustrations (Longmans, Green & Co.), J. C. Bose of Presidency College, Calcutta, gives an extension and conclusion of his studies on responsive phenomena, begun some years ago, and already partly made known in two other books as well as in various addresses and communications to scientific societies. With much patience and great ingenuity the author has examined the behavior of plants under the influence of various stimulations, and has extended the investigation to animal structures and also to metals. He seeks to show not only that his earlier assertion of the absence of any real distinction between "sensitive" plants and others is correct, but also, as a far-reaching generalization, that the responses of all living substances are similar, and that responses are to be found even in inorganic substances. The similarity depends on some common fundamental reaction of matter. The response is recorded largely by electrical methods. Motor responses are also considered, particularly in plants; but they are treated also rather less fully in animals. In this connection astonishing observations are reported, which show a nerve stimulated by tetanizing currents to be capable of "a contraction of as much as 20 per cent." There is much to arouse interest and provoke controversy, for many of the author's conclusions are far from being in accord with the prevailing views. A discussion of these conclusions, or even the briefest statement of them and of the experimental evidence on which they are based, would be too special for these columns. It is, however, not hypercritical to say even here, as has been said elsewhere concerning some of the earlier work of the author on plants, that an independent confirmation of many of these observations is very desirable.

"The World's Peoples," by A. H. Keane (G. P. Putnam's Sons), recalls to some degree that author's "Ethnology" and "Man Past and Present"; it is, however, more available as a text-book. It would be still more valuable if its professed intent had been adhered to; for his intention was the selection of "really typical 'samples' from a multiplicity of claimants," and the avoidance of perplexing or debatable topics. In general the latter object is attained, and there is, at least in the early part of the book, a strenuous attempt to be simple and clear. This is well; and success might here have been greater if the first-named purpose had also been carried out. But, like Peschel and Ratzel, to name only the most prominent authors of ethnographies, Mr. Keane has too little system and perspective, and exhibits too little power of renunciation. It is as if the author, debating with himself as to whether or not a certain imperfectly known tribe or group should be included, was led to decide in the affirmative because some choice bit of material that appealed to him chanced to lie among his notes. The result is that the student or reader learns nothing tangible or distinctive about the tribe in question, and that the impression of confusion, which must at best be strong enough, is needlessly heightened. Now that anthropology is coming more and more into its own, the need of a good college text-book in ethnography is pressing. Before one can go far with the development of human institutions, he must have a body of concise and systematized information concerning the early forms of the industrial organization, marriage systems, etc. This is not furnished in the volume under review. Mr. Keane gives about a third of his space to illustrations, which are of varying quality, some extremely poor. There is no map, which is a pity, for ethnography, least of all the social sciences, can be studied apart from geography.

Dr. Irving Wilson Voorhees has written a little book of analysis and eulogy on "The Teachings of Thomas Henry Huxley." Those who are interested in the writings of that brave champion of what he regarded as the truth will find Dr. Voorhees's chapters a useful guide to Huxley's central ideas (Broadway Publishing Company).

The first International Laryngo-rhinological Congress will be held in Vienna, April 21 to 25.

Drama.

Henrik Ibsen. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Volume I.: Lady Inger of Östråt; The Feast at Solhoug; Love's Comedy. Volume XI: Little Eyolf; John Gabriel Borkman; When We Dead Awaken. With introduction by William Archer and E. H. Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 each.

Fate has not been kind to Ibsen in picking his champions within the English-speaking world. Another illustration of this fact is furnished by Mr. Gosse's contribution to the Literary Lives Series. The book marks at the best a chance missed. If the failure be not complete, it is because the field was practically virgin. The only similar work with which Mr. Gosse has had to compete is that of Henrik Jaeger, written in 1888; and only since that date has the best material for the study of Ibsen's life become available. Of this material Mr. Gosse has possessed himself with an industry that cannot be denied; but the results are not correspondent to the effort. Mr. Gosse's book is more complete than those of Jaeger and Rudolph Lothar, and it is also more concise; but it falls short of both in understanding and in sympathy. Indeed, the most serious fault of Mr. Gosse's work is in its tone, which often becomes petulant. The only possible explanation of this strange attitude seems to be that by suppressing enthusiasm he is trying to prove his scrupulous fairness. But he succeeds only in making the reader doubt the sincerity of his respect for Ibsen. Another shortcoming is a pedantic preoccupation with detail. Mr. Gosse often steps aside from the straight path of his narrative to attack some critical theory that he does not approve. As a rule the issues involved are insignificant.

Mr. Gosse is also convinced that he knows more about the workings of Ibsen's mind than did the dramatist himself. For example, the various prose writings from Ibsen's second Christiania period give abundant evidence of the considerations that led to his choice of form for such dramas as "Olaf Liljekrans" and "The Feast at Solhoug." All this evidence is disregarded by Mr. Gosse, who asserts, on his own authority alone, that Ibsen "set himself, as a task, to write in the manner of Herz." If, however, Mr. Gosse had profited by the work of those Scandinavian critics whom he holds in such slight regard, he would have seen that there was just cause for the dramatist's irate disclaimer of indebtedness to the author of "Svend Dyrings Huus," while on the other hand his debt to Johan Ludvig Heiberg was as great as it was freely acknowledged. Although Mr. Gosse constantly speaks as if he had personal knowledge of what Ibsen knew and did not know, most of his information on this matter is evidently drawn from John Paulsen's "Samliv Med Ibsen." But, why he has accepted some and arbitrarily contradicted other statements of the Norwegian writer is hard to understand. Thus, Paulsen says explicitly that Ibsen was familiar from childhood with Schiller and Goethe, and he adds, in his chapter on "Ibsen and Goethe": "Ibsen spoke rarely of Goethe, to whom he owed so much, but when he did so, it was always with admiration." Yet Mr. Gosse writes that Ibsen "was strangely ignorant of Schiller and Heine, and hostile to Goethe." Paulsen explains that Ibsen had a strong aversion to certain phases of Goethe's personal life, but that this aversion in no way affected his judgment of Goethe's work.

Taking it all in all, the figure of Ibsen reflected by the curved mirror of Mr. Gosse's mind is almost a caricature. Still the book is not without merits. It is briskly written, though not always in good taste, and it gives a fairly just estimate of the plays.

Of the first and last volumes of the translation of Ibsen's works, completing the set, little need to be said in addition to our comments on previous volumes. The inclusion of Professor Herford's translation of "Love's Comedy" is a great gain. Besides the usual introductions to each play by Mr. Archer, the first volume contains in a general preface his defence of the policy of preferring literalness rather than adequate literary equivalence in the translations. For this policy he takes on his own shoulders the whole responsibility.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. bring out together three new volumes of their First Folio Shakespeare, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, viz.: "The Tragedie of Othello," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest." There is undoubtedly at the present moment a tendency to exaggerate the importance of every reading shown by the First Folio, and at least three editions reproducing the spelling of that text are now going through the press. Of these the above-named edition is the most convenient and for the general reader decidedly the best. We have already had occasion to praise the admirable work of these editors, but it will not be amiss to set forth once more the method employed by them. First comes an Introduction, sometimes, we confess, a little too much in the air for our pedestrian taste. The text follows, reproducing the spelling of the First Folio, with the important variants ancient and modern below; especially to be commended is the scheme of printing the equivalent of obsolete words in the immediate margin where the eye catches them at a glance. Successive appendixes give the "Argument," "Sources," "Duration of the Action," "Date of Composition," "Early Editions," "Literary Illustrations," "Glossary," "A List of Variorum Readings," and "Selected Criticism." Everything is compact, and the general arrangement the most convenient known to us. The type is clear and the volume pleasant to hold.

Mme. Vera Komisarzhevsky of the Dramatic Theatre of St. Petersburg, who made her first appearance in this country in Daly's Theatre on Monday evening, fully justified her claim to be regarded as an actress of the first rank by her performance of Norah in Ibsen's "A Doll's House." It is a pity that she did not select some play calling for a higher order of emotional interpretation, but such power as she exhibited is welcome under almost any circumstances. She and her company have been working together for many years, a fact which accounts for the remarkable smoothness and naturalness of the representation. It was delightful to note the easy and unaffected grouping of the players and the entire absence of anything like theatrical formality. Her Norah was chiefly remarkable, perhaps—especially in the first half of the play—for its realism. Finished as it was, to the nails, with an amount of minute elaboration seldom seen upon the modern stage, it was so spontaneous and natural, that it conveyed a very strong illusion of reality. Particularly noteworthy were the variety of gesture and the eloquent changes of facial expression, not only in the more stirring episodes, with Torvald or Krogstad, but in the quieter intimate conversations with Fru Linde. Mme. Komisarzhevsky proved herself capable in expressing both violent emotion and lighter sentiment. In the crisis of the Tarentella she played with an intensity of suppressed agitation that was exceedingly impressive; and she created her effects with assured ease and certainty of execution. If she made no brilliant demonstration of tragic power, it was probably because the play afforded no opportunity. In general conception her Norah was at least as plausible as that of any of her predecessors, while in richness of detail it perhaps excelled all of them. Undoubtedly Mme. Komisarzhevsky is a performer of rare skill as well as a woman of much charm. All persons capable of appreciating fine acting ought to see her and her company. But it would be useless to ignore the fact that she must depend chiefly upon her own countrymen for active financial support, and unless they prove more enthusiastic than the Italians did in the case of Novelli, it is difficult to see how she can carry out her engagement without heavy loss.

"Samson," the new play by Henri Bernstein, author of "The Thief," will have its first American production in the Lyceum Theatre of this city September 8.

Music.

Claude-Achille Debussy. By Mrs. Franz Liebich. New York: John Lane Co. $1.

Mrs. Liebich appears to have labored under serious disadvantages in preparing this volume on the most conspicuous of the younger French composers. His most important work, "Pelléas et Mélisande," not having been heard yet on the operatic stage in London, she has been obliged to rely on the piano-forte version of the score; and of Debussy's life the details given barely suffice to fill a page. We are told that he was born at St. Germain-en-Laye on August 22, 1862; that he studied at the Paris Conservatoire; that he received several composition prizes, and, finally, in 1884, the Grand Prix de Rome; that he is unapproachable to strangers, but popular with his intimates, because of his geniality, his fantastic imagination, his rare powers of improvisation and entertainment; that of late years circumstances have enabled him to gratify his love of travel. Regarding the intimate details of his career he is stubbornly silent. Apparently, Debussy is not greedy of contemporary favor; at any rate, he is credited with this remark:

> Can you imagine anything greater than a man unknown through long centuries whose secret is accidentally deciphered? To have been one of these men—this is the highest honor fame can bestow.

This honor, alas! has been denied him; he is now in the limelight of publicity. He still obdurately refuses to be photographed, yet Mrs. Liebich has succeeded in getting a good frontispiece for her volume, taken from the picture by Jacques Blanche. In fine, Debussy's attempt to hide his light under a bushel has failed miserably. His partisans are proclaiming from the housetops that he is revolutionary and epoch-making.

While Mrs. Liebich does not try to trace the musical genealogy of Debussy any more than his personal ancestry, she does tell us of the composers whom he has admired most, and who therefore were the most likely to influence him. Bach he liked at an early age because of his elasticity and freedom; Weber, because of his love of the fantastic and his affinity with the unfathomable soul of nature. As a student in Rome he ardently studied the music of Russian composers, especially that of Moussorgsky. In Wagner's "Ring" operas he disliked the leading motives, and, to cite his own words, "the long moments of ennui. . . . Then suddenly the most supremely lovely music, irresistible as the sea, surges into one's ears and criticism flies to the winds." More important, however, than his impressions of other men's music in forming his own mind were, apparently, the overtones of bells and bugles which he heard as a youth while serving with his regiment at Évreux. Those dissonant upper partial tones "were keenly observed by him and annotated for future use." In her second chapter the author makes a futile attempt to show how, by utilizing these dissonant overtones, Debussy enriched modern harmony. As a matter of fact, there is little that is new in his dissonant chords, except his anarchistic disregard of musical morals and grammar. His trademark lies in certain progressions of unrelated augmented chords. His trick is easily copied and parodied; nothing is more usual at musical gatherings to-day than the playing by some clever pianist of a popular tune *à la* Debussy in such a way as to make everybody laugh.

In the piano-forte pieces, which are only just coming into vogue, one meets with this same trademark. Of the songs our author gives an eloquent account; she finds much to admire in them. Of "Le Tombeau des Naiades," for instance, she says:

> The clear-cut tonalities of the accompaniment, with its reiterated shuddering groups of ascending semi-quavers, the sustained uniformity of clear utterance, the accacciatura in front of the chords, all combine to produce an effect of chill and cold and the uniformity of a snow-swept landscape.

In the last chapter Debussy is considered as a writer and critic; he contributed criticisms to the *Revue Blanche* and *Gil Blas* for two years, and in this work his individual point of view is always conspicuous. To cite only one instance: he expresses a dislike of unnecessary applause at concerts. "In looking at a sunset," he remarks, "has it ever occurred to you to applaud?" The question is more apposite than it may seem, for much of Debussy's music is as ethereal and evanescent as a sunset—"a sonorous impressionism." J. F. Millet expressed the wish to make others hear "the songs, the silences, the rustlings of the air." Debussy has endeavored to do this in his tone poems.

The Baroness Pauline Walhofen-Lucca, a famous prima donna in her day, died in Vienna February 28. She was born in Vienna in 1841 of Italian parents. While still in her teens she entered the chorus of the opera. Her first rôle was Elvira in "Ernani." She was extremely popular in

Europe, and in 1872 she visited the United States, where she repeated her triumphs.

Art.

Below the Cataracts. Written and illustrated with sixty plates in color by Walter Tyndale. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 8vo. Pp. xi, 271. $3.50 net.

This is one of the most beautiful of recent books on Egypt. It is the work of an artist possessing not only technical ability, but a facile pen. His illustrations are all excellent, and some of them are gems. They are in color, and as a rule are beyond complaint. If one must criticise, it is in the matter of the clarity of the tints used, due probably to the great difficulty of giving accurately the subdued or dimmed effects wrought by time. Some of the pictures, too, are composite in one respect: where figures are grouped, the costumes of the subjects are evidently chosen from types which surely exist, but which are seldom seen all at the same moment. But as this method serves to illustrate actual costumes which one may see in the course of a stroll in Old Cairo, it may be accepted as an advantage to the reader.

The pictures deal in the main with Cairo and Thebes, the rest of Egypt being left for a subsequent volume. One is taken the round of the picturesque streets and scenes of the native portion of Cairo, to mosques, markets, shops, courtyards, doorways, and houses. It is vain to attempt to catalogue all that is given. And accompanying the pictures is the text from the hand of a sympathetic and intelligent observer, one whose eye is open to artistic effects and whose hand is ready to record them both in color and in ink. After reading what Mr. Tyndale has to say about the technical artistic ability of the Egyptian native artist of the early ages, one is in a better position to appreciate what one sees. It might be wished that every intending visitor to the Nile-land might read some sections at least of this book. The observer who stands before a wall painting, for example, which contains a representation of a player on a lute does not realize the skill of the artist who drew separate free-hand lines to represent the strings of the instrument and it takes the educated eye to see the harmony of design and the skill of execution shown in the composition of a huge relief on an outer temple-wall. With such guidance as this book affords one can enter into the spirit and appreciate the delicacy and excellence of the performance.

To visitors of the Metropolitan Museum in New York his text will have a special interest, in that he gives an account of the methods employed and of the success attained in making plaster casts of the reliefs which depict the famous expedition sent out by Queen Hatasu (Hatshepsu) from Thebes by way of the Red Sea to the land of Punt (the Somali coast), which are intended to adorn the walls of the Egyptian room in the Museum. The series promises to form one of the most striking exhibits in any museum in the world, and it will probably be as near to the original as can be expected in the case of work of such extreme difficulty and delicacy both in respect of execution and coloring.

In her old-fashioned quarto, "Flower Grouping in English, Scotch, and Irish Gardens" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Miss Margaret Waterfield, author of an attractive earlier volume, "Garden Colour," offers fifty-six sketches of gardens, with decidedly impressionistic effect. In no case has she sought detail. Broad washes of color, with practically no definition in the foreground, give only the merest general suggestion of the plant groups, while the trees and other objects in the background are even more indistinct. It is questionable whether any one familiar with gardens could possibly identify more than one-half of the flowers here depicted. The author has produced charming color effects, and the photographic reproducer has accomplished his task well. The accompanying text is from many friendly hands, but there is no editing to speak of. And yet that matters little in illustrated garden literature. Even the most inexperienced amateur has something to say which is of interest to somebody. In their attachments, garden lovers are not unlike those whom Miss Caroline Fuller describes in more serious matters:

> Every girl in [we refrain from mentioning where] is engaged to some man all the time, and all of the men some of the time, so as to keep on the safe side. It is just like a well-appointed dinner, where you are never left without a plate before you.

In the attractive and ample supply of garden literature, every garden lover ought to find abundant companionship.

Bobbin lace-making is the least expensive of handicrafts, its only necessary equipment being pillow, thread, and bobbins, with which even a neophyte can produce an article possessing both practical and artistic value. Since its reputed invention by Barbara Uttmann, in 1561, it has become an extensive industry on the Continent, and with time has developed a considerable literature of its own. In this country, however, although there are authoritative books for the collector, the bobbin lace worker has had to rely upon scattered articles in magazines and upon inadequate instruction books published by manufacturers of linen thread or of lace looms. The American edition of "Pillow Lace, a Practical Handbook," by Elizabeth Mincoff and Margaret S. Marriage (E. P. Dutton & Co.), changes all this. Those who desire to know and apply the principles underlying a large class of laces, will find it an almost inexhaustible treasure house. Though a little bulky, it is a practical manual. One-fifth of its space is devoted to an excellent summary of historical facts more or less familiar to students of lace, and the remaining four-fifths to patterns and directions. The authors divide bobbin lace into four general classes: Tape Lace, whose design is formed by a curved tape, as in modern Russian lace; Plaited Lace, formed by lines made with one or two pairs of bobbins, a type familiar in sixteenth and seventeenth century patterns; Grounded Lace, consisting of solid figures on a lighter net background—an aristocratic class including Mechlin, Valenciennes, and Chantilly; and Guipure, of solid figures connected by plaits and twists—a large variety represented by Cluny, Maltese, and Saxon. When blended with tape lace, Guipure produces Honiton, Duchesse, and Brussels. For the most part the directions are so plain that she who runs may weave. Those for Russian lace could be followed by any child; but the Torchon directions, on the other hand, might be simplified by numbering the bobbins from the left instead of calling them "pair from A," "pair from B," etc. There is a useful table comparing the sizes of thread from different manufacturers, a glossary of French and German terms, and a valuable bibliography. The only pity is that the title "Pillow Lace" should have been chosen to designate the laces made with bobbins, since all laces, even needlepoint and knotted, employ a pillow.

Word has been received from Dr. Randall MacIver, head of the University of Pennsylvania's expedition to northern Egypt, announcing the discovery of a vase whose inscriptions indicate that it belonged to Cleopatra. The vase was in a niche of one of the ancient tombs at Anibeh, and with it were found two ebony boxes containing toilet articles of ivory and gold. Dr. MacIver has also found specimens of pottery and metal articles of the early Roman period. They will soon be shipped to this country and exhibited in the university museums.

A memorial exhibition of the work of Saint-Gaudens is now open at the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. The collection will remain on view for at least six weeks. Many of the smaller objects have been lent to the Museum, and large pieces of statuary are represented by plaster casts or photographs.

Paintings by Bruce Crane are on exhibition at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, till March 14. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are paintings by Walter L. Palmer, Noé's, March 14; pictures by George H. Storey, Powell's, March 14; etchings by Bracquemond and Félix Buhot, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s March 25.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 15, the following prices were paid for drawings: Rosa Bonheur, Peasants and Sheep, £357; Vicat Cole, Harvest Time, £126; C. Fielding, Llyn Tal-y-Llyn and Cader Iris, £147; Birket Foster, The Rialto, Venice, £105; J. Holland, In Venice, £126; J. Israëls, Sailing a Toy Boat, £325. A painting, Dolly, by Sir Luke Fildes, brought £220.

Finance.

RECOVERY FROM PANIC DEPRESSION.

Even while the recent financial panic was still acute, the length of the resultant period of trade reaction was eagerly discussed. Naturally, therefore, when panic itself has disappeared, but when business has contracted, production has been curtailed, and laborers have been discharged, the probable duration of the depression has become a still more vital topic. The consensus of opinion has been that the period would not be so long as it was after 1893, when continuous recovery did not come until 1897, or as it was after 1873, when revival on a large scale was deferred until 1879.

This belief in a shorter term of "hard times" was based chiefly on the three great advantages possessed by the country now as compared with either 1873 or 1893—its sound currency, the strong position of the national treasury, and the independent wealth of the agricultural communities. Some of the financiers whose opinions were published at the opening of the year went so far as to predict that depression would be ended by next July. When the productive industries, which had all but stopped during the two months of suspension of cash payments and paralysis of credit, began cautiously to resume in January and February, the habitual optimism of the community asserted itself. In some quarters, it was said that the "boom" of 1906 and 1907, interrupted by the breakdown of credit in October, would now be resumed on its former scale. Announcements from nearly all branches of trade, that business was showing great improvement, were taken as proof of this belief.

The inference was rather hasty. It is true that trade is more active than it was; but that is in comparison, not with this time last year, or even with last August, but with the complete stagnation of December. In the steel and iron industry, for example, production a year ago was going on to the full extent of the country's capacity; orders could not even be taken in hand except after long delay. During December, on the other hand, barely 28 per cent. of the producing capacity was at work. In February, the ratio had risen to 50 per cent. That is to say, the mills were nearly twice as busy as in the month of suspended payments, but only one-half as busy as in February, 1907. In another very different line, dry goods, the arrival of many jobbers in New York in February, when they had hardly troubled themselves to look over agents' price lists in December, was described in some current reports as the renewal of a "commercial boom." In actual fact, neither the number of buyers nor the volume of purchases came anywhere near the figures of twelve months before; prices had been cut 20 to 30 per cent. in order to attract trade; and the sudden appearance of these jobbers was largely a consequence of the almost total suspension of purchases during the panic months.

In short, the practical business man has discerned, as some of the more enthusiastic critics have not, that the course of events in general trade has been precisely that of the stock market; which, indeed, on this occasion as on others, had foreshadowed and is undoubtedly now foreshadowing, the conditions for a somewhat later date. On the Stock Exchange, the market reached its lowest prices on the panic day, October 24; remained in a state of suspended activity during November; advanced and declined uncertainly in December; burst into sudden activity, with rapidly rising prices, during January; and in February fell into such dulness and inertia as had not been seen in four years or more. To-day, it is drifting idly, with prices 25 to 75 points below those of March, 1907, and with volume of business 70 per cent. smaller.

These are the plain facts; they leave the question open, what the next general movement will be, and when sustained activity and prosperity may again be looked for. For one thing, the country is not troubled by the financial disorder which was prevalent in 1894. In February of that year the currency and the treasury began to suffer the full effects of the shock of 1893. Secretary Carlisle had been forced by the scanty surplus and by the rapidly diminishing revenue, to use for ordinary expenditure the gold reserve maintained against government notes. From the stipulated $100,000,000, this reserve was thereby reduced to $65,000,000. The Treasury offered $50,000,000 bonds to make good the loss; the loan nearly failed, and when it was taken, subscribers presented United States notes at the Treasury to get the gold with which to pay subscriptions. The standard of value was confessedly in peril, and consequently every semblance of confidence in business disappeared. In these regards, conditions to-day are radically different from those of fourteen years ago. Public revenues are, to be sure, decreasing as rapidly as in 1894; but the Treasury still has $220,000,000 on deposit in national banks, and the government notes are protected by $150,000,000 gold, absolutely set aside for the purpose. Moreover, the prospect of depreciation of the currency itself, one primary cause of delay in recovery after 1893, is no longer present.

The sequel to 1873, however, was equally free from such difficulties; and, what is more interesting, perhaps, the tone of popular discussion, at the same distance from the panic, as that at which we stand to-day, was distinctly hopeful. Similar predictions of quick reaction, based on similar incidents, were heard in February, 1874. The wheat and cotton crops were above the average, and the increasing excess of merchandise exports over imports, of which much is made to-day, was more than paralleled by the turning of the $119,656,000 excess of imports, in the fiscal year 1873, into $18,876,000 excess of exports in the ensuing twelvemonth. Yet it was more than five years before prosperity had returned in full vigor.

It will naturally be asked, whether, in other respects, the present case so closely resembles that of 1873 as to indicate so long a depression. In some points—notably in the violence of the strain on capital, and the over-exploiting of credit—there is much resemblance. The country is facing some extensive liquidation, just as after 1873; and the buying capacity of the nation must accordingly be curtailed. Aside from this reaction after inflation, the length of the period of depression after 1873 was due to three important causes: a depreciated currency; the financial weakness of Europe, which prevented a stimulus to our industries from that quarter; and a serious collision between capital and labor. The first of these three causes is not present to-day. The second is certainly a smaller factor; for in the seventies France was exhausted by the Prussian War. The relations of capital and labor, as affected by slackening activity and fall in wages, remain for future solution. One further cause has been sometimes alleged for the slowness of recovery after 1873—the decrease in the world's production of gold during 1874, when the output of the precious metal was $5,500,000 short of 1873 and $17,500,000 short of 1871, the greater part of this decrease occurring in the United States. But it must be remembered that gold production, both in America and in the world at large, increased very rapidly after 1874—as it also did, in fact, after 1894. Yet this increase seemed to have no definite influence in shortening the period of depression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

About, Edmond. Le Roi des Montagnes. Edited by Otto Patzer. Holt.

Ames, Oakes. Studies in the Family Orchidaceæ. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

Animal Industry, Twenty-third Annual Report of the Bureau of. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Bacon's Essays. Edited by Clark S. Northrup. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cts.

Bailey, Solon I. Peruvian Meteorology. Cambridge, Mass. Published by the Observatory.

Boigne, Memoirs of the Comtesse de. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Vol. III. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation. Edited by William T. Davis. Scribners. $3 net.

Butler, H. E. The Goal of Life. Applegate, Cal.: Esoteric Pub. Co. $2.

Castle, Agnes and Egerton. Flower o' the Orange. Macmillan. $1.50.

Catalogue of Books annotated and arranged and provided by the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh for use of the First Eight Grades in the Pittsburgh Schools. Pittsburgh: Carnegie Library.

Cavanagh, Francis. The Care of the Body. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Cobb, Thomas. The Chichester Intrigue. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Conant, Martha Pike. The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century. Macmillan. $2 net.

Cook, Frederick A. To the Top of the Continent. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

Crampton, Henry Edward. Zoölogy. Columbia University Press.

Cromer, The Earl of. Modern Egypt. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6 net.

Daudet's Choix de Contes. Selected and edited by C. Fontaine. Boston: Heath.

Dickens's Tale of Two Cities. Edited by J. W. Abernethy. Charles E. Merrill Co.

Draper, George Otis. More. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.

Education, Report of the Commissioner of. Vol. 2. Government Printing Office.

Everly, Lu Lester, and others. Laboratory Lessons in Physical Geography. American Book Co.

Field Museum Publications: Jesse M. Greenman, New or Noteworthy Spermatophytes; Seth E. Meek, Notes on Fresh Water Fishes from Mexico and Central America; Ned Dearborn, Catalogue of a Collection of Birds from Guatemala; Oliver C. Farrington, Meteorite Studies; Arthur W. Slocum, New Crinoids from the Chicago Area. Chicago.

Fisher, H. A. L. Bonapartism. Henry Frowde. $1.15.

Financial.

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Gilbert, George Holley. Interpretation of the Bible. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Ginncken, Jac. van. Principes de Linguistique psychologique. Leipzig.

Goethe's Vicar of Sesenheim. Edited by A. B. Nichols. Holt.

Gold, Grace. How to Be Happy. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Hazard, Caroline. A Scallop Shell of Quiet. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.

Henderson, David. The Art of Reconnaissance. Dutton.

Hitchcock, Alfred M. Words and Sentences. Holt.

Hoyle's Standard Games. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Jerningham, Sir Hubert. From West to East. Dutton. $4 net.

Knight, E. F. Over-Sea Britain. Dutton. $2 net.

Ladd, George Trumbull. In Korea with Marquis Ito. Scribners. $2.50 net.

Lee, E. Markham. Grieg. London: George Bell & Sons.

Lee, Frederick Schiller. Physiology. Columbia University Press.

Lewis, George Randall. The Stannaries. Vol. III. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Litta, Duke. The Soul of a Priest. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Masson, John. Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Miles, Eustace. The Power of Concentration. Dutton. $1.25 net.

National Education Association. Proceedings of the Forty-Fifth Meeting Held at Los Angeles, July, 1907. Winona, Minn.: Published by the Association.

Page, Thomas Nelson. The Old Dominion, Her Making and Her Manners. Scribners. $1.50 net.

Pillsbury, W. B. Attention. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

Pope, Paul R. German Composition. Holt.

Prior, James. A Walking Gentleman. Dutton. $1.50.

Rand, Benjamin. Modern Classical Philosophers. Boston: Houghton, Miffin & Co. $2.50 net.

Rees, Kelley. The Rule of Three Actors in the Classical Greek Drama. University of Chicago Press.

Richards, Herbert Maule. Botany. Columbia University Press.

Robbins, Helen H. Our First Ambassador to China. Dutton. $5 net.

Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide to Europe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co $1.50 net.

Rothensteiner, John. Heliotrope. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Rouire, Dr. La Rivalité Anglo-Rousse au XIXe Siècle en Asie. Paris: Armand Colin.

Salisbury, Rollin D. Physiography. Holt.

Shakespeare's Tempest.—The Winter's Tale.—Othello. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Crowell.

Somerville, Frederick H. Elementary Algebra. American Book Co. $1.

Stall, Sylvanus. Five Minute Object Sermons to Children. Philadelphia: Vir Publishing Co. $1 net.

Stevens, Isaac N. The Liberators. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Street, Julian. My Enemy the Motor. John Lane Co.

Taylor, Mary Imlay. The Reaping. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Townsend, E. J. and G. A. Goodenough. First Course in Calculus. Holt.

Tschudi, Clara. Ludwig the Second. Translated by Ethel Harriet Hearn. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Tuckerman, Julius. Simplicité: French Pronunciation. American Book Co. 50 cents.

Washburn, Margaret Floy. The Animal Mind. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

World's Classics. Ruskin's Unto this Last.—Munera Pulveris; Marlowe's Doctor Faustus; Goethe's Faust. Henry Frowde

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908.

The Week.

One aspect of Secretary Taft's candidacy is interesting—the revival of third-term talk. Perry Belmont reports to the newspapers, what we have heard from several other sources, that the President is telling people with heightening emphasis that, if the Chicago Convention does not take Taft on the first or second ballot, it will have to take him. This is not so much a prophecy as it is a threat. It is with a distinctly minatory purpose that the President allows this talk of his to leak out. He wants to frighten reluctant people into acquiescing in Taft's nomination, lest a worse thing befall them. Presumably, he is succeeding to a certain extent. This accounts in part for the increasing confidence of the rich men friendly to Taft that they will be able to persuade heads of corporations to support him. But in how strange a light does this leave the Taft candidacy. It makes it seem not only dictated, but ambiguous—as if the big, strong, and independent Secretary were being used by the President for his own purposes, and would meekly step aside without a murmur if Roosevelt gave the signal for his own nomination. One would not think that any friend of Mr. Taft's could so describe his position. No doubt, however, the Taft candidacy has made great headway. The plans for it in the South have not been executed with the success expected, but elsewhere it has displayed nearly as much strength as its promoters counted upon.

After Ohio with Taft's platform, comes Nebraska with Bryan's. The latter is very long, and four years ago would certainly have been called very radical. To-day, however, it has a mildly conservative flavor. It hits out pretty hard at "predatory wealth," but that unhappy punching-bag has been so bethumped by a more vigorous arm, that it will be inclined to think Bryan's buffets mere love-taps. Still, there is no discounting the seriousness of Mr. Bryan's candidacy. The Populists of his State are for him.

Although the Minnesota Democratic State Committee has endorsed Gov. Johnson for the Presidency, the astonishment with which this news appears to be received, and the prominence it is given among current happenings, are tributes to Bryan's strength. That the Chief Executive of a State, with a notable record for efficiency and popularity, should obtain the endorsement of that State's Central Committee for a higher office, with or without a formal announcement of candidacy, would ordinarily occasion no surprise in any quarter. Favorite sons enjoy certain understood immunities, even this year, on the Republican side. But for a Democratic committee to endorse any one but Bryan is a marvel, if not a portent. We would not minimize the significance of the Johnson endorsement. Every little helps the men who are trying to impress on the Democracy the reasons why John A. Johnson would be an eminently fit standard-bearer for the party. On the other hand, the committee meeting brought into relief the bitter and factious spirit of the Minnesota Bryanites. If there are any Democrats who did not realize before, that Johnson was a highly eligible candidate for their party, and Bryan an autocratic ruler, they may now see a trifle more clearly. Most of those open to conviction, however, knew these things already.

The present exceptional exertions of Federal, State, and local authorities against anarchists differ only in degree from those which followed the assassination of President McKinley seven years ago. The results achieved seem as little likely to solve permanently a perplexing problem. Such new legislation as was passed for the discouragement of attempts against the head of the nation are of no help at all in the present situation. The police in Chicago and other cities throw out their "drag-nets" and arrest numbers of men and women who in few or no cases have the remotest connection with the crimes of violence actually committed or attempted. The Federal authorities, meanwhile, have to rely on a statute which was really intended to repair slips in the administration of the immigration law. Anarchists are not supposed to pass our gates, but since it is practically impossible by any methods this country is likely to adopt to sift them out from the mass of arriving immigrants, we exercise the right to deport them, if caught within three years after landing. The sole policy on which all the members of the immigration commission are said to agree had a hearing in the House of Representatives last week, when Representative William S. Bennet of New York moved to suspend the rules and pass his bill requiring that all aliens convicted of felony in this country shall be deported after they have served their sentences. He secured a majority of 64 to 52 in favor of the measure, though not the two-thirds necessary for suspending the rules. The opposition appears to be based chiefly on supposititious cases in which the deportation law would work hardship and injustice. Doubtless, the family of the criminal will suffer when he is sent back to his own country, just as it suffers when he is sent to prison in the first place. The penal system which leaves the innocent unscathed has yet to be invented. The Bennet bill, which has the support of the National Liberal Immigration League, embodies a principle which this country has long applied to those aliens who become public charges. Let Giuseppi run a stiletto into his neighbor, or Abraham explode a bomb in the street, and, after a term in prison, he is free to return to his old haunts, and possibly his old practices. But let either of them ask for too many nights' lodging at the public shelter, and, unless he has been in the country for more than three years, back he goes to the old country. Secretary Straus has announced his purpose to "rid the country of alien anarchists and criminals falling within the law relating to deportation." Could there be a fitter time for making that law include all criminals, instead of the small minority who come under its scope at present?

The opening statement of Chairman Overstreet of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, in laying the Post Office Appropriation bill before the House shows how much has been done toward reducing the postal deficit without resorting to any of the drastic measures so much discussed last year. There is, first and foremost, the "change of divisors," for railway mail transportation—that highly original, not to say startling, method of dividing a week's totals by seven instead of six to determine a day's average. The estimated result of this is to reduce the cost of hauling the mails by $4,619,285.85 for the coming year. By enacting that carriers shall be paid at a lower rate when the amount of mail hauled exceeds two and one-half tons daily, Congress saves an estimated $1,740,494.63 more. A change in the rate of payment for railway post-office cars saves $935,074.09, while, by sending empty mail bags, furniture, and equipment by freight, as any commercial concern would do, instead of at the highest rates on the fastest trains, $805,679.13 is cut off. Here is a total of over $8,000,000 saved in a single year in a single branch of post-office expenditure. Last year's deficit was only one-quarter more than that. A single additional reform, a system of crediting the post office with the work it does for the other government departments, would change the deficit to a substantial surplus.

The *Railroad Gazette* has some sensible remarks on the difference between natural and artificial conditions of recovery after a panic. It is one thing for manufacture and transportation to creep slowly and painfully back to health under the operation of economic law; it is quite another process when executive or legislative interference hinders the work of nature. After 1873, as the *Gazette* points out, business was left to dig itself out of the wreck and build anew. There was retrenchment, reorganization, receiverships, with, of course, heavy losses involved and much suffering; but in the end the unpleasant but necessary work of recuperation was done. And it was done in accordance with the laws which political economy lays down. There were in operation none of those "artificial and extraneous agencies" which are to-day threatening to retard, at the very time they think to hasten, the recovery. The reference is tolerably plain to the letter of President Roosevelt directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to look sharply after reductions of wages on railroads. So far as this indicates a kind heart, there is nothing to be said against it. So far as it betrays anxiety to win the labor-union vote, there is nothing to be said for it. But so far as it seeks to check the inevitable process of economizing and saving, it is a wholly wrong-headed policy, which is sure to fail, though not until after having made needless mischief. A sharp cutting down of expenses is not only compelled by the financial present; it is the only way to assure the financial future. Our trouble has been an overstrain and waste of capital, and we must now set about accumulating new capital. The chief way to do it is by saving. But saving means pinching somewhere. Despite the President, the thing has to be done even on the railways. With the pay of clerks and the higher officers scaled 10 per cent., the laborers will have to submit to reductions, too. On the Boston and Maine system, the men have agreed to a 5 per cent. cut in wages. On other roads a similar policy is being quietly enforced. In the case of men who work for a daily wage, there are various ways of mitigating the hardship of dull times. They may be kept on at the old wages, but working only half-time. This is the policy adopted by many factories in New England. Where it is desirable to hold the working force together, in the hope of full resumption later, the plan has obvious advantages for both employers and men. But natural law will have its way.

The public generally is to be congratulated on the arrangements for resumption of business by the Knickerbocker Trust Company. That the hardships imposed on the 17,000 depositors through indefinitely tying up their resources, will thereby be in a measure averted, is the most obvious ground for felicitation. Beyond even this, we should suppose that the sentimental influence on financial conditions generally would be considerable. Resumption will be taken as visible evidence that the process of recuperation is well under way—all the more so in that the Knickerbocker failure not only precipitated last October's panic, but was perhaps its typical incident. If the resumption of business proved nothing else, it would at least prove that the wreck of values and impairment of assets were not, even in this most conspicuous instance, sufficient to ruin outright the fiduciary institution involved. That the resumption was made possible, not through the immediate meeting of liabilities, but through what the foreign money markets call a "moratorium," every one is aware. The condition of resumption was that the depositor should surrender his absolute claim to 30 per cent. of his credit, the payment of that percentage being made a first charge on future surplus profits; while of the 70 per cent. remaining only 10 per cent. should be paid in cash immediately, the balance becoming available at stated intervals during the ensuing two years and five months. This long delay the reorganization committee explained as necessitated by the fact that, of the Knickerbocker's assets, "few can be collected within thirty days to six months, more of them fall due or are collectible between six months and one year, and a great many must be carried between one and two years, while others can only be reduced to cash between two years and two years and six months." The explanation is convincing; but it has also impressed many people as fresh proof of the unsoundness of the position created, in advance of last October's panic, by the trust company law and practice. To have conducted an investment business, such as the committee describes, on the basis of $46,000,000 deposits subject to withdrawal on demand, and with an actual cash reserve on hand of barely 10 per cent., was an experiment in hanging over the financial precipice such as had hardly been witnessed in American banking during the past half-century. Looked at from this point of view, the very circumstances of the Knickerbocker resumption ought to bring support to the bill to reform and safeguard the business of these companies, now pending at Albany.

As might have been expected, organized labor is not going to sit still under mere decisions of the Supreme Court defining its status. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has called a conference of labor leaders "in the interest of the working people of our country." Now, as always, the effort of the unions is to create the impression that they speak for the workers of the country in general. This is natural, because the effort to secure a special set of laws and exemptions for a certain class in the community can be made to appear less hateful the larger the class benefited. But what relation does union labor really bear to the mass of the toilers? There were in 1900 rather more than twenty-nine million persons engaged in gainful occupations in this country. More than seven million were engaged in "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits" and a million and a quarter of others in those branches of "trade and transportation"—namely, the telegraph, trucking, steam and street railways—which are in the special field of unionism. With the increases of eight years, nine millions would certainly be a low estimate for these classes of workers. Yet the American Federation of Labor, with all its 117 subordinate national and international unions, reported on November 11, 1907, a total paid membership of 1,538,970. It is this organization, embracing about one-fortieth of the population old enough to work, one-twentieth of that actually at work, and one-sixth of the membership of the industries where it is most active, that is now gravely weighing the claims of the Supreme Court to consideration.

The new Constitution for Michigan, to be voted on at this year's spring or fall election, as the courts may decide, inevitably invites comparison with that adopted by Oklahoma last year. They are as widely different as two such instruments could be. Oklahoma began her career as a State by embodying in her organic law a large number of reforms, more or less urgent, for which fights are being made in many State Legislatures. On the other hand, the Constitution which the Michigan convention has drafted is confined to general prescription of powers and duties. Instead of being a statute book, it is simply a frame of government. This is no more than saying that the Michigan plan is to trust future Legislatures and State officials, while that of Oklahoma is to put as many important questions as possible out of reach of their meddling. In many respects the widest divergences in State laws and practices are to be welcomed because of their experimental value. Practical trials of conflicting policies often furnish valuable information. Many of the chief measures before Congress to-day, like the proposal for physical valuation of railway properties and the guarantee of bank deposits, embody principles that are being tried by State governments. But the adoption of a conservative, possibly an ultra-conservative, Constitution by Michigan—the Detroit *Free Press* remarks that "the public's first impression of the revision is decidedly favorable"—would be a refutation of those who so confidently saw in Oklahoma's daring innovations the signs of a new dispensation. The rest of the country is waiting to see how the forty-sixth State's notions are going to work after they have lost their novelty. Indeed, Oklahoma's readiness to try many of these debatable policies may be an argument why others should sit back and watch.

A hearing has just been given at Albany on the proposed act "to prevent cruelty, by regulating experiments on living animals." The subject is one on which disputants on either side have been prone to extreme statements. There are those who would entirely prohibit vivisection. But to them the reply is that it is essential to the progress of medical research and to the discovery of new cures for the diseases of men and women. Against that good, the evil of suffering by rabbits and guinea-pigs cannot be allowed to stand. But there have been undoubted abuses of vivisection; needlessly cruel experiments have been performed; animals have been tortured only to show what was already perfectly well established. It is a humane instinct which protests against all this; and, in our judgment, those champions of experimentation who would resist every proposal to safeguard it against wanton cruelty, take an indefensible position. The bill actually drawn and introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Lee may not be a flawless measure. But in general, the proposed act is a comprehensive and reasonable plan for permitting all the good possible to be got out of vivisection, while preventing the evils. It makes ample provision for necessary experiments. They may be conducted by a college, hospital, laboratory, or board of health. Furthermore, any accredited individual may obtain a license from the State Commissioner of Health to perform the experiments. Certainly, this is broad enough. What the bill aims to prevent is merely vivisection at the hands of irresponsible persons, and to do away with such shocking cases of needless animal torture, in the name of science, falsely so called, as from time to time are brought to light. We understand that the names of 700 physicians, largely from New York and Brooklyn, have been signed to a petition asking that the bill be passed This does not look as if the act were one against the interests of the medical profession. No sane man would wish to hamper the labors of such men as Pasteur and Koch and Behring and Flexner. But physicians cannot draw apart as a class immune from criticism. They have to justify themselves to the humane feeling of their age. Hence we think that they ought to welcome, rather than oppose, the passage of a bill to remove from their profession the reproach which unregulated vivisection tends to cast upon it.

In Germany the Modernist movement is coming off only second best in its contest with Ultramontanism. At the congresses of Würtzburg, held in August last, and of Cologne, the German episcopate waxed fervent in its protestations of absolute submission to the Papal will. "Only by yielding obedience to it and taking it as our guide can the Church be served," was the declaration at Cologne. In all the sees there have been established commissions of control, with inquisitorial powers, for the surveillance of clerics suspected of the Modernist taint. These commissions find valuable collaborators in the newspapers of the Centre party, which have been zealously attacking those members of the priesthood whose adherence to the papal encyclical has been only lukewarm. In Bavaria, particularly, the campaign has been actively carried on. There the Catholic press is in the hands of the *Hitzkapläne*, or fighting chaplains, and university professors or private theologians of questionable orthodoxy have received little mercy. Even Catholic journals of such high standing as the *Germania* and the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* have not escaped censure. In reaction against this revived policy of heresy-hunting the liberal Catholic element in the Rhine provinces has organized itself into a "German Party," with national as opposed to ultramontane tendencies; but its influence is not as yet formidable.

There seems little doubt that the Congo problem, so far as it concerns the issue between the Belgian Parliament and Leopold, is on the eve of a settlement. The King has given way on the chief mooted point, the maintenance of the Crown Domain, with its present special privileges; and its dissolution by royal decree is expected. The minor matters of finance involved do not greatly concern the world at large. Many factors had combined to make this notable victory for progress and justice possible. The thorough awakening of the Belgian national consciousness, the force of public opinion in Great Britain and the United States, and King Leopold's years and growing infirmities made it inevitable that within a comparatively brief time a solution of one of the gravest political and moral problems of our time should be found. Undoubtedly, the firm stand taken by the British Parliament hastened a settlement. Interest will therefore soon shift from the struggle for the redemption of the Congo to the manner in which Belgium proceeds to discharge her new responsibilities.

The international gendarmerie, the creation of which was hailed as the first step in the rescue of Macedonia, has degenerated into a farce. This is not because of the inefficiency of the foreign officers who were appointed as commandants of the several districts. They are good men, who have striven to do their duty, often at the peril of their lives. To understand their position, we must remember that they are usually miles away from responsible authorities, in wild districts and at the mercy of their men, who are the scourings of Asia Minor. Only last autumn, an Italian officer in charge of the district of Kitchevo, hearing that troops were ravaging a Bulgar village, rode at once to the scene, arriving while the massacre was at its height. He plunged bravely into the thickest of the fighting, striking out at the Turkish soldiers with the flat of his sabre, begging and beseeching them to fall back. They threatened to shoot him, and at last by main force carried him to a secluded corner and imprisoned him there until they had finished their work. If the Powers really desire to put a stop to outrages in Macedonia by the Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, and Turks, the next step would seem to be the organization of a foreign constabulary, together with a staff of European district magistrates. No matter how zealous an officer may be, he cannot be in every section of the district under his command at the same time, or make sure that his men are behaving themselves. The officers of the international gendarmerie cannot depend upon their Turkish rank and file, who are aided and abetted in every act of lawlessness by the Turkish civil and military authorities.

The French Academy last Thursday elected successors to Berthelot, André Theuriet, and Sully-Prudhomme. The new members are Francis Charmes, a member of the French Senate and successor of Brunetière as director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* Jean Richepin, the Romanticist poet and playwright, known to us as author of "Le Chemineau," which Otis Skinner played some years ago under the title of "The Harvester," and part author of "La du Barry"; and Henri Poincaré, whose rank among mathematicians and physicists is of the highest. This leaves but one unoccupied armchair in the Academy. Of the new members, the eldest, Richepin, is sixty, Charmes is fifty-nine, and Poincaré fifty-four—an average appreciably higher than that for other recent elections, which have included such comparatively young men as Maurice Barrès and Maurice Donnay. To be one of the Immortals is, after all, not to be immortal. Thirteen members of the Academy have died during the last five years, and of the forty members for the year 1895 only thirteen are alive now. Of the first five members in 1901, in the order of priority of election, four are still alive. These four—Émile Ollivier Alfred Mézières, Gaston Boissier, and Victorien Sardou—have seen many younger men enter the Academy after them, and pass away before.

FOREIGN ANTI-LIQUOR MOVEMENTS

The prohibition wave which has been passing over the South and West during the last two years has its counterpart in a general movement against the use and abuse of liquor in Europe. England's Licensing Bill, which proposes, within a period of fourteen years, to reduce the number of her dramshops by 30 per cent., has already given rise to a bitter contest in which moral principle, financial interests, and vested rights are seemingly to play equally important parts. In France the increase of alcoholism has been coupled with a rapid increase of crime. An added factor is the growth in the consumption of beer and distilled liquors, with a corresponding decline in the consumption of wine, a change in the national taste which is regarded as reprehensible from the point of view of patriotism and hygiene. In Russia the problem of drunkenness is one with which the government, sincerely or no, has been attempting to cope for the last thirty years. The question has recently been brought up in the Duma, but long debates have resulted only in testifying to the appalling magnitude of the evil. In Finland, on the contrary, the establishment of universal suffrage, with the admission of women to the reconstituted Diet, has been followed by the enactment of a rigid prohibition law.

A feature common to the anti-liquor crusade in this country and abroad is that in both it involves a reform whose ultimate result must be a decrease in public income. But there is this important difference between conditions here and in Europe: that the fight for prohibition is carried on, in our own case, by the States, which are only one of two parties deriving revenue from the liquor interests, whereas in England and elsewhere in Europe it is the central government that is asked to lay the axe to the root of the tree from which it alone plucks the fruit. Thus it is conceivable that our Federal government's enormous income from the tax on the manufacture of spirituous liquors might be wiped out by the separate action of the States in enforcing total prohibition. The strain between moral principle and monetary interest is evidently easier on the conscience of any single one of our States than it might be on that of the Federal government or actually is on the British government. With us each State, as it progressively cuts down its revenues from the liquor traffic, presumably undertakes at the same time to readjust its finances in accordance with its income. But the British government, or the Russian government, if it should make the attempt to restrict the consumption of alcohol, would thereby be compelled to face the task of financial readjustment on a vast scale.

The "war against alcohol," as it is known in Continental Europe, is thus, from the point of view of government, an unprofitable one; in the last analysis it is the moral gain that is to compensate for the financial loss; but the practical statesman must undoubtedly hesitate long before assailing the revenues of his country. A recent cartoon in *Punch* shows two topers discussing contemporary politics. "If 'e takes our beer away," says one, "where will 'e get the money for our old-age pensions?" What it would mean to public finances to take the poor man's beer or whiskey from him is shown in the following figures: The Federal government, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, derived $216,000,000 from the liquor tax, out of a total national revenue of $665,000,000, or almost 33 per cent. The United Kingdom, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1906, obtained from the excise on beer and liquors the sum of £29,500,000, or a little over 20 per cent. of its total revenue. The Russian government in 1906 derived from its liquor monopoly and certain taxes the sum of 600,000,000 rubles out of a total revenue of about 2,000,000,000 rubles, or 30 per cent. A decrease of 30 per cent. in the excise would mean for the United Kingdom a loss of £9,000,000, which is sufficient to disturb the most robust of budgets. In the same way, for the Russian government to combat alcoholism is to decrease its profits as purveyor of liquor at a time when navies have to be rebuilt, the interest on a huge war debt must be paid, and costly agrarian reforms have been promised. A Russian minister of finance has been known to speak of the increasing income from the vodka shops as a hopeful feature of the financial outlook.

That the "war against alcohol" has nevertheless been declared, argues the growing impetus of moral forces. Abroad it is not the older prohibition movement that counts, but an awakening of the masses to the destructive effect of alcoholism on national efficiency. "Degeneration" is closely bound up with the liquor problem. Startling figures have been recently brought forward of the prevalence of the drinking habit among the English factory population, even among women. France attributes to alcoholism her stationary population and her difficulties with army discipline. "Of all countries," says a writer in the Paris *Petit Journal*, "France ought to be first able to give her opinion of alcoholism, because her increase in crime is directly due to it; and confining ourselves to military facts, we are forced to declare that the majority of the soldiers sent to Africa to atone for their crimes, committed their crimes when drunk or because drink had degraded them to a point where crime was possible." In Russia, vodka has been held partly responsible for the peasant's poverty, his shiftlessness, and his incapacity to withstand disease.

LORD CROMER ON GEN. GORDON.

No part of the Earl of Cromer's work on Egypt, which has just been published, and which is reviewed in another column, will be read with more eagerness than his chapters on Gen. Gordon. The sending of that officer to Khartum in 1884, and his unhappy fate there, have been the subject of bitter controversy. On the one hand, we have had the picture of that chivalrous Christian soldier, the "hero of heroes," as Mr. Gladstone called him, basely ordered to abandon the Egyptian garrisons in the Sudan, and then, when he would not, basely abandoned himself by the government responsible for his safety. On the other, we have been told of a headstrong, vacillating, and insubordinate officer, who grossly mistook the nature of his problem, miscalculated his own powers, flatly disobeyed orders, and brought his cruel end upon himself. For twenty-four years the argument has raged, and books and pamphlets and magazine articles have hurtled about; now comes Lord Cromer to write concerning events in which he himself played a great part. What has his clear head, his calm judgment, to tell us of the Gordon tragedy?

There is but little actually new material which Lord Cromer has to furnish. He gives several private telegrams of his own, with a few of Gordon's, not before published. More important is his account of personal interviews with Gordon. But the chief value of the seven chapters which he devotes to the Sudan expedition lies in his judicial review of all the evidence. With singular elevation of spirit, he detaches his own personality from the historic dispute. Gordon's "Journal" had some severe things to say of Sir Evelyn Baring, as he then was; Lord Cromer puts all that aside. He introduces himself when it is necessary to show his responsibility for what was done, or his share in the mistakes that were committed, but except for that, he writes with the high impartiality of an entirely disinterested person. Whatever one may think of his conclusions, one can but admire his restraint, his dispassionate analysis, his unruffled temper.

Looking before and after, Lord Cromer's conclusion is that no Englishman at all should have been sent to Khartum, at the time when the Mahdi was sweeping everything before him to south, east, and west; and that if any Englishman was to be sent, Gen. Gordon was the last man who should have been chosen. This is a hard saying, yet the evidence which Lord Cromer marshals goes far towards justifying it. He shows to demonstration how almost impossible it was to work with Gordon.

This was because he was seldom of the same mind twice in one day, and had not the slightest idea either of sticking to his own agreements or obeying orders. Gen. Gordon was aware of this himself. In his "Journal" he once wrote that he was conscious of having been "very insubordinate," and added: "I know if *I* was chief I would never employ *myself*, for I am incorrigible." To this add intense energy, great driving impulses with a tinge of fanaticism in them, and you certainly get a man little fitted for a complicated and delicate enterprise. He might have a very noble character, as Gordon undoubtedly had, but he would not be a serviceable or coöperating man.

To do anything with him at all, Lord Cromer says that he had to "learn Gordonese." That is, he had to sit down patiently with the mass of conflicting statements by Gordon, and figure out as best he could what was the general drift and net result. Gordon would send Cromer twenty telegrams a day, each positive, sweeping, imperative, but one often contradicting another. The British agent's habit was to let them accumulate till nightfall, and then try to make out the one thread of purpose running through the maze. On top of this dynamic instability, there was the strain of mysticism in Gordon. Lord Cromer gives one crucial illustration of the embarrassment this brought to Gordon's colleagues. On his way to Cairo from England, the General telegraphed that Zobeir Pasha was certain to make trouble and should be, if possible, deported to Cyprus. Once in Cairo, Gordon had an interview with Zobeir, and instantly pitched upon him as the one man to take with him to Khartum! He said he had a "mystic feeling I could trust him." Lord Cromer's dry remark is: "I have no confidence in opinions based on mystic feelings."

It has to be admitted even by Gen. Gordon's panegyrists that he did not abide by the instructions under which he went to Khartum. Lord Cromer's statement is that "he threw them to the winds." But it has been argued that the instructions ought never to have been given; that they meant a cruel abandonment of the garrisons; and that therefore Gordon rose to the higher law of humanity and duty, when he wrote in his "Journal":

> If any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down, I will not obey it, but will stay here and fall with the town and run all risks.

But the simple answer to this is that Gordon not only consented to Cromer's instructions to evacuate the Sudan, but that he *dictated them himself*. This is put by Lord Cromer beyond all doubt. Gordon was, it is true, placed under Cromer's orders; but as the latter wrote at the time to Lord Granville, "a man who habitually consults the Prophet Isaiah when he is in a difficulty is not apt to obey the orders of any one." Accordingly, the whole matter of instructions was gone over with Gordon in person. After assenting to everything—indeed, suggesting everything—he added with his own hand that the instructions were "on no account to be changed." Yet he went off and, as Lord Cromer proves, in the next thirty-nine days advocated five policies, all different from each other, and all flatly opposed to his orders. Plainly, the hero was "gey ill" to work with.

That the British government, having got Gordon into the trap at Khartum, from which he refused to extricate himself was bound to go to his relief, Lord Cromer strongly contends. And he makes out a black case of official negligence and delay in getting off the expedition too late. But the main and original culpability is placed on Gordon. Lord Cromer even challenges the reflection of Gordon, "I have tried to do my duty." In a passage where the great public servant speaks, he says:

> I am not now dealing with Gen. Gordon's character . . . but with the political conduct of his mission, and from this point of view I have no hesitation in saying that Gen. Gordon cannot be considered to have tried to do his duty, unless a very strained and mistaken view be taken of what his duty was. He appears to me to have set up for himself a certain standard of duty without any deliberate thought of the means by which his objects were to be accomplished, or of the consequences which would probably ensue. . . . As a matter of public morality, I cannot think that Gen. Gordon's process of reasoning is defensible. The duty of a public servant placed in his position was to sink his personal opinions, and to consider the wishes and true interests of the government and the nation whom he was called upon to serve.

This must come pretty near anticipating the verdict of sober history. Gordon's heroic stand at Khartum was magnificent, but it was not public service.

PEDIGREES AND PICTURES.

Not long ago in an Italian auction-room, where the contents of an historic palace were being sold, an English critic—and, incidentally, a successful dealer—was observed bidding on all the trash. Copy after copy of pictures, the originals of which hang in the great museums, passed into his possession at base prices. A friend, inquiring into the cause of this sudden aberration of a great expert, received the response: "Of course I'm not buying this stuff for myself; my clients, you see, don't buy pictures; they buy collections."

One is reminded of this incident in studying the sumptuous catalogues issued by so many of our collectors. At the beginning of each descriptive paragraph stands the pedigree of the picture, a tall column of type, which records the famous collections in which the masterpiece sojourned before it was graciously conceded, say, to Mr. Sheetiron of Pittsburgh. The great dealers will assure you that without such a documentary record no picture, however intrinsically fine, can be sold for a long price, or, indeed, sold at all to the average opulent amateur.

Now, we are far from questioning the sentimental value of such pedigrees. It is worth something in cash to feel one's self in the apostolic succession of noble and royal dilettanti, or even the legitimate heir of plebeian but potent collectors whose names shine in the biographical dictionaries. Considered merely as a means of becoming, however modestly, an heir of fame, buying pictures with pedigrees may even seem advisable, on grounds of economy. It costs less, for example, than founding universities, and it lasts longer than sailing cup defenders. But as a means of getting good pictures it has its drawbacks.

In the first place, the ideal pedigree of the dealers—a chain reaching back to the artist's studio—practically never exists. At best, most pedigrees end in the seventeenth century—that is, in a period in every way less critical in t matters than our own. Accuracy in attributions was not the forte of the seventeenth-century amateur, nor was scrupulosity in this regard more common among dealers then than now. All the present frauds, forgeries, and mystifications could be paralleled from that period. We find even Van Dyck repudiating one of his own paintings, apparently either to spite the pupil who had some part in its execution, or the agent who sold it; and we may be sure that where one picture was disowned by its maker, thousands were quietly fathered upon great artists who could no longer speak for themselves. In short, a pedigree of ten stages, covering three hundred years, too often means simply that the picture has been sold under false representations to ten generations of confiding amateurs.

But even the perfect pedigree is of rather little worth from the fact that at any point a copy may have been substituted for the original. How many times has a proud owner received from the restorer, not the shabby canvas he sent, but one in every way newer, finer, and more resplendent. Perhaps, not oftener than sap, not in the family tree, has renewed the blood of ancient lordly families. In both cases the pedigree remains as good as ever; it merely has ceased to apply accurately to the case in hand. But even when an artistic genealogy does begin at the beginning, and there has been no fraudulent substitution, are we really much better off? We can trace, for example, the version of the Madonna of the Rocks in the National Gallery, London, to the altar of the chapel for which we know, documentarily, Leonardo da Vinci painted such a composition. Yet we must regard it as a copy, executed under the master's eye, while the original, the pedigree of which is much shorter and less complete, drifted into the royal collections of France, we hardly know when, and now hangs in unchallenged loveliness and authenticity in the Louvre. In fine, the pedigree of the London picture is correct; it merely happens to have applied from the first to the wrong work of art, while the pedigree of the Paris picture might barely satisfy a fastidious dealer on Fifth Avenue.

So long as our collectors buy not pictures but names, and the glamour of famous collections, pedigrees will probably rule active in the speculative art market. But as soon as the practice of buying pictures becomes common, pedigrees will fall like other over-exploited securities. Meanwhile, those amateurs who buy on the evidence of a trained eye ignoring the dockets of the antiquaries, will not fail to reap their reward. In the possession of fine works of art they may even find compensation for the absence from their catalogues of tall columns, savoring agreeably of the Gotha.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

The attitude of German writers towards what was once a comedy figure in their fiction and drama, "the American," seems to be changing. The American heiress in Ludwig Fulda's comedy, "Der Dummkopf," and the prodigal son in Gabriele Reuter's novel, "Der Amerikaner," are products of the American soil and the American spirit, likely to inspire the foreigner with respect for the ideal of manhood and womanhood, which they represent. Even Georg Hirschfeld, in his story, "Der Wirt von Veladuz," though he has based the character of Mrs. Harrison upon the European conception of the American flirt, has given her modern and generally human qualities, which relieve her from the charge of being typically American. While it may interest Americans to see themselves as German writers see them, recent German fiction does not lack qualities which command the attention of the general reading public. There are authors who treat the eternal problem of the sex relations: Kurt Aram in "Der Zahnarzt," Georg Wasner in "Fatum," and Helene Mühlau in "Sie sind gewandert hin und her"; or a question of social morality as Wilhelm Hegeler in "Das Ärgerniss." There are also authors who give their stories an economic background and suggest the change in ethical standards that corresponds to a change in social conditions, as in "Der Wirt von Veladuz." Others are concerned with the individual conscience, as August Friedrich Krause in "Sonnensucher."

Wilhelm Hegeler's "Das Ärgerniss" (Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.) is one of the most remarkable works of fiction recently produced in Germany. Always concerned with matters of conscience, Hegeler is, even in his lighter moods, a writer of great ethical force. In this new book the question of the nude in art is presented in a story, provincial in setting, but of universal significance. The figures of a fountain given to a little German town by one of its most cultivated citizens, and set up in the public square, are the cause of great commotion, and of a child-tragedy of deep pathos. The crusade against the luckless piece of statuary is described with an admirable knowledge of mass-psychology and with a delightful humor. The characters are drawn with skill. The moral that prohibitory measures against a publicly exhibited and inoffensive specimen of the nude in art are likely to open secret gates to the really pernicious in art and letters, is unmistakable, but not so obvious as to offend good taste.

Kurt Aram's "Der Zahnarzt" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) presents the vagaries of a soul endowed with the fatal gift of artistic temperament without artistic ability or moral stamina. The influence of the intellectual Bohemia of a modern metropolis upon such a character is impressively depicted. The tragic result of the conflict around which the plot is constructed comes as a surprise; but is thoroughly consistent with the pose so effectively assumed by the dentist-poet. The wife is a well-conceived character; nor does the unfortunate woman who is the cause of the husband's estrangement fail to enlist sympathy as victim of a delusion. Georg Wasner's "Fatum" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is also concerned with the hackneyed, but ever-fruitful, theme of a third coming between husband and wife. Temperamental and perhaps racial differences distinguish the work of Wasner and Aram. Both are naturalists and moralists, but Aram is imaginative and emotional; Wasner, cool-headed and rational. Wasner has created some capital types of the German bourgeoise overstepping the limits of middle-class morality and ensnaring by her charms the guileless fool occasionally found among the pedagogues or students.

Emmy von Egidy's "Liebe die Enden konnte" (S. Fischer & Co.) and Helene von Mühlau's "Sie sind gewandert hin und her" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) might well exchange titles and yet be appropriately named, for both are stories of love's errantry; in both the heroes are men pursuing an *ignis fatuus;* in both love dies. The difference between the heroines, however, is striking. The one is a woman of yesterday, quick to obey the suggestions of the man she loves and clinging to him even after that love dies. The other is a woman of to-day, as devoted, as loving, as the other, so long as her love lasts, but withdrawing her affection as soon as the object proves no longer worthy. Emmy von Egidy is, like her father, concerned with the inward life of her lovers, rather than with the vicissitudes of their external careers. Helene von Mühlau is more emotional. She is eloquent in her defence of her heroines. As in her first book, the title of which invited comparison with Strindberg's "Confession of a Fool," she pleads for a woman whose life has been wrecked by the man she loved; but unlike the Swedish author, whose intense misogynism is almost ludicrous, knowledge of life and love has not embittered her. The book is well written, and derives additional interest from its passages descriptive of men and places in South America.

Various elements of interest enter into Hirschfeld's "Der Wirt von Veladuz" (S. Fischer & Co.). The commercialization of an isolated place in the Alps, with the resulting demoralization of the inhabitants, the conflict between the spirit of this severe mountain solitude, and the laughing, lively metropolis of the valley; the antagonism between old and new typified in the two generations Freydank and Sternwald—all this is not new, but it is powerfully presented. Nor is the hero with his obstinate opposition to all innovations an uncommon type; but he is admirably individualized. Hirschfeld has borrowed a minor motive from one of his previous works. The lame mistress of the hotel of Veladuz recalls the invalid heroine of "Das Mädchen von Lille." Each is painfully conscious of her physical infirmities and silently suffers another to engage her husband's affection. But the daughter of Jacob Freydank, the sturdy Romanic mountaineer, is a saner and more tangible creature than the neurotic offspring of the German scholar. So the story is concerned less with the delicate problems of supersensitive souls than with more primitive questions of right and wrong. There is a tragic grandeur in Freydank's abandonment of the old estate and his retirement to a hermit's hut when the financial practices of his son-in-law have led to bankruptcy, and wife and child have followed the fugitive across the ocean.

August Friedrich Krause's "Sonnensucher" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a soul's growth from its early awakening under depressing social conditions to the painful struggles of maturity. Born into the home of Silesian peasant-weavers, the hero breaks away from the grandfather's tyranny to become a school-teacher. In his profession he meets men who are endeavoring to reconcile Christianity and Socialism and to give a higher spiritual meaning to their vocation. Thus the book reflects that movement among the educators of Germany whch has given us plays like Ernst's "Flachsmann als Erzieher" and stories like his novel "Asmus Sempers Jugend"; and has been the source of serious conflicts with school authorities, as in the case of Wilhelm Scharrelmann. It is a book of serious ethical import, and although some episodes unnecessarily lengthen the narrative, it holds the attention of the reader. The disintegration of the old system of caste traditions so powerfully depicted in Georg von Ompteda's trilogy of the German aristocracy plays an important part in many recent stories. It is interesting to note that the heroines breaking with these traditions seem to be more numerous than the heroes. Otto von Leitgeb's "Sonnensplitter" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) suggests the struggles of such a woman. His heroine is a spoilt child of fortune, waywardly bent upon following her innocent, yet in the eyes of the world unpardonable, impulses. The book presents a vivid picture of life in that society of Germany equally divided between the aristocracy of birth and that of wealth, and succeeds in conveying to the reader a clear idea of the emotional undercurrents below the placid surface. The revaluation of old social standards enters largely into Gabriele Reuter's new book, "Der Amerikaner" (S. Fischer & Co.). At the beginning of her career the author had the opportunity to study the American seeking culture abroad; and she embodied her observations in one of her earliest books, "Episode Hopkins." She has since supplemented her knowledge of things American by personal intercourse with Americans and by reading some of our authors, like Elizabeth Robins and Edith Wharton. The impressions thus gained have crystallized into a sane appreciation of what America can do for the human wreckage seeking these shores year after year. "Der Amerikaner" is one of the many regenerates that inspire foreigners with respect for the healthy spirit of American life. He rehabilitates himself by returning rich and worldly wise, saves from utter financial ruin the old home of his aristocratic parents, and goes back to America with a cousin, who has made herself impossible in the Old World. The story contains a gallery of delightful portraits, and is charmingly told. In matter and manner it is a distinct departure from the "woman novel" with which the author has been associated for the past ten years.

Helene Böhlau is a writer whose whimsical humor gives her a place by herself among the women novelists of Germany. From every page of her latest book she faces us with the gentle smile of one who has known the suffering of man and womankind and has yet been able to construe for herself a bright and hopeful reading of life. Were it not for that humor, her books might be disposed of as the bizarre imaginings of a social anarch. She is one of those who, beneath the crust of our conventions and the varnish of adventitious accomplishments, seeks for the eternally human; and in mating her men and women she absolutely ignores the spirit of caste. Even if the scene of her story is one of those little out-of-the-way corners of the Old World where present-day realities assume the remote aspect of a fairy tale, her heroine's choice of a husband is likely to give the reader a shock. But to the seeker of romance, modern in spirit and setting, this fascinating story of people working out their individual salvation in unusual ways will bring a rare pleasure; for Helene Böhlau is one of the foremost artists among German novelists.

Of short stories the volume by Raoul Auernheimer, "Die ängstliche Dodo" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the one most likely to be enjoyed by the average reader. The stories are clever and sprightly. Gerhard Ouckama Knoop implies more than he says in his collection, "Der Gelüste Ketten" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). Each tale is an illustration of the suggestive title. There is no flippancy in his outlook upon the world; he is at heart a moralist and at times he strikes a tragic note. Jacob Schaffner is a comparatively new name. His collection, "Die Laterne" (S. Fischer & Co.) is full of a sweet simplicity, rare in modern German fiction. There is no complexity of characters or conflicts, there are no subtleties of style, yet the book is the work of an artist. His individuality remotely suggests the influence of Gottfried Keller. The little volume is wholesome and delightful reading. Of a quite different character is Gustav Meyrink's "Wachsfigurenkabinett" (Munich: Albert Langen). A product of mordant irony and grotesque fancy, the characters figuring in the book grin at the reader like gargoyles and seem to dance a cancan in face of the world, whose submission to fictitious and antiquated authorities Meyrink lashes with merciless satire. Fiercely polemic in its attacks upon certain features of life in modern Germany, especially upon militarism, the stories cannot fail to appeal to readers with a taste for tabasco.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

William Carew Hazlitt has added another to the long list of his books on bibliographical subjects. This new volume, "A Roll of Honour" (London: Quaritch), is a list of more than seventeen thousand names of men and women who in the British islands, and in the American colonies, have collected books. Of some of these persons nothing more is known than that at some time they were the owners of a few books. In a number of cases Mr. Hazlitt has told us a little of the character of the libraries and what became of them, or of special books in which he found inscriptions, but for the most part the list is merely a bare list. The arrangement is alphabetical, but there are two indexes, the first by place, the second by rank or occupation. A few signatures or inscriptions, are reproduced, among them three of Shakespeare's signatures; the one in the Montaigne of 1603, in the British Museum; another, pasted in a copy of the Second Folio, now owned by Mr. Gunther of Chicago; and a third in a copy of the Aldine Ovid. So many old books are being rebound and the evidences of former ownership being removed by skilful cleaners, that such a record as this, meagre as it is, is of some importance. If all those through whose hands old books are passing could take the time to copy off inscriptions, the results when brought together would be both informing and interesting. Mr. Hazlitt describes one book from the library of Sir Philip Sidney, and reproduces the inscription. He also notes a letter from Sidney to Plantin, the Antwerp printer, ordering books. Another similar letter to Plantin, ordering a copy of the best edition of Ortelius's Atlas, was in the Rowfant collection. The name of Sidney's father, Sir Henry Sidney, does not appear in Mr. Hazlitt's list, though a copy of Halle's Chronicles, 1545, with interesting inscriptions by him, and by his wife, Mary Sidney, was sold at Anderson's in this city, December last.

The manuscript records of entries and preëmptions of land in Kentucky are included in the Anderson Auction Company's sale of March 16. The books contain the names (but, of course, not autographic) of a large number of early pioneers, among them Daniel Boone and Abram Lincoln, father of President Lincoln. In the same sale are several desirable books on Western history, books on the Revolution, Franklin imprints, a first edition of Motley's first book, "Morton's Hope," 1839; and a series of Quaker broadsides.

Some of the better books at the Pyser sale (Anderson Auction Co., March 6), brought good prices, but the majority sold low. Either the interest in first editions of American authors is falling off, or, perhaps, the country has been so thoroughly ransacked during the last eight or ten years in search of first editions, that the supply now exceeds the demand. Bryant's "White-Footed Deer," 1844, brought $216; this was the Alfred B. Street copy, which sold for $220 last season. Hawthorne's "Sister Years," 1839, brought $276. Of this rarity seven copies only are known; and this was presumably the copy which at the Stickney sale, in Boston, last November, brought only $140. The only other copy thus far offered at auction went for $290 in the French-Chubbuck sale, 1904.

Ouida is reported to have left among a confused mass of manuscripts which at her death filled eight trunks a number of interesting letters from persons high in politics and literature. These manuscripts are now in the hands of the British Vice-Consul at Leghorn. Since the British government, in the absence of kin, is the novelist's heir, these letters will probably be returned to the writers while her autographs are likely to be sold to establish a memorial fund.

Correspondence.

THE JOHNSON MEMORIAL AT LICHFIELD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last June my predecessor in office issued an appeal for funds for the reparation and restoration of the birthplace of Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Lichfield. The house is now set apart as a Johnson library and museum, and as such is to be preserved as a memorial of our greatest citizen. Many ladies and gentlemen have subscribed liberally, but I am sorry to say the response has been inadequate for the objects in view. A great deal has been done, but much more is necessary before the birthplace is restored to its original condition, and before it can be said to be permanently safe.

With the subscriptions offered we have been enabled to restore the old bookseller's shop to as nearly as possible its original state. The modern shop front has been removed, and replaced by a double window of the period of Dr. Johnson, and the steps which led to it from that side have been indicated. The ancient floor has been made secure, the old oak beams of the ceiling have been thrown open to view, and other work has been done to restore the shop to the state in which it existed in the olden days.

We are now anxious to proceed with the birth-room above the shop, to reveal the oak panelling, and to make manifest the other features of interest which prevailed when Dr. Johnson was born. Other rooms and the roof require renovation and reparation to make them damp-proof, sanitary, and safe, and we want to put them in complete order as soon as possible.

In a short time we shall be preparing to celebrate the bicentenary of Dr Johnson's birth, and we are undertaking this needful work of restoration in anticipation of that historical event. We wish to maintain the building as a memorial of the great and good man born there, and to hand it on to future generations of the English speaking race. To this end I appeal for further subscriptions, and I hope all classes will join in offering a contribution.

W. R. Coleridge-Roberts,
Mayor of Lichfield.

The Guildhall, Lichfield, Staffs., February 27.

MR. GODKIN AND THE "OWLS NEST."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I failed to see in your notice of Mrs. Cunningham's "Owls Nest," February 27, any reference to the fact that the founder of the *Nation*, Mr. E. L. Godkin, was one of the interesting personages who flitted across its entertaining pages. He was closely connected, through his marriage to Miss Foote, with the Perkins family.

James M. Hubbard.

Boston, February 28.

Notes.

Among the books announced by Thomas Whittaker, Inc., for the Lenten and Easter season, may be noted the second part of "Mission Preaching for a Year," from Lent to Whitsunday, edited by the Rev. W. H. Hunt; "The Seven Words from the Cross," by the Rev. Frederick Watson; "The Pathway of the Cross," by G. T. Shettle; and "The Christian Life Here and Hereafter," by the Rev. Frederick Watson, edited by the Rev. C. B. Drake, with a preface by the Lord Bishop of Ely.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready this week "The Canterbury Puzzles and Other Curious Problems," by Henry Ernest Dudeney, illustrated; and a new, cheap edition, revised, of Horace Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century."

The most important publication of Scribners for this month will be "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Henry Frowde, in connection with Chapman & Hall, is publishing a new Dickens in twenty volumes, to be known as the Eighteenpenny Illustrated Edition, from the price per volume. All the copyright letterpress and reproductions of the original illustrations are included.

Bliss Perry's excellent Life of Walt Whitman is now issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in a revised edition, with an appendix of new material. From the same house comes a revision of Mrs. Orr's "Life of Browning," by Dr. Frederic G. Kenyon, containing many new letters and other fresh documents.

Sir Clements Markham has made a translation of "Lazarillo de Tormes," the famous Spanish picaresque story. It will be published this spring.

In February, 1907, F. Hopkinson Smith gave, before the Harvard Union, an address that now appears as "Old-Fashioned Folk," with pleasant sketching of the simplicity of family life in the past generations. Mr. Smith pleads for courtesy and genuineness in this age of rushing commercialism. The R. E. Lee Co. of Boston brings out this book in a limited edition of 700 copies for sale, admirably printed and attractively bound.

"Adam Smith and Modern Sociology: A Study in the Methodology of the Social Sciences," by Albion W. Small (The University of Chicago Press) is designed to show that Adam Smith's economics are only a part of his wider social philosophy; that his isolated treatment of the wealth interest was only provisional; that Smith recognized its necessary subordination to the more fundamental canons of ethics; and that Smith's disciples have often misinterpreted their master by according to economic principles a degree of absoluteness which he never intended. The chief criticism to be passed on the book is that its main contention, while correct, was specifically elaborated twenty years ago, and that to revamp it does not require 238 pages. To substantiate this proposition—that the book's essential thesis was set forth explicitly long before Professor Small devoted himself to the task—we may cite, for example, an essay by Woodrow Wilson, entitled "An Old Master" (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893). The essayist says (pp. 16, 17):

> It is interesting to note that even this vast miscellany of thought, the "Wealth of Nations," systematized though it be, was not meant to stand alone as the exposition of a complete system; it was only a supplement to the "Theory of Moral Sentiments"; and the two together constituted only chapters in that vast book of thought which their author would have written. . . . In the "Wealth of Nations" he ignores the operation of love, of benevolence, of sympathy, and of charity in filling life with kindly influences, and concentrates his attention exclusively on the operation of self-interest and expediency; because he had reckoned with the altruistic motives in the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and he would not confuse his view of the economic life of man by again forcing these in where selfishness was unquestionably the predominant force.

Doubtless uncritical economists have often erred in their narrow exaltation of a part of Smith's philosophy into a universal system. But if, as Professor Small declares, "the extreme decline into unmorality" may most properly be instanced in the case of a single writer, the sinner worthy of "this bad eminence" might at least have his name spelled correctly. It was J. R. M'Culloch, *not* McCullock, as it is printed in the text (p. 198), and again in the index (p. 243). The proof-reading is occasionally faulty. A stray line appears at the bottom of p. 148; a decapitated sentence and paragraph on p. 149; and some contorted spelling, p. 152, line 12.

Thomas Davidson was one of those philosophers who, by their unlimited learning and their keen pursuit of one Absolute after another, arouse a feeling of reverence in some and of distrust in others. No one, at least, in the case of Davidson would fail to be impressed by the tremendous personal force of the man, of which his writings gave but an imperfect notion. In his "Memorials of Thomas Davidson" (Ginn & Co.), William Knight has undertaken to fix for a while this fleeting impression of the man himself, by writing a sketch of his life, and by adding various reminiscences of William James and others. A number of documents relating to his sociological projects in London and New York, together with letters about his philosophical studies, complete the memorial.

A volume of 415 large pages on "Ralph Waldo Emerson, sa vie et son œuvre," of which the greater part discusses his *idées générales* and their application to individual and social life, would seem to exhaust the subject, as well as the reader. M. Dugard's work is in fact too thorough in every sense of the word; it is a question whether the real spirit of Emerson is not crushed beneath so much analysis. (Paris: Armand Colin.)

It was only the other day we were bewailing the lack of a French "Who's Who," and now such a volume ("Qui êtes-vous?" imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York) lies before us. It is designed professedly on the English original, and needs no detailed description. The comparatively small number of names (about 5,000, although the sum will no doubt be increased in future editions) permits the avoidance of abbreviations, which make "Wer Ist's" almost a torture to consult, and the arrangement of topics by paragraphs—a great convenience. Only French celebrities are included; we could wish the book were expanded to comprise all the Latin countries of Europe.

That our impressions of travel vary greatly according to the means of locomotion is Carlo Placci's apology for the pictures of travel, "In Automobile" (Milan: Treves). As we walk, ride, take the post chaise, train, or motor, he holds, our aspect of the world changes. Hence most of the older descriptions of the road must be rewritten in terms of the automobile. So evidently just seems this view that it is a disappointment to find little that is unmistakably "motoristic" in Signor Placci's fluent Italian. He is an impressionist quite as these adorers of a passive sensorium were before petrol came to their aid. He flashes a single apparition—the gaping crowds of Apulian villages, for example, and then another in the familiar kaleidoscopic way of Bourget in "Sensations d'Italie." The roads traversed with many illustrious friends, as the several dedications of the eighteen chapters show, reached from England to Algeria, but most of the routes lay in Italy. The author is perhaps at his best in disentangling mixed nationalities and civilizations, as in the charming essay on the Trentino. Maeterlinck was, we believe, the first critic of note to discuss the æsthetics of the motor car. He came to the opinion that one recalled at the end of the day nothing but the onrush itself. Signor Placci, who sees much in his flights, might well be cited to the contrary—perhaps because he regards two hundred kilometres a day as rather more than the ideal run.

Has the English schoolmaster gone to sleep in Leipzig? We have studied Carl Beck's prospectus of his projected edition of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," only to find our wits dazed by the new English thereof. Exactly what is meant by "the arts performed in Alsatia during the fourteenth century" we are not sure. And certainly: "One source of the most valuable mediæval ones as for Christian iconography, superior even to the importance of Biblia pauperum existing by great many of modern editions," is more than cryptic. From the chapter contents we compile this necklace of gems: Apostatic angels, Creation of the primer life, three valiants bringing King David water from Bethlehem, Jesus' internment, the 5 sage maids and the 5 other foolish ones. All of which demonstrates that even the Middle Ages may be treated humorously.

Prof. Julius Kaftan of the theological faculty of Berlin University has just published "Drei akademische Reden" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). These addresses are on "Die Lehre Kants vom Katagorischen Imperativ"; "Der ethische Wert der Wissenschaft"; and "Die Einheit des Erkennens."

In commemoration of the one hundredth birthday of David Friedrich Strauss, a collection of the poems, letters, and other literary remains still in manuscript will be exhibited in the Schiller Museum, Marbach, from the middle of March to the close of the summer.

With the second part of the "Biblia Hebraica," the critical edition by Prof. R. Kittel of Leipzig, assisted by several other scholars (Leipzig: Hinrichs), is completed

Pastor Ludwig Schneller, who was born in Jerusalem and has lived there for over thirty years, has just added to his classical Apostelfahrten und Evangelienfahrten, a new work, entitled "Unter dem Halbmond Nordafrikas," with the sub-title "Kreuzfahrten durch das Gebiet einer untergegangenen Kirche" (Cologne-Marienburg: Palästinahaus). This story of a tour of investigation of the historic sites of the church of North Africa is semi-popular in character, yet critical. The book is richly illustrated.

Miss Valfrid Palmbrin of the Royal Library of Sweden, who was sent last year by the Swedish government to investigate conditions in this country, has published a preliminary report, in which she notes the following among other significant features: (1) the large freedom given to the public in the use of the library, exemplified strikingly in the open-shelf system, which, on the whole, she pronounces a great success; (2) the thoroughness with which the material in the library is indexed, making its entire resources immediately available to the student of any subject; (3) the liberality with which the wants of all classes are provided for in stocking libraries; (4) the rapidity with which borrowers are supplied (on this point the librarian of Columbia University is quoted as saying, that "while a man may sometimes wait two days and a half in the National Library at Paris to receive the books applied for, and two and a half hours in Berlin for the same purpose, in New York the desired book will be in the hand of the applicant in two and a half minutes"); (5) the large sums annually given by men of wealth to the building and endowment of libraries; (6) the generous provision for children and the systematic study of their particular problems; (7) the development of the travelling library; (8) the work of the library training schools.

The North Dakota Public Library Commission, the youngest of the twenty-seven State Library Commissions now in existence, announces the following programme for its first year of work: To organize an educational reference library, to be free to all residents of the State on payment of the cost of transportation of books; to start a legislative reference department; to reorganize and administer the 175 travelling libraries, formerly under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Education; to aid in the general library development of the State by giving such counsel as may be desired in regard to founding, building, and administering libraries.

In accordance with a suggestion made at the Cooperstown Centennial celebration last August, the Fenimore Cooper Statue Association has been formed. Its leading members are President Charles W. Eliot, Harvard; Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, Yale; Prof. Brander Matthews, Columbia; and Rudyard Kipling. The local members in Cooperstown are G. Pomeroy Keese, John Worthington, the Rev. Ralph Birdsall, and Harris L. Cooke. The object is to erect a statue of the novelist in the vicinity of his old home in Cooperstown. For this purpose, a popular appeal for funds will be made to lovers of Cooper throughout America. The project is a revival of a similar, but, as it proved, untimely plan, devised soon after Cooper's death, in 1851, by an association of which Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, and George Bancroft were members. Donald G. Mitchell, the only surviving member of that association, is a member of the present organization.

The New York City Association of High School Teachers of English has made the following recommendations to the Conference on Uniform College Entrance Requirements in English:

> That the Uniform Entrance Conference be asked to recommend the publication of two volumes of poetry especially adapted to pupils of high school age: viz., one volume of lyrics, and one volume of narrative and descriptive poems. (Tentative lists of poems such as the committee had in mind were submitted.)
>
> That the conference be requested to select a series of English and American short stories, and authorize the publication of the collection in a volume suitable for use in the schools.
>
> That this association suggest the arrangement of the books for reading and practice in six groups, somewhat as follows:
>
> Drama—"As You Like It," "Julius Cæsar," "Henry V.," "Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night."
>
> Narrative and Descriptive Poetry—Chaucer's Prologue, a complete story from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Books iii., vi., xxii., and xxiv. of a good translation of the Iliad, the Odyssey, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," selections from Byron's "Childe Harold," Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."
>
> Lyric Poetry—The volume of lyrics suggested above.
>
> The Essay—De Coverley Papers, Lamb's "Essays of Elia," Emerson's Essays or Orations, Stevenson's Essays, a volume of short modern essays from various authors.
>
> The Novel or Romance—"Henry Esmond," "Lorna Doone," "The House of the Seven Gables," "Ivanhoe," "Tale of Two Cities," "Silas Marner," "Kidnapped."
>
> The Short Story—The volume suggested above.
>
> That the conference be requested to make the minimum requirement of books for reading and practice one from each of the six groups mentioned.

It is expected that all schools will select many more books from the groups than the six required, but it is thought desirable that the examination be limited to a number of books that it is possible to read within the year immediately preceding the preliminary examination. This plan is recommended because it seems to the association that at present there is danger of too great emphasis on special preparation on the content of books for examinations; that greater stress in examinations may wisely be laid on the pupil's power in composition, and on his ability to deal with material outside the books required for reading; that nothing is gained by examining candidates on the content of books read in the earlier years of the high school course; and that the expectation of such examination and the review for it exert a pernicious influence on the teaching of literature in the high schools.

Jacob Chamberlain, for forty-nine years a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church of America among the Telugus of southern India, died March 2 at Madanapalle, India. He was born at Sharon, Conn., in 1835, and after graduation from the Western Reserve College of Ohio in 1856, and from the Theological Seminary of Brunswick, N. J., in 1859, he studied medicine. Then he entered the missionary field. Since 1901 he had been engaged in literary work in the Telugu and Tamil languages. He was chairman of the committee for bringing out a new version of the Bible in the Telugu tongue; and he translated the liturgy of the Reformed Church into Telugu. Among his books are "In the Tiger Jungle," "The Cobra's Den," "The Bible Tested in India," "The Religions of the Orient," and "The Opportunity of the Ages."

Ludwig von Schwabe, professor of classical philology and archæology in the University of Tübingen, has died in his seventy-third year. Besides his revision of "Teuffels Geschichte der römischen Literatur," he is particularly known for his works on Catullus.

CROMER ON EGYPT.

Modern Egypt. By the Earl of Cromer. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Teachers of English would do well to weigh the style of these volumes. Here is a man who has never been known as a professional writer, who has had no literary practice beyond the composition of official reports; yet who now comes forward as a master of lucid statement and apt phrase, able to convey his thought vividly and precisely in language which yet attracts no more attention to itself than the dress of a woman of perfect taste. The instance shows that the writing of good English is neither a trick nor to be acquired as such. Lord Cromer drives us back to what Sainte-Beuve said of Napoleon, or Matthew Arnold of Gen. Grant—that clear-cut thinking is indispensable to the best writing. In the present case, we have, in addition to a style notable for simplicity and point, sagacious reflections, remarks which light up whole principles of government, characterizations of individuals and of races which reveal a philosophical mind with a disciplined imagination. All these are fruits of long experience and patient study. For rich content, then, as well as pleasing form, this work of a seasoned statesman is one to be not only read but pondered.

The title of the book accurately marks its scope. It is Egypt of the Khedives, of the Dual Control, of English dominance, that Lord Cromer has taken for his ample theme. Archæology is omitted. It is history in the making, and the statecraft that makes it, which we have here put before us. The career of Ismail Pasha is dwelt upon only to the extent of showing how his reckless extravagance, heightened by corruption and oppression, plunged his country into such a tangle of inextricable finance that the European Powers had to intervene. With rapid pen is traced the course of the successive commissions, the establishment of a Ministry, the fixing of a Civil List, the laborious reform of the finances, the Aráhi rebellion, the bombardment of Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. Larger space is given to Gordon; those powerful chapters we have dealt with in another column. Then comes the reconquest of the Sudan, and the final settlement of the government of Egypt, so far as it can be settled by outsiders, in the Anglo-French agreement of 1904. To the series of great reforms wrought in Egypt, Lord Cromer devotes summary chapters. The whole makes up a record of practical and humane statesmanship for which it would be hard to find an exact parallel. The charm of these volumes is that the work is recounted by one who was a large part of that which he describes, and whose grasp and penetration as a writer are so evidently the product of his great qualities as an administrator.

The government of Egypt is unique among all countries of the earth:

> One alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians.

As no counterpart for this can be found elsewhere, so no other system of government could apparently be so confused and incapable of being made to go, as the Egyptian. The intricate overlapping of jurisdictions and the conflict of authorities are enough to drive a political theorist to despair. Yet the Anglo-Saxon genius for successful though utterly illogical administration has triumphed even here. In a striking page, Lord Cromer, after describing the alternatives which hard logic seemingly forced upon the British in Egypt, says in words which have all the shrewdness and force of Bagehot or even Burke:

> Being debarred from the adoption of either extreme course, the Englishman fell back on the procedure which is endeared to him by habits of thought and national tradition. He adopted a middle course. He compromised. Far be it from his Anglo-Saxon mind to ask for that *situation nette* which is so dear to the logical Frenchman He would assert his native genius by working a system which, according to every canon of political thought was unworkable. He would not annex Egypt, but he would do as much good to the country as if he had annexed it. He would not interfere with the liberty of action of the Khedivial government, but in practice he would insist on the Khedive and the Egyptian Ministers conforming to his views. He would in theory be one of many Powers exercising equal rights, but in practice he would wield a paramount influence. He would occupy a portion of the Ottoman dominions with British troops, but at the same time he would do nothing to infringe the legitimate rights of the Sultan. He would not break his promise to the Frenchman, but he would wrap it in a napkin, to be produced on some more convenient occasion In a word, he would act with all the practical common sense, the scorn for theory and the total absence of any fixed plan based on logical reasoning, which are the distinguishing features of his race.

It is dogged as does it. That seems to have been the motto of the English in Egypt, and a good part of the explanation of their success there. They have come back to their problem day after day, until at last it has had reluctantly to yield its solution. It was the application on an immense scale of the qualities of a business man. For these, Lord Cromer has a kindling admiration. About Kitchener as a soldier he says little, but testifies warmly that "he was an excellent man of business"; he did not overrun his financial estimates of the cost of a military expedition, and he had the virtue, rare among soldiers, of not thinking that "extravagance was the necessary handmaid of efficiency." That it had been both extravagant and inefficient, was the curse of Egyptian financial administration. The spirit in which Lord Cromer set about reform is indicated in a characteristic passage:

> Finance is often considered a repellent subject, and, because it is repellent, it has gained a reputation of being more difficult to understand than is really the case. There are, indeed, some few economic and currency questions which are abstruse, but the difficulty of understanding even these has been in no small degree increased by the cloud of words with which writers on subjects of this sort often surround issues in themselves simple. One merit of the Egyptian financial situation was this, that no semi-insoluble economic problem lurked between the leaves of the Budget. The finance minister has not, as in India, to deal with a congested population, of whom a large percentage were in normal times living on the verge of starvation. He never had to refer to the pages of Malthus or Mill, of Ricardo or Bastiat. The complications arising from a bewildering political situation had done a good deal to obscure the problems which he had to solve, and to hinder their solution. But, in truth, all that was required in Egypt, in order to understand the situation, was a knowledge of arithmetic, patience to unravel the cumbersome system of accounts which was the offspring of internationalism, and a sturdy recognition of the fact that neither an individual nor a state can with impunity go on living for an indefinite period above his or its income.

We have not space to follow Lord Cromer into the detail of Egyptian reforms. How "the three C's"—the courbash, the corvée, and corruption—were attacked he narrates with full exposition of the difficulties and frank confession that the triumph has not been complete. What engineering has done for the soil, and education for the people, he lays before us. When all is said, what is his final attitude? We note at once that Lord Cromer is modest beyond the wont of our imperialist travellers. His thirty years on the spot have left him more distrustful of his own infallibility than Senator Beveridge's thirty days left him.

> I was for some while in Egypt before I fully realized how little I understood my subject; and I found, to the last day of my residence in that country, that I was constantly learning something new.

Lord Cromer is deeply impressed with the great gulf fixed between the Oriental and the Western mind. A European may fancy that he understands a child of the East perfectly, but one day he suddenly finds himself "in the presence of a mind which is as strange to him as would be the mind of an inhabitant of Saturn." With no complacency in his own judgment, therefore, Lord Cromer ventures on certain forecasts of the future. He thinks that England should not annex Egypt. The destiny of that country is to be self-governing. To that he looks forward, though not until after a long time has elapsed. It is well, he argues, not to attempt to hold Egypt too closely. The bonds which bind her to Britain are brittle; moreover, they are "not liked." To admit this is a part of Lord Cromer's clear-sightedness. In spite of all that has been done for the Egyptians, they are not grateful. They perversely want Egypt for the Egyptians, and Lord Cromer thinks that in time they should have it. He distinctly expresses his sympathy with the national movement. But this is only of a piece with the singular large-mindedness of Lord Cromer's attitude throughout these volumes. In them we get much more than historical records and political discussions; we get the overflow of a full and powerful mind. The book is so noteworthy because the intellect and the character which have gone to its making are so exceptional. Lord Cromer is not only a great administrator; he stands before us as a great thinker.

CURRENT FICTION.

On the Knees of the Gods. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The date is 415 B. C. "Clotho, that skilled spinner of men's fates, was busy with her secret, dark designs. As though in sinister sport, far and wide she cast her dread threads. For a Corinthian merchant lay dying, and Maia would soon be free." This beautiful slave girl, who had given her heart to Ion, the athletic son of an Athenian merchant prince, would now be in a position to prove the sincerity of her vows. But, greatly to her distress, she discovered that her lover had protested too much; already his betrothal to a daughter of the Athenian aristocracy had been declared. To be sure, it was only a father's ambition that had goaded him to the match. Myrto was not perfectly to his liking. Her features were those of Phidias's "famous Juno," whereas Ion would have preferred, he said, "a wife who resembled an Aphrodite—the Juno-type is not, and never was, to my liking." Nor was Myrto herself quite happy, for she had already a handsome, though unacknowledged lover of her own, Timoleon.

Clotho spins on. The reader is reminded of the mystery that enshrouds Maia's origin: a foundling, left amongst the tombs, with a locket round her infant neck. Now she resolves upon a systematic hunt for her mother, who—she seems to feel it instinctively—is still alive, longing for her lost child. Meanwhile Ion embarks on the disastrous Syracusan expedition, and is given up for lost. Timoleon wins the hand of Myrto. Maia searches for Ion in the prison quarries of Sicily, finds him, nurses him back to vigor, brings him to Athens. And now, wondrous to relate, it transpires that Maia, the ex-slave, is none other than the long lost sister of Myrto.

> Indeed—yes. I am Maia. Lost Maia! Oh Mother, take me to your heart." . . . Then [so closes the story] taking the moved face between her hands, Hermione searched it as though it was a scroll. A cry rang up that pierced the air. For Hermione knew her daughter. And the two women clung together, and wept as they clung.

It only remains to add that, in the course of the narrative, the reader is given a full account of a stirring chariot race at Olympia; and that such notable figures of the time as Socrates and Alcibiades are frequently met with. We venture the suggestion that, in another volume, the author might depict for us the grandeur that was Rome. No need to devise a brand new plot: let Clotho respin the old; the habit must be strong upon her by this; and, after all, the product could not be any more hectic, illiterate, or futile than "On the Knees of the Gods."

The Black Bag. By Louis Joseph Vance. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The charm of true picaresque adventures never palls; it is only the feeble invention of it, the trumped up rascals and galvanized activities thereof, which are a weariness and an offence to the reader of current fiction. "The Black Bag" is probably not a masterpiece, but it has certain very pleasing qualities. These persons and their exploits are absurd enough and not too absurd. The plot is not without complications, and yet is free of the air of cold contrivance which hangs about so many of our clever novels of the hour. The most engaging thing about it is its youthfulness, its buoyancy, its joy of motion. One thinks of Louis Joseph Vance as a very young man, a cheerful undergraduate who takes everything quite light-heartedly and seriously. No doubt he admires his heroine sincerely; she is just the kind of girl one would like for a partner at a "Prom." or on Class Day. The hero is that envied person, the young alumnus abroad. There is no mistaking the gusto with which the tale is told. "Upon a certain dreary April afternoon in the year of grace, 1906," our young gentleman, described as "Artiste-peintre," finds his pleasant life suddenly concluded by the loss of all his property in the San Francisco disaster, and himself in London with just enough money to get home. He is advised not to return, as there is nothing left for him in San Francisco, but nobly determines to go back, and "fight it out shoulder to shoulder with his brethren in adversity." Unfortunately for this plan, the girl appears on the scene, and in the immediately devolving duty of rescuing her and her jewels from a trio of villains, one of whom figures as her father, our cheerful Philip promptly and permanently loses sight of his brethren in adversity. The species of pursuit which ensues, with a Gladstone bag full of jewels as prize, is sufficiently spirited and amusing.

Ten to Seventeen. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Since the joyous day when "The Madness of Philip" took its place among classics of infant depravity, a new book by Philip's sponsor may be counted upon as a fresh if not permanent addition to the sum of human gayety. This "Boarding School Diary" does not disappoint the adult reader at least; the contemporaries of Roberta, Connie, and Ben would probably think it both tiresome and silly, for the foibles common to imaginative girls of the designated age are certainly ridiculed to make an Olympian holiday. It is amusing reading, in spite of a certain suggestion of coarseness which makes one feel that while the Elmbank girls have apparently never undergone the snickering age, their chronicler has not yet outgrown it. The incidental poems, one "for each Event, just as in real books, at the top of chapters, and in Mr. Kipling's stories," will touch a chord of remembrance in the mind of any one who has ever edited a school paper. They are truthfully done and bad to the verge of excellence, all but "The Unseen Playmate," which is a lyric of real and haunting charm.

The Greater Mischief. By Margaret Westrup. New York: Harper & Bros.

Some years before the opening of the story, Susan Fielding lost her husband in a shipwreck off the Irish coast. The shock of the disaster brought on a dangerous illness, and when, weeks later, she was allowed to have her infant child again, she did not at once recognize it. From this basis is developed an elaborate plot, which includes a new and happily ending love affair for Susan. It cannot be said that the author has succeeded in rendering this rather factitious plot very plausible. But it is undeniable that the character of Susan Fielding, as a study of motherhood under certain highly specialized conditions, is admirably and powerfully rendered. Speaking generally, the personages of the story (including Euphemia, a truly comical dog) are realized far more vividly than in the run of contemporary novels. It is a pity that their effectiveness should be so often endangered by the coil of a futile and over-ingenious plot.

Gotty and the Guv'nor. By Arthur E. Copping; with 24 illustrations by Will Owen. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The text of this book is hardly worth the pictures. This is unlucky, since they are in Mr. Owens's most delightful manner. This illustrator has a habit of really illustrating, a rare thing in this day of spoiled and indifferent draughtsmen. When the author describes one of his persons as "a tall man with a square face and white trousers," it does not occur to Mr. Owen to represent him as anything else. To be sure, he cannot help representing him as something more, reinforcing the rather thin and forced humor of the text by a pictorial humor both rich and fine. The adventures of Skipper "Gotty" and his employer are of a sort amusing enough in real life but merely trifling on paper, unless a good deal embellished by the fancy of the recorder. Mr. Copping reminds us a little of the beaming gentleman who has always just seen a funny thing, funniest thing you ever saw in your life, the humor of which in his version of it seems to you much diluted.

Epistolæ Ho-elianæ: or the Familiar Letters of James Howell. With an introduction by Agnes Repplier. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

When Joseph Jacobs edited an edition of the "Familiar Letters" some fifteen years ago, he remarked that strangely enough there had not been for 130 years a reprint of this former favorite. To us, however, this neglect of Howell seems less surprising. He was one of the first in this field of literary enterprise, and for a century his Letters were popular as a sort of novelty. Then other writers came forward with letters more genuinely familiar—Swift, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Walpole, Cowper, and others—to overshadow Howell. Moreover, Howell's writing is filled with allusion to passing events, which, after a generation or two, were completely forgotten except by students of the period. Thus it happened that for a long time enough second-hand copies were on the market to supply the demand for "Epistolæ Ho-elianæ." But a revived interest in Howell is indicated by a pretty edition in Dent's Temple Classics and by the present beautifully printed volumes. And for the reader who is not scrupulous to run down the meaning of every casual reference, this classic offers abundant entertainment.

For Howell was eminently a man of the world. Born, probably in 1594, the son of a Welsh clergyman, he was educated at Jesus College, Oxford. He travelled much abroad, in the Low Countries, France, Spain, and Italy, on business connected with a glassware manufactory in London, and he became an accomplished linguist. In 1622 he visited Spain and went thence to Sardinia, in a vain endeavor to obtain satisfaction for the seizure by the viceroy of Sardinia of a richly laden ship belonging to the Turkey company; and he was in Madrid when Prince Charles, accompanied by Buckingham, came to woo the Spanish Infanta. He was secretary of an extraordinary embassy to Denmark; he filled various appointments in the civil service. In 1643 he was sent to Fleet prison, partly for political reasons, partly, perhaps, because of his debts; soon after the execution of Charles I. he was liberated, and at the Restoration he was appointed historiographer royal. With the chief literary men of his day, including Ben Jonson, he was on friendly footing; certainly they could not be jealous of the mediocre verse of which Howell produced a large amount. Such are the scenes, such the activities mirrored in Howell's Letters.

One obvious source of popularity is the ease of his style. When we remember that he was the contemporary of Hobbes, Walton, and Sir Thomas Browne, we are astonished at the simplicity and shortness of his sentences. He is a forerunner of Dryden in making English prose the flexible instrument it became in the eighteenth century. Nor was this characteristic of his style an accident; he deliberately adopted it. On his very first page, speaking of the difference between a letter and an oration, he says:

> The latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated, and closely couched; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed, we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in succinct and short terms.

So succinct and free from involution is Howell that not a single sentence calls for a second reading.

But Howell's mastery of the technical side of his craft, indicative though it be of a clear and orderly mind, cannot make every page interesting. There is, as we have said, much space devoted to matters that are of trivial import to the modern reader, even the educated, to whom alone this book can appeal. Here one must turn the leaves quickly. A more serious defect is that too many of these letters are a pretence. They never were really written as printed. Discrepancies of all sorts prove that Howell composed some of them years after the event, to keep the printer busy. They are merely what he might have written had he thought to do so at the time, and consequently the falsetto note is common. We do not now allude to the essays of one sort and another—like those on the languages of Europe. These we accept without difficulty for what they are. But the pompous and pious commonplaces, in a forced style, become tiresome. At the beginning we are entertained, as by this sentence from his first letter to his father:

> I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught that the parents' benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous.—(I., 8.).

But after fifty or more passages in a similar vein we reach the limit of our patience at this farewell to a friend who is mortally ill:

> God gave you a bon voyage to the haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be heaven), and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches. While others sail in the sleeve of fortune you and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence and otherwise, both in verse and prose. Therefore, I will take my last leave of you now in these few stanzas.—(II., 301.)

With due allowance for the change of conventions in two hundred and forty years, and with allowance also for the current taste for literary conceits, we cannot make anything of this but posturing.

Notwithstanding these deductions a heavy balance remains to the credit of Howell. A man far inferior in powers of observation and expression could, with such opportunities for travel, make an interesting book. The volumes contain much that is quotable about the people he saw and the events in which he participated. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, in the preface to "Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage," puts Howell in "the list of writers whom it is impossible to use with confidence," but untrustworthy or not, his account of the arrival of Prince Charles in Spain, and of the subsequent doings is a lively story, livelier, perhaps, than the cold facts. It is a pretty tale—how the prince jumped the wall of the orchard in which the Infanta took her morning walk, and how "she, spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back." "The Spaniards themselves confess there was never princess so bravely wooed," even though the match was finally broken off. Then, too, there are his circumstantial details of the assassination of Henry IV. of France and of Buckingham, and the numberless amusing anecdotes which, whatever their historical basis, are at least true to the temper of the age.

For this is something from which Howell, despite his small hypocrisies, could not escape. With his odds and ends of gossip and of comment he paints us an admirable picture of the time, with its religious zeal, its credulity, and superstition, its cruelty and disregard of human life. He tells us, for instance, of his Edinburgh landlord, who fell into a dispute with a shoemaker on the subject of bishops; and "the shoemaker grew very furious and called them the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the Devil." All of which reminds us of Calvin's hatred of bishops, or of Milton's dictum: "Episcopacy before all our eyes worsens and sluggs the most learned and seeming religious of our ministers." Then there are tales of curious or impossible maladies—of "the young man of twenty-one" who lived in High Holborn. "Being dissected after his death, there was a kind of serpent with divers tails found in the left ventricle of his heart." For some time this man's eye had grown "more sharp and fiery, like the eye of a cock, which is next to a serpent's eye in redness." Whence Howell concludes that "the symptoms of his inward disease might have been told by certain exterior rays and signatures." Howell is also interested in the report that on four different occasions when death occurred in the Oxenham family a "bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about the bed and so vanished." And behind all these shifting scenes which he chronicles is the sombre background of war—sieges on the Continent and civil war in England. Whatever else might happen, war was the one great fact to be reckoned with. It gave a poignancy scarcely comprehensible to-day to that prayer to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death.

In some aspects of his writing Howell was a forerunner of the modern journalist; and though he was but an amateur, his judgment as to the significance of events seems about as sound as that of his highly trained professional successors. He records, indeed, many trivial and inconsequent happenings; but for this no twentieth-century journalist can throw a stone at him. He seems not to have grasped the importance of Charles's ship-money tax and the full strength of the undercurrent of discontent with that luckless monarch. Under date of August 1, 1633, Howell writes rather lightly:

> There is some murmuring against the ship money, because the tax is indefinite, as also by reason that it is levied upon the country towns as well as maritime, and for that they say Noy himself cannot show any record. There are also divers patents granted, which are muttered at as being no better than monopolies.

But Howell's Letters, viewed as a contribution to journalism, drive us to the old conclusion that the enormous development of our facilities for gathering and distributing news has improved little or not at all our capacity for interpreting it. Telegraphs and telephones, typesetting machines, swift presses, and express trains leave the human mind and its powers just where they were in the seventeenth century, or the age of Plato. The daily serves us with a thousand fresh facts every morning, but as to what they all mean and whither they ultimately tend, we know no more than our grandfathers.

Miss Repplier's Introduction is in her usual manner, discriminating, appreciative, and felicitous. The book would be more interesting for an occasional footnote as to persons or events; and far more useful were there an index, or even a table of contents. We do not ask for Howell with an elaborate critical apparatus, but at least an index is indispensable.

A Princess of the Old World. By Eleanor C. Price. New York: G. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The Queen of Letter Writers. By Janet Aldis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Salon. By Helen Clergue. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Literary Rambles in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

In the first three volumes of the above list is illustrated *le triomphe des dames* (to use Gerzan's phrase) during the period which accorded the amplest recognition to their social supremacy; and from Mademoiselle de Montpensier of the blood royal to Madame Geoffrin of the bourgeoisie, we are presented with a set of portraits of successive Frenchwomen exemplifying the diplomatic adaptibility of their race under widely varying conditions. These studies, which are of unequal merit, are designed for popular reading, without any successful attempt at original interpretation of life, character, or times.

The story of *La Grande Mademoiselle* as retold by Miss Price, is, however, an exceedingly finished and accurate presentation of Louis XIV's dashing cousin, with abundant references from contemporary memoirs, and most of the later important authorities. The book thus offers a comprehensive retrospect of the epoch with the *grande dame* in the leading feminine part. It is worthy of note that the narrative of *La Fronde* is here conducted with combined equity and spirit. Exception might be taken to the stress laid on the first twenty years of the Princess's life, to which is allotted much more than one-third of the volume; the six years of *La Fronde* fill nearly as much, while the remaining forty-one are more summarily dealt with. Miss Price's view is that the entanglement with Lauzun reduces one's interest in the lady, whose influence, whether social or political, waned sensibly after that uninviting episode. How carefully the abundant material has been sifted appears from the rapid sketches of character and situation—Mazarin, Henrietta Maria, Condé, etc.—and from the aptly-quoted Mazarinades, or other squibs, serving as chapter headings. This biography glides over unsavory gossip.

Madame de Sévigné as treated by Miss Aldis fares less happily, for as was the case with the author's "Madame Geoffrin" (noticed in the *Nation* of January 18, 1906, p. 55), we find the "Queen of Letter Writers" screened and overshadowed by her retinue. This appears to be in keeping with the spirit which leads to the following expansion of an undisputed opinion:

> Is it not a truism that the elusive quality called "charm" can irradiate a plain face into something more alluring than beauty, while the lack of its leaves perfect features a mere dull mask of cold inanity? (p. 27).

Monsieur de la Palisse himself could not better this. Several chapters in this work narrate abundantly familiar but hardly essential passages in history or literature, such as the account of the Hôtel de Rambouillet (ch. iv.), and the over-elaborated tale of Fouquet's extravagance and ruin (ch. xiii., etc.). The biographical element thus outweighs literary discussion. It is difficult to understand why a book on Madame de Sévigné, though containing manifold quotation from the inimitable letters (in extremely literal translation), devotes not a single chapter of disquisition or appreciation to the one attribute singled out in the title page.

"The ethical viewpoint of the age," Miss Clergue holds, must be understood before embarking on any examination of the hostesses, who constitute the topic of her work. Her introduction seeks to describe the growth of the social institutions which rendered such lives possible, while emphasizing the point that feminine qualities and capacities were, after all, the *causa causans*. Any one so privileged as to obtain introduction to cultivated French society at the present time may see exactly the same combination of tactful leadership, suggested and never imposed, with true unselfishness and engaging simplicity—all the difference, in short, between Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and Lady Holland. The details of this development given by Miss Clergue, are accurate, but not unfamiliar. Of the following studies, five in number, dealing with famous hostesses of the eighteenth century, the same remark holds good, for in these essays are merely embodied the results of compilation from authorities in no sense difficult of access. Offhand literary declarations occasionally call for revision. Thus, although a note (p. 165) declares that Rousseau was "of purely French extraction," it needs no very shrewd discrimination to find in most of his work the ineradicable tendency to ethical didacticism which stamps the Genevese literary breed, and indeed characterizes to this day much of the writing of Protestant Switzerland. Again, Diderot's "Le Père de Famille," played in 1761, though in one sense a dramatic point of departure as a completely bourgeois play, is not an unprecedented breach with the dramatic practice of France; it combines already existing elements, rather than truly innovates (p. 182).

With Miss Betham-Edwards as a guide, any corner of contemporary France becomes interesting. She and Mme. Duclaux (A. M. F. Robinson) are among the few foreign women who write about France, after years of residence, with the finer *flair* which comes only through sympathetic attraction. The present volume is composed apparently of miscellaneous magazine articles of travel, with a casual touch of judgment or appreciation. Every sketch reveals the charms of provincial town or landscape in the country of which Shelley declared that it contained nothing to see. Limoges and Saumur thus commemorate Balzac; with Brantôme and Périgueux are associated Bourdeilles and Montaigne; to Nohant we trace "The Footsteps of George Sand"; in Brittany we find Souvestre; in Amiens, Gresset. Besides these reminders of past authors, the volume indulges freely in literary chat, local description both light and accurate in touch, and various impressions derived from special knowledge of French life. We can vouch for the truth of the pictures of Rocamadour, Périgueux, Vézelay, and Limoges. Such slips as Henrietta (for Helen) Maria Williams (p. 39) indicate over-rapid proofreading.

Napoleon: A Biographical Study. By Dr. Max Lenz; translated from the German by Frederic Whyte. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

The author is known for the best biography of Bismarck we have, but he will not add to his reputation by the present book. It is not in any sense a work of erudition, being devoid of both footnotes and preface, though the author has investigated with some care the writings and sayings of Napoleon. It is on this, on the character of the man as he reveals himself in documentary material, that Dr. Lenz insists, though even at this point his presentation is neither novel nor striking. If the note varies from that of other biographers, it is in that Napoleon is made to appear a little nebulous, a trifle inclined towards Teutonic idealism—"his soul," as Dr. Lenz puts it, "weighted with feelings of loneliness and vague melancholy." So largely is the author absorbed in this aspect of his hero, that one almost forgets Napoleon was a soldier, half a dozen perfunctory and not very convincing lines disposing of his greatest battles.

The standard of accuracy is moderate. Thus on two consecutive pages, 300, 301, the following corrections have to be made: "The English [Sir John Moore] had landed at Corunna and ventured on a sudden advance into the interior"; they did not land at Corunna, or anywhere near it, and their advance was a deeply significant movement. We are then told that the intrigue of Fouché and Talleyrand in 1808 was for the object of putting an end to Napoleon's power, whereas the real import of the intrigue was the fact that Napoleon's plunging into the Spanish war had opened the eyes of these two astute observers to the immensity of the risk he was running; their intrigue was to provide a successor to Napoleon should he come to a sudden end—a point which Dr. Lenz does not understand, as his opening paragraph on page 301 further shows. These errors, trifling though they may appear, demonstrate that Dr. Lenz is often far from catching the true significance of the events he narrates; many similar ones may be found. Even in the matter of style, in the English translation at all events, the author is not very satisfying; he is verbose and inelegant. One must on the whole conclude that, although the book is not entirely without interest on the side of the character of Napoleon the non-combatant, it was hardly worth the honor of translation.

Studies, Historical and Critical. By Pasquale Villari; translated by Linda Villari. Photogravure illustrations. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75 net.

Since Mommsen's death, Prof. Villari has been the dean of European historians, and, although he has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, he is still actively teaching and writing. It is nearly fifty years since he won an international reputation by his life of Savonarola. Since then he has written on Machiavelli, on various periods of Florentine history, and on many smaller topics. He has, besides, educated a whole generation of Italian historical students, served as Minister of Education, and taken a leading part, by speeches and pamphlets, in the great social questions which have confronted Italy since her unification.

We welcome this volume of essays, because they will introduce to English readers one of the weightiest writers of his generation, and, through him, several interesting modern Italians. Prof. Villari's longest paper—"Is History a Science"—discusses on all sides a question which still perplexes a certain class of minds. He begins with Buckle, proceeds through Lorenz, Bernheim, Seeley, Freeman, and their school (who mistook, as we think, *scientific method* for *science*), and comes down to the present, with the late Henry Sidgwick's criticism of "The Historical Method," and Prof. Karl Lamprecht's dictum that history is only applied psychology. Prof. Villari concludes his review with a statement of his own position. As he is as thoroughgoing as a German pedant in his application of the scientific method to research, his opinions ought to command a hearing in quarters where the dry-as-dust theory of historical study still prevails.

Of the other essays, one summarizes the youth of Count Cavour so pithily that it offers the best twenty-page description accessible in English of the apprenticeship of that statesman. Another is devoted to Luigi Settembrini, professor, patriot, prisoner in Bomba's dungeons, and literary historian. The subject of the third biographical paper, Francesco De Sanctis, was the foremost Italian critic of his century, a philosopher and patriot, and a wonderful inspirer of youth. Villari was his pupil and friend, and in the portrait which he sketches he amply justifies his admiration for the powerful mind and lofty character of De Sanctis, whose critical work has been almost wholly neglected outside of Italy. Of another Neapolitan contemporary, his brother-in-law, Domenico Morelli, Professor Villari gives an intimate study. Morelli stands out among the Italian painters of the last half-century, and this description of him combines the man and the artist so skilfully that one explains the other. The last two essays are on Donatello and Savonarola.

This inventory can give no idea of the variety of interest in Professor Villari's papers; but it may at least suggest what a rich equipment he has for writing history. Literature, criticism, and art are for him not less important than "original sources" as means to historical study. In this respect he resembles the great British historians, who have never divorced history from the highest human concerns, and who have usually—like Gibbon, Grote, and Macaulay in the past, and John Morley and James Bryce to-day—taken part in public life. We close with a single quotation, which is a fair sample of Professor Villari's quality, and of the excellent translation which Signora Villari has made:

> So long as Homer, Virgil, and Dante are only shown to boys on the anatomical table, where we professors have already dissected them, robbed them of life, and destroyed the inner spirit that had throbbed for ages in their immortal works, we might as well teach the boys algebra or chemistry, and pretend to train their æsthetic taste by that method! We have exchanged purposes for appliances, converted method into the end of learning.

A Short History of Greek Literature. By Wilmer Cave Wright. New York: American Book Co. $1.50.

The writer of a history of Greek or Latin literature has nowadays a peculiarly complicated task. He must have learning, and a detailed acquaintance at first hand with the whole range of the authors whom he professes to summarize and to appreciate, to weigh and to trace out their relations and mutual dependence. He must also have read an immense mass of disquisitions and discussions; for he must know the main body of the opinions of other scholars up to the most recent date. He must digest all these as best he may, and then, if possible, come with a clear head and a light heart to the actual matter and manner of his authors. If they possess literary beauty, he must, first or last, taste these beauties, with a spirit free from prepossessions, unencumbered by the embarrassments of erudition. He must in short be saturated with learning, and yet forget his learning, when he uses the inward eye. Again, he must have some native æsthetic endowment, trained by the wide reading of great literatures, which alone begets the cultivated and genuine critic. He must, if possible, contribute something fresh himself, some individual point of view. He must, moreover, have a turn for expression. He must not plod along like a plough-horse when he is trying to convey an impression of the airy flights of Pegasus. Moreover, it is reasonable to require from an historian of literature some knowledge of human nature, which the linguist, or the scholar, *qua* scholar, does not necessarily possess. He should have some practical insight into the workings of the human heart, some knowledge of the history of ethical standards, and some imagination in applying them. For example, what sort of woman was Sappho? Are we to trust Welcker, or Mr. Winter's opinion? How came the author of the "Oration on the Crown" to disappoint us by taking a bribe? Was not Aristophanes rather dense in his presentation of Socrates? Or, was he merely fooling? Last of all, it is easier to compose a history of literature on the scale of the Croisets, who have ample room and verge, than to preserve proportion and perspective in a "Short History of Greek Literature" which includes ten or twelve centuries.

This, then, is the Herculean labor (shall we say Amazonian?) which Professor Wright has undertaken, and which she has completed, it is fair to say, in accordance with the exacting details specified above. The sketch of the Homeric question, notwithstanding its brevity, is one of the most readable and complete, within its limits. The wave of scepticism has receded somewhat since Wolf and Grote. We know more about ballad poetry: a critic like M. Bréal is in a position to speak of its characteristics with more authority and insight than Wolf. Schliemann and Dörpfield have discovered for us an historical background which Grote largely rejected, or hardly dreamed of. The contradictions and *cruces* in the problem are well brought out. The discrepancies which offend many German scholars exist, as Mrs. Wright shows, only in their own standards and imagination. As Professor Wright says, "the duel between Paris and Menelaus did not trouble the logical sense of a court audience listening spell-bound after a banquet"; and again:

> There is not in the whole body of Homeric epic, a single discrepancy of detail which we could not throw into the shade by parallels from Cervantes, Scott, and Thackeray, to range no further.

Nothing in this volume is more sympathetic and satisfactory than the little monograph on Theocritus. The writer permits herself the digressive remark that the genuine pastoral flourishes only under balmy semi-tropical skies. Though the Irish are poetic, "the sun of Ireland shines too cold" for the pastoral. Hence, too, the English pastoral is mostly laid in an artificial Arcadia, less plausible than Tasso's "which never was on land or sea." It is a reflection of a reflection, the echo of an echo. But the pastoral which is not an imitation, which has simply received the electric shock of contact with Theocritus, springs once more from fresh earth with native and authentic charm in such verses as Bracciolini's "Ravanello alla Nenciotta," and Nenciotta's reply. Next to the sketch of Theocritus, we may note the admirable appreciations of Herodas and of Menander.

Professor Wright's manual touches on everything down to the Sapphic ode, the Pæan of Isyllus, the nome of Timotheus, the Delphic hymns. The bibliographies do not of course aim at completeness; they might have mentioned Headlam's article on Herodas in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and his later strictures on Nairn's edition; under Plutarch, Perrin's admirable "Themistocles and Aristides." On the whole it may be said that this little book should have a wide circle of usefulness. Adequate learning, wide reading, the critical equipment, good taste and good judgment, a pleasing and readable style, a thread of individuality shining through the mass of the material—these are the qualities which impart to this small manual genuine value beyond its modest pretensions.

Under the Syrian Sun: The Lebanon, Baalbek, Galilee, and Judæa. By A. C. Inchbold; with 40 full-page colored plates and eight black-and-white drawings by Stanley Inchbold. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6 net.

Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus: Three Chief Cities of the Egyptian Sultans. By D. S. Margoliouth; with Illustrations in color by W. S. S. Tyrwhitt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. and Mrs. Inchbold did not travel as ordinary tourists. They spent some two years in Syria and Palestine, settling down first in one town or village and then in another, making each place the centre of excursions into the surrounding country. And first of all, Mr. Inchbold devoted some four or five months to the study of Arabic, that he might be independent of a dragoman, coming finally, so he tells us, to be counted by the natives "as *ibn-el-blad*, a son of the country." Both Mr. and Mrs. Inchbold appear to have entered into peculiarly cordial relations with the natives, receiving and accepting invitations to weddings, circumcisions, and other festivities, and becoming fairly well acquainted with the real life of the people. The travellers were also present in Baalbek on the occasion when the German engineers restored to its place the keystone of the great portal of the Temple of Jupiter; they visited Bethlehem at Christmas; saw the holy fire at Jerusalem at Easter; and at Epiphany witnessed that extraordinary scene of the immersion of the Russian pilgrims in the Jordan. They were the guests of the Druses at Daliyeh on Mt. Carmel, where Lawrence and Alice Oliphant once made their home, and they visited the picturesque Greek penal monasteries at Quarantana and in the Wady Kelt.

Mrs. Inchbold describes the country and their experiences with vivacity, and some of her accounts of the people, their sayings, and their doings, are extremely interesting. When, however, she ventures out of her proper field and undertakes to explain the religion of the Druses, or discourse on history or archæology, she cannot always be safely followed. For instance, in vol. II., p. 324, writing of Mt. Carmel on the Mediterranean, she mentions King Uzziah of Judah as having had his vineyards there; and there also she places "the man Nabal who had great possessions in Carmel," and whose wife, Abigail, David married after he had frightened Nabal to death. Evidently she is quite unaware of the fact, familiar to the ordinary Bible student, that the Carmel of these incidents lay in quite a different region, in the Judaean Mountains some distance southward of Jerusalem. Mrs. Inchbold's descriptions of the scenery, the wonderful coloring of the sunsets, nature's marvellous springtide flower festival and the like, are full of enthusiasm; but the frequent repetition of such descriptions, at considerable length, and in a rather florid style, with similar runs and thrills of ecstacy, becomes tedious. After reading thirty-five chapters full of word painting, it is a relief to come upon chapter xxxvi., the "Experiences of the Artist," in simple and direct language.

The *raison d'être* of this book, however, is not so much Mrs. Inchbold's descriptions as Mr. Inchbold's pictures. The coloring is in general very vivid, and, if you look at them consecutively, with a strong light, they produce somewhat the same impression as Mrs. Inchbold's style. But if you take them separately, and especially on an "English" day, you will appreciate their full charm. One of the peculiarities of Syrian scenery is its coloring, which no photographs can reproduce; and in reality the tints of these plates are not too intense for subjects painted under the Syrian sun.

"Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus" is quite frankly a picture album. The letterpress has been composed "as a relief from the labor of editing and translating Arabic texts," to accompany the illustrations. It must frankly be said that the history of Cairo here given is dreary reading. It is a succession of monotonous murders and usurpations, varied with accounts of the buildings, which are too detailed to be appreciated without plans or drawings in addition to the pictures. Of Jerusalem we have a sketch from the time of David down to the present, with special reference to the buildings, and particularly the history of those which have stood on the present Haram area. The section on Damascus differs from the other two in that there is practically nothing about the history before the Arabic conquest, and in that the author has made use of contemporary Arabic accounts of various captures of the city by Arabs, Mongols, and others, accounts which, though often rather tedious, after the manner of that kind, contain also some very interesting facts, with occasional romantic and picturesque incidents. He has added as an appendix a new report of the massacre of the Christians in 1860 and the philanthropy and heroism of the noble Algerian exile, Abd-al-Kadir, by which so many lives were saved. The publication in English of this record is a welcome contribution to the history of these massacres.

Mr. Inchbold's pictures exhibit chiefly the country and out-of-door life, native types and costumes, scenic effects of mountain, plain, and lake; some of the sketches, like the Rain Effect over the Dead Sea and Jericho (p. 476) are gems. In contrast, Mr. Tyrwhitt deals with interior effects and city scenes. In this one volume he offers fifty-eight colored plates and four line drawings. The greater part of these, depicting the streets of Cairo, are beautifully executed with carefully worked-out detail. The two pictures of the Sphinx and the neighboring desert are less satisfactory. The pictures of Jerusalem are almost exclusively confined to the Dome of the Rock and the surrounding area within the Haram enclosure; and they convey, even to one familiar with the scene, a new conception of the picturesqueness and beauty of the sacred area and its buildings. Mr. Tyrwhitt's keen appreciation of the visual charm of Oriental cities is well shown in his pictures of Damascus and also in their arrangement. We are introduced to the city first by that beautiful outlook from Salahiyeh, which must linger in the mind of every one who has seen it: in the distance, a brown and arid expanse of desert; just below, a luxuriant forest; and in the very centre of this the roofs of the city, with graceful minarets and domes. In other sketches we get fascinating glimpses of the River Baradah within and just without the walls, the strange confusion of covered bazaars, at once street, restaurant and shop, where groaning camels and their drivers wind in and out among the buyers and sellers, drinkers of coffee, and sippers of sherbet.

Both books are welcome additions to the literature of Oriental travel. They are not done with when once read, but will be taken up from time to time for renewed study, because they are in reality picture galleries.

The Formation of the New Testament. By George Hooper Ferris. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 90 cents net.

For a long period theological debates have arisen over the extent and method of inspiration, and the changes have been rung on "verbal inspiration," "plenary inspiration," and various other methods of divine providence in the production of literature. The conservatives have usually had the better of the argument in point of logic, but the liberals have steadily won by appeal to fact. It has seemingly occurred to few of the contestants on either side to inquire into the historical basis of the fundamental notion of an authoritative body of literature. The necessity of a fixed rule of faith, to which final appeal must be made in all matters of belief and practice, has been quietly taken for granted. The disputants have differed over what belongs in the canon, and as to how its various elements should be interpreted and related to each other, but the rightfulness of the idea of an authoritative canon of sacred writings, to be forever the norm and final law in all matters of faith, has seldom been called in question within the folds of the orthodox Protestant churches.

Mr. Ferris makes bold to criticise, from the point of view of evangelical Protestantism, the very notion of a closed scriptural canon. He declares that "a New Testament Church," which is the desire of the Protestant heart, must be a church "with no idea of a New Testament." He maintains that Protestants are inconsistent in appealing to the Apostolic age as the normative period of Christianity, and holding at the same time the tenet of a definite collection of authoritative literature, since the Church of the first century, and indeed of the greater part of the second century, possessed no such body of scripture. The individual writings existed, but the gathering of them into a canon had not yet taken place. "The period of Christianity over which hovers the greatest romance, while she was secretly building up that influence that was soon to surprise the world, was the period when her authoritative literature was without limit," or, as the author elsewhere makes clear, when there was no authoritative literature as such.

The motive for the formation of a Christian canon Mr. Ferris finds in the rise of heresy, and the need in the hierarchy of a test for orthodoxy. It cannot be said that utility in spiritual edification, or popularity in devotional use, was the principle on which certain Christian writings were gathered into a New Testament, else the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, would certainly have been included. These books were more popular for devotional reading than some of the writings which were adopted, and on the other hand there is evidence that the letters of Paul were regarded as authoritative before they gained recognition as suitable for reading in Christian assemblies. Doctrinal motives governed the selection of canonical documents, and the closing of the canon was in the interests of the hierarchy, not of Christian life and service.

Mr. Ferris does not hesitate to maintain that the received notion of a fixed body of inspired Christian scripture is an incubus upon the churches which think themselves free. By means of it and "the baneful and pernicious notion that every doctrine and practice of the Church must somehow find Apostolic authority," the sense of perspective in the Gospels has been utterly destroyed, and Christianity has been led away "from the great spiritual and ethical message of its Master." Because of this harmful belief there is to-day "no open vision." The very notion of a closed canon must be abandoned by those who would be disciples of the Teacher who "spoke with authority, and not as the scribes."

Whether this teaching will pass for orthodoxy, or even be tolerated by orthodox churches, need not be here determined. That such a volume should issue from an evangelical clergyman and a denominational publishing house is significant of the liberal days upon which we have fallen. There can be no question, however, but that Mr. Ferris has put his finger upon the source of endless confusion of mind and barrenness of doctrine. Religious truth has grown too large for the vessels from which the many have thought to draw it, and awakening to the facts which Mr. Ferris has brought into the clear must serve as an emancipation to not a few.

Das amerikanische Volk. By Georg von Skal. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

This is the most thorough and satisfactory book on our social and national life that has been produced by any German in a decade or more. Thirty years ago Herr von Skal came to America penniless and unable to speak English, toiled among the lower classes for three years, travelled on business for ten years throughout the United States, and served sixteen years on the staff of the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*. Then Carl Schurz and others encouraged him to publish his impressions in this well-printed volume of 348 pages, provided with a complete Index. Part i., at least, of this work merits translation into English.

Herr von Skal gives more than a glance at early conditions which did so much to form the manners and customs of the present American. The pioneer roved from place to place; and this same inclination is still so apparent in his descendants that it is the exception, rather than the rule, for American families to reside long in the same place. The selfishness resulting from the early struggle for possession has been modified by two characteristics: amiable *naïveté* and inexhaustible humor. It is not meant, of course, that every American is a *Witzbold* and knows how to make a joke; but he easily sees the humorous side of things. The pioneer took things much as he found them, complaining little and helping all he could; and the American to-day is notable for his good-naturedness and patience. He carries his sympathy for criminals too far, and too easily believes, with respect to political and social evils, that "every cloud has a silver lining," and that all will be better by and by; but no one excels him in willingness to help a fellow-being stand up when once he has fallen. Such are some of the characteristics of the American people as a whole.

There are, however, characteristics noticeable only among certain classes, and therefore the author sketches the New Englander, the Californian, and the Southerner; but while he seems at home with the latter two, his analysis of the Puritan is somewhat lacking in sympathy. The point of view of the New Englander, prone to intolerance on such questions as drink and observance of the Sabbath, is so far removed from that of a native German, that even with best of will the German is likely to see the Pharisee.

Herr von Skal thinks there is a sort of mechanical conception of life that is peculiarly American. The result of our forefathers' contest with wild nature is that, more than any one else, the American has devised mechanical contrivances. Consequently, mechanical ingenuity and that which is practical have been overvalued. The American's power of imagination is limited to mechanical things and to invention. Of course, there are many who follow idealistic ends; in particular, the teachers in colleges, many of the Protestant clergy, and officers in the army. So unfavorable is the environment here that the American artist needs to go abroad to get his enthusiasm. Americans have made their greatest progress in music; but it has been mostly through foreigners coming to America, and especially through Germans.

Two of the most interesting chapters are those devoted to the American woman and children. He finds the woman charming, not only because of her cleverness in dress, but because she is perfectly natural in all that she does. The idea that the American is the slave of his wife, the author characterizes as ridiculous. The American, to be sure, does work which the man in Europe would seldom or never do, but he does it because he is the stronger, and he wishes to do it. According to European ideas, the American wife *is* more or less spoiled, and some bring ruin to their husbands; but more help them through thick and thin. American housewives are cleanly, and know how to adorn a house with little; but in real housekeeping they are poor managers, wasting in the kitchen—so that two German families could live upon what one American family throws away—and preparing food for appearance rather than for taste. Boys are not neglected at the expense of the girls, but different aims demand a different training. What makes home-life in an American family—as the stranger seldom sees it—so attractive, is the consideration of one member for the others. The American does not believe that any one has obligations without privileges; hence even the small boy has place and freedom. He may be unmannerly and boisterous, but one thing is very characteristic of him as an American, and that is his love for truth. Too much credit cannot be given the American public schools for assimilating foreign elements and teaching patriotism; the strong feeling of self-sufficiency formed there, however, leads to underestimating the good in other nations.

Part ii. of Herr von Skal's work is devoted to politics and an explanation of our civil government, more or less familiar to Americans but likely to instruct foreigners; a study of our law system and courts, railroads, and Trusts, the American press, the race question, and the position of the German-American.

Folkways: A Study of the Sociological Importance of Usages, Manners, Customs, Mores, and Morals. By William G. Sumner. Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.

From writing his treatise on sociology, Professor Sumner has turned aside to write this substantial volume (692 pages) upon a subject which he could not treat, with satisfaction to himself, in a chapter of another book. Folkways he defines as "ways of doing things" which are gradually recognized as expedient and develop into established customs. They relate to all branches of human activity—the struggle for existence, domestic institutions, ordinary social intercourse, education, and morals. They "come down to us from the past. Each individual is born into them as he is born into the atmosphere, and he does not reflect on them or criticise them any more than a baby analyzes the atmosphere before he begins to breathe it." They "are made unconsciously"; their origins are lost in mystery; but they everywhere and always are a controlling social force, regulating in every detail the life of uncivilized races, and hardly less potent in the life of civilized peoples. Your average sociologist begins his investigation by equipping himself with formidable schemes of classification and nomenclature, to which he adjusts, as best he can, such facts as chance to come within his ken; but this is not Professor Sumner's method. With great labor he has assembled a mass of materials, gathered from almost all accessible sources; and with rare insight and due scientific caution has sought to elicit their meaning. The result is an important contribution to the scientific study of society.

The first impression which the average reader will derive from the volume is that the folkways are practically the sole regulative force in human societies, that they control our actions absolutely, determine what we shall think, and establish moral standards for us. Particularly in this true of what our author calls the "mores," by which he means such popular usages and traditions as "include a judgment that they are conducive to societal welfare," and thereby gain increased power to coerce the individual to conform to them. The life of society "consists in making folkways and applying them." Philosophy and ethics are products of the folkways, being derived from the mores:

> When the earth is underpopulated, and there is an economic demand for men, democracy is inevitable. That state of things cannot be permanent. Therefore, democracy cannot last. It contains no absolute and eternal truth. While it lasts a certain set of political notions and devices are in fashion. . . . We "believe" in democracy, as we have heen brought up in it, or we do not. If we do, we accept its mythology.

Morality is what the mores prescribe; immorality "never means anything but contrary to the mores of the time and place." The mores can make anything right, and can prevent condemnation of anything:

> In Wickliffe's time the Bishop of Winchester obtained a handsome rent from the stews of Southwark. Probably he and his contemporaries thought no harm. Never until the nineteenth century was it in the mores of any society to feel that the sacrifice of the mortal welfare of one human being to the happiness of another was a thing which civil institutions could not tolerate.

Thus it is, and thus it always will be:

> The range of societal activity may be greatly enlarged, interests may be extended and multiplied, the materials by which needs can be supplied may become far more numerous, the processes of societal coöperation may become more complicated, and contract or artifice may take the place of custom for many interests; but, if the case is one which touches the ways or interests of the masses, folkways will develop on or around it by the same process as that which has been described as taking place from the beginning of civilization.

But it must be remembered that Professor Sumner is not formulating in this volume a complete theory of social structure and action. He is dealing with the part which established usages and tradition play, and naturally states the case strongly. At various places he gives us hints that, despite the force of custom, desirable changes can be effected—at least, in the direction social movement takes. By the highest mental discipline, some men rise above the intellectual atmosphere created by the folkways, and "form rational judgments on current cases." Men of talent are of great value to society, and this would not be the case if their best efforts availed nothing in directing social movement. In one way or another, therefore, our author seems to admit the possibility of conscious regulation of social interest—at least, within certain limits. His position will be made clearer, doubtless, when he publishes his treatise upon sociology. It cannot be gainsaid, however, that the present volume gives no flattering estimate of such theories of social betterment as pass current under the name of *Socialpolitik*.

Vida y escritos del Dr. José Rizal. Por W. E. Retana. 4to, pp. xvi., 511. Madrid: Librería general de V. Suarez.

During 1905-1906 the Madrid monthly review *Nuestro Tiempo* published serially notes and documents upon the life of José Rizal, political saint of the Filipinos, by W. E. Retana, who acquired a reputation before 1898 as an industrious Philippine bibliographer and as the chief mouthpiece of the friars in opposing the Filipino reform propaganda. With the change of sovereignty over the Philippines, Retana's occupation as a champion of the friars was gone, and by 1905, he had declared himself a Liberal in politics and religion, and, making abject retractions of his former writings, appeared before the Filipinos as the eulogizer of the one Filipino whom he had most abused and ridiculed. The Filipinos apparently do not cherish resentment, for they have greeted Retana's recantation with applause; and some of Rizal's closest associates have aided his biographical work with corrections, notes, documents, and hitherto unpublished writings of Rizal. The result of their collaboration and Retana's industry is a volume, not merely of great value for hitherto unpublished data on Rizal, but indispensable for any student of the Filipino reform propaganda and the closing years of Spanish rule in the Philippines. There are some interesting halftones of Rizal, pictures of his clay-modellings; a useful, though redundant, bibliography of his writings; and an alphabetical index, though mainly of names, not topics. Miguel de Unamuno, in the "Epilogue," makes both a shrewder and juster estimate of Rizal's career and character, and with less rhetoric, than does Retana. The work is valuable not as a biography, but as a collection of the raw materials of biography—such things as Rizal's student diary, letters to his family and fellow-workers, the statutes of the Liga Filipina, incidents of his life in exile in Mindanao, and most of the documents of his trial. These last show his Spanish military prosecutors and judges to have deserved all the censure they have received even when the circumstances of the trial were only suspected, not known.

The more we know about Rizal, the higher he rises in our estimation. It is also notable that his gain in our estimation is especially in character. He undoubtedly had great ability, but his people have in general taken promise for achievement. This pure-blooded Malay showed a firmness, a devotion to his ideals, and a practical political wisdom altogether unique in the social medium in which he spent by far the greater part of his life. And yet there is not yet an adequate biography of him, even a sketch, in English, nor are his two novels, which reveal his people and their aspirations as no other writer has done, available to Americans who do not know Spanish.

Science.

Lectures on Plant Physiology. By Dr. Ludwig Jost, professor of botany in the University of Strassburg; authorized English translation by R. J. Harvey Gibson, professor of botany in the University of Liverpool. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.75.

This is not a text-book in the proper sense; it is much more. The translator has done his work conscientiously and on the whole satisfactorily. In some instances his strict rendering has given us rather awkward turns, but in no case is the meaning obscure. The translator does not at all points agree with the lecturer, but he has not attempted to contend with him or to bring in his own views. The edition on which the translation is based bears date of 1903, but sundry additions and corrections by the author bring it fairly down to 1906, that is, practically up to date. After an introduction, which states clearly the problems and methods of physiology, the author divides the field into three parts: (1) Metabolism, (2) Metamorphosis, (3) Transformation of Energy. A detailed account of the treatment of these subjects would be out of place here, but it is proper to present a few of the author's conclusions relative to the most important activities of plants.

One naturally begins with the office of the root, and its equivalent. Most roots are provided with a velvety zone of delicate hairs near the tip of their fibrils; and these hairs are in close connection with soil-particles, sharing with them the films of aqueous solutions found in all soils. In the case of roots which do not possess hairs, the thin layer of cell-wall next the soil carries on this work either directly or by an intermediary agent in the form of an enveloping net of fungal threads. Air-roots get their water in part by condensation of vapor on their surface. Formerly the absorption of solutions by root-hairs was ascribed to the power which membranes possess of facilitating the commingling of liquids on their two sides. But this process of diffusion has been shown to be vastly more complicated, since decompositions and recompositions take place at the surface, and in the substance of such membranes as the root-hairs.

The fate of the matter absorbed by the roots has now been traced fairly well in some cases; for instance, sulphur and phosphorus are needed to build up the so-called proteids, the true "flesh" of the plant; but it is not known in exactly what part of the plant the combination of these elements with carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen is effected. Potassium finds its way in through the root-hairs, and its office in controlling the constructive processes in young tissues, and in assisting transfers of food within the plant, is fairly well settled. Magnesium appears to be a constant constituent of the leaf-green. Formerly iron was thought to be, but that is not now quite so certain. The part which nitrogen plays is satisfactorily treated. The principal source of plant nitrogen is the soil-solution of diverse compounds of this element. But after all these compounds are studied a question remains as to the uncombined nitrogen in the air between the soil-particles. That a certain part of it can be used by the roots through the agency of low organisms associated with the roots, is one of the most interesting of recent discoveries. Plants take substantially all their water through their roots. But it is hard to explain certain phenomena of recovery from wilting without assuming that in exceptional cases plants can obtain part of their supply through other tissues—as the author shows by numerous citations. Carbon comes in through the leaves in the form of carbon-dioxide. Its appropriation by the plant is termed by the author *assimilation*, an old word, concerning the accuracy of which authorities dispute. Professor Jost continues:

> We must recognize in carbon-dioxide assimilation the source of the collective organic life of our globe, life which ultimately draws its energy from the sun.

He thinks that not quite one per cent. of the solar energy which falls on the leaf is employed in carbon-dioxide decomposition. And yet it is that one per cent. which constructs all food and treasures, directly or indirectly, all energy for all organisms on our planet. The author concludes that the leaf-green, through which this wonderful treasuring of solar energy takes place, is something more than a mere "sensitizer," although this is probably one explanation of its relations to sunlight. The first product of assimilation may be traced through many complicated processes by which organic compounds in infinite variety are formed. This is, of course, recondite chemistry. Even to enumerate a fraction of the substances which the plant produces in its laboratory would be impossible here. It is sufficient to say that with German thoroughness, the author has placed his drag-net over almost all.

Among the various products of chemical transformation are the materials out of which the plant builds new tissues, and out of which tissues frame new organs. This brings us to the second part of the volume, Metamorphosis. Some other less rigid name would perhaps have been better to connote such subjects as growth, development, and heredity. In the last few years this department has been invaded by statisticians and mathematicians, and the results of experimentation have been put on a numerical basis. As yet there is a certain amount of fog over the whole field, but Professor Jost has for the most part kept on the higher and less obscure ground. Where there is doubt, he says so. For us, it is enough to say that results in the study of heredity are coming in so fast that many of the most competent students are bewildered.

In the concluding part of the volume, Transformations of Energy, we are shown the different responses of plants to external agents. The subject is treated on the whole judicially. It is to be regretted that Professor Jost has given no space to the sensitive instruments devised by Prof. Chundar Bose, by which it is asserted that very obscure responses can be not only detected, but analyzed. This concluding part is full of interest to serious students of the activities of nature, and also to casual readers, to whom leisure for investigation of these phenomena has been denied. It would be well if all observers, amateurs, and professionals, could avail themselves of Professor Jost's suggestions as to methods. As it is, many observations now go to waste.

The index is generally good, in spite of a few curious omissions. For instance, Professor Jost takes up the matter of sap under various headings, and gives an excellent account of it, but the term "sap" does not appear in the index.

The Macmillan Co. announces a series of six Biological Studies and Addresses by H. F. Osborn. The first of them is at hand, "Evolution of Mammalian Molar Teeth," with W. K. Gregory, the assistant of Professor Osborn, as the editor. The purpose of the book is the collection of the writings of the author on this question and the extension of them by other observations and illustrations in support of the tritubercular theory. The shares of the author and the editor are not clearly indicated. In recent years this doctrine, founded by Cope some twenty-five years ago, has met with much criticism and opposition, held by Professor Osborn to be largely due to misunderstandings and removable by a fuller presentation of the evidence. The illustrations are numerous and with few exceptions very clear. Some of the other studies have titles suggestive of less specialization and more interest for the general reader.

A recent publication of the Carnegie Institution—No. 77 in the series—is by F. G. Benedict, and reports experiments on "The Influence of Inanition on Metabolism." These observations were made with the use of the complicated calorimeter at Middletown whose construction was largely due to the initiative and energy of the late Prof. W. O. Atwater, although it ought not be forgotten that others have shared in the general design and in much ingenious and clever detail to an extent that has not been quite adequately acknowledged. The book deals with fourteen fasts in which ten different persons voluntarily went without food from two to seven days, but mostly only for periods of two to four days. There are also some studies with food in connection with fasts. The observations are given in great detail and with a fulness which has never been attained in similar investigations. The literature concerning inanition in man is also very fully considered—at least so far as it can be said to have any scientific value. This is not the place for a discussion of the results, and it must suffice to say that the metabolic status of the faster turns out to be far less simple and its bearing on the bigger problems of nutrition less direct than many have expected them to be. The reader is also left with the impression that in this line of experimentation some sort of preëxperimental standard of metabolism, so to speak, ought to be adopted, so that the fasters shall enter upon the period of special study under conditions which are more strictly comparable than they usually are. A fly-leaf in this book announces that a nutrition laboratory has been erected in Boston by the Carnegie Institution, and is now in charge of Professor Benedict. No indication is given of the future of the researches at Middletown, which for several years were aided by grants from the Institution.

Arthur J. Fynn's "The American Indian as a Product of Environment" (Little, Brown & Co.) is not profound scholarship of the sometimes over-condemned armchair type, nor is it the result of any notable investigations upon the spot. It is made up in part from entirely reliable sources, all English, and in part from more or less desultory personal observations. It does not live up to its main title; as the author notes in a sort of sub-subtitle, his interest lies chiefly with the Pueblos. Nevertheless, this is, with certain reservations, a pretty good book; it takes hold of the subject in the right way, and it is clear and simple. It is time that ethnography should be written from just this point of view of adaptation to environment. Of course, the Pueblos, whose very religion would reveal the condition of nature under which they live, are an easy subject for such treatment. A little more of the comparative method would have added greatly to the value of the book. The author apparently lays no claim to a wide knowledge of ethnology; but if his little volume incites some specialists to essay the treatment of savage races upon similar lines, it will have performed a worthy service.

Jerome Dowd's "Negro Races" (The Macmillan Co.) is the first volume of an announced series covering "a sociological study of mankind from the standpoint of race." The present instalment covers the Negritos, "Negritians," and Fellatahs of Africa. It appears from the announcement that this is all there is to be upon the Negritos, and that the black races of the Far East are not to be discussed. In any case, the Oceanic Negritos, such as the Mincopis and Aëtas, are not to consort with their African congeners. This seems to us to be an error of arrangement; and we are inclined to think that there is a similar vagary in the somewhat novel classification (of the African negroes described) under different "zones" *e. g.*, the banana, millet, camel, and cattle zones. The tribes in these several belts are treated under the headings: economic, family, political, religious, and æsthetic life; and we wind up with the "psychological characteristics" of the banana and other zones. The bibliography as a key to the scholarship of the work shows some ten each of German and French titles, and a good many curious entries that suggest an inclusion of chance matter. The style is not seldom anecdotal, though the stories are often rather apt. Yet despite shortcomings, there has been an honest effort to assemble a large array of useful facts. The sections on the Pygmies and the lighter races of South Africa are satisfactory, and one imagines that the other chapters would be more effective had the arrangement been different. In fine, the author has assumed rather light-heartedly a task too difficult and encyclopædic for any save the hand of a profound and highly gifted scholar.

Prof. Svante Arrhenius, whose "Världarnas utveckling" has recently been translated into English, has again made a remarkable literary success with his new book "Människan inför världsgåtan" (Stockholm: H. Geber). In a few months it has seen five editions. After the publication of his previous work many questions were presented to him, especially respecting the history of theories as to the origin of the universe. As a kind of reply to these inquiries, Professor Arrhenius has published the present volume, in which he gives an historical account of man's ideas of the development of the world. Beginning with the legends of primitive peoples and the creation myths of the most developed ancient religions, he goes on through the cosmogonic speculations of ancient philosophers and those of the scientists of a later time to the more exact observations and experiments of modern investigators. He upholds the theory of panspermism (according to which life originates on a planet from germs driven through the universe by solar radiation) against spontaneous generation. The latter, he thinks, may one day be regarded in the same way that we now regard the theory of a *perpetuum mobile*.

At a recent meeting of the Accademia dei Lincei, Senator Augusto Righi, professor of Physics in the University of Bologna, announced the discovery of a special type of rays which accompany the discharge of electricity in rarefied gases. He suggests the name magnetic rays, since their most marked characteristic is their conduct in the presence of a magnetic field. Details of this discovery will be published in the next volume of the reports of the Accademia.

William Ashbrook Kellerman, professor of botany at Ohio State University, died in Guatemala, March 8. He was born in Ashville, O., in 1850, and after graduation from Cornell in 1874, he obtained his doctor's degree at Zurich. Before coming to the Ohio State University he taught in the Wisconsin State Normal School, was professor of botany and zoölogy in the Kansas State Agricultural College, and botanist of the Kansas Experiment Station. He was founder and editor of the *Journal of Mycology* and the *Ohio Mycological Bulletin*. Among his books are "Flora of Kansas," "Elementary Botany," "Phyto-Theca," and "Spring Flora of Ohio."

Austin Craig Apgar, vice-president of the New Jersey State Normal School, Trenton, died March 4. He was born at Peapack in 1838, was graduated from the Normal School in 1862, and had been teaching in that institution more than forty years. He had studied science under both Louis Agassiz and Alexander Agassiz. He was author of "Geographical Handbook," 1865; "Geographical Drawing Book," 1866; "Plant Analysis," 1874; "Mollusks of the Atlantic Coast," 1891; "Pocket Key of the Trees," 1891; "Trees of the Northern United States," 1892; "Pocket Key of the Birds," 1893; and "Birds of the United States," 1898.

Dr. Daniel Bennett St. John Roosa, president of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, and professor of diseases of the eye, died in this city March 8. He was born in Bethel, N. Y., 1838, and after graduation from the University Medical College of this city in 1860, he served as a surgeon in the civil war. He filled important positions in the medical schools and hospitals of New York, he had been president of the New York State Medical Society, and he was a member of various medical and scientific societies. Among his writings are "The Old Hospital and Other Papers," 1886; "A Pocket Medical Lexicon," 1887; "Treatise on the Ear," 1891; "Treatise on the Eye," 1894; "A Doctor's Suggestions"; "On the Necessity of Wearing Glasses"; and "Defective Eyesight," 1899.

Drama.

A pamphlet, "The Typical Shakesperian Stage," just published by the Knickerbocker Press of this city, consists of the third chapter of a forthcoming volume on the Shakespearean stage by Victor E. Albright. This scholarly bit of work, which will be read with interest by persons interested in Elizabethan methods of dramatic representation, is an attempt to reconstruct a typical stage of the Elizabethan period from a careful study of the few and not always trustworthy prints of sixteenth-century theatrical interiors, and some contemporary stage directions. The interest in this subject has been quickened in recent years by the so-called Elizabethan performances organized by William Poel and the brothers Greet. It is now conceded, pretty generally, that the pre-Restoration theatre was not so destitute of the common means of illusion as was formerly supposed, but Mr. Albright argues, with much enthusiasm and some plausibility, that except in the matter of painted scenery, it had stage facilities not altogether incomparable with those of the present day. Briefly, his theory is that the stage was separated by a curtain into two divisions—front and rear—with an extra proscenium space, and that each of these had its proper side entrances and exits. With such an arrangement it is easy, of course, to see how the rapid changes of scene called for in Shakespearean and other pieces could have been marked and much possible confusion avoided. Mr. Albright argues further that Shakespeare and his fellows constructed their plots with a special view to these conditions. In support of this theory he quotes stage directions from a great number of old plays which are certainly consistent with it, although they do not absolutely prove it. But it is to be noted that in many of his citations there is no positive indication that the "curtain" alluded to is anything more than a temporary device. Nevertheless, the theory is ingenious and plausible, and offers a simple explanation of the way in which the necessary properties—thrones, tables, chairs, beds, and so forth—could be arranged in the back scene, while the street conversations, so common in the Elizabethan drama, were proceeding in front. But in considering the question it must not be forgotten that the whole undivided stage could scarcely have been more than twenty feet square. The use of the gallery and the "hut," to which Mr. Albright devotes some space, is familiar, of course, to all students of the period. It is, perhaps, worth while to remark that the interest in this topic is antiquarian rather than practical. The value of modern Elizabethan performances lies more in the treatment of the text than in the accuracy of the stage fittings.

The precise dramatic status of the latest Russian actress, Vera Komisarzhevsky—like that of Madame Nazimova—is still uncertain, neither of these performers having attempted here, as yet, any character involving the interpretation of emotions or passions of the nobler sort. But in the three plays in which Madame Komisarzhevsky has already appeared, she has demonstrated a striking versatility, insight, and consistency, fine artistic restraint, and a rare control of technical resources. In the delicacy and calculated significance of her work she is worthy of comparison with Eleanora Duse. She excels particularly in the eloquence of facial expression and in the naturalness, variety, and appropriateness of her by-play. All these qualities were exhibited with delightful effect in the different phases of Norah in "A Doll's House." As Marikke in Sudermann's "Johannesfeuer" she underwent a complete transformation, in appearance, voice, and behavior. Her subdued and distraught manner, her abrupt speech, and a certain rigidity of pose, as if she were keeping a strong hold upon herself, denoted the pressure of inward agitation as surely as did her impulsive outbreaks of affection for her unconscious rival, Trude. And when, in the third act, she gave vent to the passion that consumed her, her acting had all the abandonment of truth, without any of the extravagance of mere theatricality. In short, she is clearly an actress of the first rank, and she is supported by a company of all-round capacity and sound training. It is unfortunate that she should be giving plays, which, so far as the general public is concerned, are almost as unknown as the tongue in which they are presented, but connoisseurs in acting will find ample gratification in watching, even if they cannot understand her.

"The Fool Hath Said 'There Is no God,'" a piece constructed by Laurence Irving upon the main outlines of Dostoieffski's "Crime and Punishment," and produced by E. H. Sothern in the Lyric Theatre, on Monday evening, is a melodrama of common type, having no extraordinary features except its rather crude utterances on the beauties of anarchy in government and religion. There is in it presumably quite as much of Laurence Irving as there is of the original author. The force of the main thesis, that man is justified in ignoring human and divine laws and in committing murder (with a purely benevolent motive), is practically destroyed by the hero's final acknowledgment of his religious and political obligations in deference to the compelling faith of the heroine. Undoubtedly the play is regarded, both by Mr. Irving and Mr. Sothern, as representative of modern liberal ideas, and, being offered in good faith, is worthy of courteous recognition; but, upon the argumentative side, it is a violent, contradictory, inconclusive, and essentially juvenile affair, while as drama it is only really effective at intervals. It would be worthy of more respect if it were not plainly written to gratify all shades of opinion. It caters both to rhapsodic faith and aggressive infidelity.

Lily Hanbury, the actress, who was Mrs. Herbert Guedalla in private life, died in London March 5. She was born in London in 1874, and made her first appearance in 1888 in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Savoy Theatre. Recently she had appeared as leading lady in several of Beerbohm Tree's most important productions.

Music.

The True Story of My Life. By Alice M. Diehl. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

"Literature was my first love," Mrs. Diehl confesses to the readers of her autobiography; and it is through her novels—nearly half a hundred in number—that her name became best known. Yet the chief interest of her reminiscences lies in her gossip relating to the time when she was a pianist and met many men and women eminent in the musical profession. She could, at the age of four, play by ear any music she heard that she liked, but she considers this a reprehensible practice which "should be sternly discouraged"; why, she does not explain. In the summer of 1858 her mother took her to Schloss Gersdorf in Silesia, where the great Henselt resided during his furlough from royal and other engagements in St. Petersburg. When they arrived, the eminent pianist met them at the door, "dark, handsome—clad in white and wearing a red fez." She found him not only a stern, but a capricious teacher. He scoffed at all the rules laid down by Mozart, Hummel, Cramer, Czerny, and Kalkbrenner. Her first "piano lesson" was given on the organ, as a study in legato playing. She found she had to begin all over again, "in irons," literally, because he insisted on his difficult exercises being practised with weights—copper coins by preference—on the wrists. In teaching he was "a raging lion." "It was all a storm of corrections, given between his favorite pastime of fly and wasp-killing with a leathern flap at the end of a stick." The real tuition began when he took her place on the stool, and, after caricaturing her errors, showed her how to play.

When she returned to London she found that her studies with Henselt, far from proving an advantage, were a detriment. Henry Broadwood introduced her to Professor Ella, "the musical autocrat of the aristocracy of music," who sneered at Henselt as an executant. Broadwood also introduced her to the all-powerful critic, H. F. Chorley, who condemned the Henselt method "with a wholesale condemnation which was dispiriting." Ella consented to have her appear at one of his concerts, and her début was highly successful. Previous to this, no less a musician than Berlioz had spoken encouragingly of her playing.

It was through another eminent composer, Ferdinand Hiller, that the author of this volume became a writer. Having made his acquaintance, she wrote an article on him which was inserted in the place of honor in the *Musical World*, and caused its editor, Davison, to call on her and say: "Why, you girl, you, what are you thinking of, messing about all this time with music, when you were born with a pen in your hand?" She took the hint and soon found writing more profitable, if not more congenial, than playing or teaching. For sixteen years she lived among the authors and journalists close to the Regent's Park, meeting many eminent writers (among them Bret Harte), of whom she gives brief but graphic pen-and-ink sketches.

Mrs. Diehl closes her book with this confession: "The only novel I have written which I really feel to be part of myself is 'The Temptation of Anthony.'"

Two interesting revivals — Thomas's "Mignon" at the Metropolitan Opera House and "Crispino e la Comare" by the Ricci brothers at the Manhattan—call for a few lines of comment. When "Mignon" was first produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris (1866), it had 150 performances in twelve months, and it has ever since remained prominent in the repertory. In Berlin it became very popular while Geraldine Farrar was at the Royal Opera. Patrons of the Metropolitan have at last had a chance to hear her in this part, in which she displays her art of impersonation to perfection. Whether as the frightened gypsy waif, or the jealous page, or the sweet *jeune fille* in Filina's gown, or the typical beauty from the land of the citron and the orange, she is always true to life, a picture for the camera at every moment, and her singing is as good as her acting. No doubt Thomas's opera will gain a new lease of life through her art; it is a work that deserves renewed favor, being in every way far superior to most of the modern Italian products we have to put up with. Far superior, also, is it to the older Italian opera "Crispino," which owed its revival entirely to the magic of Tetrazzini's name. It takes one back to the sixties of the last century, when the two Ricci brothers were famous as collaborators. There is a certain amount of fun in their libretto, and the music has an easy melodious flow, but it is shallow throughout. The interest in hearing such a work is chiefly historic. Tetrazzini gave as an appendix Julius Benedict's variations on "The Carnival of Venice," which she sang with dazzling brilliancy. Her popularity is unabated, and so is that of Mary Garden as Louise and Mélisande.

French composers have not been idle of late. Massenet has written "Bacchus" for the Paris Grand Opéra, on a book by Catulle Mendès, the librettist of "Ariane." The composer has also found time to write a short ballet, "Espada," for the Monte Carlo opera. Gabriel Fauré, during the autumn holidays, composed an act of an opera, entitled "Penelope." Théodore Dubois, former director of the Conservatoire, has finished a suite of "Odelettes Antigones"—the words being by his son—and several pianoforte pieces. He has also begun writing a symphony. Ch. M. Widor has given the last touches to a symphony for orchestra and grand organ, which will be first heard in Berlin. Xavier Leroux has composed half the score of an opera based on a book by the prolific librettist, Catulle Mendès. Paul Vidal is nearing the end of "Ramsès," which will be brought out soon by the new directors of the Grand

Opéra. Henri Février has completed an opera on Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna."

The mausoleum of the Emperor Augustus has been restored sufficiently to be opened to the Roman public, under the name of the Amphitheatre Corea, in which popular symphony concerts (the twentieth century substitutes for the bull fights held there not even a hundred years ago) are to be given Sunday afternoons. An admission fee of five cents for a seat in the second gallery makes it possible for the humblest to enjoy excellent music. In addition to $16,000 spent on the building, the Comunal Council of Rome has voted an annual appropriation of $10,000 to the Royal Academy of Sta. Cecilia, which has undertaken to give not less than twenty-five symphony concerts each season in addition to four of chamber music. This is the first attempt in Italy to give classical orchestral concerts at popular prices.

Art.

FAIR WOMEN.

LONDON, February 25.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has closed its usual winter show and opened an exhibition of Fair Women at the New Gallery. It is a very few years since the Grafton Gallery gave an exhibition of the same kind. That collection was retrospective; the great pictures of the eighteenth century British portrait painters were drawn upon, and those who saw it will still remember the beautiful Gainsboroughs. To avoid repetition and rivalry, nothing was left but to vary the period represented, and to insist upon the international character which Whistler gave to the society. The period chosen is, roughly speaking, from the eighteen-sixties, and much has been done in the last fifty years to justify the choice. The first shock of disappointment is to find so little work from abroad. An admirable opportunity for comparative study has been thrown away.

France fares a trifle less badly than other countries. But except for a fine little pencil drawing by Ingres, a powerful Madame Georges Duruy by Besnard, with none of the mannerisms of his later painting, a Madame Henri Fouquié by Carolus-Duran; with the distinction of his earlier portraits, the Renoits retained from the recent exhibition, and some fairly interesting examples of Ricard—with these exceptions, there is hardly anything to record the aims and tendencies of French art in the last half-century. A very inferior Lenbach, a couple of artificial Winterhalters, and three portraits by Prof. George Sauter exhaust the art, it appears, of the German schools. There is nothing from Belgium, save two beautiful examples of Alfred Stevens. One, however, The Lady in White, makes a visit to the exhibition more than worth while. There is nothing from Holland save one Matthew Maris, and it comes from England—the exquisite little Fantasy. These are pictures well known. Anglada and Zuloaga belong to the society, and yet no portraits have been discovered in Spain but one indifferent full-length by Ramon Casas. The art of portrait painting in Italy begins and ends with Mancini—to some good purpose I must admit. I have seen Mancinis of late years that, for all their brilliance and cleverness, were almost impossible in their exuberance of color and in the painter's growing mannerisms, which are against all the finest traditions of painting. But there is here a portrait of Mrs. Charles Hunter that simply dominates the wall on which it hangs. The canvas is large and the color scheme, for Mancini, austere. He has not altogether escaped from the mannerisms to which I refer; the paint rises in ridges, as if he used it as a sculptor uses his clay, and bits of metal are worked into the buckle at the waist, even into the flesh. There is absolutely no feeling for the beauty of surface. But you forgive defects and affectation in your pleasure for the fine modelling of the seated figure, the beautiful quality of the black of the gown and the deep gold of the couch, and the magnificent handling of detail. A few pictures, like the Alfred Stevens and the Matthew Maris, are more subtle, more exquisite, but not one is more vigorous, not one gives such an impression of knowledge and power.

It cannot be denied that the last half-century has produced no greater portrait painter than the American Whistler, not one who has had more influence on the younger generation, not one who has painted more beautiful portraits of beautiful women, from The Little White Girl down to Miss Kinsella, and, though Whistler virtually made the society, not one painting by him has been hung. He is not, however, entirely forgotten. A small group of prints and drawings has been arranged, though not thought of sufficient importance to fill a centre. The dry-point Miss Eleonore Leyland and the lithographs, The Little Nude Model Reading aud The Little Draped Figure Leaning, have been often seen. The studies are less well known. One is a small pen-drawing of Lady Meux in fur cloak and muff, for a portrait begun but never finished; another, evidently, was for one of the etchings of "Maud." Whistler was always making these little studies, sometimes in pen-and-ink, oftener in chalk on brown paper. They were notes of a pose, a bit of drapery, a costume; memoranda for his own use, serving him exactly as the studies of the old masters served them, and not paraded as so many finished works in the manner of the modern young genius. Whistler did exhibit his studies from time to time, but not very often, so that when many were hung at the London Memorial Exhibition of his work they were a revelation, even to his admirers. It is unfortunate that space could not have been made for a larger number now. I, for my part, would gladly have spared for them the space which is now reserved for the new vice-president, William Strang, in whose studies one is still more conscious than in his paintings of his frequent clumsiness as draughtsman. Besides Whistler, two other Americans exhibit: J. W. Alexander, whose Marjorie, a full-length of a young girl in white, is not a very characteristic example; and Timothy Cole, whose admirable wood-engravings after the French masters have been accepted, only to be stuck into a corner, where it is difficult to see them with satisfaction.

Moreover, I have not even the consolation of believing that the International Society is becoming more intolerant of art abroad because of greater catholicity of spirit at home. Despite all professions, the open-mindedness is more apparent in the catalogue than on the walls. There are interesting Rossettis—little drawings for his earliest illustrations in Allingham's "Music Master" and Moxon's "Tennyson"; one water-color, Mount Pomona, alone represents him as a painter. With Millais, also the interest is in the examples of the illustrations which made him one of the great masters of the sixties, while the few large portraits are characteristic rather of the popular moment, when, as I believe he put it himself, he was working not so much for fame as for wife and children. Leighton and Alma-Tadema share the same fate; that is, they are seen at their feeblest, not their strongest. Only two Academicians are treated with prominence and some degree of fairness. Mr. Sargent is one, but by some strange perversity he suffers rather than gains by the distinction. I have not forgotten that I wrote in praise of his colossal Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane on its first appearance at the Academy in 1900. Now, I ask myself in amazement why I praised, and I feel that the picture is best described in the words of an artist who at the time insisted there was nothing to be seen except a heap of women in white being poured out of a picture. Indeed, the only good Sargents in this show are his Miss Evans and one other, here called simply Portrait, interesting as student work. Watts is the other conspicuous Academician. His Hon. Mrs. Wyndham has a centre, and it is usually ranked as his finest portrait. It is dignified and is painted with a bigness of style not common among modern Academicians. But there is no life, no flesh and blood in the figure, and the want of feeling for texture gives it an unpleasant cast-iron quality. The Besnard and Carolus-Duran put it out of countenance. His other portraits are of no particular merit, but his Clytie, sometimes declared his greatest achievement, has a place of honor in the Sculpture Hall.

I am not given to quoting the *Times* in matters of art, but I am inclined to think its critic is not without reason when he says the exhibition is chiefly for the benefit of one group of the International and their friends. They may be supremely unconscious of the fact, but their work loses nothing by the avoidance of comparison with that of men of greater learning, distinction, and charm. All critics do not agree with the *Times*, and there are others full of admiration for the Exhibition as proof of the fine and healthy condition of British art to-day, and its promise for the future. There is, indeed, no question that the collection includes much of interest, and that here and there are very fine pictures. The few masterpieces, however, cannot redeem the general commonplace.

N. N.

The Boston Society of Architects has just published "A Holiday Study of Cities and Ports," by Robert Swain Peabody. To further the work of the commission on the improvement of metropolitan Boston, of which he is a member, he has visited some of the most active cities of northern Europe, and describes here the way in which they are developing their industrial and commercial resources, and at the same time adding to their attractiveness by beautiful streets, squares, boulevards, and public buildings. While his direct aim is the awakening of similar activity in Boston, yet these results of his investigations have a bearing on the future of every American city. He closes with an attempt to answer the pertinent question, How would the German Kaiser develop Boston? The illustrations consist of 104 pictures on 35 plates, among the most suggestive of which are those showing the beautiful walk under the elevated railway at Berlin, and the artistic way in which electric light poles and trolley posts are treated in Hamburg and Amsterdam.

The heirs of the artist Adolf von Menzel will publish his correspondence. Persons who have letters or other documents of Menzel are requested to send them to Prof. Oskar Bie, Bühlowstrasse 80, Berlin.

Sixty-eight autograph letters of Michelangelo have, according to dispatches from Italy, recently been found among the family papers of Count Rasponi Spinelli at Florence. They will soon be published.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* begins its eighth year with a new cover and a heavier, coated paper, which permits a clearer printing of the cuts. One notes the improvement in the drawings reproduced from the Dubini collection, Milan, by Francesco Malaguzzi Valeri. These practically unknown drawings comprise interesting examples by Tintoretto, being sketches for such well-known pictures as the Original Sin, the Baptism of Jesus, and the Miracle of the Bread and Fishes—in the Scuola di S. Rocco; and for the Miracle of St. Mark, in the Academy, Venice.

Prof. H. Diels, at the recent meeting of the Berlin Academy, reports the finding of an antique temple key. His account, when printed in the Bericht, will be illustrated by a photograph. Up to this time nothing has been found in connection with the ruins of old shrines that could with a certainty be called a key. The present discovery was made at one of the most famous temples of Greece, the sanctuary of Artemis Hemera in Lusoi, Arcadia. That this key belongs to the temple is attested by an inscription, dating perhaps from the fifth century.

The exhibition of the Municipal Art Society of New York will be open at the National Arts Club to March 27, inclusive. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Emil Carlsen and sculpture by Clara Hill, Bauer-Folsom's, March 13; pictures by Horatio Walker, Montross's, March 14; portraits by Maurice Fomkes, M. Knoedler & Co.'s, March 14; paintings by George H. Macrum and John F. Carlson, George A. Glaenzer & Co.'s, March 21; pictures by Malcolm Fraser, Clausen's, March 28; pictures and studies in oil and water-colors by Raphael Lewisohn, Oehme's, March 29.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 22, the following prices were paid for drawings: C. Fielding, Storm on the Coast, £262; P. de Wint, Woody Landscape, with cattle and stream in the foreground, £110; Turner, Lake of Lucerne, £420. These paintings were also sold: J. Linnell, Sen., Gathering Fuel, £210; H. Harpignies, La Nièvre à Nevers, £651.

Frederick Warren Freer, a painter and teacher at the Chicago Art Institute, died March 7. He was born in Chicago in 1849, and studied for some years in Munich and other foreign cities. He was an associate of the National Academy of Design, and a member of the American Water Color Society and the New York Etchers' Club. Among the honors which he received were a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition, 1893; a bronze medal at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901; a silver medal at the Charleston Exposition 1902; the Martin B. Kohn Prize, Chicago Art Institute, 1902; Artist's prize and medal, Chicago, 1903; and a bronze medal, St. Louis, 1904. His principal pictures are A Lady in Black, Consolation, The Old Letter, In Ambush, and Sympathy.

George Chickering Munzig, the portrait painter, died March 5 in this city. He was born in Boston in 1859, and studied at the Primmer School, Boston, and the Academy Julian and Lefebvre, Paris. He had painted the portraits of many prominent people.

William Callow, well-known for his work in water color, died at Great Missenden, England, February 22, in his ninety-sixth year. When only seventeen Callow went to Paris to continue his studies, and while there acted for seven years as professor of water-color painting to the family of Louis Philippe. In 1838 he was made an associate of the Royal Water-Color Society. Among his publications are "Illustrated Book of Versailles" and "Deep-Sea Fishing."

Charles Brun, the French painter, has died at the age of eighty. A student of Picot and Cabanel, he collaborated with the latter in L'Improvisateur Arabe. He was specially at home in Oriental scenes.

The death is announced, in his seventy-seventh year, of Ferdinand Callebert, the Belgian painter and director of the Academy at Rouliers. His painting was largely of religious subjects, and many specimens of his work may be seen in Belgian churches.

Paul Thumann, painter, illustrator, professor at the Berlin Academy of Arts, has died in that city in his seventy-fourth year. His work, both in historical painting and fancy portraiture, was popular in Germany, and photographs of his female heads are scattered broadcast in America.

Finance.

PANIC AND POLITICS.

The arrival of the period when political conventions in the States are expected to make their preliminary platforms for the Presidential contest, converges interest again on the part which the panic of 1907 is to play in current politics, and, conversely, on the part which politics will play in business. It is a tradition of American finance and industry that a Presidential election, even in days of unruffled markets and prosperous trade, will be a time of unsettlement. Certainly there was a halt in commercial activity, and hesitation or disturbance on the Stock Exchanges, in 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, and 1900. At the last two dates, the fact that one party advocated currency measures which would have altered the standard of value might have been assigned as the cause of misgiving, but in the earlier contests no such factor existed. Most of the elections—notably that of 1880—were in years of genuine prosperity, when "free silver planks" cut no figure. The notable exception to the general rule of trade depression was 1904; the canvass was accompanied by steady and continuous recovery in trade, and for this the commonly accepted explanation was that Mr. Roosevelt's victory was regarded as assured in advance, and that therefore the programme of the next administration was not in doubt.

Another tradition of the markets, however, is that a campaign after a serious panic is likely to be particularly disturbing, both because unsound nostrums will be advocated in party platforms with the idea of preventing future panics, and because the people, smarting under losses, will incline to support the opposition. The opposition has certainly carried Congress in every election which immediately followed a great panic, and it has gained the Presidency in the election next following all such occasions, excepting only that of 1876, when Mr. Tilden, though he was not seated, nevertheless polled a heavy popular majority, and is still believed by a great many persons to have been lawfully elected.

All these considerations add to the interest taken by business men in the preliminary moves in selecting delegates and framing platforms for the approaching contest. The Ohio Republican convention, on Wednesday of last week, was the opening gun. The Ohio platform contained this declaration:

> We congratulate the American people that their recent safe passage through a financial disturbance indicates the sound basis upon which our commercial, industrial, and agricultural interests are founded, and the Republican party hails with confidence the signs now appearing of a complete restoration of business prosperity in all lines of trade, commerce, and manufacturing.

Of this declaration, it will doubtless be said that its political value depends on the extent to which this "complete restoration of business prosperity" shall have been achieved before November 3. The platform avoids such familiar assignments of causes as President Roosevelt's activities, or the people's excesses in the use of capital, or even the currency; the dominant party would naturally ignore these matters. There remained one popular scapegoat, and last week, Thursday, the Nebraska Democrats seized upon it:

> The injury done by issues of watered stock is more clearly seen and better understood, since the shrinkage in the market value of such stock has precipitated a widespread panic and brought enormous loss to the country.
>
> The panic has emphasized the necessity for legislation protecting the wealth producers from spoliation at the hands of the stock gamblers and the gamblers in farm products.

This is manifestly a bid for measures of the "anti-option" sort, aimed at preventing speculative operations on the Stock Exchange. Within a few days of this Nebraska declaration, a Republican Congressman, W. P. Hepburn of Iowa, supporter of the Administration and author of the Railway Rate Bill of 1906, introduced a measure imposing on sales of stocks a tax, virtually prohibitive in the case of large speculative transactions, amounting to 50 cents per $100 share. The effect on business of such proposals, if seriously pressed, is doubtful; on the stock exchanges, the bill was naturally regarded with apprehension.

The possibility of a "currency issue" in the approaching campaign, with disturbing results to industry, was indicated by the Nebraska convention's expression of belief that "in so far as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency, such currency should be issued and controlled by the Federal government, and that it should be loaned upon adequate security and at a rate of interest which will compel its retirement when the emergency is passed." The interesting part of this declaration is, that it does not assume that such currency is needed. For a State from which very radical platforms on the currency were once a matter of course, this is remarkably restrained.

In singular contrast was the declaration, on almost the same day, of a non-political gathering, the so-called Prosperity Convention of merchants, held at Baltimore. Demanding a change in the currency system, it adopted this resolution:

> The recent currency panic was wholly due to our bond-secured currency, which bears no relation to the trade and commerce of the United States.

This lodging of all responsibility for the October crash on the existing bank-note system is by no means in accord with the best economic judgment; but a "prosperity convention" might perhaps have been expected to express its feelings thus. A bond-secured currency can be abolished overnight, whereas financial exhaustion, due to the people's own extravagance and excesses during the recent "boom," would have to await the slow process of retrenchment and recuperation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atherton, Gertrude. The Californians. Macmillan. $1.50.

Bain, R. Nisbet. Slavonic Europe. Putnams. $2 net.

Barber, Edwin Allee. Lead Glazed Pottery. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Barr, Robert. The Measure of the Rule. Appleton. $1.50.

Benton, Elbert J. International Law and Diplomacy of the Spanish-American War. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Blackburne, S. S. Terms and Themes of Chess Problems. Dutton.

Bower, F. O. The Origin of a Land Flora. Macmillan, $5.50 net.

Bowne, Borden Parker. Personalism. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Bruce, H. Addington. The Riddle of Personality. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.

Burton, Martha Virginia. Sons of the Sun. Chicago: Bessette & Son.

Calvert, Albert F. Goya. John Lane Co. $1.25.

Coolidge, Asenath Carver. Prophet of Peace. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co.

Currency Problem and the Present Financial Situation. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Danby, Frank. The Heart of a Child. Macmillan. $1.50.

Dunn, Archibald. The Bridge Book. Dutton. $1 net.

Fabian Socialist: Socialism and Individualism; Socialism and Religion; Socialism and Agriculture; The Basis of Socialism. London: A. C. Fifield.

Fletcher, J. S. Mothers in Israel. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25.

Foreign Religious Series: Philipp Bachman, The New Message in the Teaching of Christ; E. F. Karl Müller, Our Lord; Paul Feine, St. Paul as a Theologian, 2 parts; Conrad von Orelli, The Peculiarity of the Religion of the Bible; Ludwig Lemme, Do We Need Christ for Communion with God? Eaton & Mains. 40 cts. net.

Gingerich, Solomon F. Wordsworth: A Study in Memory and Mysticism. Elkhart, Ind.; Mennonite Publishing Co. $1.20.

Ginzeky, Frank Karl. Jakobus und die Frauen. Lemcke & Buechner.

Hamilton, Clarence G. Outlines of Music History. Boston: Ditson.

Harkness, Memorial Exercises in Honor of Professor Albert. Providence: Published by the University.

Healy, Edith. La Comédie Classique en France. American Book Co. 50 cts.

Henry, René. Des Monts de Bohême au Golfe Persique. Paris.

Hildebrandt, A. Airships Past and Present. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50 net.

Holmes. Bettie Fleischmann. The Log of the "Laura" in Polar Seas. Cambridge: University Press.

Jepson, Edgar. Tangled Wedlock. McClure Co.

Jonson, Ben. The New Inn, or the Light Heart. Holt.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1758-1761. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.

Kern, James R. and Minna M. German Stories Retold. American Book Co. 30 cents.

Lecky, S. T. S. Wrinkles in Practical Navigation. D. Van Nostrand Co. $9 net.

Lewis, Alfred Henry. An American Patrician, or the Story of Aaron Burr. Appletons. $2 net.

Meehan, Michael. Mrs. Eddy and the Late Suit in Equity. Concord N. H.

Motley, James M. Apprenticeship in American Trade Unions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Mullins, E. Y. The Axioms of Religion. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1 net.

Ober, Frederick A. A Guide to the West Indies. Dodd, Mead, & Co. $2.25 net.

Ogden Family: Elizabethtown Branch. 2 vols. Compiled by William Ogden Wheeler. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

O'Hara, John Myers. The Poems of Sappho. Chicago.

Orczy, Baroness. In Mary's Reign. The Cupples & Leon Co. 75 cents.

Phillips, David Graham. Old Wives for New. Appletons. $1.50.

Pick, Bernhard. Hymns and Poetry of the Eastern Church. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Qui Etes-Vous? 1908. Lemcke & Buechner.

Ruhmer, Ernst. Wireless Telegraphy. Translated by James Erskine-Murray. D. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.

Saunders, Edward. Wild Bees, Wasps, and Ants. Dutton. $1.25.

Savallo, Dona Teresa de. The House of the Lost Court. McClure Co.

Schelling, Felix E. Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.

Shakespeare's The Tempest. The Bankside-Restoration Edition. Shakespeare Society of New York.

Shaw, Leslie Mortier. Current Issues. Appleton. $2 net.

Sinclair, Upton. The Metropolis. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

Slaughter, Philip. The History of Truro Parish in Virginia. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.

Smith, A. L. Frederick L. Maitland. Henry Frowde.

Snyder, A. W. Through the Forty Days. Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.

Stettheimer, Ettie. The Will to Believe. The Science Press.

Trevena, John. Furze the Cruel. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.

Updike, Wilkins. A History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett, Rhode Island. 3 vols. Boston: Merrymount Press.

Virgil's Æneid. Books VII-XII. Translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Wells, H. G. New Worlds for Old. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Wheelock, Elizabeth M. Stories of Wagner Operas Told for Children. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Whipple, Leander Edmund. Mental Healing. Metaphysical Publishing Co. $1.50 net.

Wood, Eugene. Folks Back Home. McClure Co.

Arkinsaw Cousins
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1908.

The Week.

Attorney-General Bonaparte now frankly admits that the government proposes to take no proceedings against labor unions for boycotting. This meth- of warfare has been held by the Supreme Court, in a unanimous decision, to be in violation of the Anti-Trust law. Application has been directly made to the Department of Justice, Mr. Bonaparte concedes, to begin an action against one powerful labor union for defiantly persisting in a boycott, but nothing is to be done. Indeed, the head of that labor union is in frequent consultation with the President, to prepare an amendment of the law so as to make labor unions immune. Moreover, certain District Attorneys who, in their innocence, supposed that all violators of Federal laws were to be prosecuted, and who went ahead and had boycotters indicted, have been rebuked by the Attorney-General for excess of zeal, and directed to discontinue all such proceedings until further orders from Washington. In the specific case of the District Attorney at New Orleans, Mr. Bonaparte admits this. He states that this Federal prosecutor was "a new appointee and somewhat zealous." The ostensible reason for thus extending immunity to a certain class of law-breakers is that the Department of Justice has "experts in such matters" and that impetuous District Attorneys ought not to proceed except by advice from Washington. Yet it takes no expert to see that this reduces the administration of justice to arbitrary whim. If the Administration desires to prosecute a certain man or corporation, prosecuted he or it is; but if for any reason it is regarded as "inconvenient" to arraign another violator of the statute, the machinery of the law is stopped. One has but to imagine the different reception which the decision of the Supreme Court would have met with from the Administration had it been against one of the President's pet malefactors. But since it was labor unions that were shown to be lawless, we have nothing but a grieved official silence, while the leader of the law-breakers is summoned to the White House in order to help draft a bill which will enable labor unions to snap their fingers at the general law. This is precisely the same as if President Roosevelt had sent for E. H. Harriman, after the Northern Securities decision, to plan with him some way of getting around it. We have heard many loud boasts that this Administration is "no respecter of persons." That may be; but its present course in the matter of organized labor defying the law, shows that it is, at any rate, a respecter of votes.

Senator Tillman has his uses, after all. A rude man, with utter scorn for the artificialities of "Senatorial courtesy," he sometimes utters the blunt and wholesome truth. In his attack upon the President on Monday he suddenly turned upon the Republican Senators with the demand why they dared not say in public what they were all saying in private. Publicly, they displayed the most cowardly servility to the President; in the cloak-rooms, as in their clubs and hotels and private houses, they spoke of him with the utmost dislike, bordering on personal hatred and fierce hostility. Where was their manliness, that they were afraid to utter a word of all this in open Senate? The challenge was met by Senator Beveridge alone. He denied that the relations of President Roosevelt to the leading men of his party in Congress were what Tillman alleged. Perfect harmony existed. The great minds at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue had reached the *idem sentire de republica*, so how could there be anything but hearty coöperation and the best of good feeling? If this was intended as a merry conceit, there is nothing to be said against it; but that, as a serious statement, it is a travesty of the actual truth, is known of all men. No one is more vividly aware of it than President Roosevelt himself. The bitterest language is used on both sides. Republican Senators speak with an indignation almost comic, so intense yet carefully confidential is it, about the course and speeches and messages of the President. He, on his part, gives them the benefit of his unbridled tongue. His epigrams about the most venerated of them, his arraignment of them by name—all this is retailed about Washington as the common gossip of the day. The amusing part of all this is the assumption of secrecy which has been kept up, in the face of the most widely-trumpeted publicity. Things are no longer done at Washington in a corner. What one Senator whispers in the ear of another, is instantly proclaimed from the housetops And the President's impulsive and picturesque *Tischreden*, busybodies and go-betweens immediately report. All that has happened is that Tillman has kicked over the screen behind which both sides make a decent pretence of hiding. There may be an apparent reconciliation between the President and the chiefs of his party in Washington, before the end of the session; but if so it will be like that famous conciliatory meeting between Lord John Russell and Palmerston, of which it was said that they embraced each other and then went away more deadly enemies than ever.

The Federal Administration, with the Civil Service Commission, is taking a highly technical and really indefensible position respecting complaints about the political activity of officeholders. The disposition is to pin the whole question down to the classified service. If the Federal employees complained of are not in that service, then, it seems to be argued, there is no ground for objecting to their attending and managing political conventions. For example, Frank Fisher, postmaster at Paducah, and Thomas L. Walker, postmaster at Lexington, are charged, the one with "spending the major part of his time organizing western Kentucky for Secretary Taft," the other with "directing the Taft fight in the eastern part of the State." Is it sufficient to reply that these men are not in the classified service? Far from it. The laws, rules, and directions governing the whole matter were epitomized in a separate publication by the Civil Service Commission in May of last year. They show clearly that the prohibition of partisan activity is by no means limited to employees in the classified service. First, we have the order of President Cleveland, dated July 14, 1886, directing Federal officeholders not to make their influence "felt in the manipulation of political primary meetings and nominating conventions." It was added that "the use by these officials of their positions to compass their selection as delegates to political conventions is indecent and unfair." Then we have the official letter of President Roosevelt, written June 13, 1902, explicitly declaring that "the Executive order of President Cleveland. of July 14, 1886, is *still in force*." There followed some general instructions, which apply to all persons holding office:

> Officeholders must not use their offices to control political movements, must not neglect their public duties, must not cause public scandal by their activity.

That is signed Theodore Roosevelt. So is a passage in the minutes of the Civil Service Commission, of August 14, 1894, which runs:

> There need not be the slightest apprehension that any officeholder will be wronged by not allowing him to take part in running the caucus or be active in a campaign. The danger does not lie that way. *The danger lies in the use of patronage to control nominating conventions and elections.*

Now, these rules would, if vigorously enforced, put an end to the meddling of officeholders in politics, of which there is evidence from one end of the country to the other. Federal employees *are* neglecting their duties; they *are* seeking to control political movements; they *are* causing public scandal. We care not in whose interest the thing is done—whether for Taft or Fairbanks or Cannon or Knox or Hughes. It is grossly improper and also illegal.

Mr. Taft's speech in Brooklyn Monday night took up the suppression of the qualified negro vote in the South. He admitted that this makes "a dead letter" of the Fifteenth Amendment. The legislative acts under which it is sought to justify discrimination against property-owning and educated colored men, he described as mere "evasions" of the Constitution. And he used plain words about the "fraud and violence" by which the negro vote has been eliminated. But when we ask what is to be done about it, his reply is, Nothing. We are to trust that "industrial progress in the South," and "the closer union between the sections," will secure, in the end, the equal political rights of the negro. This is an opinion which Mr. Taft is entitled to hold. But this careful statement of his views makes our curiosity all the greater about that plank in the Ohio platform which explicitly proposes to cut down the representation of the Southern States as the just way of meeting the disfranchisement of Southern voters. Does Secretary Taft approve of that part of the platform upon which his Presidential candidacy was proclaimed by the Ohio Convention? Is he in favor of putting such a plank in the national platform? The inference from his speech Monday night would be that he decidedly is not. But, in that case, we have the other inference forced upon us that his friends in Ohio went far beyond what he really believes and intends, and apparently did so for the sake of catching negro votes in Ohio.

What Gov. Hughes had to say about the tariff before the Brown Alumni at Boston last week may fairly be called a counsel of perfection. Beginning with the proposition that a majority of our citizens want tariff revision, he proceeded to a description of the spirit in which the revision of the Dingley schedules should be undertaken:

> It should be accomplished fairly, promptly, without log rolling, not in any sense as a matter of political manœuvring, but in the interest of the American people as a whole. We shall adhere to the policy of protecting American industry. We are not prepared to surrender our scale of wages or permit our standards of living to be reduced to those which prevail in other countries. Upon a complete and just examination of the facts any needed readjustment may be had to the end that the schedules may harmonize with the principle underlying the protective policy and the reasonable necessities of American production as compared with production abroad.

We wish most devoutly that the first part of this counsel might be followed. A "complete and just examination of the facts" would show, we believe, that the Dingley tariff serves not "the interests of the American people as a whole," but that of a small influential minority; that "our scale of wages and standards of living" are not dependent on a high tariff, but have been maintained at all stages of our varying fiscal policy; and that, finally, the "reasonable necessities of American production" do not include taxation of American consumers, since, as repeated investigations have shown, the highest wages and the lowest labor-cost are often found together in the American factories. But does the Governor really imagine that a Republican Congress in his lifetime will overhaul the tariff in the spirit which he describes with such fine idealism? If Congress had been actually animated by that spirit, certain features of the Dingley law would have gone years ago. Clear statements of fact are at times wonderfully potent in politics. No one in public life has been able to accomplish more by plain statement and lucid analysis than Gov. Hughes himself. Yet these forces need to be supplemented. If the racing bills are adopted by the New York Legislature, it will be because they are fought for, because they are presented as moral questions, and the tale of the evil they would cure is iterated and reiterated. The weakness of the Governor's tariff position, we think, is in his failure to see this, too, as a moral question, and his belief that, without powerful pressure from outside, Congress can be trusted to deal with it on grounds of abstract fairness.

The safe arrival of our battleship fleet in Magdalena Bay is legitimate cause for national gratification. It does not enter into the question that the notable cruise which has now been practically completed should have been undertaken after official denials and grave doubt as to its wisdom. Once the voyage had been decided upon, there could be no dissentients from the common hope that our ships and their men would come up to the high standard of efficiency implied in the test to which they were submitted; and it is an indubitable sign of efficiency that the fleet, without strain or mishap, should have arrived at its destination somewhat ahead even of its schedule. It is a maxim of modern naval strategy that a fleet is as fast as its slowest unit. That Admiral Evans should have brought in his command of sixteen battleships without delay or loss in stragglers is not the least notable achievement of the cruise. There is still bound to be much troubled talk about what is to come when target practice in Magdalena Bay is over. Certain prophets will continue to see visions of bloody war. But for the present it is enough that our ships, so far, have been much more active for peace than for war in leaving a trail of international good will along both coasts of Latin America.

It may be, as Representative Boutell says, that the Congressional committee investigating the submarine boat scandals was merely following precedents when it required Mr. Lilley to state his whole case before other witnesses were called, and the outside counsel retained by both parties to submit all their questions to the committee in writing. Nevertheless, on their face these decisions hardly square with common sense. Mr. Lilley's two lawyers have withdrawn from the case because, as they say, they could accomplish nothing under the restrictions imposed by the committee. Why, it is fair to ask, should counsel be allowed at all if they are to be debarred from using those methods of eliciting the truth from witnesses for which counsel chiefly exist in the courtroom? Notable Congressional inquiries, like the Smoot case, have been conducted by counsel on both sides, the committee occupying rather the position of a board of judges. The theory of our whole judicial system is that the conflict of two trained lawyers with freedom to ask questions germane to the inquiry is a better method of obtaining the truth than any other yet devised by the wit of man. No one supposes that the Congressional committee has discovered a better. The public, we may add, tolerant as it is of official laxity, has shown itself sensitive to a degree on the subject of investigations that do not investigate. It is nearly as serious a matter for a statesman to be caught with a whitewash brush in his hand as if that implement were a sectional "jimmy" to be used for breaking into the Treasury. Certainly, a committee which has the honor of the House of Representatives to uphold should be itself above suspicion.

Democratic Senators voted to sustain the President in discharging the colored soldiers, but that has not debarred them from sarcastic allusions to the way in which he is now trying to escape the consequences of his own action. He has asked the Senate for authority to reinstate "any man who, in his judgment, shall appear not to be in the class whose discharge was deemed necessary." But the President's order of November 5, 1906, declared that the discharge of "every man" in the companies at Brownsville was necessary. Moreover, they were all to be "forever debarred from reënlisting in the army or navy of the United States." But now, the President desires to give practically the whole of them an opportunity to reenlist. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs is to bring in a bill to authorize Mr. Roosevelt to reverse himself. It is not strange that the Democrats have to have their little flings at the "race" which the Republicans are now running to see who can do most to appease the dissatisfied negro voters. The net result of the inquiry is technically to uphold the President, by aid of the Democrats on the Committee, but actually to have brought out a mass of convincing evidence that Mr. Roosevelt's action was hasty, arbitrary, and unjust. That he is now conducting a thinly-disguised retreat from his first position, is the best proof that it was badly taken.

Trial by jury sometimes seems to be breaking down; but fresh illustrations of its success usually come along to vindicate it. One is the verdict against the men who cheated in the building and furnishing of the Pennsylvania Capitol. The case was intricate, and the proof of conspiracy, always difficult to establish, depended largely upon circumstantial evidence. Yet the jury saw its way clear through all the subtleties of the counsel for the defence, and found the high-placed thieves guilty. A sentence to jail now awaits them. Sentence has actually been imposed in Chicago upon John R. Walsh, for illegal use of the funds of certain banks. In this case, too, a patient jury sifted the facts and arrived at a verdict unquestionably just. Much credit, too, is due the presiding judge, and his plain-spoken address to the prisoner should carry far beyond its immediate application. Judge Anderson said that the position of a bank president is one of the highest trust, and that it is utterly inconsistent with his being a promoter. If more speculating bankers should see prison doors yawning, it would be a good thing, not only for banking, but for public morals.

The rejection of the Unemployed Workmen's bill by the British House of Commons will bring to the Liberal party mingled advantage and disadvantage. The firm stand taken by Mr. Asquith and John Burns against a measure of avowedly socialistic character is generally characterized as the first important step towards a rupture between the Liberals and the Laborites. Naturally, the defection of so large an element in the House of Commons is a disadvantage to any government that wishes to remain in power; and the Liberal government is only human. On the other hand, by coming out definitely against hot-haste progress toward Socialism, the Cabinet has succeeded in freeing itself from a good deal of the ambiguity that has surrounded its intentions ever since it came into power with a top-heavy majority that has kept the government hesitating between policy and policy. By so much as definiteness of aim is a gain, the Liberal party has gained by this vote. The majority may not be so fleshy now, but is more athletic; and a fighting government with a slim majority may, on the whole, live as long as a government blundering along under the staggering weight of its votes.

Those who maintain that English political methods are not, after all, so much purer than our own, will find comfort in the debate in the House of Commons the other day on "Secret Political Funds." That the war-chests of bot parties had been supplied by the practical sale of peerages was openly charged, and scarcely denied. The member for St. Pancras, Mr. Lea, was particularly outspoken. He affirmed that the titles and decorations in vogue in his country "are just as lacking in dignity, prestige, and moral worth as the methods by which they were obtained are corrupt and nauseous." He asserted that the tariff for these honors was well known; in one case as great a sum as $750,000 had been paid. Analyzing the creation of peers since 1903—two years under the Conservatives and two under the Liberals—he found that more than 20 per cent. were given in return for pecuniary aid to the party committees. Further than this, there has grown up a special Tariff League fund, out of which grants are made to favored candidates. The use of money from such sources comes perilously near violating the Corrupt Practices Act. All told, there was a great deal of dirty political linen aired in the debate, and incidental support given to the doctrine that political corruption is thicker than water, that bribed hands reach across the sea, etc.

While doubts may still remain as to the ultimate succcess of the reorganization of the London *Times*, just sanctioned by the courts, the radical changes that would have been involved in the transfer of the great newspaper to the control of the Pearson interests have probably been avoided. In that there is much satisfaction. It may be good that there shall be "hustling" journalism, but woe to him by whom "hustling" journalism cometh. A new paper, born screaming and yellow in the face, is endurable; but for an institution like the *Times* to take on the cap and bells of "up-to-date" newspaper methods is a tragedy. Though under the new arrangement the control of the *Times* is to remain with its present managers, we cannot but think that they will profit by their recent experience. As a matter of fact, the adoption of methods of a somewhat yellowish tinge—book enterprises and anti-publisher crusades—is one of the things that seriously damaged the *Times*. In any case, a resumption of some of the best traditions of the past may now be hoped for.

The burden of the latest news from Morocco is that things have been going well with the French. The cause of Mulai Hafid is on the decline. The other day a dispatch told of the offer made by two of his supporters to deliver his head to Abd-el-Aziz; and now Mulai Hafid is reported to be seeking peace with the French. The Shawia tribes of the region about Casablanca and Mazagan, in which Gen. d'Amade has been carrying on his campaign, have fought well. Mulai Hafid's own army seems to have done no less. But the French commander was quick to realize that he was confronted with the possibility of war on a larger scale, and adopted measures accordingly. The policy of mere resistance was abandoned for one of active aggression, by the system of flying columns which Gen. Lyautey has recently used with remarkable success on the Algerian frontier. In the course of the last two months severe engagements have been fought with invariable success for the French. Yet as late as the first week of March the government took the decisive step of dispatching a reinforcement of 4,000 men, making the French strength in western Morocco over 10,000 in all, together with the experienced Gen. Lyautey in a sort of advisory capacity. Before this method of war on a large scale Mulai Hafid's power is apparently collapsing.

Edmondo de Amicis, who died last week, was the most conspicuous representative, in modern Italian literature, of the classic traditions, whose fame has been obscured by the achievements of latter-day naturalism and mysticism of the more or less hectic type. Gabriele D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao have in all probability been read abroad much more than De Amicis, whose talent, in general, was not extraordinary. To us, as to the world at large, he is best known through a single book of child life, "Cuore," which has become one of the classics of European literature. But, without possessing the gifts of a D'Annunzio or a Carducci, the author of "Cuore" and of numerous volumes of entertaining travel had the sane and sympathetic outlook upon life, and the power of appealing to elemental sentiments regarding the value of accepted standards, without which a writer can never hope to be taken to its heart by a nation. Such a rank Carducci held, and such a rank, in spite of a rather theatric patriotism, D'Annunzio has not yet attained. In favor of the dead author were, of course, his notable share in the drama of Italian liberation, and the very fact of a long life and a fertile productivity.

TRUE AND FALSE MORAL ISSUES.

In a time of much confused thought and loose talk about moral issues in politics, the bills to extinguish gambling at race tracks, which Gov. Hughes has finally led a reluctant Legislature to accept, furnish a plain and excellent test of the genuine and the insincere in such matters. The issue which they present is moral, because it has to do with a widespread public temptation and demoralizing vice; and it is an issue which may properly be thrown into politics, because the organic law of the State enables the Legislature to act upon it by way of statute and penalty. First we have the moral agitation. It is directed to a specific evil. That evil can be delimited. Thereupon, its relation to the lawmaking power comes under discussion, and it is found that ample authority exists to deal with the immoral conditions by a law which can unquestionably be enforced. It is a typical case of a true moral issue.

These race-track bills, now happily on their way to enactment at Albany, stand in marked contrast with certain projects of legislation that are put forward as moral. We hear a great deal about the "moral awakening" that has taken place within the past few years. It is a consequence of it, we are told, that State Legislatures, and particularly Congress, are called upon to undertake all sorts of new legislation aimed at economic or social ills. But mere vague complaint, however loud, is not necessarily moral. To raise a great outcry and produce dissatisfaction and unrest by incessant clamor, without once making precise the public evil to be attacked, or explaining the weapons that are to be used against it, is often to do the commonwealth disservice. Complaints should always lead to cure. If the conscientious public man cannot isolate and define the bad condition which he wishes to remedy, and next show accurately the legal means by which it is feasible to proceed, then he should generally hold his peace. The demagogue will not, of course, because his stock in trade is to cry aloud; and the more undefined his charges and the more inarticulate his shouts, the better he gets on.

There is no occasion to condemn agitation, provided it has a specific cause and a clear purpose. Even noisy agitation has to be tolerated, in an age when some men will not believe that you are in earnest unless you scream. Burke said that we must not object to clamor when we could not deny the abuse. But when we speak, politically, of an abuse, we should always mean something which exists in political conditions, and which can be done away with by ordinary political tools. There are abuses which have their root in the weakness of human nature. They exist under any form of government, and are independent of any. Matters of personal habit and individual tendency and practice are often grossly offensive, shocking to contemplate and degrading in their effects; yet they are private, not public, abuses, because there is no way of reaching them by public law.

Any statesman who asserts that his proposals involve moral issues, exposes himself to a searching trial both of his intellectual soundness and his personal sincerity. It will not long be hidden if he is a shallow thinker; and if he shirks the logical results of his arguments, we know what to think of the genuineness of his devotion to reform. There has been, for example, much thundering in the political heavens about "swollen fortunes." They have been held up as a grievous wrong, their possessors have been described as little better than criminals, and the urgent duty of the hour has been declared to be to devise some means of mulcting them heavily. But this is a case, first of all, for clear thinking. Swollen fortunes may or may not be a bad thing, in their public effects—and it is only with their public effects that the legislator can deal. If they are the fruit of political corruption; if they are law-made; if they represent purchased privilege; if they grow out of the prostitution of governmental powers to private gain—then, indeed, we have a definite public evil. But what is the honest way to deal with it? Is it by vague denunciation and loud but empty threats? Will the statesman, as distinct from the demagogue, content himself with railing at the inequality of fortunes, stirring up every sort and degree of class hatred thereby, without once pointing out the steps that may be taken to undo the wrong? We think not. We think that any public man, with a clear head and an honest heart, who studies the problems of inordinate wealth in this country, will be driven to the conclusion that he can do only one thing to take the sting out of it. He can abolish the wealth-creating privileges conferred upon certain individuals by law. When he sees, for example, a tariff law which as good as places millions in the pockets of favored individuals, he will set his hand to the work of striking out such iniquities from the public statutes. A really sincere and firm statesman would be ashamed to prate about "swollen fortunes," yet, for party reasons, to refrain from saying one word about the protective duties that made so many of them possible.

As against such indefinite and inconclusive proceedings, under the name of a moral issue, the course of Gov. Hughes in connection with the bills to do away with public gambling, stands out instructively. He singled out his abuse. He showed that it was clearly remediable by law. Then he bent himself to such an explanation and advocacy of the reform he desired, that public sentiment was powerfully evoked. The best people of the State let it be known that they were with him. The whole was a fine example of a real moral issue at work. It should be an encouragement to political reformers everywhere, while having its plain warnings for self-seeking and trumpery politicians.

GERMANY'S LAW AGAINST SPECULATION.

The Hepburn bill to impose a prohibitive tax on "margin" transactions, taken with the President's investigation of stock-gambling, makes instructive a review of similar legislation in Germany. The results of the Bourse Law of 1896 and of subsequent legislation raising the listing tax on exchange securities and imposing a transfer tax on each sale, must be construed, however, in the light of two considerations. One is the peculiar constitution of the Berlin Bourse, where, prior to 1896, securities were commonly bought and sold "for the account," or monthly settlement. The other is the tempering effect which the easy resort to foreign exchanges was bound to have on the speculative current whose outlet was not choked up, but merely diverted into other channels.

The Bourse Law of 1896 was the outcome of flagrant dishonesty which had come to light in transactions going back to 1891. The government appointed a commission of investigation, which rendered a well-sifted report with conservative recommendations in November, 1893. The bills drafted for parliamentary approval went far beyond the projected remedies suggested by the commission, and the Agrarians loaded the measures down still further with an absolute prohibition of time dealings in grain on the produce exchanges. Similar in purpose and spirit was the provision which forbade future dealings in the securities of mining and industrial companies. The purpose which animated both the big landlords and the large industrial proprietors was to abolish the low prices in produce and in industrial shares, which they alleged resulted from short sales. Another peculiarity of the Bourse Law was the attempt to keep "lambs" out of the market by providing an official register in which speculators had to enter their names on penalty of having contracts non-enforceable at law. It was naïvely supposed that a book in which one must write himself down, not an ass—or not an ass only—but a gambler, would deter many who would not hesitate to speculate *sub rosa.* Besides these provisions, there was a cumbrous system of regulation, inspection, checks, and balances by the dozen, to make up a good dose of paternal regimentation.

The effect of the law was most quickly felt in the produce exchanges. The Berlin dealers in produce, who had previously occupied one section of the Bourse proper, proceeded to abandon their wonted place of business, and migrated to a neighboring variety theatre, appropriately called the Fairy Palace. Here, without the formal rules of exchange business, as to official fixation of prices and stipulations for contract enforcement, they proceeded to "enjoy the angry gods" both of the scandalized bureaucracy and the outraged Agrarians. The official register they let severely alone, and took their chances on their contracts for future delivery. Furious interpellations of the Ministry resulted in a tardy administrative order to the Fairy Palace to qualify as a produce exchange. This order was contemptuously neglected, with the result that the ever-faithful *Polizei* made a descent on the palace on June 11, 1897, and nailed it up. Driven from their refuge, some of the more persistent dealers ingeniously rented an abandoned hospital. Here they set up pseudo-offices in the stalls or booths which communicated with the central corridors, and contended that they were doing, not an exchange business, but exchanges in their own private counting-houses.

Soon, the grain trade of the empire had become seriously disrupted. Produce exchanges in some of the smaller cities had closed, and reliable prices for future delivery were not quotable. The only persons to benefit were local dealers, who gave the farmers less for their grain, and charged the millers more. The middleman's profit, moreover, was fairly legitimate, as he now carried the risks attendant upon holding the stocks he purchased. As if to point the revenge which the produce brokers had taken on the community, the Minister of War complained of the danger confronting the nation. He could not obtain guaranty of large deliveries, and pointed out that a war emergency would leave the army administration in a grave plight. The Minister of Commerce approached the grain dealers, and on April 2, 1900, the Berlin Produce Exchange welcomed back its long-lost sons. The government shamefacedly recognized their right to deal in futures and to publish time quotations. The only concessions made by the grain dealers was to accept representatives of the grain interest on their managing board, and to print "For actual grain" on their sales memoranda. Thus the dangers of "paper wheat" were cured by a paper-phrase.

In the security market the prohibition of time dealings in the leading industrials resulted mainly in changing the form but not the essence of speculation in these stocks. Cash transactions superseded the older dealings "for the account," and the ups and downs of prices were, if anything, intensified by the change. This change had also the effect of concentrating the business in the hands of the large Berlin banks. Unlike our banks, these institutions do a large brokerage business in stocks and in the issue of securities. They are also permitted to "match orders." If they receive buying and selling orders in the same security, they simply make the transfer, and exact commissions from both principals. Hence, the larger the bank, the larger the gain from this process; and the greater the speculation for immediate delivery, the greater the facilities the big banks can afford by reason of their large cash holdings. Between 1897 and 1900 a carnival of stock speculation prevailed in Berlin—which demonstrated the ineffectual character of the Bourse Law as a preventive of speculation.

The more recent heavy listing and transfer taxes have had the result of driving certain kinds of speculation to foreign exchanges, and of lessening in some degree residual speculation at home. But German experience seems clearly to show the general utility of grain futures, the inadequacy of law to lessen seriously a speculative mania, and the ease with which speculation migrates to foreign exchanges. Whether the incidental lessening of speculation is worth purchasing at the cost of demoralizing quotations and penalizing the legitimate investor and the legitimate business of the speculative "hedge," is more than questionable.

ENGLISH AND OTHER TEACHING.

The fact is brought out by a correspondent in another column, that teachers of English composition frequently get more hindrance than help from their colleagues in other subjects. Parents as well as professors in college wax eloquent over the lack of eloquence, and even of correct speech, in the rising generation, and declare that the whole tribe of teachers of English are too much occupied with the beauties of literature and the difference between Carlyle's and Macaulay's views of Boswell to drill their pupils in spelling, punctuation, and the rudiments of grammar. As we have recently pointed out, too many teachers think that literary criticism is a possible and fit occupation for children of tender years; but, as our correspondent shows, teachers of English are more often the sufferers than the sinners. Who can inculcate a belief that bad spelling and slovenly sentences are a sign of illiteracy when teachers of the classics, which are extolled as the very headspring of culture, and teachers of science, which is proclaimed the only begetter of modern thought, look on blunders in English as slips into which any educated man, even they themselves in moments of preoccupation, may fall? And from the other point of view, what is the pardonable confusion between *their* and *there* to a man who must impress the quantities of Latin vowels or the accents of Greek verbs on unwilling young barbarians? Or why should one whose thought is given to the eternal laws of gravitation and of the conservation of energy have to think of such ephemera as clearness and neatness of exposition? If a pupil gets an exact command of the grammar and archæology of Cæsar and Virgil, and learns to do experiments in physics and chemistry without bungling, why should he be bothered with a trifle like spelling, which business men now entrust to stenographers, or with such decorative graces as accuracy and facility of expression?

But, seriously, the fact that in many schools the ordinary decencies of written style are held to concern one teacher alone is a crying scandal. Merely from the point of view of waste of money it calls for a remedy: why pay for instruction in a subject when it is certain that the effect of that instruction will be nullified by mere inattention and carelessness on the part of other teachers? The other teachers, it may be said, have enough to do to keep their own houses swept without cleaning up after the department of English. The answer is that children are remarkably like their elders both in their inability to do things that are not required of them, and in their ability to do the same things under the spur. If a child knows that bad spelling and abortive sentences mean a failure and extra work in history, geography, or translation, he will spell and write better in all his courses. Thus the expense of training him in English will be greatly lessened.

The economy of money is the least consideration, however. The evil to be met is the squandering of time and effort in schools where there is no such coöperation. Modern teaching proceeds on the formation of habit through constant repetitions of the same acts, whether mental or bodily; and it recognizes that irregularities in the repetition indefinitely postpone the formation of the mental grooves which make for facility and accuracy of execution. Now, just in so far as a child is allowed to write carelessly in other subjects, just so far is he hindered in acquiring the habitual, unthinking command of his mother tongue. What he gains in one hour he throws out of window in the next. The truth is that formal exercises in English composition are likely to become artificial and wholly detached from the pupil's interests, either in play or study, and in so far forth almost useless. The study of ancient and modern languages, however, might incidentally be made an almost ideal drill in the choice of the exact word and in the construction of vertebrate sentences; but nine times out of ten it is not. Reports on laboratory experiments and other work in the sciences might be models of clear and orderly exposition; but they seldom are. Every teacher of English in a college is familiar with the way in which the ablative absolute clings to freshman and sophomore English; and it is obvious that a boy who in his exercises in history or physics has put every sentence into a separate paragraph will not think of paragraphs as a natural and useful tool of expression. Children who have been thus neglected, instead of growing up with the habit of easy and efficient expression, must work out what they have to say by laborious application of rules and canons which ought to have become second nature. Such a dissipation of energy would be laughable if it were not so deplorable.

Much may be done by active and intelligent principals and superintendents. Definite requirement of good English in all classes, followed up by joint meetings of departments in a school, would help to impress the minds of indifferent teachers of other subjects. And in the selection of new teachers, insistence that correctness in the use of their own language is the beginning of wisdom, without which none will be either called or chosen, would do still more. Men and women who look forward to teaching would then have to take some pains with their own style. Certainly, school committees and superintendents would be justified in placing a reasonable command of English style on an equality with a grounding in the principles of pedagogy. Eventually, both schools and colleges should aspire to putting into practice the admirable system for some years in force at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by which the teachers of any subject may at any time send the writer of a slovenly report or thesis back to the department of English for further instruction. This is the surest remedy; for it assumes that the one universal accomplishment of the educated man is a command of the resources of his own language. But in the meantime our schools should look to their harness, and make sure that the very process of teaching a boy Latin or physics or history does not contribute to making him illiterate in the use of his mother tongue. The truth is that if all the teachers did their duty toward English, the special teacher of English composition would be a superfluity.

AMUSEMENT AT THE ABNORMAL.

The proposed banishment of "freaks" from one of the circuses has been the occasion of much genial comment. Regret has been expressed for their departure, as if they had really been old friends. To some it may have seemed that, having no immemorial pantomime, this nation had made the circus "annex" provide a substitute, so that the human skeleton was our Pierrot, the fat lady our Columbine, and the tattooed man our Harlequin. If such were the case, then the freaks would be entitled to sympathy as victims of a prosaic and commercial age.

Yet, in fact, it is neither lack of imagination nor commercialism that is driving the freaks from their comfortable position. They were doomed from the day when the public began to realize what they really were. The passing of the freaks is not a casual incident in the history of the circus, but a striking illustration of the tendency which has been in progress for centuries toward the humanizing of our amusements. Even in the case of the freaks the change has really not been sudden. The odd and uncanny men and women who will one day be forced to depend for livelihood on the few remaining dime museums are natural prodigies. A few generations ago such human curiosities were manufactured by abominably cruel processes. In recent years, however, the armless and legless man, to obtain an engagement, must have been born that way, not maimed in infancy. Incidentally, he was all the more of a rarity, since demand was not allowed to create supply. But even a manager who had no hand in the man's mutilation would find it unprofitable to exhibit one who was simply the victim of barbarity. Managers, also, found out long ago that their attractions must be sane. An idiot might be ever so fantastically framed; it would not do to exhibit him on the platform. The freaks might be, and usually were, of a low grade of intelligence, like the giant who nearly turned a press-agent's farce into a tragedy by refusing to sign his own bail-bond when arrested, for fear that he was giving away his children, but they were not actual "defectives."

To that extent there was a reaction long ago against making public sport of what was merely pathological. The perception that, apart from mentality, freakishness itself was generally a disease, has finished the work. The giant, for example, when considered as a physical superman, or even as the villain of the nursery tales, was worth going to see. But we are taught now that he is not a superman, but the victim of a disease which in other forms kills after horrible disfigurement, that something at the base of his brain is responsible for the extraordinary and disproportionate growth, that the giant is usually sickly, dies young, and is inferior to an able-bodied man of ordinary size in any test that involves sustained effort. Just so when the patrons of the circus realize that the human pincushion, the elastic-skinned man, the blue man, the dog-faced boy, and their ilk are all victims of rare diseases with ten-syllabled names of Greek origin, and that, in all probability, other sufferers, who are unwilling to exhibit their afflictions, are under treatment by physicians, these, too, lose most of their fascination.

The most obvious parallel, of course, is the changed sentiment toward insanity. To spend a merry afternoon at the madhouse watching the antics of the maniacs in their chains seemed natural and reasonable to civilized Englishmen not so many generations ago. It has become absolutely unthinkable. In spite of certain ingenious critics, we cannot even conceive of Ophelia and Lear as comic characters. Nor do we go joyously to public executions. No town is likely again to receive such a title as "merry Carlisle" because of the exceptional activity of its gibbets. Sensation-seekers are excluded, so far as possible, from such places as morgues and prisons. So, sometimes by a gradual change of the attitude of substantially the whole public, sometimes by regulations which are supported by the sound sense of the community, though large numbers of the more or less morbidly-minded would disregard them if they could, the humane evolution goes on.

Not the least interesting phase of it is to be traced in the history of sport. The *gaudium certaminis*, perhaps, could not be eradicated from the human breast. Certainly, it has not been. Interest in contests as contests is as high as it ever was, yet many forms of competition which were once popular, from gladiatorial shows to cock-fighting, have been put under the ban of the law. Some persons, to be sure, consider such restrictions merely puritanical, and quote approvingly Macaulay's comment that the original objection to bear-baiting was that it gave pleasure to the spectators. The line, however, has consistently been drawn, not with reference to the degree, but to the kind of pleasure. The sports which have been interdicted are those in which the element of cruelty is paramount over the contest itself. As there is no intoxication more destructive than that of cruelty, other entertainments lose their zest to the spectator who has seen swordsmen carve each other to the vitals, heretics burned at the stake, or even game-cocks stab each other to death with steel gaffs. When the "punishment" arouses more interest than the rivalry of the contestants, the spectator of wholesome instincts, even though he himself be carried along in the excitement, knows that the danger line has been passed. So the more cruel sports have one after another been outlawed.

There is, in fact, sound reason behind every one of the efforts to get rid of the morbid and unwholesome in our life. That practices which once attracted no attention "get on our nerves" to-day is not a sign of weakness, but of sensibilities more intelligently directed. When there is so much, in the drama and elsewhere, to indicate a lowering of taste, there may be compensations in noting these thoroughly healthy tendencies.

PARIS BOOKNOTES—HISTORY.

PARIS, February 29.

The fullest publishing season of Paris, in quantity and in quality, is the month before Lent. The number of new books, which, if not all serious, are certainly not frivolous, is astonishing. Somewhere there must be readers numerous enough to warrant the publication of books, for example, on history, which take up the full space of the present letter. Many times as many more are omitted, because they are of local interest only. The most interesting concern France; and, not to lose ourselves in the number of them, let us take them in the order of the centuries of which they treat.

"L'Enfance de Paris" by Marcel Poëte, curator of the City of Paris Library, narrates intelligibly, with due reference to remaining antiquities, the making of Paris and its growth from prehistoric origins to the time of Philip Augustus, wall-builder of its adult age. Joseph Bédier, successor of Gaston Paris at the Collège de France, publishes the first of three volumes on "Les Légendes epiques," studies in the formation of the *chansons de geste;* the present volume deals with the Cycle of Guillaume d'Orange. The third volume of the posthumous "Mélanges linguistiques" of Gaston Paris, treats of the French language with etymological notes; it has been edited by Mario Roques. Professor Ch. V. Langlois of the Sorbonne publishes a readable, handy volume on "La Vie en France au moyen age," made up of properly chosen and ordered extracts from mediæval moralists, just as his previous book on French society of the thirteenth century was taken from ten romances of adventure. Octave Galtier, in his "Étienne Dolet," tries to give an authentic and moderate account of the life, work, character, and beliefs of that very debatable martyr of the surging Renaissance, round whose statue advanced thinkers of the Paris populace wrangle yearly.

The new volume of the Collection historique illustrée is devoted to Fouquet, finance minister of Louis XIV., with a predominating feminine interest from the Duchesse de La Vallière, Henriette of England, Marie Mancini, and others less known; A. Savine and Fr. Bournand are the competent compilers. In the series of Femmes galantes du XVIIe siècle, the new volume deals with the society of *précieuses* immortalized by Molière and their leading light, Madame de La Suze, who has a pathetic interest from her Protestantism and descent from Coligny of St. Bartholomew fame. Another Court lady of the *grand monarque*, who has a detestable reputation heightened by Frantz Funck-Brentano's book and Sardou's play of this winter, finds a defender with the courage of strong convictions in Jean Lemoine's "Madame de Montespan et la légende des poisons." He follows fiercely on the trail of Louvois, whom he accuses of having built up the whole charge of Black Masses and child sacrifices against the King's favorite. As in most French *causes célèbres*, the question must be reduced to the value of evidence, which is mainly that of confessed poisoners. Jules Lemaître, in the Conférences which are preparing his new book, takes up the supposed contamination of Racine in the same affair. To this reign also belong the "Mélanges et documents à l'occasion du 2e centenaire de Mabillon," the Benedictine founder of so much historical research. The three principal erudite bodies connected with him—the Bibliothèque du Roi (now the National Library), the Bollandists, and the Académie des Inscriptions—united last year with the Benedictine Order in doing his memory honor.

Lighter echoes of the next reign are heard in Letainturier-Fradin's "La Camargo," the life of a Belgian *danseuse* of the Paris Opera of the day (1710-1770). Her portrait was painted by Lancret and it is her imperishable glory to have been the first to do an *entrechat à quatre*, that is, strike her feet four times together during a single leap into the air; a century later her successsors pretend to an *entrechat à quatorze*, but this is mere revolutionary acrobatics and not the aristocratic ballet-dancing of the Old Régime. Richard Waddington, an historian who sits in the French Senate, devotes his fourth volume of "La Guerre de sept ans" to the diplomatic and military history of the years 1760-1761 (the battle of Torgau and the Pacte de Famille). In this struggle, the France of Louis XV., following the lead of Madame de Pompadour's vanity, joined Austria against Frederick the Great, embroiled herself with England, and lost Canada and India for ever, and formed the Trust of the Bourbons, which resulted in such far-off things as the suppression of the Jesuits, French help for American Independence, the warding off of England from Florida and Louisiana, and the saving to Spain of the Philippines—all with present-day results for the United States, not to speak of Anglo-Saxon civilization, Prussian hegemony, and Latin counter-Bourbon Revolution. M. Waddington's volumes, which have been crowned by the Institut de France, of course limit themselves to a painstaking study at first hand.

In lighter vein again, but with shadows cast before from the tragedy to which calumny led the way, we have "Les Amoureux de la Reine Marie-Antoinette," compiled by Henri d'Alméras, from the Royalist and Revolutionary pamphlets of the time, with a valuable bibliography. Victor du Bled, another industrious collector, devotes the sixth series of his anecdotes concerning French society from the sixteenth to the twentieth century to the subject of doctors before and after 1789 and to "L'Amour au 18e siècle." The endless publication of Revolutionary documents, lives, and memoirs goes on profitably. A new reproduction of contemporary books—L'Élite de la Révolution—leads off with the complete works of Saint-Just, with introduction and notes by Ch. Vellay. Henry Furgeot's "Le Marquis de Saint-Huruge (1738-1801)" gives the significant adventures of one of the men who made the Revolution triumph in Europe as Généralissime of the Saus-Culottes. The first volume of the Études sur la Contre-Révolution begins the career of one whose whole life was a long kaleidoscope of adventure—"La Vie et les conspirations de Jean, Baron de Batz (1754-1793)," written from unpublished sources by his descendant, the present Baron de Batz. Another book, which in like wise makes us understand how Alexandre Dumas's romance is truest to history as it really happened, is "La Guerre de Vendée (1793-1796)"—lively souvenirs of the Comtesse de La Bouère, published by her daughter-in-law, with a preface by Marquis Costa de Beauregard of the French Academy. The same historical Academician introduces the quite new reminiscences of a Bourbon follower, who chose for many modern years to forget nothing and to learn nothing—"Une Fidèle—La Marquise Lage de Volude (1764-1842)"—unpublished documents that see the light thanks to the Comtesse de Reinbach-Foussemagne.

The entertaining Jean de Bonnefon has turned from his No-Popery tracts to prove that "Le Baron de Richemont" was the real surviving son of Louis XVI., and that the claimant now in honor, Naundorff, appropriated the other's proofs and papers after his death. This question of the lost Dauphin has never been so discussed as now; an entire letter would not suffice to tell in order all that is published, including the special periodical review for a sort of lost-Dauphin (Naundorffian) society. Last week Ernest Daudet, the most erudite of Restoration historians, showed conclusively that Louis XVIII., when first King, must have believed in the demise. The common opinion, which is all but proved, is that the hapless child really "escaped" from the prison of the Temple, perhaps only to die before he could be of use to any one.

A book of prime importance for the understanding of Napoleon is the "Mémoires du Baron Fain," who was the Emperor's first Secrétaire du Cabinet, edited with introduction and notes by the author's grandson, an artillery officer of the Third Republic; it is the day-by-day observation of an intelligent subordinate dominated by an admired master. G. Duchêne describes for all who interest themselves in the proudest Imperial monument of Paris the history and architecture of the Arc de Triompbe, and the surrounding Place de l'Étoile, whose symmetry has of late been so sadly broken by great Americanizing hotels; the book belongs to the series Bibliothèque du vieux Paris. A piece of history, where religion gave a trend to politics, lasting until now—Liberal Catholicism from 1828 to 1834—is the subject of Abbé Charles Boutard's second volume on "Lamennais: sa vie et ses doctrines."

We come next to the Second Empire, with André Lebey's "Louis Napoléon Bonaparte et la Révolution de 1848," from unpublished sources. Adolphe Lair of the Academic family publishes, also from new documents, anecdotes and reminiscences of "L'Institut de France et le Second Empire." Two volumes of the technical military history of the War of 1870-1, in course of publication by the historic section of the French General Army Staff, deal with the besieging of Metz, the maps and original documents forming a volume separately.

The present Third Republic is represented among these historical documents by "La Séparation (1904-5)"—speeches of Aristide Briand during the discussion of the law which proposed to separate Church and State, and of which he was the Parliamentary reporter. His still more important later discourses, when he was minister, charged with executing the law, are to appear in a second volume. The publication shows all the wonderful qualities of the patient and ready debater. It seems designed to defend M. Briand in his great labors, since their constructive part has been made impracticable by Catholics giving up their church property rather than submit.

Apart from French history, there are a few books which ought particularly to interest American readers. One is the "La Question d'extrême orient," by E. Driault, a specialist; another is "Le Partage de l'océanie," by H. Russier, who has been director of public instruction in Indo-China. "Le Protestantisme au Japon," by Raoul Allier of the Paris Faculty of Protestant Theology, should appeal to an especially large public; for the first time, perhaps, it sums up the history and results of missionary enterprise, much of which has been American. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the Addenda to P. K. Foley's "American Authors," the compiler records an edition of Longfellow's "Hanging of the Crane," square 16mo, Boston, 1874, and says: "A privately printed issue, of not more than fifty copies, for presentation by the author." No copy has ever turned up in the market, nor has it, so far as we know, ever been accurately described. Longfellow's friend, Samuel Ward, had "negociated" the sale of the poem to his "trotting friend Bonner," the price paid being $3,000, besides $1,000 more for some charity in which Mr. Ward was interested. It was first published in the New York *Ledger*, March 28, 1874. This private issue had been put in type probably in January. It is a 16mo, consisting of title and pp. 3-16 of text. The title reads: "The | Hanging of the Crane. | By | Henry W. Longfellow. | Boston: | James R. Osgood and Company. | 1874." Only two copies can now be traced, and it is not probable that more than ten were printed. Although it was copyrighted, no copy is now in the Library of Congress. One was probably sent to the *Ledger*, and one, we know, to Routledge & Sons, London, for the use of their artists if they should wish to get out an illustrated edition. Instead, however, Routledge put the book in type in form similar to the author's own private issue. The copy in the British Museum was received May 6, 1874. That was actually the first published edition, as the book did not come out in this country until November, 1874, and the title is dated 1875.

Longfellow's poem "Keramos" was written in the spring and summer of 1877 and first published in *Harper's Magazine* for December of that year. That there was a privately printed issue, preceding the appearance in the magazine, seems to have been totally unknown to collectors until it was discovered by the late J. Chester Chamberlain. The private issue is an octavo pamphlet of twelve pages, without title, but with the word "Keramos" at the top of page 1. The poem was collected, with others, in a volume the next year.

After the school children of Cambridge had presented the chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree," which formerly stood before the blacksmith shop on Brattle Street, Longfellow had his poem "From My Arm-Chair" printed as a leaflet, each copy in an envelope, to be given to children who came to see him and to sit in the chair. This issue was printed before its appearance in the Cambridge newspapers, where it was first published. Of this leaflet two or three copies have come upon the market. Mr. Chamberlain secured the one given to George W. Greene, and Mr. Wakeman has the McKee copy.

Earlier in the year another leaflet poem had been privately printed, and it has heretofore remained undescribed. Bayard Taylor had died on December 19, 1878. A few days later Longfellow wrote the verses beginning

> Dead he lay among his books,

and the first week in January, 1879, a few copies were printed. Longfellow intended to read the poem at the memorial meeting to Taylor held January 10, but instead, the poem was read by Dr. Holmes. It is a little four-page leaflet (the last page blank) measuring 6¾ by 4¾ inches. Only two copies now seem traceable.

One other private leaflet deserves mention—Longfellow's poem "Noël," written in French, to send with a Christmas present of a basket of wine to Professor Agassiz in 1864. This little pamphlet, which was also noted by Mr. Foley in his Addenda, consists of title and pp. 3-8 of text. Five copies can now be traced. One appeared twice in New York auction rooms, the first time in March, 1900, with a collection of furniture, books, and curiosities of all sorts sold as the collection of Salmon P. Chase and his daughter Kate Chase Sprague. It was bound in with two other French books, and was described in the catalogue as follows: "Souvestre, Emile. Confessions d'un Ouvrier, about Le Progress, Longfellow's Noël, 1864, in 1 vol., 12mo. half calf." All but hidden in this curious entry, it was recognized by one bidder only, who bought the volume for $1.25. Then it was acquired by William Harris Arnold, who had it bound by the Club Bindery; and in his sale Mr. Chamberlain paid $55 for it. Mr. Chamberlain also acquired the copy given by Longfellow to George W. Greene.

Still another first edition of Longfellow has recently been unearthed. In the sale catalogue of Charles B. Foote's American first editions was listed a copy of Longfellow's posthumously published "Michael Angelo" with a London imprint and the date 1883, instead of 1884, that of the regular American first edition. The book was described in the Foote catalogue as "indifferently printed, . . . probably put in type for the purpose of securing copyright in England." After vain search in the British Museum and elsewhere the Foote copy was traced and examined. It proves to be an interesting and valuable piece, printed from the types of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but with altered page numbers and with other typographical changes. It brought only $1.25 in the Foote sale, but is easily worth fifty times that sum.

These notes, we may add, are from proof-sheets of the bibliography of Longfellow, which Mrs. Chamberlain is having prepared as a memorial to her husband.

In the "Varick Court of Inquiry" printed by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart uses certain manuscript material obtained by a Western collector from the Varick family. It cannot be said that the papers give any additional information on the treason of Arnold, but they are interesting for the side-lights thrown upon some of the persons connected with Arnold at the time. Varick disliked Arnold's intercourse with Joshua Hett Smith and sought the aid of Mrs. Arnold to bring it to an end; he even insulted Smith when a guest at Arnold's table. Varick also believed that Arnold was disposing of the public stores for his own advantage; but no suspicion of participating in the treason ever attached to Varick. His arrest and examination were matters of form, and the manner in which Washington communicated the fact that he was under arrest showed the magnanimity of the general. Varick's picture of Mrs. Arnold's condition has dramatic touches, and awakens sympathy. For Arnold the editor has only caustic language, and attributes his falling to the pressure of money matters. He overlooks the fact that Arnold was addicted to liquor, which would account for his morbid tone and belief in his grievances. The "illegible word" in the letter of September 12, was *prepense*. The facsimile reproductions are excellent, the illustrations somewhat irrelevant, and the edition small enough to appeal to the collector.

The action of the Prussian Cultus Ministerium in having the Royal Library in Berlin, in connection with other libraries, prepare a full report on the earliest specimens of printing to be found in Germany, has already led to the discovery of a number of the earliest productions of the press of Gutenberg. Prof. Paul Schwenke, in the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekwesen*, describes the Donatus finds, made by Prof. Ernst Voullième in the gymnasium library at Heiligenstadt, which antedate the Astronomical Calendar of 1448, and have now been deposited in the Royal Library in Berlin.

The German Gutenberg Gesellschaft which was not able to issue its annual volume in 1906 because Dr. Adolph Tronnier's exhaustive investigations of the Missalia of Peter and Johann Schöffer were not ready for the press, has now issued for 1907, a double volume of over two hundred pages, containing in addition Schroeder's study of the literary sources of the "Mainzer Fragment vom Weltgericht," Zedler's examination of the forty-two-line type in Schöffer's "Missale Maguntinum" of 1493, and a few minor articles. A large number of illustrations and reproductions make this a valuable work for the student of the art of printing.

The first number of the new magazine for collectors, the *Bibliophile*, has come from London. It is a royal octavo, on coated paper, with fifty-eight pages of text and illustrations, including four plates in colors. Heretofore, bibliographical periodicals have generally been short-lived, but this first number of the *Bibliophile* contains no less than thirty-six pages of advertising, and, if this amount can be kept up, the magazine should survive. Among the contributors are G. K. Chesterton, with a sketch of W. E. Henley; Mrs. Arthur Bell, the first of a series of articles on "Illustrated Books"; A. W. Pollard, "Early Book Advertisements," with a facsimile of the only known book advertisement printed by Caxton; and George C. Peachey, "History in Book-plates," etc. There are also book reviews, and two pages on postage stamps.

The Philadelphia book-seller, Samuel N. Rhodes, is offering his entire stock of books relating to American history at auction on March 23, 24, 25, and 26. Samuel T. Freeman & Co. are the auctioneers. They make the statement that every lot will be sold "as is," and that nothing can be returned on account of error in description. Book-auctioneers generally sell subject to collation, and the return of imperfect books not so described. The manuscript journals of Titian R. Peale during his services as naturalist with Long's first expedition, is one of the most interesting lots in Mr. Rhodes's collection. Among others are Franklin imprints, and books about Franklin and Washington, a series of Quaker broadsides, books on Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and a few Western books.

Correspondence.

THE JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following portion of a letter just received from a Japanese who somewhat less than twenty years ago was a student at Harvard seems to me to deserve wide circulation. The lesson which it has for our own press and the instruction it affords for public opinion do not need to be enforced by any words of mine.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Cambridge, Mass., March 10.

Japan, February 11, 1908.

We Japanese have done very well in education so far, but I cannot help having great apprehension as to the future. The students are overtaught, being obliged to attend about thirty hours of class work weekly. This is a requirement which obtains in all grades of our schools, colleges, and universities. Worse than this, the teachers are underpaid, except a few who are foreigners. In the near future I fear our best men would not take up the work of education as their life work, and the result would be that we Japanese would be left far behind among the nations of the world, and if our national spirit should lose its power over the people, we can expect nothing but spiritual dearth and national calamity.

I see almost every morning some telegraphic news of the "Japan-American question." It is almost beyond the comprehension of most of us, to see how well-informed Americans could take such a question seriously, how little we and our ways of thinking are known to your people. The question of emigration to America occupies but a very insignificant place in the mind of the Japanese, while they cannot for a moment forget how greatly Japan is indebted to America for her present progress and achievements. I do not think the Japanese can be made, in a few years to forget the last fifty years of America's good will, and unlearn the lesson she has taught them, however un-American Californians may try. Nor are the Japanese ignorant how poverty-stricken a nation Japan is. Though recently our Diet has passed the government's new bill of increased taxation, it will be many, many years before the nation can bear the burden of another war.

As to the coming of the American warships to the Eastern waters, no Japanese have any feeling of anxiety or fear. On the contrary, they will heartily welcome them, as these warships will simply serve to broaden their minds and help their trade.

We Japanese are, indeed, perfect fools to build and maintain so many powerful warships, while so many more important works of civilized life are left undone, though perhaps a great navy and army are important helps to us to get the respect of our neighboring countries in Asia. I sometimes pass hours indulging in the almost Utopian imagination as to what the result would be, if instead of having your fleet sent to the Eastern waters, a fraction of its cost should have been used to found a great American university or universities—say one at Tokio and another at some point in China—to teach Western ideals, institutions, and sciences, and investigate certain Eastern subjects which can be best studied in the East and at the present day. This is certainly an idle imagination, but such universities, with able and broad-minded presidents and mixed faculties of Americans and other nationalities, might in a few years do untold good to the world at large, to say nothing of the more immediate benefits which the Eastern people would derive from them.

POWERS OF THE EXECUTIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of March 5 on "A Real Governmental Change" is a marked sign of the times. In the convention of 1787 Madison said:

> The tendency in our State governments is to throw all power into the legislative vortex. The executives are little more than ciphers. The Legislatures are omnipotent. Unless some check can be devised upon the ambition of these bodies, revolution is inevitable.

About the middle of the last century, when the advent of stronger government became inevitable, the Legislatures, with their inherent jealousy of the Constitutional single-headed executive, proceeded to set up a system of government by commissions, the futility and disastrous results of which are just beginning to make themselves manifest. Meantime, the mass of the people, weary and disgusted with Legislatures, committees, and commissions, are developing a feverish thirst for that which alone, since the beginning of the world, has aroused them—and probably will to its end—to united, coherent, and permanent action, and that is individual personality. The boss-rule in cities is only a manifestation of this. The reason of its badness is that while the honest and law-abiding elements are forbidden to have any leaders and cannot find them, the rascals quickly gravitate towards the biggest of their number and form a disciplined phalanx to override the majority. Could there be a more beautiful illustration of this abiding necessity for the welding together of public opinion than the present position of our Chief Magistrate? What its significance is and its possible results are not here touched upon, but merely the fact. And this is not all the evidence. Reform candidates for Governor are springing up all over the country, and it is surprising to see how promptly the people respond to their appeals by election. But the Governors do not know what to do. As the object to be attained is not particular legislation but reform in methods and procedure, the other branch holds them at bay, they achieve little or nothing, and so pass on to oblivion.

The first requisite is that the Governor, who alone represents the whole State and the administration of its work, shall have just as good a right to be heard by all his constituents as any member of the Legislature, any chairman of committees, or the Speaker. Take a case in point: On March 4 ex-Gov. Frank S. Black of New York made a speech in opposition to Gov. Hughes's proposal to suppress race-track gambling. The weakness of Mr. Black's argument was exposed at the time by Mr. Louis Marshall. The next day Gov. Hughes made a reply, which for elevation of sentiment, force of logic and fire of language and delivery was simply magnificent. But mark the difference: Mr. Black's speech was made "at the joint hearing before the Codes Committee of both houses," the nearest approach to a legislative debate. But the opportunity of the Governor of the State was reduced to "the annual dinner of the North Side Board of Trade in Ebling's Casino." Does it not sound absurd? If that speech had been made, where it ought to have been made, in the great chamber at Albany, it would have resounded all over the United States, and gone far to secure his nomination in the national convention.

The point to be aimed at was well stated in the Massachusetts platform of 1901:

> We demand more unity and responsibility in our State government. The present system of administration is unscientific in form, unnecessarily complex, and largely irresponsible. The "supreme executive magistrate" of the commonwealth should be the controlling head, not merely the figurehead, of the State government, and should be responsible for every part. To that end, we demand that all State officials be appointed by him, and be subject to removal by him alone. We further believe that the duty of approving and recommending to the Legislature all such acts as administrative needs may require in the general interest belong to the Governor, and that all measures recommended by him should be given the right of way in the Legislature over other bills.
>
> We believe that every branch of our State government should be classed as a department, and that every head of a department should have a seat upon the floor of the Legislature, without a vote, and be subject to proper questioning as to matters under his charge.

It may be asked, why, if this is so important, no movement is made toward it. For two reasons: because the Legislatures do not want it, and the Governors are afraid. The latter do not see either the degree of necessity or the means of carrying it into effect, and so shrink from taking hold of it. But, with events drawing rapidly to a head, it seems as if before long some Governor must see it, and if, by passing over the Legislature and appealing directly to the people, he can get it into working order, and secure its adoption, not only in his own, but other States, he will find a place in our history awaiting him alongside of Washington and Lincoln.

G. BRADFORD.

Boston, March 10.

"OUR INFANT CRITICS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add a few words of reinforcement to what you say in your issue of February 27 on the futility and waste of training the average boy or girl of high school age to write literary criticism? In a good many years' experience I have found the capacity to put on paper even an approximate idea of a student's views of books a rare accomplishment, even in college classes. As a matter of fact, few mature readers ever crystallize their impressions of what they read into coherent expression. It is obviously absurd, therefore, to ask school children to do what most of them will never be able to do when they are grown up.

The cause for this perversion of teaching is to be found, in part at any rate, in an ambiguity which has not yet been generally recognized. Schools usually provide a course and colleges an entrance examination in what is called "English," as if it were a single subject; and then demand results of two quite different kinds—ability to write, and appreciation of literature. Under this loose use of the word "English," school teachers and examiners alike have easily slurred over the fact that, though the capacity to write correctly and clearly ought to be universal, appreciation of literature is bound to be limited by considerations of temperament and occupation. Moreover, school committees and superintendents frequently expect the teacher of English in a single allotment of time, often in itself scanty, to give instruction in both literature and composition, subjects which are hardly more closely related than are history and English composition, or Latin and English composition, pairs of subjects which no one would think of compassing in a single allowance of school periods. Until it is recognized that English composition is a subject by itself, to be taught with full allowance of time, and with direct reference to the whole range of a child's practical needs, both in school and in after life, we shall find schools turning out "infant critics" as if they were cause for pride and not for pity and repentance.

On the further question, as to whether "English" should be taken to mean composition alone, and literature be either dropped or else made elective in schools and on the list of subjects for entrance to college, I can contribute a little light. The department of English at Harvard recently appointed a committee to consider the general question of entrance requirements; and, to get an idea of the views of teachers in the schools on the subject, we sent out a number of circulars, most of them to public schools. One of the questions which we asked was: "Do you think it would or would not be advisable that the examination in English should test proficiency in composition only?" Practically all the forty answers we received were in the negative. Teachers of English in the schools, therefore, we may suppose, believe almost unanimously in the value of the present requirements of some knowledge of literature.

The results of another question were interesting. In answer to the inquiry: "Is there any formal coöperation between the teachers of English in your school and the teachers of other subjects to maintain and strengthen the pupils' standards of written English?" it appeared that in a dozen schools there is formal coöperation, in fourteen informal coöperation, and in seventeen either none or very little. Though the number of answers is too small for certain generalization, yet they seem to point to the secret of much of the difficulty with the written English of the rising generation. Ideas of correctness and facility of expression which are laboriously drilled into a child by the teacher of English in one hour, are in the succeeding hour blurred and obscured by the indifference of semiliterate or careless teachers of Latin or physics or history; and the child comes to look on the desire to write well as an unreasonable hobby of the teacher whose subject has the least relation to the practical interests of life. If in such a case the teacher of English makes literary criticism the chief subject of composition, one can understand the repugnance which so many of our youth show to the idea of learning to write. But, if principals and superintendents of schools would enforce on teachers of all subjects coöperation with the teachers of English, there would be a surprising decrease in the number of young men who start in business or come to college congenitally incapable of writing a decent letter.

J. H. GARDINER.

Harvard University, March 6.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Raymond Weeks's welcome description of the *procédé Graffin* in your issue of March 5 may be supplemented by the statement that such positive photographs can now be procured at almost all the larger European libraries. At the Vatican, for instance, those in size 9x12 cm. can be bought at ten cents apiece. But as Father Ehrle of the Vatican, an enthusiastic promoter of the new system, admitted to me in conversation last fall, they cannot yet really replace good ordinary photographs. They are rather sketchy than accurate, and a pupil of mine now working at the Bodleian points out in a recent letter another serious drawback:

> The Clarendon Press make what they call "rotographs," black background and white letters, at eightpence each. With these I have to be content, though they are very unsatisfactory and particularly trying on the eyes.

Few realize how cheaply regular photographs may be taken. I have photographed several manuscripts entire, in the size 9x12 cm., with a camera costing about $25. Slow plates cost thirty-five or forty cents a dozen (one can of course buy American Trust-made plates, etc., at lower prices abroad than here). It is well to do one's own developing; a photographer's dark room may be hired for the purpose, for a franc an hour. Prints can be made at two and one-half or three cents apiece. It cost me two days and about $18 or $20 to make a complete photograph (including also a set of prints for the library) of the Fulda manuscript of Ammianus Marcellinus, now in the Vatican, containing 208 folios. Of course the negatives may be used indefinitely—we have made several slides from these for our palæographical collection—and I now have the satisfaction of collating each proof of my edition of Ammianus with a sharp and clear print. It is easy to learn the art of photographing manuscripts, as several of our faculty here can testify; witness the beautiful manuscript fac-similes in Tallgren's recent "Estudios sobre la Gaya," enlarged from Prof. Henry R. Lang's photographs; he made these in Madrid a couple of months after his initial attempt. If one plans to go abroad for such work, he should in any event equip himself with a camera.

Krumbacher's article, "Die Photographie im Dienste der Geisteswissenschaften," referred to by Professor Weeks, appeared in the "Neue Jahrbücher für das klassische Altertum," 17 (1906), 601-659, with 15 plates; it is also published separately by Teubner (price 3m. 60).

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

Yale University, March 7.

THE SUPERLATIVE IN CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I venture to suggest that the ingenious author of the letter on "Yellow Criticism," in your issue of February 6, betrays an "old-fashioned" indifference to origins in attributing the invention of the "method of superlatives" to Victor Hugo? Has he forgotten that the superlative Lamb and the intoxicated Hazlitt had the start of a quarter of a century upon the terrific Frenchman? Shakespeare himself had a certain knack at the superlative,—but let that pass. Hazlitt and Lamb had a positive genius for it; to ignore them in favor of Hugo is—the most unkindest cut of all. Recall Hazlitt on Mrs. Siddons: "It was something above nature. We can conceive of nothing grander. . . She was not less than goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods." Recall Lamb on Ford's "Broken Heart": "The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me to Calvary and the Cross." Did Hugo surpass that? We need not confine ourselves to Lamb and Hazlitt; there was, if I am not mistaken, a marked fondness for the superlative in the hard-hitting, or Satanic, school of criticism of Jeffrey and Gifford, for which your correspondent confesses an elderly taste. When his favorites were in question, Jeffrey committed himself as daringly as the next man. Turn to his utterances on Burns or Shakespeare, and you may catch him again and again at a mouth-filling "incomparably," "unequalled," or "unparalleled." Of the Elizabethan and the succeeding age, he says: "There never was anywhere anything like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the period of the Restoration." It was "by far the brightest in the history . . . of human intellect and capacity." Hear him again on Shakespeare: "More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild and airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world." Has Swinburne surpassed that? Has not this the very ring of the golden verbosity of Swinburne?

I have not the slightest intention of suggesting that Jeffrey, Lamb, Hazlitt, and the anonymous criticasters of your correspondent are, by virtue of the "superlative method," birds of a feather—quite the contrary. I wish only to make a distinction which your correspondent has neglected. The inventor of a literary label is liable, in the enthusiasm of the creative moment, to paste it rather indiscriminately upon everything within reach; in my opinion, he has been guilty of indiscrimination in pasting his interesting yellow label upon Swinburne. The last of the great Victorians uses the method of superlatives, to be sure,—a point which he has in common with the yellow critics and with Lamb—which should give us pause. It is true that Swinburne has discovered a humorously large number of "peerless sovereigns of the realm" of prose and poetry—I confess I envy him the experience. But a man no more thinks of swallowing Swinburne whole than of swallowing the west wind; a whiff of either is invigorating. No more should one swallow Lamb's utterance on the "Broken Heart," quoted above; it is very bad criticism. Yet it can scarcely be denied that Swinburne and Lamb and Hazlitt have done more to stimulate interest in the dramatists of the Elizabethan age and to bring about appreciation of them than all the horde of temperate critics and editors that has followed in their footsteps. For they had the first requisite of stimulating criticism, exuberant joy in excellence, a joy that makes its possessors speak like intoxicated men; such critics bring home the burden of the harvest. Jeffrey, even, praised Hazlitt for his "happy intoxication" in approaching Shakespeare. And so I wish to say a good word for the superlative. A superlative rightly used means: My life for my word. It's the proper expression of whole-hearted lovers and haters. It's the proper expression of Shakespeare, of Lamb, of Hazlitt, and—I do not hesitate to say—of Swinburne. The superlative is right when there is a man behind it.

There is no real peril in the superlatives of Swinburne; nothing is more difficult to counterfeit than enthusiasm; nothing is more inimitable than joy. Let us not affix the yellow tag to the grey-haired son of Charles Lamb. There are, in all conscience, uses enough for the label, elsewhere. The real yellow criticism is the criticism of puffery and sham. It is the criticism of the poverty-striken hack "inspired" by the frugal publisher, who presents him the book for his pains. It is the me-and-my friends, or the Christmas-present, school of criticism; Author A extols the work of Author B to the skies, expecting shortly to be stellified in turn. Swinburne surely did not expect Shakespeare to rise from the dead to praise his "Bothwell" or his "Mary Stuart!" The fundamental and controlling principle of the real yellow criticism is, that the right hand should always know what the left hand is about. The gentle reader must light a bigger lantern than that of Diogenes, when he sets out to find an honest critic. What we need in criticism is not a check on superlatives, but a check on shams: not a check on poetic prose, but a check on puffery,— critics, in short, who bring their whole characters to bear upon the work in hand.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., March 4.

LONGFELLOW'S GERMAN STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his interesting letter published in the *Nation* of January 9, Prof. J. M. Hart of Cornell, discussing Hoffmann and Longfellow, says: "I hope that some one of our younger set may be moved to make a careful study of Longfellow's German studies." A note of mine, sent to the *Nation* some weeks ago in reply, seems to have miscarried, and I venture to write again, announcing that I hope to issue, in the near future, a volume dealing with Longfellow and his entire relation to Germany and German culture. I began the work years ago, while in Germany, but was interrupted by return to America; and repeated short visits to the Fatherland, with even substantial coöperation from scholars and authors there, have been insufficient to enable me to complete the task on the lines I originally laid down. Year by year I learned of new material, some of which was long inaccessible; and it is only recently that I have come into possession of a quantity of original manuscripts and letters from Longfellow and his friends, throwing new light on many incidents and disputed points. The late Carl Schurz and others have kindly contributed reminiscences to the volume, and I have been encouraged by one of America's most distinguished men of letters, a warm friend of Longfellow's. One more visit to Germany will be necessary to bring the book absolutely up to date—for the work could never have been prepared outside of Germany—but with the considerable amount of manuscripts and illustrations before me, I should be able at last to treat the subject comprehensively. Inasmuch as it was a labor of love from the beginning, prompting me to regard Longfellow's indebtedness to the Germans in a sympathetic spirit, I trust that the volume, when it appears, may fulfil every expectation of the poet's most ardent admirers.

J. PERRY WORDEN.

March 4.

ABOUT THE BACKS OF BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been much annoyed by the unsatisfactory backs of many modern books. A number of publishers, both at home and abroad, omit the author's name from the back. Moreover, some publishers of annotated school and college texts put in large and conspicuous type the editor's name, to the utter exclusion of the author's. In the case of the average annotated text the author's name should surely take precedence over the editor's, and not vice-versa.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 7.

Notes.

The following are forthcoming from E. P. Dutton & Co.: "Reminiscences of Oxford," by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, second edition; "An Apostle of the North," the life and memoirs of William Carpenter Bompas, D.D., by H. A. Cody, with an introduction by the most Rev. S. P. Matthesen, D.D., archbishop of Rupertsland; and "English Socialism of To-day," by the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P.

The University of Chicago Press has three important works almost ready for publication: "The Witness of the Oriental Consciousness to Jesus Christ," by President Charles Cuthbert Hall; "Descriptive Geography of Palestine," by Prof. L. B. Paton; and "Stellar Evolution: A Popular Account of Modern Methods of Astro-physical Research," by George Ellery Hale.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. will soon have ready a study of "The Christian Faith and the Old Testament," by Dr. John M. Thomas, president of Middlebury College. It is said to be "progressive, yet conservative" in its attitude toward this question now undergoing readjustment in the minds of students and laymen.

The following religious books are in the press of the Revell Company: "The New Horoscope of Missions," by Dr. James S. Dennis; the first three volumes of G. Campbell Morgan's "Analyzed Bible"; "The Saloon Under the Searchlight," by George R. Stuart; "Missions Striking Home," by J. Ernest McAfee; "Ancient Jerusalem," by Hon. Selah Merrill; "A Life with a Purpose," memorials of John Lawrence Thurston, by Henry B. Wright; "Beyond the Natural Order," by Nolan Rice Best; and "Our Silent Partner," by Alvah Sabin Hobart.

Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of Hastings's five-volume "Dictionary of the Bible," are now preparing a "One-Volume Dictionary of the Bible," edited by the same scholar. The articles have been specially written for this work, which is not in any way a condensation of its larger forerunner. It will be published this year and sold by subscription.

The Oxford University Press has the following works in preparation: Stowe's "Survey of London," edited by C. L. Kingsford; "The Mirrour of the Blessed Lyf of Jesu Christ," translated out of the Latin by Nicholas Love, edited by Lawrence F. Powell; "Imperial Gazetteer of India," Vol. III.; "The Greek Versions of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," edited by R. H. Charles; "Virgil," translated by J. Jackson; "The Sounds of English," by Henry Sweet; "Handbook of Flower Pollination," by Dr. Paul Knuth, translated by J. R. Ainsworth Davis; "Catalogue of Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta," Vol. III., by H. Nelson Wright.

The only publication of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this spring in their special Riverside Press editions will be George Willis Cooke's "Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

The Selden Society hopes to issue the delayed volume XXII. of its publications by April. It will be the fourth volume of the "Year Book of Edward II.," with text and translation by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland and the final revise and introduction by G. T. Turner. Volume XXIII. for 1908 will be "The Law Merchant in the Fair Courts and Other Local Courts," edited by Prof. Charles Gross of Harvard. The material upon the Law Merchant has been found to be so interesting that there will be a second volume, "The Law Merchant in the King's Courts," containing several interesting rolls and other matter.

The first number of the *Economic Bulletin*, published by the American Economic Association, will appear on or about May 1. It is to be a quarterly, containing from 80 to 100 pages, and devoted largely to book reviews in the field of economics and the allied social sciences. Each number will include a classified and annotated list of recent books, magazine articles, and book reviews. The *Bulletin*, according to the announcement of its projectors, represents the first systematic endeavor to provide a complete critical bibliography of current economic literature. The members of the board of editors are:

E. W. Kemmerer, managing editor, Cornell University; William B. Bailey, Yale; Ernest L. Bogart, Princeton; Thomas N. Carver, Harvard; Frederick A. Cleveland, New York University; John R. Commons, University of Wisconsin; Frank H. Dixon, Dartmouth; Charles A. Ellwood, University of Missouri; Frank A. Fetter, Cornell; John Henry Gray, University of Minnesota; Mathew B. Hammond, Ohio State University; Jacob H. Hollander, Johns Hopkins; Edward D. Jones, University of Michigan; Samuel M. Lindsay, Columbia; Isaac A. Loos, University of Iowa; Frank L. McVey, St. Paul, Minnesota; Carl C. Plehn, University of California; Maurice H. Robinson, University of Illinois; Henry C. Taylor, University of Wisconsin; Frank A. Vanderlip, New York city; Ulysses G. Weatherly, University of Indiana; Adna F. Weber, New York city; Henry Parker Willis, George Washington University; Clinton R. Woodruff, Philadelphia.

W. J. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" comes to us from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. with revision for 1908. This year there have been added an excursion in the Dolomite region and short tours in Southern Spain.

The first value of Martha Pike Conant's "Oriental Tale in England" (Columbia University Press, the Macmillan Co., agent), as should be expected from a thesis for the doctorate, is its fulness as a record. Here in convenient form are brought together brief characterizations of the Oriental apologues, satires, and letters that run all through the eighteenth century and form an integral part of the romanticism of the nineteenth. Miss Conant makes this connection with the romantic movement the guiding thread of her book, and in her concluding chapter, "Literary Estimate," deals with this theme directly and convincingly. She admits that the Eastern tale as written in England was classic, or pseudo-classic, in form, but points to the romantic escape inherent in its subject, and shows that "every romantic revival passes through a stage of what may be called pseudo-romanticism or, more accurately, superficial romanticism." She has a word also for the influence of the Oriental tale on the development of the novel through the introduction of the element of plot. On the whole, her work is useful, though pedestrian in tone.

"A History of Milan under the Sforza," by Cecilia M. Ady (G. P. Putnam's Sons), edited by Edward Armstrong, is an interesting book. It brings over into English the results of the investigations of a generation of Italian scholars, and supplies the first consecutive account of the Sforza. With reasonable fulness, it is intended to be popular, but not shallow. The Sforza and the Medici rose and flourished side by side, the former in the north, the latter in Florence; and their families collapsed in almost the same year. The author of this book has done much towards securing from English readers an appreciation of the remarkable Lombard dukes, who seemed more than once on the point of overshadowing their Florentine rivals. She has added excellent chapters on the architecture, art, literature, and social life of their duchy, and of Milan in particular. No doubt, much of the credit for the book belongs to Mr. Armstrong, whose life of Lorenzo de'Medici and other works on Italian Renaissance subjects have long been favorably known. The illustrations consist of a score of portraits, of a view of the old Castello Sforzesco, and of some appropriate architectural subjects.

Six lectures delivered at University College, London, and now reprinted under the title "Bonapartism" (Henry Frowde), constitute H. A. L. Fisher's latest contribution to historical literature. Assuming that the reader is familiar with nineteenth century history, he ranges from the campaign of Italy to that of Sedan with a strong grasp of fact and a power of generalization that never flags. Occasionally a new thought is struck out, as when he says that the mental infirmity of Napoleon III., his apathetic tentativeness, was the chief factor that made for his political survival after his election to the Presidency of the Second Republic. On the other hand, the Roman expedition is not noticed, and there are some errors of proportion. The only bad slip observed (p. 76) is the statement that Louis Napoleon became head of the House of Bonaparte on the death of the Duke of Reichstadt. On the whole the book has the true historic ring, and should be useful for students of the period.

"Paraguay on Shannon," by F. Hugh O'Donnell (London: P. S. King), is a vigorous denunciation of the dominance of the Irish priest in politics by a Roman Catholic and Nationalist. While in matters of style and taste it is not above criticism, it throws light upon the Irish question which cannot be ignored. Among other things he calls attention to the unparalleled increase of the clerical population, and says that if Belgium was staffed in the same proportion as Ireland it would have ten archbishops instead of one and sixty bishops in place of five. The priesthood also "monopolize every post and profession in public and private life to which an emolument is attached and from which a layman can be excluded." It controls the Ribbon organization which is now exceedingly strong, a large majority of the leaders being "publicans and spirit grocers." His gravest accusation is that the priests are driving the best of Ireland's sons and daughters to seek an asylum in other lands.

The descendants of Dr. John Morgan, a graduate of the first class of the College of Philadelphia in 1757, later surgeon in Forbes's expedition for the capture of Fort Duquesne, have printed for private circulation his "Journey in Italy, Switzerland, and France in 1764." After six years of apprenticeship to Dr. Redman, the leading physician in Philadelphia in colonial days, Morgan went abroad equipped with letters from Franklin. In Edinburgh, in 1763, he received his medical degree, and then came his tour on the Continent, of which he left the "Journal" now first made public. It is interesting from his description of the places and people he saw, and it shows how young Americans were welcomed abroad. He was presented to the Pope, to the King of Sardinia, and to Voltaire at Ferney; his "Journal" devotes much space to a detailed account of the enthusiastic welcome given to him and his companion, Samuel Powel of Philadelphia. Voltaire showered blessings on their heads, introduced them to his family and guests, among them the descendant of Corneille who shared his bounty, praised Franklin, discussed Bolingbroke and Locke and Hume, and was violent in his denunciation of the church and the priesthood. It is noteworthy that this young American records in an enthusiastic way his admiration of Swiss scenery, at a time when his English elders showed no such love of nature in its grandeur. In Milan he found the Public Hospital beyond comparison the finest and largest he had ever seen, supporting a staff of fifteen surgeons and seventy assistants, with lectures given to the students—no doubt an inspiration to him in his successful foundation of a medical school in connection with the College of Philadelphia in 1765. This was the first medical school in the country, as he was the first American professor of medicine. Later he was made chief medical officer of the Continental Army; his services in reorganizing its hospitals and medical and surgical department were recognized by Washington and the generals who could best appreciate his labors. The appendix to the "Journal" is a list of articles collected by him during his travels, and is of interest as showing the culture of a colonial doctor.

The veteran Anglo-American Orientalist, Prof. Lawrence H. Mills, of Oxford, who reached his seventy-first birthday on February 11, celebrated the occasion, as it were, by adding to his long list of contributions to Avesta scholarship his "Avesta Eschatology Compared with the Books of Daniel and Revelations."

The Gyldendal Publishing Co. (Copenhagen and Chicago) has just issued a daintily printed Danish translation of selected poems by Robert Herrick. The manuscript was recently found in the attic of an old house in the Danish city of Ribe by V. J. von Holstein Rathlou; the author of the translation, which must have been made about 1670, has hidden his identity behind the initials J. L. F., which the editor supposes to mean Jörgen Lauridsen Fog, a former rector of Ribe.

Hans Ross, the Norwegian dialectologist and compiler of "Norsk Ordbog," is the author of a recent treatise on the phonology of Norwegian dialects, "Norske Bygdemaal," published by the Scientific Society of Christiania. The Scandinavian languages as a group he divides into four branches: (1) South Scandinavian, Danish principally, but also including the southern districts of Sweden; (2) Central Scandinavian, comprising the languages of central and part of southern Sweden, and also a part of the north of Sweden; (3) East Scandinavian, or Gothic, covering Gothland and the Swedish isles; and (4) North Scandinavian, or Norse, the language of all of Norway, the northern sections of Sweden, the Swedish of Finland, and, strange it may seem, also the Swedish dialects of Esthonia. This classification is interesting as serving to emphasize the close affinity of Norwegian and Swedish to-day, while a thousand years ago in the later viking age, Danish and Swedish were one as opposed to the more conservative language of Norway. The larger portion of Ross's treatise is devoted to an analysis of the characteristics of the fourth of these groups.

"The Swedish Dialect and Folklore Society" has, in its organ *Svenska Landsmal ock Svenskt Folkliv*, edited by J. A. Lundell, published a large amount of important material in recent years. Perhaps only one other of the existing dialect societies in Europe has accomplished more, namely, the English Dialect Society, whose leading spirit is Prof. Joseph Wright of Oxford. In addition to minute studies of dialect the effort of the Swedish Society has been largely directed toward collecting popular ballads (with the music), accounts of rustic dances, legends, and survivals of early beliefs and superstition. The headquarters of the society are at Stockholm, Sweden, and the publications are issued from the press of Aktiebolaget Ljus.

In the Proceedings of the Christiania Scientific Society, No. 6, Magnus Olsen has an article on the inscription of the Valby amulet (Danish), showing how study of runes may throw light on folk-lore. The particular inscription had been unsatisfactorily explained before Olsen's interpretation. This stone, which is slightly larger than a human eye, reads: "Against jealousy." It was evidently used as a charm against "the evil eye." Belief in this magical power, as is well known, was widely spread in southern Europe in the Middle Ages. A Danish author, H. F. Feilberg, has shown that the superstition is also prevalent in the folk-lore of the north of Europe. As there can be no doubt that the Valby amulet dates back to about 700 A. D., and as Mr. Olsen's interpretation is supported by very strong evidence, the inference is that belief in the evil eye, so often met with in later times, affected the life of "the folk" in the north of Europe as early as the seventh century.

"Svensk Arbetarlagstiftning" (Stockholm: H. Geber), by M. Marcus, is a survey of Swedish efforts at legislation relating to labor, with frequent side lights on conditions in foreign countries, especially in Germany, England, and, in a smaller measure, the United States. Sweden has yet much to learn in this matter, and the author hopes that the more democratic composition of the national legislature, expected as an outcome of the new suffrage law, will result in more progressive legislation. The fifth part of Prof. G. Steffen's "Sociala Studier" (Stockholm: H. Geber) deals with only one part of the labor question that of the labor contract, and is more a philosophical study than an account of present conditions, as is natural in a series which has for sub-title, "Attempts at Explanation of Modern Social Evolution." Both Marcus and Steffen emphasize the idea that the object of all labor legislation is the raising of the working classes to a higher social and cultural *niveau*, in the interest of society as a whole, and warn against tendencies to condemn modern movements on account of occasional exaggerations and abuses which are due to the fact that this is a period of transition.

Karl Brugmann and August Leskien's attack on Esperanto, "Zur Kritik der künstlichen Weltsprachen" (reviewed in the *Nation* of February 13, 1908), has provoked a warm reply under the same title, from J. Baudouin de Courtenay, professor of comparative languages in the University of St. Petersburg (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). De Courtenay defends himself against the charge of partisanship, saying that he is no more an Esperantist than he is an abolitionist; but he asserts that, as a student of language, he is interested in Esperanto. Taking up Leskien's declaration that Esperanto is anything but easy, De Courtenay says that he gave two weeks, twelve hours a day, to the study of Esperanto; and now, with the exception of a word here and there, he can read practically anything in Esperanto. He has not tried speaking or writing, but has little doubt that he should soon succeed equally well. In answer to Leskien's conclusion that Zamenhof's effort "to solve the problem of a world language is quite unsuccessful," De Courtenay replies that Esperanto is a real language, is not too much dependent on the Romance, is not too artificial, has advantages over all other "world tongues," and is at present the most widely used of all artificial speech. He believes it will not only serve commerce and business men in practical affairs, but it will help in promoting the peace of the world, and breaking down the selfish barriers of contending nations.

In a volume of two hundred and fifty pages, Emil Burger publishes one hundred letters from women of prominence in Germany during the past two centuries, "Deutsche Frauenbriefe aus zwei Jahrhunderten" (Berlin: Moritz Diesterweg). The collection begins with samples from one of the most original of women letter-writers, Elizabeth Charlotte von Orleans; and with selections from Queen Louise, Goethe's mother, and the wives of Lessing, Herder, Schiller, and Wilhelm von Humboldt, comes down to the present Duchess of Baden.

The first *Heft* of the new volume of the Zeitfragen des christlichen Lebens (Stuttgart: Belser) devotes forty-eight pages to "Karl Schurz, Deutschlands beste Gabe an Amerika." The article is from the pen of Pastor G. von Bosse, a Lutheran minister of Philadelphia.

In "Hauptprobleme der Religionsphilosophie der Gegenwart," a booklet of 120 pages (Berlin: Reuther & Reichhard), Prof. Rudolf Eucken of Jena gives a summary of the principles of the philosophy of religion, based on the facts of psychology. A second part of the work deals with the history of religions; and a third discusses the character of Christianity. The views are quite naturally in harmony with those developed more extensively in Eucken's larger works. A supplement to this summary is the brochure of seventy-nine pages, entitled "Die Religion." by Georg Simmel, a volume in the series known as Die Gesellschaft (Frankfurt A. M.: Rütten & Loening). Writing from the point of view of psychology, the author regards religion as a necessary factor in man's makeup.

To his two volumes on the best of the Old Testament apocryphal books, Jesus Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus, furnishing an excellent text edition and commentary on this important work, Rudolf Smend of the University of Göttingen has now added a third volume, entitled "Griechisch-syrisch-hebräischer Index zur Weisheit des Jesus Sirach" (Berlin: Georg Reimer, 251 pp.). This makes the material for the study of this *apocryphon* more complete and better than that we possess for some of the Old Testament books themselves. This trilingual concordance is valuable in that it furnishes, as far as Ecclesiasticus alone can do this, the basis for a scientific study of the genesis and development of the meaning of the New Testament technical terms. The three languages are used because these represent three different text recensions of Sirach. This work, like the two earlier volumes, is an excellent example of German research.

The Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft has been informed by the commission it sent out some months ago to investigate the ruins of the synagogues in Galilee, that enough data have been secured to publish a new and instructive volume.

Students of modern religious thought, especially of the recent papal Syllabus and Encyclical on Modernism, will find a mass of valuable material from Catholics and Protestants, now being published in the *Internationale Wochenschrift*, of Berlin, edited by Prof. P. Hinneberg.

Persons interested in the struggle of the so-called Modernists against the Jesuit reaction in the Catholic Church will find significance in a new journal, *Nova et Vetera*, which is issued at Rome by the Società Internazionale Scientifico-Religiosa. Father Tyrrell contributes the opening article and Loisy, Fogazzaro, Murri, and many of the lesser Catholic liberals, both lay and clerical, are among its supporters. The journal is to be issued fortnightly.

The *Rassegna Contemporanea*, a new review published monthly in Rome, deserves a welcome by those interested in the intellectual and political awakening in contemporary Italy. This magazine, which began with the present year, is intended to present all sides of the more serious questions of the day. Among its more notable contributors are Giovanni Pascoli (who, since Carducci's death, is regarded as the greatest living Italian poet); Prof. Adolfo Venturi of the University of Rome, Prof. Cæsare Lombroso of Turin, Giovanni Bertacchi, Luigi Capuana, and Leonida Bissolati.

H. C. Wellman, librarian of the Springfield City Library, reports that in the last four years the use of technical books in that library has increased 145 per cent. This increase he attributes directly to the liberal outlays for such works, and, more particularly, to the efforts to bring these books to the attention of industrial workers. The methods adopted are: The regular publication in the local papers of descriptive notes on the more interesting books; lectures and exhibitions of industrial art, with special emphasis on the books dealing with these subjects; the issue of brief lists of books on technical subjects and the mailing of these lists directly to persons likely to be interested; and, in general, the cultivation on the part of the librarian and his staff of a wide acquaintance with the various industries of the city.

Problems of higher education will be discussed at the fourth biennial congress of the Akademisch gebildeter Lehrer of Germany to be held in Easter week in Brunswick.

Robert White, the English publisher and bibliophile, has just died at the age of ninety. He is known chiefly for his two antiquarian publications, "Worksop, the Dukery, and Sherwood Forest" (1875) and "Dukery Records: Notes and Memoranda Illustrative of Nottinghamshire Ancient History" (1904).

Edmondo de Amicis, one of the most brilliant and popular of contemporary Italian writers of prose, died at Bordighera, March 11. He was born in 1846, and after a military education he entered the army. While still connected with the army he gave more or less time to journalism and literature, and after 1870 he devoted his whole time to travel and authorship. A number of his works have been translated into English. Among his books are "Italia e Polonia," a volume of verse, 1866; "L'Esercito italiano durante il cholera del 1867," 1867; "Bozzetti della vita militare," a collection of tales, 1868; "Ricordi di Roma, 1870-71," consisting of recollections, 1872; "Roma Libera," 1872; "Novelle," 1872; "Spagna," 1873; "Ricordi di Londra," 1874; "Olanda," 1874; "Pagine sparse," 1875; "Marocco," 1876; "Costantinopoli," 1877; "Ricordi di Parigi," 1879; "Poesie," 1881; "Ritratti letterarii," 1881; "Gli Effetti psicologici del vino," 1881; "Gli Amici," 1882; "Alle Porte d'Italia," 1886; "Il Romanzo d'un maestro," 1890; "La Carozza di tutti," 1898; "Speranze e gloria," 1900; "Memorie," 1900; "Ricordi d'infanzia e di scuola," 1901; "Capo d'anno," 1902; "Giardino della follia," 1902. In the last fifteen years of his life he wrote many books on Socialism and social questions.

Adolph Kirchhoff, professor of Greek in the University of Berlin, has passed away in his eighty-second year. Besides his work with Aufrecht on the Umbrian dialect, which made something of a sensation in the academic world, he has to his credit a considerable number of books on the origin and composition of the Odyssey, and on Herodotus and Thucydides.

Conservative Biblical scholarship in Germany has lost one of its ablest representatives among the younger university men in the death of Prof. Justin Adolf Koeberle, who held the Old Testament chair in the University of Rostock. He was born in 1871. His most recent works were the "Kampf um das Alte Testament" and "Der Prophet Jeremias für die Gemeinde erläutert."

The death is announced, at the age of fifty-two, of Carl Ewald, the Danish writer of novels and fairy tales. "The Son of Cordt," a story of his, is now running in the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE INQUISITION OF SPAIN.

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea. Volume IV. Pp. xii, 619. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies (Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, Milan, The Canaries, Mexico, Peru, New Granada). By Henry Charles Lea. Pp. xvi, 564. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

In the final volume of his elaborate study of the Spanish Inquisition Mr. Lea continues his examination of the different spheres of action of the Holy Office, and traces its decadence and final extinction in the nineteenth century. The list of matters, other than formal heresy, with which the Inquisition concerned itself, is a long one, ranging from mysticism and sorcery, where the connection with heresy is very close, to such remote subjects as freemasonry and solicitation in the confessional; and their treatment leads into curious by-paths of psychology and jurisprudence.

The history of mysticism in Spain has already been narrated by the author at greater length in a separate essay, which is here supplemented by new documents and some comparison of the Church's policy in France and Italy. The visions and ecstasies of the mystics might easily lead to heresy by producing contempt for the good works and external observances upon which the Church laid stress, and the problem was complicated by the difficulty of distinguishing the revelations vouchsafed by God from those which were the work of demons. With the line between heresy and sanctity thus uncertain, the visions which in one age were crowned with canonization might in another lead to the stake. No wonder that the Inquisition sometimes vacillated, and grew more and more rigid with the spread of illuminism in the course of the seventeenth century.

Sorcery and the occult arts the Inquisition dealt with much as it dealt with heresy, but its treatment of witchcraft stands out in striking contrast, not only with its own practice in the matter of heresy and sorcery, but with the policy pursued in other parts of Europe. The belief in witchcraft from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries was universal, and the epidemics of persecution tortured and slew their thousands throughout northern and western Europe. This deep-rooted belief then claimed the support of the Bible, the Pope, and the great body of learned opinion, both Protestant and Catholic; and the popular terror which demanded the execution of witches was justified by the scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The Suprema did not deny the existence of witchcraft, but it seems to have acted on the theory that it was a delusion rather than a result of demoniacal possession. The Instructions in regard to it were singularly moderate and enlightened, and the practice lenient, as appears from the sparing use of torture and the opposition to persecution. And, as the witch-madness is "essentially a disease of the imagination, created and stimulated by the persecution of witchcraft," the firmness and wisdom of the Inquisition had a steadying effect on the people and kept Spain comparatively free from the mania. It is doubtless only fair, as Prof. George Lyman Kittredge has recently urged with much force, to judge the witch-hunters of New England by the standard which prevailed in England in the same period; but a large view of the matter must also bear in mind that "the two lands in Christendom in which the Inquisition was thoroughly organized escaped the worst horrors of the witch-craze."

Contrary to a commonly accepted opinion, Mr. Lea finds the political activity of the Inquisition unimportant. He has shown in his first volume how unfounded is the view, once so dear to Catholic apologists, that the Inquisition of Spain was not an ecclesiastical institution but a part of the civil government; and he here points out how the Dominican Inquisition of the Middle Ages, which these same apologists were anxious to free from any connection with the Spanish institution, allowed itself, in the cases of the Templars, Joan of Arc, and Savonarola, to be used for political ends in a way to which Spanish history presents no parallel. In the most celebrated instance of its employment for political purposes, that of Antonio Pérez, "the Holy Office was invoked only as a last resort, when all other methods had failed, and, when it was called in, so far from being the obsequious instrument of the royal will, it resolutely sought to advance its own interests with little regard for the policy of the monarch." Nowhere in the transformation of the state under Ferdinand and Isabella and the Hapsburgs does the Inquisition appear as a factor; and although it was more frequently employed under the Bourbons, cases were uncommon and of a trivial character. Moreover, the reign of the Bourbons was a period of decline for the Holy Office. Their theory of monarchy was that of Louis XIV., which had no place for such an *imperium in imperio* as the Inquisition had become under Philip IV. Like the Grand Monarque, the Bourbon kings also aspired to be patrons of learning, and the scientific and literary establishments which they encouraged prepared the way, though very slowly, for that "Europeanization" which is still the unrealized aim of the most progressive minds of the Peninsula. In such an atmosphere prosecutions for heresy grew much rarer as the eighteenth century advanced, and the energies of the Inquisition were devoted mainly to such matters as bigamy, blasphemy, solicitation, and sorcery. Still the Inquisition died hard. Though suppressed by the Cortes in 1813, it came back with the Restoration, and its final abolition dates only from 1834.

In the concluding chapter the attempt is made to estimate the share of the Inquisition in the misfortunes endured by the Spanish people since the sixteenth century. Mr. Lea is too sound a thinker to attribute the decline of Spain to the Inquisition alone, and he passes rapidly in review such other causes as absolutism and mis-government, indolence, *empleomanía* and unwise economic policies. He says:

> What may fairly be attributable to the Inquisition is its service as the official instrument of the intolerance that led to such grave results, and its influence on the Spanish character in intensifying that intolerance into a national characteristic, while benumbing the Spanish intellect until it may be said for a time to have almost ceased to think.

Religious unity was secured—if it was ever severely threatened—at the price of intellectual stagnation. Still, Spain simply did more thoroughly what was in some form or other attempted everywhere. As Mr. Lea puts it:

> The Spanish Inquisition was only a more perfect and a more lasting institution than the others were able to fashion. . . . The spirit among all was the same, and none are entitled to cast the first stone, unless we except the humble and despised Moravian Brethren and the disciples of George Fox. The faggots of Miguel Servet bear witness to the stern resolve of Calvinism. Lutheranism has its roll call of victims. Anglicanism, under Edward VI., in 1550, undertook to organize an inquisition on the Spanish pattern, which burnt Joan of Kent for Arianism, and the writ *De hæretico comburendo* was not abolished until 1676.

And the conclusion of the whole matter is to be found in these closing words:

> After all, the great lesson taught by the history of the Inquisition is that the attempt of man to control the conscience of his fellows reacts upon himself; he may inflict

> misery but, in due time, that misery recoils on him or on his descendants and the full penalty is exacted with interest. Never has the attempt been made so thoroughly, so continuously or with such means of success as in Spain, and never has the consequent retribution been so palpable and so severe. The sins of the fathers have been visited on the children, and the end is not yet. A corollary to this is that the unity of faith, which was the ideal of statesmen and churchmen alike in the sixteenth century, is fatal to the healthful spirit of competition through which progress, moral and material, is fostered. . . However deplorable were the hatred and strife developed by the rivalry which followed the Reformation, it yet was of inestimable benefit in raising the moral standards of both sides, in breaking down the stubbornness of conservatism, and in rendering development possible. Terrible as were the wars of religion which followed the Lutheran revolt, yet they were better than the stagnation preserved in Spain through the efforts of the Inquisition.

The fourth volume shows the same qualities of candor, sobriety, and solidity of judgment which characterize its predecessors, and like them it is built up from the original sources. The prime materials are naturally the unpublished records of the Holy Office itself, as preserved in great abundance in Spanish archives and libraries, but these have been supplemented by research in manuscript collections scattered all the way from Rome and Copenhagen to Lima and Philadelphia, and by wide reading in fugitive imprints and recondite theological literature. Where so much is taken from unpublished sources, it is to be regretted that Mr. Lea has not prepared, either as an introduction or as an appendix, such a survey of the materials as only he can give. The plan of the work, in seeking to combine chronological and systematic treatment, involves a certain amount of repetition; and the bulk is considerably enlarged by the amount of illustrative detail, but such illustrations are always pertinent and their concreteness is in refreshing contrast with the loose and rhetorical writing which has hitherto abounded in this field. Those who lack time or patience for the four volumes can easily select significant chapters by the aid of the elaborate table of contents. The "History of the Inquisition of Spain" is Mr. Lea's best and most mature work, and is in some ways the most notable achievement of American historical scholarship. It is idle at present to expect universal acceptance of its results, for, although the Inquisition has been extinct for two generations, its history is full of controversial matter and touches on every side questions of living moment. The apologist may find comfort here and there, as in the account of witchcraft or in the destructive criticism of the reckless estimates of the number of victims, while other chapters may perhaps suffer the fate of the author's "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages," the three volumes of which were translated into French at the time of the Dreyfus agitation, as a means of anti-clerical propaganda which would be all the more effective because so obviously written as a record of historical facts and not as a party pamphlet. Yet Lord Acton pronounced the main body of this work "a sound and solid structure that will survive the censure of all critics," and the Abbé Vacandard, while denying its finality, has recently accepted Reusch's characterization of it as "l'histoire de l'Inquisition la plus étendue, la plus profonde, et la plus fouillée que nous possédions." In spite of present reactionary tendencies, one may indulge the hope that this work may in its turn be accepted as a substantial addition to the body of fact, even now by no means inconsiderable, upon which both Protestant and Catholic historians are in fundamental agreement.

Although published under a title of its own, the account of the "Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies" is really a continuation of the "History of the Inquisition of Spain," and should be read in connection with the larger work, for the light it throws on the workings of the inquisitorial system when comparatively free from central restraint. The history of the tribunals beyond the seas forms an instructive chapter of Spanish colonial policy. In many places the ground has already been tilled by local investigators. The Chilean scholar Medina has written a series of important monographs on the American tribunals; useful works exist for Naples and Sicily; and for the study of the Inquisition in the Netherlands even Mr. Lea must await the completion of the monumental "Corpus Inquisitionis Hæreticæ Pravitatis Neerlandicæ," upon which Paul Fredericq has spent so many fruitful years. Often Mr. Lea has little more to do than to summarize the labors of his predecessors, but he can generally supplement them from his acquaintance with the materials in Spain, and he has always the great advantage of looking at the subject as a whole, and viewing it against the background of the parent institution. Except during the great persecutions of Jews toward the middle of the seventeenth century, accusations for heresy were not frequent in the colonies:

> A vast proportion of the cases tried by the Inquisition were for offences comparatively trivial—blasphemy, careless or irreverent remarks, or the more or less harmful superstitions classed as sorcery—and the transmission of denunciations for such matters, over hundreds of leagues of forest and mountain, and awaiting a reply with instructions, was manifestly too cumbrous a process to be practical.

The local commissioners, like most of the officials of the Inquisition in the Indies, seem to have been for the most part men of low character, and their remoteness from superiors and complete immunity from local jurisdiction made them "intolerable pests in their districts." The tribunal itself was subject only to the Suprema in distant Spain; its privileges and exemptions and constant quarrels with rival authorities were a fruitful source of the disorder and weakness of colonial administration, and its opportunities for uncontrolled exploitation are seen in the success with which it evaded the royal demands for accounts of its enormous receipts from confiscations. The influence of all this upon the colonial system Mr. Lea sums up as follows:

> While thus in the colonial tribunals we see the Inquisition at its worst, as a portion of the governmental system, we can realize how potent was its influence in contributing to the failure of Spanish colonial policy, by preventing orderly and settled administration and by exciting disaffection which the Council of Indies more than once warned the crown would lead to the loss of its transatlantic empire. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that these revelations, moreover, go far to explain the influences which so long retarded the political and industrial development of the emancipated colonies, for it was an evil inheritance weighing heavily on successive generations.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Metropolis. By Upton Sinclair. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Iron Heel. By Jack London. New York. The Macmillan Co.

Having stirred up a nation and its Chief Executive as thoroughly as the author of "The Jungle" did the other day, few men, few wizards certainly, would be able to resist the temptation to repeat the trick. Mr. Sinclair, as previously announced by megaphone, here steps forward with his encore. It is the same pot with which he is busy, only this time he stirs it the other way. The gruel is thick and slab. New ingredients appear upon the surface in place of the eye of newt and toe of frog which held our horrified eyes but yesterday. The magical fumes which arise are less noisome than those of the former brew in so far as rank perfumes are less noisome than offal. The whole business is malodorous enough in all conscience.

"The Metropolis" is even less properly to be called a novel than "The Jungle." There are no human beings in it and there is no continuous action. It is a tract with enough of the air of fiction to draw the attention of a generally intractable public. The excerpts which have been printed in the *American Magazine* contained everything of importance in the book. The story element is delightfully ingenuous. Once upon a time there were two brothers, sons of a Southern family impoverished by the war. The younger came North early in life, and became a prosperous parasite of the very rich New York class. The elder remained a country lawyer and planter, till fire swept away the family mansion, and, now in middle life, he too turned his steps toward the metropolis. He was as ignorant as a babe of everything in New York; he had apparently never even heard of luxury or corruption anywhere. He learned in due course a good deal about such matters, and declared that for himself he would be neither luxurious nor corrupt. All millionaires were dishonest and wickedly extravagant; all Society was brutal and fast. This did not please him at all. He said some hard things about it to the sycophant brother:

> "What are you going to do?" gasped Oliver.
>
> "I'm going to give up these expensive apartments—give them up to-morrow, when our week is up. And I'm going to stop squandering money for things I don't want. I'm going to stop accepting invitations, and meeting people I don't like and don't want to know. I've tried your game—I've tried it hard, and I don't like it; and I'm going to get out before it's too late. I'm going to find some decent and simple place to live in; and I'm going downtown and find out if there isn't some way in New York for a man to earn an honest living."

All sensible enough, if a trifle obvious; conclusions of the kind have been reached ere this by persons who did not need such blows of the bludgeon as Mr. Sinclair deals our hero. He leaves very little for anybody else to say against the revoltingly rich. For that matter, Juvenal left very little for him to say:

> Nothing is left, nothing, for future times
> To add to the full catalogue of crimes;
> The baffled sons must feel the same desires,
> And act the same mad follies, as their sires.

Vice and extravagance in our age are pretty much what they have been in others, and no new penalty has been discovered for them. The gay world is wasting more money than ever because it has more money to waste, and that money as a whole has not been come by more honestly or dishonestly than heretofore. Yet, few readers, however incredulous of the fact, will feel quite like laughing at Mr. Sinclair's prediction of civil war as the outcome of the continued absorption and misuse of wealth by the few.

Of the recourse to violence Mr. London makes a much more distinct forecast. We have little more regard for him as a man of letters than for his "comrade" in Socialism, Mr. Sinclair; but his book, like the former's, is interesting as a sign of the times. In its character of tract, its force of assertion, and narrowness of generalization, it is strikingly similar. The events described are supposed to take place in the years 1912 and 1913. The narrative is written by the wife of a Socialist and leader of revolt, and the manuscript, hidden in a hollow oak, is discovered seven centuries later and edited, with introduction and notes, by one of the enlightened gentry of that day. "Too late," he comments, "did the Socialist movement of the early twentieth century divine the coming of the Oligarchy. Even as it was divined, the Oligarchy was there—a fact established in blood, a stupendous and awful reality." The "Iron Heel" is, of course, the ruthless power of capitalism, or "the Oligarchy." What Mr. London wishes to give is not so much prophecy as warning of what might happen if, contrary to the hopes of Socialists, unprincipled capitalism were to get the upper hand and do its logical worst. He sees society in the grip of an oligarchy enforcing its will by mercenaries, annihilating the power of the middle class, and making serfs of the "people of the abyss." A series of bloody revolts follow, extending over some three centuries, upon which arrives at last the beneficent triumph of Socialism. Theoretically, Mr. London's rôle as a Socialist is that of apostle of peace, but his nature—his imagination, at least—is, one recalls, a trifle bloodthirsty. A future such as Socialism hopes for, of steady progress, of peaceful conquest by propagandism and the ballot, would afford small material for his talent. The gore through which, in the course of these pages, we are invited to wallow, is far more to his taste; three hundred years of it is not a day too much for him.

Old Wives for New. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A popular melodrama of the present season dropped its curtain on the melancholy speech of a noble but rejected suitor, "Nobody loves a fat man!" If Mr. Phillips's new novel has any serious purpose it is the expounding of this same thesis as applied to the opposite gender. It begins with the story of a winsome, "straight and slim" young girl, who, after marrying a youth with the money-making faculty, overeats systematically and neglects her personal appearance, thereby sacrificing a husband who really means uncommonly well by her. Up to a certain point the matter of the story—its manner needs another criticism—seems intended as a warning against overindulgence. The reader actually feels for a time that Mr. Phillips is leading him on to a reconciliation between the estranged pair, effected through the agency of diet and a regimen of daily exercise. A little later, the author introduces the *motif* of the beauty doctors, and one recalls the advertisement of that cosmetic which raised a plain young woman to such a pinnacle of beauty that when she made a great match, people said it was the maker of the facial cream who really "gave the bride away." As it turns out, however, Mr. Phillips's book is no tract, either for health food or cosmetic. Mrs. Murdock does win an admirer, but it is not her first husband. The outcome, so far as that personage is concerned, is devoid of any ethical or logical significance whatever. After being captivated by a very much worse woman, he chooses, in the end, a sort of middle course, with a third.

The fiction of Mr. Phillips never lacks certain striking qualities, a rapid flow of narrative, highly colored pictures, and an unsparing wit at the expense of his characters. The fault which offsets many of his excellences is a species of realism which leads him into absolutely needless coarseness. Setting out with a theme which is ignoble in most of its external aspects, he has not a touch to refine or even to lighten it.

The House of the Lost Court. By Dona Teresa de Savallo, Marquesa d'Alpens. New York: The McClure Co.

Small but valuable articles have always been staples of the writers of stories of mystery. Jewels and missing wills, perhaps, figure more often than any others. Here, however, we have the same sort of narrative woven about the disappearance of one of three courtyards in an old English country house. Outside of a fantastic short story, a few years ago, describing the lowering of a modern office building into a hole secretly dug in the bowels of the earth, we do not recall a parallel. Nevertheless, if this story concerned the architectural enigma alone, its weakness at many points would be apparent. In a castle built on the rambling lines of that upon the book's cover it is perhaps barely conceivable that the equivalent of a three-room New York apartment with a "new law" airshaft might be overlooked for a century or so. But in the rectangular house of the architectural diagram within —altogether unlike the cover picture—it is hard to believe that even a casual visitor who knew the legend of the lost court could have walked about long without guessing where it was.

There are, however, two complementary mysteries and the second is better sustained. It is solved by a young American girl who, on seeing the family ghost, follows him by night, explores a subterranean passage with the ghost's own lantern, and, having fathomed the deception, follows up most unconventionally the acquaintance so made—quite as remarkable as anything recounted in the book. Accepting the premises, the story is entertaining and pleasantly told.

Cities of Italy. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Few pastimes are more entertaining than to browse among the impressions or descriptions which travellers have left of Italy. Begin with Montaigne's "Journal" and come down to Mr. Symons's studies, and you will get much more than what first meets your eye on the printed page. You will find there life itself, and many varied personalites, peeping through the lines at you; and you will see so many Italys that you may ask yourself whether there is in reality a geographical Italy, perceptible to eye and ear and touch, or an ideal, a dream which rises before men generation after generation, to which they give the name *Italia.* Assuredly, if you turn from "Zeluco" Moore's volumes, which have the commonsense charm of a Dutch painting, to Mr. Symons's essays, half impressionistic, half-symbolistic, you would scarcely imagine that both men are writing about the same country.

Mr. Symons seems to draw his inspiration from Pater, but he lacks that background of serious thinking which made Pater a genuine force in his time, and saved him from amateurishness. The amateur, or, if you will, the dilettante spirit, pervades Mr. Symons. He knows a little art, a little history, something of literature; he is sensitive to poetry, to colors, and to weather. He lives, in fact, from his sensations, and this gives to his sketches their chief merit. His impressions are his own. Sometimes he tries to analyze, and even to classify them; but more often he lets them pass before you without much manipulation. Such work baffles criticism. If the Sistine Chapel, or Venice, or Siena, has called up a certain sensation in Mr. Symons, it is idle for us to say that it is not. We can only determine whether he has described his sensations adequately, and we can honestly affirm that he has done this. He writes, like all men who feel under an obligation to have style, with a pronounced manner; but even his mannerism is not unpleasing, and many of his epithets and phrases are individual and striking. His judgments on art, too, though shot off in rather haphazard fashion, are often pregnant, as when he says, for instance:

> Raphael is the instinctively triumphant perfection of the ideal of the average man. . . . Here is the simplicity of what is called inspiration; the ease of doing, better than any one else, what the greater number would like, better than anything else, to do.

We cannot help feeling that Mr. Symons is always a stranger in Italy. Contemporary life he sees from the outside, and his impressions of the actual Italians would hardly be endorsed by any one who really knew them. The Italians themselves would not recognize themselves in his sketches of them. He is busied, indeed, with an Italy which dwells in his own imagination. We can recommend him to readers who enjoy word-pictures of delicate nuances, and sensations and fancies which pass easily from the vividness of impressionism to the vagueness of symbolism.

George Sand and Her Lovers. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this beautifully bound monograph of 375 pages on George Sand's love affairs has no sympathy, so he tells us at the outset, with the conventional English attitude towards the relation of sexes. One need only glance through his book to be convinced of the fact, and nobody who has read it will accuse this Britisher of "British prudery." Indeed, his "frankness" might well put to shame some of his French predecessors in the same field, who, with true "Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy" had left us in the dark as to the exact character of George Sand's friendship for some of her most conspicuous "friends." The reproach addressed by Mr. Gribble to an English biographer applies to the French likewise; and if we were to rely on their information alone, we might still be laboring under the illusion that Jules Sandeau was only her collaborator, Dr. Pagello her medical attendant, Michel (de Bourges) her legal adviser. Doubtless, Mr. Gribble felt it his imperative duty to clear up these matters once for all and explain with minute detail and accuracy what kind of friend Mérimée had been, as opposed to Flaubert, Chopin as compared with Liszt, Pierre Leroux contrasted with Lamennais. It must, indeed, have been distressing to so conscientious an historian not to have attained the same degree of scientific certitude as to the status of some minor characters, such as, for instance, the engraver Manceau, of whom Mr. Gribble speaks several times. The birth, growth, and decline of these sentimental adventures, their vicissitudes, both tragic and comic, the laws, psychological and physiological, which seemed to determine their evolution—all this is analyzed with searching scrutiny and told with amusing candor.

In fact, this is not a literary sketch, or even an ordinary biography: it is the story of the private life, the stormy and often pathetic life of a woman, a weak and sentimental woman, who owed to an incongruous and suspicious heredity a volcanic temperament, an irrepressible imagination, a magnificent gift of expression, a warm, tender, and inflammable heart. In thirteen pages, none too enthusiastic, is dismissed a literary output which fills 107 volumes; the 362 remaining pages treat the subject at hand, neglecting what this woman of letters actually gave to the public and alone intended for it. Brushing aside these thousands of pages full of poetry, love of nature, and love of humanity that have inspired so many readers, this specialist devoted his energies to the gathering of all the threads of evidence that go to prove that, at such a time this man or that one was more than a mere acquaintance, that the intrigue began at a definite date, and the rupture normally ensued at the appointed hour, and that, of course, the woman was to blame. It seems strange that a biographer should not have fallen under the spell of George Sand's winning qualities. Mr. Gribble, in fact, resisted successfully: he presents us a somewhat flippant *chronique scandaleuse*, in which he carefully brings out all the weaknesses and emphasizes the small sides of a truly great woman. Such a book, accurate as it is in the main, gives, however, of the author of "Indiana" and "La Mare au Diable" as incomplete an idea as was often received by casual visitors at Nohant. Instead of the heroine of their dreams, they would meet a silent, frigid, sleepy, stupid-looking lady, devoid of all the pleasing graces of society, who stopped writing only to weed her garden, sew gowns, play with her grandchildren. "A fat old muse," says Matthew Arnold; "a somnambulist," writes Théophile Gautier; with a "mummified face," adds Goncourt.

To the unsympathetic portrait of the English writer the admirers of George Sand will oppose the picture of the bold novelist, who, anticipating by sixty years the popular iconoclasts of the declining century, raised her voice against social lies and iniquities; of the woman whose soul was consumed with the love of her fellows, and espoused all the great causes that kindled the hearts of men; the untiring worker who, every night, until the early hours of dawn, "made copy for Buloz," and earned a million francs that she gave away to her family, her friends, her poor, and the peasants of the neighborhood; the great artist, who was inexpressibly modest, absolutely devoid of egotism, incapable of hating anything but meanness, cruelty, and superstition. Indeed, it is quite safe to admire a writer whom Renan called "the Æolian harp of our time," and love a woman whom old Flaubert worshipped like a mother; at whose funeral Dumas fils, who was to deliver an address, broke down and sobbed like a child; and of whom M. Faguet writes that, "No woman ever displayed to such a degree the highest qualities of an honest man."

This book on George Sand's lovers will serve its purpose nevertheless. It is interesting and informing. It corrects some statements of "L'Histoire de ma vie"; it brings before the English reading public the results of S. Rocheblave's and A. Le Roy's studies; especially in regard to the relations of George Sand and Chopin it offers a more complete account than any previous work, thanks to the use made of the letters to the Chopin family that M. Karlowic published in Warsaw, under the title, "Souvenirs inédits de Chopin" (1904).

The artistic appearance of this edition, the quality of the portraits do credit to the publishers. Slips on French words or names are rarer than usual; and the author knows his subject well. *Débats*, however, takes no circumflex accent, Marmontel wrote, "Les contes moraux" (not "morales"), and Louis Ulbach, the journalist, did not have any *de* before his name.

Science.

A Mind That Found Itself: An autobiography. By Clifford Whittingham Beers. Pp. 363. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50 net.

The purposes of Mr. Beers's book as he sets them forth are three in number: To rob insanity of its terrors; to correct existing abuses and to elevate the standard of treatment; and to induce the benevolent rich to aid State and nation in supplying funds for the erection and maintenance of model institutions for the care of the mentally diseased.

Mr. Beers is a Yale graduate who began to show signs of nervous and mental breakdown during his final year at the university. From his own analysis one would infer that his obsessions were those of a psychasthenic, coupled with a rather severe acute melancholia brought on through worry and fear. He notes carefully the various symptoms he felt while attending a brother suffering from brain tumor and attacks of epilepsy, and is inclined to date his own mental estrangement from that time. As a record of the peculiar symptom-complex of temporary insanity the book is somewhat remarkable, written as it is from within, and giving the observations of an abnormal psychologist upon his own mental processes. Such attempts have been made many times before by the unbalanced, but always with the inevitable result that one might expect—mere jargon and extravagance of words. Mr. Beers, however, has written a readable book.

If he has failed to subordinate the personal element to his "cause," he can be pardoned because of his desire to stir up proper indignation for current asylum abuses as he views them. From the evidence before us there is no question that he was a very refractory patient, and as he himself confesses, a wilful one. Therefore, it is not remarkable that he succeeded in involving himself in all sorts of difficulties with attendants and physicians. But even so, the treatment he received was unjustifiable on any score whatever, and his story should serve as a text for the proper reorganization of the "system" of management of the insane as now carried on. This remark seems to apply especially to the run-for-pay sanatoria, where conditions are curiously enough much worse than in the charitable institutions.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Beers is the formation of a "National Committee for Mental Hygiene" to coöperate with Federal, State, and local authorities so that representative men and women may spread "a common sense gospel of right thinking in order to bring about right living." In fine, he would have this society do "in its own field what the National Society for the Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis has done, and is doing, in its sphere of activity." This strikes us as a rather vague and indefinite outline. But the need of more intelligent care of the insane is undoubted; and an organization to accomplish that purpose might conceivably devise ways and means that are now unthought of or neglected. It would do something if it only enlightened general public opinion. A system of inspection by properly qualified laymen might be found desirable, but just how such inspection can actually prevent insanity is by no means clear, if we go back a very little way into a study of its etiology. To be sure, the melancholic and allied functional states yield more readily to treatment, possibly most readily; but how can one prevent hereditary types, save by marriage restrictions, or the type due to some pre-existing disease such as that which is thought to be responsible for paretic dementia? Certainly the author has failed to take these facts sufficiently into account. However hopeless the view may seem, one is bound to face the fact that insanity is in the majority of cases an unpreventable and an incurable disease, and nothing short of Utopia itself can ever make it very much less so. In the meantime, any effort toward the amelioration of the lot of these unfortunates by decreasing their sorrows and increasing whatever joys they can still appreciate deserves hearty commendation and support.

The Italian Geographical Society has decided to send a geographical and scientific expedition to Dancalia, which is in part under Italian jurisdiction. Capt. Alfonso Mario Tancredi, who has spent many years in Erythrea and has written several important monographs on that colony, will have charge of the party, which will start at once. The undertaking has the moral support of the Colonial Department as well as a generous grant of funds, and has also received a large contribution from the Milan Society for Geographical and Commercial Exploration. One of the chief objects of the expedition will be to determine the boundaries and spheres of influences between the Italian possessions in East Africa and Ethiopia.

Drama.

THE RENASCENCE OF MENANDER.

I.

The new Menander, just published,* although containing no entire play, presents enough continuous text to enable us to reexamine the verdict inherited from antiquity. The modern world has acquiesced with docility in Menander's great fame. But the paradoxical exclamation of Aristophanes of Byzantium: "O Menander, O Life, which of you copied the other?" Dio Chrysostom's and Plutarch's extravagant rating of Menander above even Aristophanes, Cæsar's depreciation of Terence as a "halved Menander," and Quintilian's appreciation of the Greek poet as a mould and mirror of life, have ever teased us with half-knowledge. He has been the hidden side of the moon behind the genial face of his Latin representative.

Until the discoveries (1891-1903) of a series of Menander papyri, our direct knowledge of his work (except for a mosaic of 759 gnomic verses) was based upon about 1,050 fragments varying in length from a few words to nineteen consecutive lines. Though only a few of these older fragments fall into place in the newly discovered comedies, yet they are still of importance, both for the dignified beauty of certain passages and also as emphasizing the quotable character of much of his writing. His sententious observations appealed to the audience like the "quotations" in "Hamlet." Hence, in part, the preservation of so many scattered fragments.

In reading the continuous text of the new manuscript one finds, as was to be expected, that this moralizing comes in only incidentally. The Greek playwright knew his business. But the old fragments help us to remember that Menander was the pupil and friend of Theophrastus—himself the pupil and successor of Aristotle—and that he was also the friend of Epicurus. Ptolemy Soter, it is recorded, tried to induce Menander and Theophrastus together to settle in Alexandria. But Menander, who was the son of a Greek general and the nephew, on his mother's side, of the famous comic poet, Alexis, was an Athenian of the Athenians. He seems to have lived on in his native land and to have been drowned in Greek water at the Piræus. On the road up from the harbor to Athens could be seen his tomb, as Pausanias pointed out, and close by it, as was fitting, the cenotaph of Euripides, whose romanticism Menander had combined with a more genial humanism. But the work of the stay-at-home poet was to acquire a larger citizenship. His comedies, known not only through the patchwork translations of Terence, but accessible themselves for many centuries from Lyons to Alexandria and wherever Greek was read, must have transmitted into the applied philosophy of life in western Europe many an echo of the Peripatetics, of Epicurus, and of all the intellectualizing ethics of the Hellenic world. When Menander was in his thirties Zeno the Stoic was putting forth his new propaganda. Yet we may attribute rather to the general attitude, common to the various schools and not absent even from Epicurus, Menander's reflection of the philosophic impassiveness—ἀταραξία. Be that as it may, this impassiveness is occasionally tempered to a finer edge, a more militant courage, as we see from these lines ("Meineke," p. 995):

Being a man ne'er ask a life from pain set free
But of the gods ask courage that endureth long.
For if to shun all grievance to life's end thou'rt fain,
Thou must become a god, or, failing that, a ghost.
Looking on ills of others, comfort take in thine.

And the following ("Meineke," p. 958) is at least more robust than Hadrian's: *Animula, vagula, blandula.* Human life is here likened to a festival or market-fair whence one may pass content when he has seen the shows:

That man, O Parmeno, I count most fortunate
Who quickly whence he came returns, when he, unvexed,
Has looked on these majestic sights—the common sun,
Water and clouds, the stars and fire. If thou shalt live
An hundred years, or if a very few, thou'lt always see
These same sights present, grander ones thou'lt ne'er behold.
So reckon thou this time I'm speaking of as though
Some market-fair or trip to town, where one may see
The crowd, the market, dice, and loungers' haunts;
Then, if thou'rt first unto thy lodgings, with more gold
Thou'lt go upon thy travels and shalt pick no brawl;
While he that tarries longer, worn, his money gone,
Grows old and wretched and forever knows some lack,
A wandering vagrant finding enemies and plots,
And gains no death that's easy, staying out his time.

This fragment, it is worth noting, is from the "Hypobolimaios," one of the plays so highly commended by Quintilian.

II.

The finds in Egypt (1891-1903) containing 14, 51, 60, and 87 lines respectively of lost plays (*i. e.*, "The Flatterer," "The Countryman," "The Girl Who Gets Her Hair Cut Off") were welcome, but the sample was still small. The new papyrus gives us a much larger pattern. It contains parts of four comedies. Three of these I shall discuss but briefly. The first is "The Hero"(?), which, although it yields us only seventy-one lines, preserves the argument and the *dramatis personæ*. Hence it is significant. The plot is typical except that here, instead of one infant exposed or farmed out, there are twins and the girl grows up to have a like fate with her mother. There is the usual happy and inevitable solution: a "recognition" of the children and a marriage of the original couples before or after the dénouement. By reason of the double knot and the stress of twins an Euripidean *deus ex machina* must intervene, and this seems to be the rôle of the divine personage who appears without a name and whose presence suggests the identification of the title. It may be noted that all the names except that of the young man and those of the twins, reappear in the types copied by Terence, that is, assuming the slave names Daos and Sangarios as represented by the Latin slave names Davus (cf. "Andria" and "Phormio") and Sanga (cf. "Eunuchus").

Of "Perikeiromene" (The Girl Who Gets Her Hair Cut Off), we have 178 lines, fortunately supplemented by the scene of 51 lines in the Oxyrhynchus fragment (Grenfell and Hunt, London, 1899), which gives the key to the situation at the end of the play. This may serve to illustrate that in letters, as in science, the same principle holds: all knowledge, however fragmentary, bides its time to be correlated with a larger pattern. The first scene is lost. The play opened apparently *ex abrupto*, but a "machine" goddess, Agnoia, gives a post-mortem prologue in the second scene. The scene of the comedy is laid at Athens. The stage setting, as in "Epitrepontes," which is treated at length below, seems to require three houses. A brother and sister have been abandoned as infants and brought up separately, both of them ignorant of their parentage. The sister comes to know the facts, but her brother, still in ignorance, excites the jealousy of his sister's lover, who in a rage cuts off her hair. Hence the name of the play. The lover becomes duly repentant and all is explained. Glycera finds her father by means of the tokens exposed with her when a baby. She forgives her barber of a lover, and is given to him in marriage with a good dowry by her new-found father.

"The Samian Woman" contains the greatest number of lines, but is much more imperfect than "Epitrepontes." M. Lefebvre *infers* the title from a Samian woman who plays a leading rôle. The follow-

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**Fragments d'un Manuscrit de Ménandre;* découverts et publiés par M. Gustave Lefebvre (Inspecteur en chef du Service des Antiquités de l'Égypte). This *editio princeps* is a beautiful quarto (pp. 220) published in Cairo, at the Imprimerie de l'institut français d'archéologie orientale, December, 1907. It contains an uncial (semi-) reproduction of the 1300-odd lines of text; a regularly edited Greek text, with minor lacunæ judiciously filled out; the old fragments belonging to the plays in question, even including for "Perikeiromene" the fifty-one lines of the Egyptian find of 1899; and, finally, a translation in French. Facsimile plates are to follow. In the preface Gustave Lefebvre, the editor (with whom Maurice Croiset has been in happy collaboration), gives details of the discovery of the MS. In July, 1905, information was brought in to his headquarters at Assiut of a new find of papyri at Kôm Ishkaou, the site of the ancient Greek city, Aphroditespolis, further up the Nile to the west of the river. In the foundations of a Roman house, uncovered by chance, among other papyri leaves and 150 rolls of MSS.—mostly Greek business papers, contracts, wills, letters, etc.—were found seventeen leaves of a mutilated codex of Menander. Had fortune preserved the codex intact, M. Lefebvre argues that we should have had at least seventy leaves containing five complete comedies. The editor would date the MS. as of the end of the second or the beginning of the third century of our era.

ing extract may show how "The New Comedy" fills out our knowledge of details. Demeas, at his country house, is busied with the personal oversight of the preparations for the wedding banquet of his son Moschion when he discovers by chance his relationship to an adopted baby. He describes the whole household as in a bustle:

All a shouting: "Flour! Water! Give me oil! Some coals!"
And I myself, too, taking part and giving this and that,
Into the storeroom, as it chanced, had gone, from whence
I did not come directly, busy laying out
Unusual provision and inspecting all
Within. Just then, while I was there, a woman came
Descending from the upper-story, from above,
Into the storeroom's antechamber. For, with us
There's an apartment, as it happens, for the looms,
So placed that through it is the entrance to the stairs
And to the storeroom. She was nurse to Moschion,
And well along in years, a former slave of mine,
But now set free. And of the baby catching sight,
A bawling, bawling, as it lay, left all alone,
She, knowing nothing of my being there inside,
Thinking herself in safety, falls a chattering
Such things you know that women will, like: "Darling child!"
Exclaiming, and: "O blessed treasure!" And, of course,
The mammy kissed and carried it about and, when
It stopped its crying: "Wretched woman that I am,"
Unto herself she says: "It seems but yesterday
When I was suckling, loving Moschion himself,
And here's a baby of his own!"

And so the sudden grandfather learns that his son is the child's father.

III.

The least broken play in the volume, "Epitrepontes" (Those Submitting to Arbitration), takes its name from a scene happily preserved, although this is not the main subject of the comedy. The 517 lines that remain to us not only give almost complete details of the plot, but what is far more important, they allow us to judge of Menander in consecutive scenes and that, too, of Menander at his best. For by good luck "Epitrepontes," as we know, was one of his best plays. Alciphron cites it as a *chef d'œuvre*, and Quintilian mentions it with five others when he describes Menander as a model in matter and manner for the young Roman orators. "He alone," says Quintilian, "in my judgment, if read with diligence, would suffice to secure all the qualities that we are inculcating." Undoubtedly, therefore, in the speeches of the shepherd Daos and the charcoal-burner Syriskos we have now a specific instance of what Quintilian commended in Menander, his ability to mirror human life and to fit his words to his characters ("ita vitæ imaginem expressit . . . ita est omnibus rebus, personis, affectibus accomodatus").

The relation of the "Hecyra" of Terence to this play is well discussed by the editor. If it really is based upon the dismembered "Epitrepontes" we feel more than ever ready to coincide with Julius Cæsar's protest against this process of vivisection.

The plot of "Epitrepontes," so far as is needful for an understanding of the scene quoted below, is as follows: Pamphile, daughter of Smikrines, a country gentleman of Attica, has been violated during the carnival night of the Tauropolia by Charisios, who presently marries her, although both are ignorant of their past relations. A child is born to Pamphile and is secretly exposed with certain birth-tokens, including a ring taken from Charisios at the Tauropolia. The child is found by Daos, a shepherd who, however, does not wish to bring it up and is glad to hand it over to Syriskos, a charcoal-burner, whose wife has opportunely lost her own baby. Daos holds back all mention of the trinkets exposed with the child. Later the foster parents learn of the trinkets and come to demand them of Daos. The matter is left to the arbitration of old Smikrines, who happens by, and who is, in fact, the grandfather. The scene is laid in Attica. Three houses may be assumed in the background: those of Smikrines, of Charisios, and of Chærestratus, a charcoal merchant, to whom Syriskos comes on a business errand. Syriskos seems to be a worthy representative of those very independent demesmen, the charcoal-burners, who form the energetic chorus in "The Acharnians" of Aristophanes. The extract here given is selected partly on account of the reference in Quintilian, but the subsequent scenes, for which we have not space, are more dramatic.

("Epitrepontes": Act. I. Scene 2. Enter Daos, a shepherd; Syriskos, a charcoal-burner, with his wife carrying the baby; later, Smikrines, the father of Pamphile.)

Daos. You dodge what's fair!
Syriskos. And you, unchancy, swindle me.[*]
Daos. You may not have what is not yours.
Syr. This matter, then,
Let's leave to some one.
Daos. I agree, let's arbitrate.
Syr. Who shall it be?
Daos. For my part any one will do.
[*Aside.*] It serves me right, for why did I go in with you?

Enter Smikrines.

Syr. Good sir!
Now, by the gods, could you give us a moment's time?
Smikrines. Give you? And wherefore?
Syr. We've a question in dispute.
Smi. To me what does that matter?
Syr. Some fair-minded judge,
For this we're seeking, so, if nothing hinders you,
Settle our quarrel.
Smi. You crow-bait scoundrels, you!
Dressed in your goat-skins, do you walk and talk of law?
Syr. But none the less the matter's short and easily
Decided. Grant the favor, father, by the gods,
Do not despise us, for at all times it behooves
That justice gain the upper hand, yes, everywhere,
And every one that happens by should take his part
In looking out for this. It is the common lot
We all must share.
Daos (aside). I've grappled no mean orator.
Why did I let him in?
Smi. Will you abide, now say,
By my decision?
Syr. Certain sure.
Smi. I'll hear. For what's
To hinder? (*To Daos.*) You! you close-mouthed fellow there! Speak first.
Daos. I'll start a little further back, not simply tell
His part, that I may make the matter plain to you.
Within this bushy thicket here, hard by this place
My flock I was a-herding, now, perhaps, good sir,
Some thirty days gone by, and I was all alone,
When I came on a little infant child exposed
With necklaces and some such other trumpery—
Syr. About *them* we are talking.
Daos. He won't let me speak!
Smi. (*To Syr.*) If you put in your chatter, with this stick of mine
I'll fetch you one.
Daos. And serve him right.
Smi. (*To Daos.*) Speak on.
Daos. I will.
—I took it up and with it went off to my house.
I had in mind to rear it—'twas my notion then—
But over night came counsel, as it does to all.
And with myself I reasoned: "What have I to do
With rearing children and the trouble? Where shall I
Find so much money? What anxiety for me!"
Thus minded was I. Back unto my flock again
At daybreak. Comes this fellow—he's a charcoal man—
Unto this selfsame place to cut out stumps of trees.
Now he had had acquaintance with me back of this,
And so we talked together. Noticing my gloom,
Says he, "Why, Daos, are you anxious?" "And why not?" says I,
"For I'm a meddler." And I tell him of the facts:
How I had found, how owned the child. And straightway then,
Ere I could tell him everything, he begged and begged.
"So, Daos, blessed be your lot!" at every word
Exclaiming: "Give to me the baby! *So*, good luck
Be yours! *So*, be you free. For I've a wife," says he,
"And she gave birth unto a baby and it died"—
(He meant the woman, her who rears the baby now)—
Smi. You begged him, then, Syriskos?
Syr. Yes.
Daos. The live-long day
He pestered me, and when he urged, entreated me,
I promised him; I gave the child and off he went
Calling down countless blessings; seized and covered o'er
My hand with kisses.
Smi. (*To Syr.*) You did this?
Syr. I did.
Daos. Well, he
Together with his wife departed. Of a sudden now
He meets me; claims the things then with the child exposed—
(Now these were small and worthless, merely nothing)—claims
That he should have them; says he's treated scurvily
Because I will not give them, wish them for myself.
But I declare he'd better feel some gratitude
For what he *did* get by his begging. If not all
I give him there's no need to bring me to account.
If even walking with me he had found these things
It were a mutual god-send; he had taken *this*,
I *that*; but when I made the find alone, do you (*To Syriskos*)
Expect to have it all and not one thing for me?
In fine, I gave you of my own, with free-will gave:
If this still pleases you, why keep it even now,
But if it doesn't suit and if you've changed your mind
Why then return it. Don't commit nor suffer wrong.
But, partly from me willing, partly forcing me,
That you get all—that were not fair. I've said my say.
Smi. (*To Syr.*) He's finished. Don't you hear? He's finished.
Syr. Yes, all right!
Then I come after. All alone this fellow here
The baby found and all these facts he's telling now
He tells correctly, father, and it happened so.
I do not contradict him. I entreated, begged,
And I received it from him. Yes, he tells the truth.
A certain shepherd, fellow laborer of his
With whom he had been talking, now brings word to me
That with the baby he had found some ornaments.
For this, my father, he[*] is present here himself
And now demandeth of you, Daos, an account

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[*] We should like to interchange the characters here and trans.: συκοφαντεῖς "you blackmail me," instead of "swindle," but the context and the MS. seem to indicate the present arrangement.

[*] The baby.

(Now give me, wife,* the necklaces and tokens here)
For he† declares that these were placed upon himself
As his adorning, not for piecing out your keep!
I, too, join in demanding as his guardian—
You made me that by giving him—And now, good sir, (*To Smi.*)
Methinks 'tis yours to settle whether it be right
This jewelry and whatsoever else there is,
As given by his mother, whosoe'er she was,
Be put by for the baby till he come of age
Or this clothes-stealing cut-purse is to have these things
Belonging unto others if he found them first.
"Why didn't I," you're saying, "when I took the child,
Demand them then of you?" Not yet then had there come
To me a person speaking in the child's behalf.
And even now I'm here demanding no one thing
That's mine, mine only. "Mutual god-send!" None of that!
No findings! when 'tis question of a person wronged:
That is not finding, 'tis a filching from the weak.
And look at this, too, father, may be this one† here
Was born unto our betters. Reared 'mongst working-folk
He will despise our doings. Following his own bent
Perhaps some high-born action he will venture on
And go a lion-hunting; carry arms; or run
A race; at public contests see tragedians.
I know you understand all this. Those heroes once,
Pelias, Neleus, by an aged man were found,
A goat-herd in his goat-skin dressed as I am now,
And when he noticed they were better born than he
He tells the matter, how he found, how took them up.
He gave them back their wallet, with birth-tokens filled,
From which they found out clearly all their history,
And they, who then were goat-herds, afterwards were kings.
But had a Daos found those things and sold them off,
That he might profit by twelve drachmas for himself,
Through all the coming ages they had been unknown
Who were such great ones and of such a pedigree.
And so it is not fitting, father, that I here
Should rear his body while that Daos seizes on
His life's hope for the future, makes it disappear.
A youth about to wed his sister once was stopped
By just such tokens. One a mother found and saved.
This one a brother. Since, O father, all men's lives
Are liable to dangers, we must watch, look out,
By long ahead providing what is possible.
"Well, if you are not suited, give him back," says he.
This is his stronghold in the matter as he thinks.
But that's no justice. Must you give up what is his,
Then in addition you would claim to have the child
That more securely you may play the rogue again
If some of his belongings Good-luck has preserved.
I've said my say. (*To Smi.*) Give verdict as you hold is just.
Smi. Well, this decision's easy: "All that was exposed
Together with the child goes with him," I decide.
Daos. All right. But now, the baby?
Smi. Zeus! I won't decide
He's yours who'd wrong him, but he's his who came to aid,
This man's who stood against you, you who'd injure him.
Syr. Now yours be many blessings!
Daos. Nay, a verdict rank!
By Zeus, the saviour! I, the sole discoverer,
Am stripped of all and he who did not find shall have!
Am I to hand this over?
Smi. Yes.
Daos. A verdict rank.—
Else may no blessing ever light on me!
Smi. Come, give.
Daos. Good Heracles, how I am treated!

IV.

It would be useless to assert that even this great addition to the fragments of Menander will entitle us to a judgment wholly independent of our inferred knowledge. But, added to Plautus and Terence, and even the character types that have filtered down to Molière, it helps us to picture more vividly Greek life in the days of Alexander the Great. And when allowance is made for a non-Christian, though not wholly pre-Christian, toleration of loose sexual relations, we seem to find in Menander an otherwise high-minded poet accustomed to recognize in human life the nobler impulses and motives. Tradition speaks of him, it is true, as a perfumed fop and a lover of pleasure, but we may perhaps remind ourselves that the term Epicurean, as vulgarly employed, does not fairly describe the content of his writings any more than it does the best ideals of Epicurus himself. Our present text, indeed, bears out the approval of Plutarch (Quæst. Conv. vii. 3), who expressly comments on the absence from his numerous comedies of allusions to the worst blot upon Greek morals, and notes the fact that lawful marriage is the regular outcome of the irregular intrigues of the various lovers.

Menander stands forth as the protagonist of the "New" Comedy, which no longer offers the lyric beauty, the sparkling wit, the naked license, the daring satire of Aristophanes. It does not, indeed, primarily seek to provoke laughter, but is the scenic representation of human life, the pathetic, the amusing, and the commonplace. If the types presented—inflammable lovers and courtesans; slaves and their mistresses; cooks and parasites; braggart soldiers and surly old men—ever seem mean or monotonous, this is largely due to a political and social atmosphere no longer vibrant either with victory or with struggle.

As to the Greek itself of the new text, it is straightforward and lucid. Only rarely does it offer difficulty to the average reader of Attic prose. Some betterments in filling out the lacunæ, and changes in pointing or readings have already been made and others will be suggested, but the editors are to be congratulated upon giving out so soon such a satisfactory edition.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University.

The trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace have published, for the use of visitors to the birthplace and Shakespearean students generally, a small volume dealing with some recent acquisitions. It is called "Four Quarto Editions of Plays by Shakespeare, Described by Sidney Lee, with five illustrations in facsimile."

"Ibsen als Norweger und Europäer" is the title of a small collection of essays on the characters in Ibsen's works, illustrative of his national and cosmopolitan traits, recently published by the German critic, Albert Dresdner. The author makes much of the *Kritizismus* and the *Moralismus* of the dramatist.

Henry Miller's new company will make its first appearance in this city March 23 at the Savoy Theatre, in Charles Rann Kennedy's new drama, "The Servant of the House." This piece met with warm critical appreciation in London. The heroine will be played by that admirable actress, Edith Wynne Matthison, who will be associated with Walter Hampden, Tyrone Power, Charles Dalton, and others.

F. R. Benson has completed his arrangements for the next Stratford-on-Avon festival, which will begin on April 20, and last for three weeks. He has secured the coöperation of many well-known actors and actresses. For instance, in the performance of "Measure for Measure" during the first week, W. Poel and the Elizabethan Stage Society will assist; and Miss Genevieve Ward will be the Queen Margaret of "Richard III." In the second week for "Henry V." Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard are engaged; and for "Romeo and Juliet" Henry Ainley and Miss Constance Collier. The third week will bring Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott in "Hamlet"; and "Dr. Johnson," with Arthur Bourchier in the title rôle, to be followed by "Monsieur de Paris" and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The connection between this and Shakespeare is not explained. There will be a Shakespearean costume ball in the town hall at Stratford on April 30.

An Irish stage society has just been organized in London, in affiliation with the Irish Literary Society. It has for its object the production of plays dealing with Irish life, past and present, and it is proposed to have four or more performances annually, one of them to be given in the open air. Arrangements are already being made for the production of a peasant play, "The Land," by Patrick Colum. Among the promoters of the society are Dr. John Todhunter, Alfred Perceval Graves, P. J. Kirwin, Francis H. Skrine, and J. P. Boland, M.P.

Ada Dyas, a well-known actress, died in England March 12. Her first appearance in London was in 1861, when she played the part of Prince John of Lancaster, in the second part of "King Henry IV.," at Sadlers Wells, in the closing months of the famous directorship of Samuel Phelps. Perhaps she owed her clear cut style and excellent diction—which excited the admiration of Richard Grant White—to her brief experience with that notable organization. Her advance was rapid, for in 1866 she was leading lady in the London production of "Hunted Down," which had, for those days, a phenomenal run. She came to America in 1872 where she was engaged by Augustin Daly to play the part of Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife" at his Fifth Avenue Theatre. She did not remain there long, for Lester Wallack offered her the position of leading lady in his company, then the best comedy organization in this country. In 1892 she was engaged by Henry Irving for the part of Goneril in his revival of "King Lear" at the London Lyceum, and her performance was the object of special praise. Miss Dyas was never a great actress. She had no special power of emotional utterance or the mood of tragic exaltation. Nevertheless, she could exhibit both choler and pathos, and had all the resources of feminine charm, intrigue, or guile in her artistic equipment. Her easy, authoritative, brilliant manner, her complete comprehension, and her executive neatness constituted her chief claims to artistic distinction.

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*Daos apparently has allowed her to inspect them. †The baby.

Music.

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Second Series. Published by the Music Teachers' National Association: President: Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn. $1.60.

Twenty-nine years ago the Music Teachers' National Association was founded, and many papers read at the annual gatherings have been worth preserving. A year ago the Association printed the Proceedings of its 1906 meeting, and we now have a Second Series, for the meeting of 1907, which was held on the last five days of that year. The volume covers a variety of topics, yet considerably more than half its pages are devoted to the problems of music in schools and universities.

Some months ago Prof. Leonard McWhood of Columbia University sent out circulars to which he received answers from 123 colleges. From these he infers that approximately one-half the colleges in the country recognize the value of instruction in music sufficiently to grant credit in this subject. What is more remarkable still is that one-half the colleges that now grant credit in music toward the degree have adopted this policy within six years, while the majority of colleges that now grant entrance credit in music have taken this step within three years. In the common schools, too, the demand for music and its recognition as a valuable educational factor are growing rapidly.

This movement will be further accelerated if the admirable paper on "The Function of Music" by President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University included in this volume receives the attention it deserves. He insists that "there is no subject, not one, in the high school and college curriculum that should be taken by so large a proportion of students." And he gives his reasons for this large claim. Music, he maintains, is the language of the feelings. Speech is the language of the intellect, but "the feelings are older and vaster. . . . We Americans are more prone than any other race to be defective in *gemüt*. more liable to have our emotional life grow sterile and desiccated. This it is the function of music to restore, deepen, enlarge, intensify, and express." President Hall once visited in Germany a school where a fifth grade class could sing for him any one of fifty chorals or folksongs by heart, but could not yet read notes. He advises American educators to relegate to the second or third place the technique that all teachers tend to push to the foreground. On this point the doctors disagree. George W. Wilmot, while agreeing that pupils should be given good, wholesome, and beautiful songs, thinks that in some grammar schools there is not enough technical drill. This might be true were it the object of school music to give a training for a musical career, but in truth what music teaching in shools should accomplish is, as Prof. Charles H. Farnsworth points out, "to develop the capacity for the more intense enjoyment of music." In other words, school music should not make musicians, of whom we have too many, but good listeners, of whom there are too few.

Among the other papers that will repay reading are Arthur Farwell's on "The Relation of Folksong to American Musical Development," and Hermann Klein's on the National Association of Teachers of Singing. Mr. Klein would have teachers of singing furnish, like the doctors, a certificate of proficiency. Mention must also be made of Arthur Foot's valuable lists of piano pieces and studies important for use in teaching.

Singers and students of vocal art will be glad to know that Sir Charles Santley is about to bring out a new book, to be entitled, "The Art of Singing."

Some years ago, E. Humperdinck, author of "Hänsel und Gretel," wrote some delightful incidental music to the play called "Die Königskinder," another version of the story of the babes in the woods. He has now set this story to music throughout, thus making a new opera. The score is said to be nearly completed.

The young French composer, Raoul Laparra, seems to have been successful with his opera, "La Habanera." Four years ago this composer won the Grand Prix de Rome, but his opera is his first work that has attracted general attention. The story is one of jealousy and murder, but in the background there is always the music of the habanera dance. As a composer, Laparra does not follow the example of Debussy, who taboos melodies and coherent harmonies. He belongs rather to the school of Charpentier.

Particular interest attaches to the last concerts to be given at Carnegie Hall this evening and Saturday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They will mark the last appearances of Dr. Karl Muck, who has won many admirers here, but who is obliged to resume his duties as principal conductor of the Berlin Royal Opera.

The committee in charge of the Edward MacDowell Fund announces that it has completed its work. Total contributions to date, with interest, amount to $39,712.18. The expense of administration, together with the money paid on behalf of Mr. MacDowell, amounts to $10,780, leaving a balance of $28,932.18. This money, less some minor expenditures which have yet to be made, will be turned over to the Edward MacDowell Memorial Association, which has been formed to administer it in connection with the MacDowell property in Peterboro, N. H.

Clara Anastasia Novello, Countess Gigliucci, famous up to 1860 as a concert, opera, and oratorio singer, died in Rome March 16. She was the daughter of the English composer and organist, Vincent Novello, and was born in 1818. In 1829 she became a pupil in the Paris Conservatoire, and in 1833, at her first public appearance as a singer, she won immediate success. Her operatic début was made at Padua in 1841, in "Semiramide." Thenceforth, for nearly two decades, she was one of the most popular artists on the stage, in England as well as in Italy. She excelled in oratorio.

Walter Slaughter, the English musician, died March 2, at the age of forty-eight. He had been conductor of the orchestra at various London theatres, and had written a number of popular songs and eight operas. Among his songs were "The Dear Homeland," "Fair Madolin," and "My Welcome"; among his operas "Alice in Wonderland," "Rose and Ring," and "Lady Tatters."

Art.

THE SPRING ACADEMY.

Surely no carping critic, self appointed to safeguard oppressed and undiscovered genius, nor those chosen young vessels themselves—they are always young—can complain that the artist with a "tendency" has not been offered a fair chance at the exhibition of the National Academy of Design, open in this city from March 14 to April 18. In groups and singly, on every hand, are examples of all the latest "movements" in art (and these are almost as changeable as the styles in bonnets). And after a tour of the galleries one comes away with the memory of things one does not care for—perhaps to the exclusion of pictures which make a quieter appeal. Here are bold, bare transcripts, large and small, of nature in unæsthetic moods, clamoring for attention; here is humanity in unlovely realism; "waves of ugliness," impressionism so called, or whatever is the latest cry—all are here. Here, too, fortunately, are many loving and intimate interpretations of land and sea, the sky above them, and of men and women who live and have their being about us, painted by artists who do not insist on telling in strident voices in this casual company all they know the first time you meet them, but hold many a choice secret in reserve for the sympathetic listener. It is to these strongly individualistic painters and not to those who with perennial zeal pursue each fleeting whim and caprice that American art owes its increasing prestige at home and abroad.

The Academy hitherto has usually, if not always, excluded works which have been seen before on its walls or in other public exhibitions in the city. This year, however, with a liberality greater than the Academy has been credited with possessing, invitations were extended to many who have not of late, for one reason or another, been contributing. This has tended to elevate the standard of the present exhibition. Not in years, if ever, has the average been so high. Doubtless, there are plenty of pictures that will concern but few observers, and there are not wanting also pictures that are entirely uninteresting—that is the fault partly of the system; but why dwell upon these when there is so much that is good to choose from?

An unusual number of snow scenes impart an air of lightness to the galleries, and incidentally provoke wonder whether the landscapists are staying more in the country or whether the taste for snow is merely a "tendency." Among these snow pictures none is more vigorous than Jonas Lie's Heart of the Woods, in which there is no sign of last year's life or next year's rejuvenescence; all vitality seems drowned in the inky black pool in the foreground. Quite the opposite is the animated glimpse of North River by George

Bellows, in which the water seems actually to dance and the busy tugs to emit real steam—in a word, the canvas is an astonishing piece of realism. Ernest Lawson also has a realistic glimpse of the Hudson, full of floating ice; and E. W. Redfield shows two ably painted canvases of mingled snow and tawny earth. But for the more poetic side of winter one turns to Walter Nettleton's Winter in the Woods, so delightful in color and so searching in character. One almost hears the soughing of the wind in those pines, so strongly do they convey the spirit of the snowy forest.

Henry Rankin Poore, Charles Warren Eaton, and Leonard Ochtman, in their respective ways, impart a similar sense of relationship and intimacy with the scene. Equally, and sometimes even more successfully, D. W. Tryon, Elliott Daingerfield, Charles M. Dewey, Arthur Parton, Bruce Crane, Henry B. Snell, Henry W. Ranger, and Frederick B. Williams imbue their canvases with the spirit of the scene —together with the personal note—invaluable in pictures as in human beings. Similarly W. E. Schofield achieves his results with a couple of architectural scenes through which bits of sky and landscape are visible.

Something like the mysterious spirit of the night rushes past our ears, and the salt sea air gets into our nostrils as we watch the dancing waves and wonder at the wake of the invisible moon in Frank Benson's Moonlight by the Sea, while Charles Woodbury, in his Blue Wave, takes one far out to sea and leaves one there in solitude amid high running waves. In the presence of this canvas one has a singular sense of being adrift in an open boat, without much concern as to how one will get ashore. From William Gedney Bunce comes a Venetian moonlight that appeals to the eye fond of color, and there is a familiar but not remarkable sea piece by Winslow Homer. Other sea painters well represented are Gifford Beal, Howard R. Butler, and Childe Hassam.

Portraits abound. John Sargent, for example, is four times represented, and there are two portraits by J. J. Shannon, all adequate, if familiar, but from these notable artists nothing particularly brilliant. Edmund C. Tarbell's spacious canvas, in which is portrayed President Seelye of Smith College (recently shown at the Pennsylvania Academy), is likewise here, suffering somewhat in color by the transition to a franker light. Besides these there are an almost too vividly colored but vital portrait by Cecilia Beaux, an appreciatively done full-length figure of a woman by Lydia F. Emmet, another by the late John Lambert, and a spirited, almost full-length woman's figure signed by De Witt Lockman. These portraits do not, however, exhaust the resources of the show, but serve as mere hints.

Verging more on the ideal than the foregoing are figures and heads of interest and individuality by Sargent Kendall, Miss Genth, Charles W. Hawthorne, Alden Weir, H. Siddons Mowbray, George Barse, W. E. Smedley, Irving Wiles, and Abbott Thayer The Girl's Head, by the last named artist, though not one of his best representations of this oft-painted subject, is endowed with a nobility that bespeaks a soul looking out from behind those eyes. Moreover, every square inch of the canvas is instinct with an elusive charm. Of figure compositions one recalls especially those by William M. Chase, John La Farge, Hugo Ballin, Will H. Low, August Koopman, Jerome Meyers, H. W. Watrous, and Charles Curran.

In sculpture, a group of bas-reliefs by Augustus Saint-Gaudens makes strongly for sentiment and artistic quality, as does also the medallion portrait of Edward MacDowell by Helen Farnsworth Mears. There are, besides, various pieces in bronze, clay, plaster, and marble, mostly small, disposed here and there about the galleries, in no very impressive way, and thereby calling attention to the crying need of more adequate galleries.

BEN FOSTER.

It was a good idea to publish, as "Vasari on Technique" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), those prefatory chapters to the Lives, which have never heretofore been translated. The translation is now competently made by Louisa S. Maclehose and edited with introduction and notes by G. Baldwin Brown and accompanied with intelligently chosen illustrations. Vasari's notes on technical matters are often incomplete and disappointing, but it is well to have them, and one wonders why all translators of the Lives have omitted them.

A publication that should be of great value is that of "A Catalogue Raisonné of the Most Eminent Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century," based on the work of John Smith, by C. Hofstede de Groot, with the assistance of Dr. W. R. Valentiner, translated and edited by Edward G. Hawke. The first volume, including the works of Jan. Steen, Gabriel Metsu, Garard Dou, Pieter de Hooch, Carel Fabritius, and Johannes Vermeer, is now brought out by the Macmillan Co. The labor represented in its preparation is evidently enormous, and to test the accuracy of its execution would entail a labor nearly as great. One can only say that it is a useful undertaking, and seems to have been conscientiously and thoroughly carried out.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts has bestowed upon Edmund C. Tarbell the Academy gold medal of honor which is awarded "in recognition of high achievement in their profession, to American painters and sculptors who may be exhibitors at the Academy or represented in the permanent collection, or who, for eminent services in the cause of art or to the Academy, have merited the distinction." Previous winners of this medal have been: Alexander Harrison, William M. Chase, Winslow Homer, D. Ridgway Knight, Edwin A. Abbey, Cecilia Beaux, Charles Grafly, Henry J. Thouron, James A. McNeill Whistler, John S. Sargent, John W. Alexander, William T. Richards, Violet Oakley, Horatio Walker, and Edward W. Redfield. Mr. Tarbell, who is represented in the Academy's permanent collection by The Golden Screen, showed in the Academy's 103d annual exhibition, which has just closed, three canvases; a woman's portrait (Mrs. A.), a little interior, and a large portrait of President Seelye of Smith College. A still more important group of his pictures is to be shown in the exhibition of works by "Ten American Painters" which will open at the Pennsylvania Academy April 11.

A scholarship competition open to all art students in the United States, with the exception of those in New York city, will be held at the Art Students' League of New York on April 27. Ten scholarships will be awarded for the best work shown, whether from life, antique, portrait, illustration, or composition. The jury will consist of the following instructors of the league: Kenyon Cox, F. Luis Mora, Edwin C. Taylor, Augustus Vincent Tack, Thomas Fogarty, William M. Chase, George B. Bridgman, Charles Henry White, James Earle Fraser, Wallace Morgan, Frank Vincent Dumond. These scholarships will entitle the holder to free tuition in any one class of the league during the winter term of 1908-1909. Work should be forwarded so as to reach the league not later than Monday, April 20.

An important building operation is to be undertaken in Rome. The Palazzetto di Venezia, that is the old Viridarium of Paul II., is to be removed from its present location and reërected between the Piazza S. Marco and the Via degli Astalli. The little street of Madama Lucrezia will thereby disappear, but the famous colossal bust of Lucrezia will be placed in the corner between the palazetto and the façade of the Palazzo di Venezia. The picturesque little square in front of the church of S. Marco will remain undisturbed.

A committee of well-known art-patrons in Vienna have contributed funds for the publication of a scientific work on the Palazzo di Venezia. The volume, which is to appear in May, will contain thirty-seven plates and seventy-five illustrations in the text. The authors are Dr. J. P. Dengel of Innsbruck, Professor Dvorak, and Dr. H. Egger of Vienna.

As a direct outcome of the lectures recently given in Rome and Florence by the English Egyptologist, Prof. B. P. Grenfell of the British Museum, an Italian Society for Archæological Exploration in Egypt is being formed, with the support of Prof. Pasquale Villari, Senator Domenico Comparetti, and Prof. G. Vitelli of Florence.

Among the exhibitions at dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by deceased American artists, from Copley to Whistler, at Macbeth's, till March 24; sculpture by Richard E. Brooks, Edward W. Deming, R. Evans, John Flanagan, and James E. Fraser, Bauer-Folsom's, March 28; landscapes by Arthur T. Hill, Powell's, March 28.

Last Thursday J. P. Silo held an auction of pictures collected by two New York dealers, Oehme and Ehrich. The following were among the more important sales; Constant Troyon, Return of the Flock, Evening, $7,000; Roybet, Cavalier, $1,350; Ziem, Grand Canal, Venice, $5,500; Jongkind, Evening Calm, $1,750; Rigaud, Portrait of Van Loo, $1,100; J. S. H. Kever. Home Life in Holland, $1,300; G. Pieters, Our Daily Bread, $1,000; Anton Mauve, Wood Cart, $1,300; Josef Israels, Reading the Talmud, $1,000; Largillière, Portrait of Vicomtesse d'Emonville, $1,100.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 29, the following pictures were sold: Lawrence, Portrait of Richard Brinsley

Sheridan, £546; Early British School, Portrait of Miss Mary Ann Ayott and her brother, Henry Ayott, £535; Rembrandt, Titus, the artist's son, £215.

Finance.

THE COMPLEX FOWLER BILL.

Representative Fowler's currency bill has been endorsed by ex-Secretary Gage and Horace White. Both men urge that its purpose is to extinguish the present United States notes, and to base the currency as a whole on gold, not in any part on government securities. These are consummations devoutly to be wished; a measure whose primary aim is to achieve them is inso far at least commendable. The provision for twenty separate redemption agencies, whereby banknotes may be promptly redeemed without the delay and impediments imposed by the present law regarding the single redemption office at Washington, is also commended by experience.

The Fowler bill, however, goes far beyond these fundamental considerations, and undertakes a radical revision of the present banking system. It provides that the banks deposit in gold with the Treasury 5 per cent. of their outstanding notes and deposits, for a guarantee fund against failure to pay either notes or deposits on demand. But this guarantee fund is to be invested in purchase of the government bonds now held as collateral for bank circulation; and, to that extent, the government would not hold a cash guarantee, and the bill does not state how these bonds shall be employed for meeting losses. National banks are to be permitted to engage in trust company business, but under limitations in the main dependent on the varying State laws. The highly objectionable proviso of the present law, that three-fifths of the 15 per cent. cash reserve held by "country banks" against deposits may be redeposited in banks of remote cities—the evil effects of which were seen in the recent panic—is not only retained, but is made applicable to the similar reserve against the circulating credit notes. The bill is based on the assumption that these notes will not remain indefinitely outstanding, or be unduly inflated. These considerations illustrate the complexity of the bill, and show why Congress and the people are weighing it rather deliberately. The advocates of the bill say that their first opposition was removed by a more thorough study; but, as a result of such study, other persons have been filled with doubt as to the operation of certain clauses of this ambitious measure.

The two provisos on which discussion will converge, are those which arrange for a guarantee of bank deposits and for the admission of national banks into the field of the trust companies. The two features are more or less connected, because the guarantee fund, which is based, as to amount, on experience with national bank failures in the past, will necessarily cover deposits held under the trustee powers conferred upon banks. The need for this extension of the powers of national banks is not evident, and there is no reason to suppose that the banks themselves have solicited it. The section of the bill conferring these powers stipulates, as was inevitable, that they shall be exercised "in accordance with the laws of the State or Territory where situated or located." In view of the broad interpretation which has been placed on the State laws for trust company accounts, in New York and elsewhere, the effect of this authorization is perplexing. Here in New York, the recent practice has been to assume that any deposit with a trust company is a "trustee account" under the terms of the law, to be administered and invested without the restraints surrounding an ordinary bank deposit. That trust companies have been used as engines of promotion and speculation, and have been thus employed by institutions prohibited by their own charters from engaging in such enterprises, was proved by the life insurance investigation. Mr. Fowler's proposal would not necessarily lead national banks to embark their own funds in such undertakings; but the possibility is present, and it is far from reassuring. It has been intimated that the purpose of this section is to force the trust companies, through the guarantee of deposits in the national system, to take out charters as national banks. Granted this result, the national banks would become trust companies and the trust companies national banks, each intruding farther into the other's field. Such an outcome can hardly be called salutary.

Compulsory guarantee of bank deposits ought to be considered with great caution. Mr. Bryan has assumed that opposition to such a law arises from dislike on the part of strong banks to seeing weaker institutions placed on a par with them in the eyes of the average depositor. Objection on this ground is, of course, not valid. But the argument that such guarantee would go a long way towards putting incompetently or dishonestly managed banks on a par with the sound and honest, is more serious. The Fowler bill attempts to obviate this difficulty by providing that the several banknote redemption agencies, through boards selected by the banks of the district, shall have general power of supervision through their own bank examiners. Yet the New York Clearing House Committee possessed this very power in the case of the so-called "Morse banks," and it was of very little use. It requires no great imagination to picture what advantages the promoters in the "chain bank" system would have enjoyed, with the public's doubts or suspicions allayed by a guarantee of depositors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Interludes and Poems. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
American Antiquarian Society, Proceedings of the. Worcester, Mass.: Published by the Society.
Arrhenius, Svante. Worlds in the Making. Harpers. $1.60 net.
Baldwin, James Mark. Thought and Things. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Berliner Jahrbuch fur Handel und Industrie. Berlin: Reimer.
Bianchi, Martha Gilbert Dickinson. A Modern Prometheus. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Bullen, Frank T. The Call of the Deep. Dutton. $1.50.
Castro and the Asphalt Trust. New York.
Crockett, S. R. Deep Moat Grange. Appletons. $1.50.
Dearmer, Mrs. Percy. The Sisters. McClure Co.
Dinger, H. C. Handbook for the Care and Operation of Naval Machinery. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Freedom and Fellowship in Religion. Edited by Charles W. Wendte. Boston, Mass.; International Council.
Gasquet, Francis Aidan. The Black Death. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hasse, Adelaide R. Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hinckley, Henry Barrett. Notes on Chaucer, Northampton, Mass.: The Nonotuck Press.
Howells, William Dean. Fennel and Rue. Harpers. $1.50.
Jastrow, Morris, jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Lea, Homer. The Vermilion Pencil. McClure Co.
Leland's Itinerary in England. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. Vol. II. Macmillan.
Lemaître, Jules. Jean Jacques Rousseau. Translated by Jeanne Mairet. McClure Co.
Lloyd, Francis Ernest. The Physiology of Stomata. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Mackaye, Percy. The Scarecrow. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Manfroni, Camillo. Storia dell' Olanda, Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Mayow, John. Medico-Physical Works. University of Chicago Press. $1.36.
Meriwether, Colyer. Our Colonial Curriculum. Washington, D. C.: Capital Publishing Co. $2.
Miller, Elizabeth. The City of Delight. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Mosby, John S. Stuart's Cavalry in the Gettysburg Campaign. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.
National Association for the Study and Education of Exceptional Children. Plainfield, N. J.; Watchung Crest.
Ober, Frederick A. Juan Ponce de Leon. Harpers. $1 net.
Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. The Unlucky Family. Dutton. $1.50.
Peters, Madison C. Justice to the Jew. McClure Co.
Pitman, Benn, and Jerome B. Howard. Legal Forms. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute Co.
Post, Emily. Woven in the Tapestry. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Rath, E. J. The Sixth Speed. Moffat, Yard & Co.
Revolution on the Upper Ohio, 1775-1777. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites and Louise P. Kellogg. Madison: Wisconsin Historical Society.
Sinclair, May. The Judgment of Eve. Harpers. $1.25.
Snaith, J. C. William Jordan, Junior. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
State and Local Taxation. First National Conference, 1907. Macmillan Co. $4.
Van Tyne, Claude Halstead, and Waldo Gifford Leland. Guide to the Archives of the Government of the United States in Washington. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Wer ist's? (The German Who's Who). G. E. Stechert & Co.

Financial.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1908.

The Week.

The decision of the Supreme Court, in the railway cases coming up from Minnesota and North Carolina, merely reaffirmed and applied two well-settled principles of American Constitutional law. They are, first, that no man's property can be taken from him without due process of law, which means that no Legislature can enact a statute that will be in effect confiscatory; and, second, that no man can be deprived of the equal protection of the laws. It was in the application of the latter principle to the railway laws of Minnesota and North Carolina (and the Alabama law stands on all fours with them), that the Supreme Court made its most important deliverance. These State laws were of the kind which, it was boasted, had been made "injunction proof." By this was meant that it had been made enormously difficult and dangerous for any of the parties affected to challenge the constitutionality of the measures. There was to be, so politicians in Minnesota and Alabama said gleefully, no more interference of the Federal courts in behalf of railway officials. If any of them ventured to violate any provision of the State law, in order to make a case and bring it within the cognizance of the court, imprisonment at hard labor with heavy fines would be at once visited upon him. The assertion was made that these particular statutes had been so thoroughly "fixed" that no attempt could be made by those whose property was put in jeopardy even to go into the Federal courts and ascertain whether the laws were confiscatory and hence unconstitutional. But this very effort to prevent a constitutional determination is itself unconstitutional. That is the essence of the court's decision:

> By reason of the enormous penalties provided in the rate laws, by way of fines against the companies and imprisonment of their agents and employees, the companies were in effect prevented from ever questioning the validity of those laws, as the risk of confiscation of property and imprisonment of agents in case the companies failed in their defence was too much to undertake in order to obtain a judicial decision of the question of such validity. Such laws are therefore held unconstitutional, as they prevented the companies from resorting to the courts, and therefore deprived them of the equal protection of the laws.

The net result is to prove that there is no constitutional way of "getting round" the Constitution. This is no denial of the legitimate powers of the States. It is only a fresh reason why they should be exercised deliberately and lawfully. These two-cent-fare and other railroad laws were passed by the States in a kind of infectious mania. From one commonwealth to another the passion spread. Seldom was there any pretence of preliminary investigation. The prevailing spirit was exemplified in North Carolina, where the bill was passed on the distinct promise by the Governor that, if it did not work well, the Legislature would be summoned in extra session to amend or repeal it. Lord Rosebery was only the other day speaking enviously of the position of the United States in regard to fundamental guarantees for the citizen. He said that though ours was "the most democratic community in the world," we had the great advantage of a written Constitution. England, on the other hand, was "the country in which all the barriers to popular caprice, popular impulse, popular whim, are weakest." Parliament was all powerful; there was no executive veto; no court to disallow oppressive or confiscatory legislation. If Lord Rosebery studies the decision of the Supreme Court, he will not be disposed to withdraw or qualify his praise; for it stands as a bulwark against injustice.

We welcome "Labor's Protest to Congress," as presented by Mr. Gompers and his fellow-delegates. When they come out from under cover and state exactly what they want, the abhorrent nature of their demands is plain. They desire to erect themselves into a privileged class. They are asking the right to do what they fiercely denounce in others. What they have charged, and what the law declares, to be a crime in others, they would have Congress enact that it shall be a virtue for themselves to practise. In his effort to secure the legalizing of the boycott, Mr. Gompers would have the Anti-Trust act so amended as to make organizations of laboring men immune. But what is the Sherman Anti-Trust Act? It is, in substance, simply a statutory reaffirmation of a great common law principle. This is, as laid down by Chief Justice Earle:

> Every person has individually, and the public also has collectively, a right to require that the course of trade should be kept free from unreasonable obstruction.

If two men combine to injure the business of a third, the third has his legal redress. This was the idea underlying the Anti-Trust Act. To be written into law, it had necessarily to be made broad in its terms. No class could be excepted, no especial form of combination exempted. This is innocently admitted by Mr. Gompers himself, when he says that Congress would originally have excluded labor unions from the Anti-Trust Act, but for the fear that by so doing it would lead the Supreme Court to declare the whole law unconstitutional. Naturally; for the Supreme Court sits to see that no law shall discriminate between man and man. And when it said, in the decision in the Northern Securities case, that the Anti-Trust Act "declares to be illegal *every* contract, combination, or conspiracy in *whatever* form, of *whatever* nature, and *whoever* may be the parties to it, which directly or necessarily operates in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States," it absolutely determined the principle by which trade-union boycott would be held illegal so soon as a case was brought to court. It is this even-handed justice against which Mr. Gompers cries out. In clear equity, of course, it would be just as reasonable for E. H. Harriman or J. J. Hill, J. Pierpont Morgan or J. D. Rockefeller, to go to Congress and demand that their capitalistic combinations be expressly removed from the purview of the Anti-Trust Act. But we may take comfort in the thought that Speaker Cannon has declared that he would be driven from public life before he would "vote for any law which will make fair for one and foul for another."

We have been averse to noticing the attempt to frighten people into accepting Taft by threatening them with another term of Roosevelt. It implies such an initial and essential dishonor, that it is unpleasant even to think of it. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the threat is widely made that, if the Republican Convention won't take Taft, it will be compelled to take Roosevelt. In Massachusetts, for example, we have it from both wings of the Republican party. The former Attorney-General of that State, Mr. Pillsbury, has issued a statement in which he speaks plainly of those who are "conspiring to force the nomination of Secretary Taft by holding over the heads of the voters a threat of President Roosevelt taking the nomination himself rather than let it go to any other." This is promptly confirmed by ex-Congressman Powers, who is managing the Taft movement in Massachusetts. He speaks of "the growing belief that if Taft should be defeated the Convention will insist upon nominating President Roosevelt." Even more explicit is a Washington dispatch to the New York *Globe*, giving an "authoritative statement" in behalf both of the President and Secretary Taft's friends:

> He [the President] bound himself at the outset of his present term not to accept another nomination. He meant that then, and he means it now. He believes the nomination of Mr. Taft would be an endorse-

ment of his policies, and therefore a compliment equal in effect to his own renomination. But he does not propose to see what he has done overturned by the nomination of a reactionary. If it develops at the Chicago convention that Taft cannot be nominated, then he will take that nomination himself. He feels certain that Taft will be nominated. But if that should fail, he is sure that he can *force through* his own nomination.

But fundamental moral considerations would seem to make another nomination utterly beyond President Roosevelt's wildest thoughts. It is, after all, only a political trick; and not a trick that raises our opinion of the men who are responsible for it. The President cannot mean it seriously; and the fright of those who are now so much affected by it will probably wear off. At least, we can scarcely imagine that the sober leaders in the Republican Convention will be so terrified that they cannot look about them and do their best to make their party successful in a critical election. Their plain task is to put away both present fears and horrible imaginings, and to select that candidate for the Presidency who is at once fit and capable of being elected.

About this time in a Presidential campaign, expect an announcement that all is over, and that every waverer had better climb at once aboard the band-wagon. We get it now in the assurance by Mr. Taft's manager, Frank H. Hitchcock, that the Secretary is certain of 552 delegates in the Chicago Convention, with only 491 necessary to nominate. Some of the detailed claims will scarcely bear analysis. To affirm positively at this time that Mr. Taft is sure of 52 out of the 82 delegates from New England does not err on the side of under-statement. Mr. Hitchcock coolly annexes the entire delegations of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, though it is known that several Congressional districts in two of those States have elected uninstructed or anti-Taft delegates. The contest is by no means closed, though it is plain that the Taft candidacy has made great headway. The Secretary's strength west of the Mississippi appears to be as great as was asserted for him, and if the Federal machine succeeds in holding the Southern postmasters and marshals and collectors in line, he will evidently be far in the lead on the first ballot. But many things may happen between now and June 16.

The resolution of the New York Democratic State Committee in favor of sending an uninstructed delegation to Denver was to be expected. It is in line with the proposal to send uninstructed delegations from Pennsylvania and other States where the Democrats are not dominated completely by Bryan and at least make the attempt to give the National Convention the character of a deliberative body. New York's delegation, in particular, cannot be ignored entirely. Controlled though it is, in the minds of the Bryanites, by sinister "financial interests," it nevertheless represents a State which the Democrats, in the light of fifty-two years' experience, must carry in order to win. New York did supply the last Democratic candidate, and that candidate went down in overwhelming defeat. But it must not be forgotten that New York also supplied the only Democratic President since the Civil War, as well as the candidate who in 1876, as many good Democrats still believe, was rightfully elected. There are many reasons for high Democratic hopes this year. But none of them can blink the fact that the East must, as in the old days, be the chief fighting ground. Here the discontent with the Administration is wide and outspoken. For the Democratic Convention to override New York would not be an entirely auspicious beginning.

When asked the other day what would become of the amended Aldrich bill when it reached the House, Representative Hill of Connecticut said: "We'll strike out most of the other provisions, too, and then pass it." This was, we suppose, playful, but it appears to have been near the truth. The Aldrich bill had few friends in the House from the start, and the abandonment of its main proposals has simply made it look still more negligible. There seems to be a prospect, however, that the House may put it to a good use, after all. It is reported in the Washington dispatches that a plan is on foot to take the mutilated Aldrich bill and amend it so as to provide for a currency commission. From it, at leisure, a comprehensive bill might be expected, which Congress could debate and enact at leisure—not, as now, in the hurry and passion of a crowded session just before a Presidential election. Such a course, it has been stated, will soon be recommended by the New York Chamber of Commerce. If the Aldrich bill is made the means of such a result, it will not have died in vain.

There is in Senator La Follette a strongly academic trait. It showed itself last week in his speech pillorying our leaders of industry and finance. Scholars have always been fond of drawing up lists: of the best one hundred books; of the ten greatest soldiers in history; of the five men who have done most for humanity; of the twelve most celebrated women; of the fifty wisest sayings; and so on. The list which Senator La Follette read might be characterized as a list of the hundred worst Americans. They were the one hundred men or thereabouts "who control the industrial, financial, and commercial life of the American people," and who, to serve their own purposes, plotted to bring about the recent panic. We doubt whether the men who make up the list will object strongly to being raised even to so bad an eminence. Probably their families are more than pleased with this first authoritative social register covering the nation. There will be, of course, much heart burning in high financial circles. Like the author who could have entered the French Academy if the number of members had been forty-one instead of forty, like the literary masterpiece which would have been included in the world's greatest books if the list had been 101 instead of 100, the wife of many a financier whom just one more directorate would have landed on Senator La Follette's index will mourn the sad decree of fate.

A new Congressman, J. F. Laning of Ohio, with the new Congressman's propensity to rush in where even Payne or Dalzell fears to tread, makes an interesting charge against the pension system. It is, in effect, that the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, which exists supposedly for the sake of mitigating the rigors of the regular pension laws, applying by means of special bills a relief for those rare cases for which no general statute can provide, never even considers the private bills offered except the four or five which each member is allowed to select for passage. If this be true (and the *Congressional Record* does not indicate that any one denied it), then the persons in charge of this part of our pension machinery no longer even go through the motions of deciding cases judicially. Out of about 25,000 special pensions asked for, the Fifty-ninth Congress granted 2,523. But no one went over the 25,000 to pick out the most deserving tenth. If, in a single district, the most worthy claims did have precedence, it was because the local Congressman sifted them, or had them sifted. Moreover, these hundreds of bills continue to be passed after the enactment of a general law taking care of one of the chief classes of decrepit soldiers for whom the system of special pension legislation used to be justified. Just what the largesses distributed by quota involve, nobody knows. Congress has discontinued the practice of printing a brief statement of the malady of each particular pensioner. Nor is any one at the White House willing, like Cleveland, to sit up nights and analyze private pension bills on their merits.

Representative Littlefield's resignation means another retirement which, like Senator Spooner's, involves a loss to Congress. For sheer debating power, no man in the House is better equipped than Mr. Littlefield. To a logical mind and full resources upon which he can readily draw, he adds the advantage of a powerful voice. Without this, no one can hope to engage successfully in a rough-and-tumble discussion on the floor of a vast and noisy chamber. Mr. Littlefield has not been always fortunate in being on the winning or popular side, but has invariably commanded respect for his intellectual ability and his reasoned convictions. At the time of the impeachment of Judge Swayne, he opposed the majority of the House in a masterly manner; and though he lost there, had the satisfaction of seeing the Senate adopt his point of view. Perhaps his greatest public service, however, has been in his consistent and fearless withstanding of the arrogant demands of labor leaders. He has fought them in the House, as in his Maine district, with eminent courage and success. If he now withdraws for private reasons, it is at least some satisfaction to know that he will serve through this session, to speak the truth, both in the Judiciary Committee and on the floor of the House, about the un-American pretensions of Gompers and his kind.

China's invitation to the Pacific fleet, following closely on that of Japan, may be taken as influenced, to some extent, by the bitterness of feeling aroused over the recent dispute about the seizure of the vessel Tatsu. Reports from Peking during the last half-year have spoken of China's militant attitude toward Japan as determined, in part, by hope of American support. The supposed crisis in the relations between this country and Japan which followed on the decision to send the battleship fleet to the Pacific Coast, was welcomed in China, where, in spite of the boycott of three years ago, we have become once more the most disinterested of friends, especially after our handsome behavior in remitting a good part of the Boxer indemnity. The rabid anti-Japanese element in China was sure that the United States would attack and humble presumptuous Japan. The more moderate politicians were sufficiently impressed to come out strongly against supposed Japanese aggression in Manchuria. For the American fleet to visit Japan, and completely to dissipate all rumors of hostility between the two nations, would be something of a blow to hopes of Chinese radicals—hopes which a visit of our battleships to Shanghai might do something to restore.

According to present indications, the number of intercollegiate contests in which Harvard athletic teams may participate will be reduced, beginning with next autumn; and a number of colleges, East and West, will follow this example. The Harvard baseball team, however, will continue in the old way this spring and play twenty-seven games—far too many for young gentlemen who are expected to attend to such secondary duties as study. Yale, of course, will not reduce its athletic activity. President Hadley is quoted by the New York *Tribune* as saying:

> The question is a difficult one. As matters stand to-day the students in our large colleges have the greater part of Saturday at their own disposal. Some of them wish to go home for Saturday and Sunday; others go to the nearest city to amuse themselves. Each of these things, particularly the latter, is a more serious cause of interruption to college work than are most of the intercollegiate sports. If sports keep the students together, I am afraid we shall do more harm than good by discouraging them.

How the colleges ever managed to maintain intellectual and moral discipline before intercollegiate athletics came to save them is a mystery to all men of middle age.

A great figure in English politics is removed by the death of the Duke of Devonshire. If his career had fallen in the United States, he would, we suppose, have been called a Mugwump. At any rate, his strong personality and massive good sense he always threw against what he thought the extremes of either party with which he happened to be acting. Long one of Gladstone's ablest lieutenants, he was, as the Marquis of Hartington, leader of the Liberals during Mr. Gladstone's temporary retirement after 1874, and was thought to be entitled to the Premiership when the party won its sweeping victory in 1880. His break with Gladstone on the issue of Home Rule for Ireland was a defection which counted more at the time than either John Bright's or Mr. Chamberlain's. As a Liberal Unionist, however, he preserved his independence, and his refusal to go with Balfour and Chamberlain after the false gods of protection was a powerful influence in holding England true to free trade. That "the Duke" opposed the new fiscal plan was argument enough for thousands of Englishmen, who had come to look upon him as the embodiment of the hard-headed and steady national virtues. His death will not have the political importance which would have attached to it had he died four years ago; yet it must be long before another statesman will fill the peculiar place of respect and trust which he occupied in the eyes of his countrymen.

Street conflicts in Berlin have become a regular feature of the day's news. The commemoration by the Prussian Socialists of the March revolution of 1848 did not pass off without the now familiar flashing of bare sabres and cavalry charges on the crowd. German opinion is extremely sensitive to what it regards as foreign misinterpretation of domestic conditions. Germany, in general, is prone to think itself ill-treated by the press abroad; yet it is difficult to see what defence can be adduced for the policy of almost seeking a quarrel with the Prussian masses which Prince von Bülow has adopted. The Socialists have, from the point of view of the government, always been a menace. Presumably, the government has always followed precautionary methods with regard to popular agitation. But, somehow, the authorities were able to keep affairs in hand without recourse to such frequent brandishing of the naked sword as in the Prussian capital the last few months. British authorities manage to cope with street demonstrations peacefully. Even emotional Paris, during threatening May-day demonstrations, has seen troops and police kept well under control, and sharper crises than those that confront the Berlin authorities surmounted without bloodshed. What reason, therefore, have the Germans for complaint if outsiders fail to appreciate Von Bülow's seeming attempt to develop a miniature blood and iron policy of his own? The need for violent repression is always a reflection on constituted authority; it is especially the case now in Prussia, where repression is called forth by the legitimate efforts of the masses to protest against a ridiculously antiquated system of parliamentary representation.

Army experts are less addicted than their naval brethren to the football specialist's method of judging the comparative strength of two teams on the basis of their record against a common adversary. Otherwise it would be easy to prove that the French army is far superior in actual fighting efficiency to the German army. In Morocco, the expeditionary force of some 10,000 French troops is fully maintaining the ratio in casualties that usually obtains for Europeans and natives. This ratio is generally about one European to anywhere from ten to one hundred Zulus, negroes, or Moors. In the heaviest battles fought by Gen. d'Amade the French loss was reported at a dozen dead and twice as many wounded, whereas the Moorish loss was estimated as close to one thousand. German troops, on the other hand, in a fight with a Hottentot band in the Kalihari desert—one of the last echoes, presumably, of the great uprising of three years ago—succeeded in killing only fifty-eight of the natives and capturing seven, with a loss to themselves of thirteen killed and seventeen wounded. In fact, all through the German Southwest African campaign against the Hereros and Hottentots, the European losses were extraordinarily heavy. The war, in all, is estimated to have cost 2,000 German lives. This fact offers some support for the contention that the rigidity of the German military machine unfits the common soldier for the individual fighting necessary in colonial campaigning.

INTERNATIONAL HATRED AND THE PRESS.

The true moral of the fury over the Kaiser's letter to Lord Tweedmouth was drawn by Lord Rosebery in his short but pungent speech in the House of Lords. He said with much force that the country was getting into a supremely ridiculous position when it could fall into such excitement over a private letter. Seemingly, Lord Rosebery had himself seen the letter of the German Emperor, for he said that it was "partly of banter," and he presumed the First Lord of the Admiralty had replied in "as much a tone of banter as one in his situation can employ towards such a potentate." But passing over all such details of the "slight incident," what, asked Lord Rosebery, was the lesson to be drawn from the vast amount of passion and bad feeling that had burst forth?

> It is this—that the responsibility of the press both in England and Germany should be realized by that press, and that they should not lash both nations into a state of soreness which some day may produce the gravest dangers to European peace.

So far as this bore severely upon the course of the London *Times*, we must say that the rebuke was deserved. That newspaper has, for reasons of its own, maintained for some years an attitude of suspicion and hostility towards Germany. But it quite outdid its former worst, in its treatment of Kaiser William's letter. First, it printed the announcement that such a letter had been written. It did so in a way which, for the *Times*, was sensational; though we admit that it would appear tameness and stupidity to a really flaming yellow journal. Not a picture of William in his war helmet, nor one cut of the ship with which he was going to sink the English fleet! Still, the work of insinuation was thoroughly done. It would be "a shock of painful surprise and just indignation to the people of this country" to learn that the Emperor of Germany had attempted to "influence, in German interests, the Minister responsible for our naval estimates." "If there was any doubt before about the meaning of German naval expansion, none can remain after an attempt of this kind." It was clear that the Kaiser was designing to lull England to sleep, until he should have got his own powerful ships "within striking distance." In the successive editorial utterances there was much more to the same effect.

All this inflated mass of conjecture and ill-will was, it is needless to say, punctured by the plain tale of Mr. Asquith in the Commons and Lord Tweedmouth in the Lords. The Kaiser's letter was not received at all until after the naval estimates had been determined upon. It had no effect upon them one way or the other. The writing of it was a purely personal affair. Out of abundant precaution, Lord Tweedmouth had shown it to the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, and he at once decided that it was nothing of which official cognizance should be taken. And when the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated in the House that the publication of private communications could not be thought of by the government, no one in the Opposition had a word to say, and the whole case of the *Times* fell to the ground.

But the matter did not and should not end there. Lord Rosebery spoke of the responsibility of a newspaper that would recklessly endanger good relations with a friendly country. This was brought home to the *Times* in a way which it could not but have felt acutely. There was not merely the fact that the support of its own party immediately failed it; that not a Conservative rose in Parliament to say a word in its behalf. Public opinion turned against it in surprising strength. Its course was denounced in the plainest language by the leading English newspapers. The Manchester *Guardian*, for example, declared that its spirit and methods in all this business had been worthy of "the gutter press." By every expression and every token possible, this once powerful journal was given to understand that it had been a disgrace to the profession of which it professed to be the leader.

The incident shows, what we have many times had occasion to point out, that the public has, after all, an effective means of control over newspapers. The yellowest and wickedest of them live only by sufferance. They may not be restrained by anything in the conscience of their proprietors, but the outside public, without whose tolerance or patronage they could not survive, can bring them up with a round turn whenever it really desires to do so. Of this fact we had illustrations during the early days of the October panic. Certain newspapers of the baser sort began, after their kind, by treating the financial news in a sensational and exaggerated way. But it was promptly beaten in upon their intellects—that is to say, their pockets—that such a course would not be endured; and they incontinently abandoned it. There is really no other way, in a democracy, of exalting and enforcing the responsibility of the press. The lapse of the London *Times*, with its consequences, has furnished a shining example of the way in which even a great newspaper may be made to suffer for fomenting international hatred.

WOLFE, MONTCALM, AND THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

This year is the tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec. Among the commemorative ceremonies, the most notable will be the dedication of the battlefield of the Plains of Abraham as a national park in which is to be erected a joint monument to the two leaders who fought out the issue between Great Britain and France in the new world, one hundred and fifty years ago. Of course, no more appropriate memorial to the Canada of yesterday and to-day could be found. During the three hundred years of her history, Canada has been under French and under English rule for almost exactly the same length of time. The Canada of the present is largely what the pacific union of the races has tended to make it, and that union must control the Dominion's destinies for years to come. The newer and greater Canada of the Northwest is being populated with an English-speaking stock, but under the guidance of a French-Canadian who has now for twelve years been at the head of the federal government.

Quebec and Canada have good reason to celebrate; but the nationalization of the battlefields which is to take place in the week of July 22-29, during the visit of the Prince of Wales, is intended to be more than a Quebec, or even a Canadian, event. The Imperial aspect is prominent. Of the two million dollars which Sir Wilfrid Laurier thinks necessary for the acquisition of the battlefield sites, the Dominion government contributes three hundred thousand dollars, and the city of Quebec one hundred thousand. Private munificence is probably expected to bear the bulk of the remaining cost; but also, "it is believed that the British government will contribute"; and perhaps South Africa. The Ottawa correspondent of the London *Times*, from whose dispatch we have quoted, does not say whether gifts from outside the Empire are expected; but a French squadron is to participate in the celebration, and the French people, with their traditional tact, may proffer their significant mite towards a cause that so intimately concerns their own history. Already a movement has been started for the erection of a monument to Montcalm near the place of his birth in the château of Condiac, near Nîmes, to be unveiled simultaneously with the Wolfe-Montcalm monument at Quebec. Concomitantly, a wave of Montcalm-worship is sweeping over France.

An appreciable share of the interest displayed by the British government in the Quebec anniversary is due to consideration of the effect on the present cordial understanding with France. The famous *entente* concluded less than four years ago has had remarkable results. It began with, and consisted of, a series of political adjustments in Africa, Asia, and America which, like all important political acts, were received in both countries with warm commendation and with wide censure. Great Britain and France both gained immensely, or were both betrayed. But the weight of opinion on both sides of the Channel has been in favor of the agreement. Its strength was tested within less than two years by the tension between France and Germany over Morocco; and both in itself and because of the other international rapprochements to which it has contributed, the *entente cordiale* has come to be recognized as an important factor for European peace.

Indeed, those who have worked for the *entente* in Great Britain and in France have not confined themselves to the heavy masonry of territorial and commercial adjustment between the two Powers. Sentiment, too, has been invoked. French parliamentarians have visited England, and been visited in return. French and British journalists have communed on each other's shores. Deputations of French mayors and municipal councillors have been entertained at the London Guildhall, and have entertained their English compeers at Paris. In other minor ways, down to the proposal that English and French school children should be taught to write letters to each other in each other's tongue, busy hands have been cementing the structure. And not the least curious feature of this ardent wooing is that the traditionally phlegmatic Briton should have gone into it with an abandon, an *élan*, that sometimes amazes his emotional Gallic ally. In any case, both nations have gone far. "Perfidious Albion" is now at worst the "magnanimous neighbor and rival"; and France's attempts at European domination in the Napoleonic era, are graciously described as but so many efforts towards spreading the light of civilization over Europe.

We cast no aspersions on the sincerity of the feelings that underlie the Anglo-French understanding, but take the erection of a joint memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm as a typical instance of *entente*-building. In all this sinking of misunderstanding, a cynic, preferably a German cynic, might point out that most of the time it is France that has acquired the glory, while Great Britain has secured the solid results. Montcalm and Wolfe vie in the world's admiration, but Canada is British. Dupleix and Lally-Tollendal were fully as heroic as Clive, yet India is also British. Napoleon's soldiers opened Egypt to modern Europe, but Lord Cromer and his successor are both Englishmen. The Anglo-French *entente* is quite sincere, but based on an inequality of giving and taking, which some philosophers assert is characteristic of love in general.

ZOLA IN THE PANTHEON.

It was the fate of Émile Zola, after repeated failure to secure recognition of his work in literature at the hands of the Academy, to receive the higher honor of interment in the French Westminster in recognition of his political services in a great crisis. The novelist's burial in the Pantheon was decreed by the French Parliament not long after his death, but the subject came up again a few days ago in connection with the voting of a credit to defray the cost of the ceremony. The debate was made an occasion for raking over supposedly dead ashes. Maurice Barrès, one of the most conspicuous among the remnant of the Nationalists, delivered the attack on the memory of the writer of "J'accuse." M. Jaurès defended Zola. The Chamber voted the credit by a large majority, but Paris may witness a prolonged clash between triumphant Radicalism and defeated Conservatism, fought ostensibly over the body—and writings—of Émile Zola, but involving really a trial of strength between the France of the days before Dreyfus and the France after Dreyfus. Apparently, such a contest would be one-sided. The Radical majority in Parliament and in the country is so large and so well intrenched as to make political reaction an impossibility for years to come. On the other hand, the old conservative forces have reasserted themselves in the field of literature and art; and because of the intimate connection between literature and art and politics in France, a campaign waged by the Academy would be something more than academic.

Émile Zola's fame as the champion of Alfred Dreyfus, with the consequent prominence of Zola's name in political controversy, is likely to detract from the attention the future will bestow on his services in literature. Were Zola's reputation to rest entirely on his theory of "naturalistic" fiction in its extreme, and the thorough application he gave it, the author of the history of the Rougon-Macquarts would be compelled to face a constantly receding tide of appreciation. Naturalism in literature has failed to maintain itself. Zola's attempt to apply the dispassionate and presumably infallible methods of science to the study of life in its every-day manifestations has not withstood the vast volume of refutation that has been hurled against it. It required only time and perspective to show that Zola was, in his own way, as much the creator of his characters and their fortunes as the most arrant of romanticists in the most ideal of worlds. Brutality, raw strength raw morals, raw manners, we now see, are no more really inherent in human nature than the imaginings and affectations of the most lyric of Euphuists. Gustave Flaubert, in a letter of 187 which the *Figaro* has just published for the first time, says, concerning Zola:

> I have just read a few pages of "L'Assommoir." I didn't like them. Zola is turning into a *précieuse*, but backwards. He evidently believes that there are energetic words, just as Cathos and Madelon thought that there are noble words. His System is leading him astray. His Principles are cramping his intellect. Read his feuilletons, and you will see that he actually believes that he has discovered Naturalism. As for poetry and style, the two eternal elements, he does not seem to know them.

Add to the essential weakness of the naturalistic theory the unmitigated severity with which it was applied, and the reasons for a sharp reaction are apparent. But the form in which the reaction against the unrelieved grossness of naturalism manifested itself was, on the whole, not a pleasing one. To pass from naturalism to decadence was not a gain. The new men retained from Zola only his microscopic vulgarity. For the serious spirit in which Zola approached what he regarded as a scientific problem, based on a wide collation of facts, they substituted the go-as-you-please æsthetics of a rank individualism. If Zola too often went down into the mire, to that extent, at least, he put his feet on the ground. But symbolism quickly ran down into neurasthenia and opium dreams. By contrast, therefore, with the excesses of the reaction to which his own works largely gave the stimulus, Zola regains much of that authority which he claimed for his doctrine of naturalism. However faulty the method, it *was* a method; it was not madness. At least, it took itself seriously, and took life seriously. This growing seriousness united with a chastened naturalism to make his latest works, the cycle of the three Cities, the "Fécondité," the "Travail," of especial importance in shaping the fortunes of French fiction during the last decade.

The Dreyfus affair was more than a political crisis. It actually shaped and determined the views and efforts of a large part of the French literary world. Men like Anatole France did not escape its effects. And even the younger men grew sober and reflective. Maurice Barrès, though anti-Dreyfusard and anti-Zolaist, embodies in himself the change from an epicurean æstheticism towards grown-up seriousness of purpose. The novels of "national energy" which Barrès writes, and so many others with him—purposeful, almost practical—stand much nearer to Zola than to their own youthful theories. It is not by his political activity alone, therefore, that Émile Zola has contributed toward the creation of present-day conditions in France.

THE SPECIALIZED COLLEGE FACULTY.

In the preface to a standard work on classical antiquities, revised a few years ago, it was stated with absolute truth that the modern ideas of pedagogic theory had forever broken down the intellectual sympathy which once existed as a powerful bond between all university men. To graduates out in the world, and occupied with the current affairs of a busy age, the severing of this bond may not be felt as a matter of serious importance. Athletic or fraternity memories may still furnish a common ground of pleasant reminiscence when a half-dozen former college mates happen to meet, even if one of them should bring a blank stare upon the faces of the other five by a chance reference to Antigone, Horace, or Hegel. The real loss, however, comes to the college community itself, and especially to the faculty.

It is not putting it too strongly to say that in no American college to-day, with equipment sufficient to entitle it to the name, can a faculty be found in which all the members are bound together by any single important connecting link of past scholarly acquirement or current intellectual interest. It is the merest chance if a professor of biology in the younger ranks can meet the professor of Greek understandingly even within the narrow limits of the root-meanings of the Greek terms in his technical vocabulary. The professor of mathematics must steer clear of any formula or theorem beyond the freshman year to avoid the chance of flooring half the young professors and instructors in any single scientific department, except that of physics; and the fact that the professor of intellectual and moral philosophy does not hopelessly expose the ignorance of the whole faculty at every social gathering is due in no small part to the other fact that, except in the larger institutions, he is also president, and therefore absent in quest of funds for the equipment of some new scientific laboratory. It is never certain that the professor of French can address a sentence of three words in that language to the professor of German without causing embarrassment; and we have recently known even a professor of Latin to be driven to outside help by a Greek quotation in a paper which it became his duty to put through the press. The professor of history has long ceased to hope for intelligent conversation with the rest of the faculty on any historical topic before the Civil War; and the professor of English solaces himself for the lack of sympathetic discussion of any particular author by the freedom with which he may now quote from the entire field, Beowulf to Bangs, with no danger whatever of being called to account for his general inaccuracies, growing out of his special devotion to Whitman and G. Bernard Shaw. Even when Greek meets Greek it may be no otherwise, for one of the two has possibly won his doctorate by a thesis on the use of the genitive absolute in Herodotus and is now devoting his whole attention to the syntax of the cases in the later historians; while the other ground his degree out of the recently discovered fragments of Herondas, and is at present confining his researches to the representation of women in the Greek lyric poets prior to Callimachus.

But the contrast between the new and the old lies not merely in the fact that no two members of the faculty may have traversed a single semester of their college journey along the same path. The former day saw a unity in the current reading of college teachers which no longer exists. It would take a long and weary search at present to find a case in which a single volume in any branch of literature had become personally known to a majority of the members of any American college faculty within a year of its appearance, though a generation ago it was no uncommon thing for a new volume by some one of the more important writers to create an immediate and general stir in college circles. It is true that certain monthly and weekly periodicals of the better class are found to-day on the files of practically every college reading room, but it is not true that any single one of them is habitually read by any large proportion of any college faculty.

The result of all this is that the members of college faculties, in their intercourse with one another, are deprived of one of the most valuable sources of mental stimulation, the mutual exchange of ideas on matters of common knowledge and serious intellectual bearing. That the resultant intellectual disintegration has a similar effect upon the students, is unquestionable. That the increased steadiness and concentration with which the mental energy of the really earnest student may be held down to one narrow line of investigation is a sufficient recompense for this loss, is yet to be demonstrated. It must not be forgotten that we cannot expect more than one or two successful and useful specialists, in the scientific sense of the term, from any hundred average college freshmen. As for the young man who expects to go into business, he is unfortunately not yet convinced, as a rule, that really vigorous and scholarly work in any line of study beyond commercial arithmetic is an absolute necessity. For the remnant, however, who still desire a broad and deep culture for its own sake, we are not sure that there is not room for a college or two bearing some general resemblance to the Harvard, let us say, of an older day, when every member of the teaching staff had a rich intellectual equipment in common with all the rest; and when none of them was uninformed or uninterested with reference to any great social, literary, religious, or political movement of the day. The influence of this unified mental and moral power made it only natural, for instance, that the first act of a new secret society should be to equip a reading room with the periodicals which reflected the most serious thought of the time; or that a genuine sensation should be caused among the undergraduates by the appearance of a single copy of a new volume from a young British poet whose real greatness had as yet been but dimly recognized by the learned critics of his own land.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

I.

Few men have been happier in their fortune with posterity than Sir Henry Wotton. Not only was he included by Izaak Walton in that band of five whose precious lives may be called the hagiology of English literature, but he figures also in "The Complete Angler" as a fisherman whose "learning, wit, and cheerfulness made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind." And now, in these latest days, his life has been again written and his letters edited with rare erudition and still rarer taste.[*] Here is the Wotton we have always known, with some change of emphasis from the peaceful consummation to the busy diversity of his life, but still the same stately gentleman, walking with sweet composure through the spacious world of Elizabeth and James. And to his slender poetical reputation as the author of two or three treasured lyrics must now be added the honor of standing first, and not least, in the long line of great English letter-writers. Something of his epistolary grace was already guessed from Walton's "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" and from other scattered sources, but it is not too much to say that the five hundred letters brought together by Mr. Smith from his enormous correspondence, many of them here printed for the first time, stir us with the delightful shock of discovery.

Too much, of course, must not be expected from a letter-writer of that day. He affords little of the nimble, light-heeled entertainment of James Howell, who, as a young traveller, was received by "my Lord Ambassador Wotton" at Venice. He is often exasperatingly blind, moreover, to the interests of the future. Thus on July 2, 1613, Wotton wrote to Sir Edmund Bacon (nephew of Lord Verulam and husband of Wotton's niece), telling of the fire which three days before had consumed the Globe Theatre while "Henry VIII.," or an adaptation of it, was acting. It is a hasty brief note, to be sure, yet the writer has time to crack his jokes on the "only one man" who "had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle ale," yet he has no time to name the writer of that play. How much we would spare in these letters for a glimpse of Shakespeare playing his part in the Globe Theatre or making court to his supercilious patrons! It may be unfair to ask of Wotton what no one else of his age condescended to give us, but it is just the prerogative of genius to forestall the concern of future times. However, if Wotton thus missed the prophetic instinct of genius and the spontaneous dexterity of wit, he had brave qualities to compensate. His language may occasionally move a little slowly for our taste, but it is always courtly and refined, while now and then there breaks through his reserve that note of piercing beauty which only the Elizabethans could utter at random.

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[*] *The Life and Letters of Sir Henry Wotton.* By Logan Pearsall Smith. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.75.

His education, which may be called the business of his whole life, began with the happy influences attending his birth, in 1568, at the retired home in Kent, and with the traditions of a family who accepted or refused the baits of the great world with a proud independence. From such a home and family the boy Henry went to the school at Winchester, and at the age of sixteen (1584), proceeded to Oxford, where he stayed four years, adding to his circle of acquaintance the poet John Donne, and the Italian professor of civil law, Alberico Gentili.

After the university came the grand tour. Here his letters begin with his going abroad, in 1589, and, until his return in 1594, are filled with flitting glimpses of student life at Heidelberg, Vienna, Geneva, and other cities of the North, and with the adventures of a Protestant Englishman travelling disguised as a German through the states of Italy—"a paradise inhabited with devils," he calls the land. Now it is the difficulty of getting copies of forbidden books he relates, again he describes some famous library; but always he is in search of friends among the notable scholars where he visits. The best-known of his scholastic friendships was with Casaubon, with whom he lodged for fourteen months at Geneva. "Ah, what days those were," exclaimed the older man years afterwards, "when heedless of the lateness of the hour we passed whole nights in lettered talk! I hanging on your stories of all you had seen of many men and many lands [this was at the end of Wotton's wanderings]; you pleased to hear somewhat of my desultory readings. Oh! that was life worth living! pure happiness! I cannot recall those times without groaning in spirit." Coryat and Fines Moryson reported the meeting of famous scholars in their Continental tours, but their acquaintance was not of this stamp. Nor, at a later date, have the memoranda of John Evelyn's inveterate curiosity for celebrities the grace of these familiar letters.

II.

For friendship or love of the other sex there is, with a single exception, no concern in these letters. To the women of his own family, his mother and sisters and nieces, he showed indeed a noble affection, and in his later years found unfailing comfort in the society of those of them that remained. But for women as possible disturbers of his heart he had in general, I fear, a low conceit. Only once, apparently, does he hint at marriage for himself, and that is when, after complaining of his incompetent fortune, he adds coolly: "Peradventure I may light upon a widow that will take pity of me." His observations on woman in the Table Talk, now first printed by Mr. Smith, are even less romantic, where they are not too plain-spoken to be repeated. They correspond well enough with the poem written "in his youth":

> O faithless world, and thy most faithless part
> A woman's heart! . . .

This is not the cynicism of the voluptuary for, despite the scandalous anecdote told by Ben Jonson to Drummond—with what hearty glee one can imagine—it should appear that Wotton, like another Milton, and with less necessity of protesting his innocence than the prying Coryat, carried with him on his travels the Puritanic notion of chastity. Nor does his distrust ring like a mere echo of the age's affectation, caught up from the classical *mutabile semper* and a long succession of mediæval writers. It is, I think, the cynicism born of mingled ignorance and idealism—if these two words, in such human relations, do not connote the same thing. That Wotton remained all his life at bottom ignorant of the individual woman's character may be inferred from his blundering attempt to frighten Lady Arundel from Venice by reporting rumors of her intended arrest. Wofully he misread that imperious lady's temper, and of all his diplomatic mishaps none proved more humiliating than this. And with this ignorance went a distrust of any passions that might break down the philosophic independence which he sought as the ideal of life, and might subject him *to serve another's will*. Only remoteness of position can bring liberty from this uneasiness, by raising the woman herself into an image of detachment from the earth. And one such vision passed through the life of our philosophic diplomat.

In 1613, Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., had been married at London to the Elector Palatine, and had gone to reside at Heidelberg. Her secretary and English agent was Albertus Morton, one of Sir Henry's nephews. Wotton may well have met the princess at her father's court, and felt the charm of her winsome beauty. At any rate, when travelling to Venice on his second embassy, he stopped at Heidelberg long enough to become the trusted friend of the Electress, and to hear the difficulties of her life. And again, on his way thither for his third embassy he was commissioned to stop at Vienna and take a hand in straightening out the Bohemian tangle. Before setting forth on his vain errand, "being in Greenwitch Parke," as a letter of the day explicitly notes, he composed the lovely "sonnet" to the Queen, which has made his fame as a poet, if not as a man of business:

> You meaner beauties of the Night,
> That poorly satisfy our eyes,
> More by your numbers than your light,
> You common people of the skies;
> What are you when the Moon shall rise? . . .
>
> So when my Mistress shall be seen
> In form and beauty of her mind,
> By Virtue first, then choice a Queen,
> Tell me if she were not design'd
> Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Queen and not Queen she was, chosen and rejected. Of her subsequent adventures and of her mock court at The Hague, where she drew about her such friends as Descartes, there is much to read in the annals of the day. Wotton was not the only gentleman who worshipped loyally this unfortunate lady called, as Howell notes, "the Queen of Bohemia, and for her winning, princely comportment the Queen of Hearts"; but he alone was able to express the poetry of devotion in his letters. In 1628, on the death of one who had served faithfully both the Queen and himself, he directed to that "most resplendent Queen, even in the darkness of fortune" a letter which, as it is preserved to us, begins abruptly:

> Yet my mind and my spirits give me, against all the combustions of the world, that before I die I shall kiss again your royal hand, in as merry an hour as when I last had the honor to wait upon your gracious eyes at Heidelberg.

Wotton did not die for eleven years after that, while Elizabeth lived on through all the combustions of the civil war, but he never again saw those gracious eyes or kissed that "most sweet and gracious hand."

III.

I have dwelt at length on this episode in his life because in some respects it shows more of the real man than the diplomatic events which occupy the larger part of his correspondence. Besides his lesser missions, he was three times resident ambassador to the republic of Venice (1604-1610, 1616-1619, 1621-1623), and there is really more of Italian than of English history in his life. Other English travellers of the time have described "that most glorious, renowned, and virgin city of Venice"; but none knew the inmost wheels of her machinery as Wotton knew them, and none wrote so fully of her splendors and her embarrassments. With the help of Mr. Smith's notes one may almost feel one's self present at those audiences of the *Collegio*, where the perplexed and scolding politics of Europe were reduced to the stately harangue and reply of Venetian eloquence. And in this city Wotton found opportunity for the single international question that engaged his whole heart. Political differences had brought Venice into open conflict with the Pope; for a while she defied the Roman excommunication and was on the verge of throwing herself into the arms of the Reformation. Sarpi, the greatest Italian of the age, indefatigable scholar and inflexible moralist, governed from his cell the religious policy of the city, and Wotton, the only living person to whom it is known that he confided his authorship of "The Council of Trent," lived in daily hope of his complete conversion to Protestantism. Here was room for all the ardor and diligence of Wotton's religious nature. Shiploads of King James's controversial books, in whose efficacy Wotton avowed a naïve or courtly trust, were imported for distribution in Venice; plans were laid and measures, futile in the end, were actually taken to establish a Protestant college on the borders of Italy; while various other movements were set afoot, all of which are narrated—and their importance in some cases scarcely exaggerated—in the ambassador's bulletins to the King and to the secretaries of state.

But withal Wotton cannot be reckoned among the successful diplomats. It is perfectly clear that the *menudencias* of his business were continually irksome to him, and that he felt, and at times even expressed, something of impatient contempt for the political contest in which these trivialities were the approved weapons. Like Chesterfield in the next century his heart was not in the game. Not modesty alone but some touch of the gentleman's vanity led him to say that all he had observed in his employments was a few maxims of state too high for his capacity and too subtle for his nature, which was cast in a plainer mould. One gets the impression that, except where questions of religion entered, he moved through the scenes of diplomacy and politics more as an amused spectator than as a participant. He was for a while a member of the House of Commons, and this is the report of that office he sends to his nephew:

> It is both morally and naturally true, that I have never been in perfect health and cheerfulness since we parted; but I have entertained my mind, when my body would give me leave, with the contemplation of the strangest thing that ever I beheld, commonly called in our language (as I take it) a Parliament.

That was the so-called "addled Parliament," in which the growing distraction of the age vented itself in sound and fury, prophetic of furious deeds to come. Thomas Wentworth, afterwards the great Strafford, and John Eliot took part in that brief, stormy session of 1614; can one imagine either of these men entertaining his mind with the mere contemplation of this strangest thing?

Most significant of all for understanding his temperament is that famous *mot* by which he is still popularly remembered. On his way to Venice in 1604, to take charge of his first embassy, he passed through Augsburg, where in the album of a friend he inscribed his full name and office, with this extraordinary motto: "Legatus est Vir bonus, peregrè missus ad mentiendum Reipub. causa." As Mr. Smith observes, the Latin, missing the pun of the English: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country," suggests that Wotton merely translated the witticism for the occasion; it may well have been an old joke with him. Nothing, however, came of the indiscretion until 1611, when Scioppius, ribald and scurrilous beyond the license of the times, raked it up for his "Ecclesiasticus," an attack on the religion and morals of James I. Who could trust a King, he exclaimed indignantly, that sent his ministers abroad to disseminate lies? Wotton defended himself in a public letter by showing that the words were manifestly a mere idle jest among friends, but his royal master was incensed, and for a year the jester was out of favor with King and court. As a matter of fact he was probably, for his trade and his generation, too little skilled in lying. It was he who in his old age, to one about to commence as ambassador, as Walton relates and as Bismarck was in our day to recall, "smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism, that, to be in safety himself, and serviceable to his country, he should always and upon all occasions speak the truth (it seems a state paradox), for . . . you shall never be believed." But if no one now would think seriously of impeaching his morality, we may observe a ticklish note of irony in both his witticisms more becoming the disinterested gentleman than one walking on the slippery stones of statecraft.

IV.

But there was something more in Wotton than this *felix curiositas* which kept him rather wise than fortunate. Within his breast were wells of unruffled contemplation, the inheritance we may suppose of his Kentish ancestors, and along with that restless interest in the spectacle of life, so common in Elizabethan and Jacobean days, there went the no less characteristic dallying with the seductions of repose. It was probably in 1612, his year of disgrace after the exposure of Scioppius, that he wrote the bravest of his protests against the world, that immortal "Character of a Happy Life":

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath. . . .

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

It is a note struck many times before Sir Henry Wotton's day and caught up from him by innumerable poets since them. While reading that poem one thinks of what is perhaps the latest echo of it in our own age, the defiant lines of W. E. Henley:

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
  Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
  How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
  I am the captain of my soul.

Whose passions not his masters are! By the side of that calm strength and that clear-eyed submission to providence is it too much to say that this tortured challenge is but a poor bit of fanfaronade after all? Defiance is a passion like another, even a tawdry and insubstantial thing for the most part, and in this rebellion against fate a man may forget that he is still a slave to his own insurgent heart. It was not in such a spirit that the Elizabethan prayed to be *Lord of himself*, but in the large humility of self-knowledge, wherewith by comparison the romantic revolt of modern song is but a feverish tossing within the bondage of egotism. For it must not be supposed that the true source of Wotton's poem was any pique at his temporary disgrace with fortune and men's eyes; rather it came from that self-recollection which he carried with him through all the contrarieties of life's game.

In 1624 the full opportunity of calm came to him, when he was appointed Provost of Eton. There was, of course, the business of the college to occupy him, not always a light matter, when men of influence importunately demanded scholarships for their sons; and the traditional discipline must be maintained. But still more to the master's mind than sheer discipline was, we suspect, the opportunity of working by hidden means upon the boys of finer nature. "For in this Royal Seminary," he writes, "we are in one thing, and only in one, like the Jesuits, that we all joy when we get a spirit upon whom much may be built." And not the least noble of his pupils, Sir Robert Boyle, described him as "a person that was not only a fine gentleman himself, but very well skilled in the art of making others so." Formal religion, too, had its claims upon his time. Soon after accepting the office of Provost, he entered into holy orders, though modesty and some reticence of spirit kept him from proceeding further than the degree of deacon.

For himself he had every year more need of the secret consolations of faith. One by one the friends with whom he had shared his life dropped away, yielding, as he wrote plaintively a little before his own death, "to the seigniory and sovereignty of time," while into the growing loneliness of his study there entered the rumors, rather the first dismal blasts, of the gathering political storm. "Never," he writes in April of 1639, "was there such a stamping and blending of rebellion and religion together." Happily for him he was himself within a few months beyond the noise of these drums and tramplings, out of reach of any conquest of men. How grievously he felt the contentions of the age may be known from the epitaph by order of his will engraved on his tomb:

Hic iacet huius Sententiæ primus Author.
DISPUTANDI PRURITUS FIT ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.
Nomen alias quære.

Which Walton translates: "Here lies the first author of this sentence: The itch of disputation will prove the scab of the church. Inquire his name elsewhere."

But these losses and forebodings came to him when he had himself "arrived near those years which lie in the suburbs of oblivion." For the most part his days at Eton, as we see them depicted in his letters, slipped by in the enjoyment of that sheltered quiet for which he had always yearned—*animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo*.

V.

Several meetings out of these latter days have been recorded and are among the memorable scenes of our literary history. Most celebrated of all is that day when John Milton came from Horton to pay his respects to the famous Provost of Eton and to inquire about travelling in Italy, whither the young poet was turning his thoughts. Then came a gift of "Comus" to Wotton and in reply a letter of thanks and advice. How the tried connoisseur praised in that letter the ravishing Doric delicacy of Milton's songs, every lover of Milton knows; it is not surprising that the recipient of such praise kept the document and printed it in the first volume of his collected poems. There is for us an interest of another sort in finding Wotton impart to the intending traveller the "Delphian oracle" which he had made the rule of his own life and which in another age Chesterfield was to reiterate so often to his son: *I pensieri stretti e il viso sciolto*. That day when Wotton and Milton came together is marked with white in our annals, but many readers, if such choice were granted to fancy, would almost choose rather to have been present that time that Izaak Walton sat by his courtly friend on the river's bank, as it is celebrated in "The Complete Angler":

> And I do easily believe that peace and patience and a calm content did cohabit in the cheerful heart of Sir Henry Wotton; because I know that when he was beyond seventy years of age he made this description of a part of the present pleasure that possessed him, as he sat quietly in a summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing. It is a description of the spring, which, because it glided as soft and sweetly from his pen as that river does at this time, by which it was then made, I shall repeat it unto you:

This day dame Nature seem'd in love:
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir the embracing vines;

And birds had drawn their valentines.
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill. . . .

It is pleasant to leave him thus, with his song unfinished and his creel unfilled, and to reflect on the full orbit of his life from the Kentish birthplace at Bocton Malherbe, through the crowded courts of many lands, to the peaceful riverbank with a friend.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An American collector has recently secured one of the rarest bits of Americana, a black-letter book, filled with curious wood-cuts, and the title beginning, "Of the newe landes and of ye people founde by the messengers of the kynge of Portyngale, named Emanuel." This volume, printed at Antwerp by Jan van Doesborgh, about 1520, is the earliest book in the English language containing any account of American discoveries. News seems to have travelled slowly, for it was thirty-three years more before there was a second English book on America. This, "A treatyse of the newe India," was printed at London by Edward Sutton, in 1553, and was a translation by Richard Eden of a portion of Sebastian Munster's Universal Cosmography. "Of the newe landes" has, perhaps, been as much sought for as any book. The only copy hitherto known (now in the British Museum) turned up first, so far as the records show, in the sale catalogue of the library of James West, in 1773. It was bound with ten other pamphlets, and the volume brought £2 7s. 6d. Ratcliffe, the purchaser, seems to have broken the volume up, for though several of the other pieces appeared in his sale in 1776, "Of the newe landes" was not among them. It seems to have been sold privately by him to Thomas Caldecott, and in his sale, in 1833, it was bought by Thorpe for Thomas Grenville for £25 10s.—an immense price for such a book in those days. Two additional leaves were found by Proctor among the Douce fragments in the Bodleian library, but no other copy is recorded. The copy now just discovered is imperfect, but the title, the next leaf (which contains the account of America), and the last leaf with the colophon are genuine. The recto of the second leaf (abbreviations expanded) begins:

> Hereafore tymes in the yere of our Lorde god MCCCCXCVI and so be we with shyppes of Lusseboene sayled oute of Portyngale through the commaundement of the Kynge Emanuel.

The unknown writer tells of some of the wonders of America:

> This people goeth all naked but the men and women have on their heed necke Armes Knees and fete all with feders bounden for their bewtynes and fayrnes. . . . And they ete also on another. The man eteth his wyfe his chylderne as we also have seen and they hang also bodycs or persons fleshe in the smoke as men do with us swynes flesche.

These peculiarities of the natives are illustrated in a wood-cut on the title-page (repeated also on the next leaf) showing a man and woman decked out with feathers, while to the left, hanging from the branch of a tree, is a human head and leg being cured by smoke from a fire on the ground. Only folio 2 of the book relates to American discoveries. Folios 2-8 are translated from the Dutch "Reyse van Lissebone," printed by Van Doesborgh in 1508; the second part tells of the ten Christian nations, and a third part of "Pope John and his landes." The pamphlet consists in all, of 24 leaves.

Robert Hoe has just printed the catalogue of a third part of his library; this time it is his books in foreign languages, printed before 1600, which are described. In collecting early-printed books it has been Mr. Hoe's aim to secure the best specimens, typographically, of the first printers and at the same time to secure books which are of value in themselves, as literature; and this catalogue shows the success of his efforts. Mr. Hoe owns two copies of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types. These are the two Ashburnham copies, one on paper, the other on vellum. The paper copy is notable as containing the name of the illuminator, Heinrich Cremer, and the date, St. Bartholemew's Day (August 24, 1456), when he finished his work. From such a wealth of books it is next to impossible to make a selection of titles. Many volumes are printed on vellum; some are in the contemporary bindings, others in modern covers by recent French binders or by Bedford or the Club Bindery. Printed Books of Hours have long been favorites of Mr. Hoe's and no less than seventy-four specimens are described. Mr. Hoe has only incidentally collected Americana but the catalogue shows two of the 1493 Latin editions of Columbus's Letter (Planck's 34-line edition and the rarer dated edition printed by Silber); six editions of Vespuccius's Letter to Francesco de' Medici, giving an account of his third voyage; and the priceless "Lettera di Amerigo Vespucci delle isole nuovemente trovate in quatro suoi Viaggi," printed about 1506, of which no other copy is known in America. The copy once owned by Varnhagen in Brazil is not now traceable. One hundred copies of the catalogue, which is in two volumes, have been printed, all on Japan paper.

A copy of the "Decretales" of Pope Gregory IX., Venice, 1491, with the autograph signature of Georgio Antonio Vespuccius, uncle of the navigator, is included in the Anderson Auction Company's sale in this city, March 30 and 31. This is the largest collection of early-printed books which has been offered here for some time. There are forty-six incunabula, or books printed before 1500, including specimens from early presses of Strassburg, Nuremburg, Augsburg, Cologne, Ulm, and other German cities; twenty-three volumes by printers of Venice, among them Jenson, Ratdolt, Wendelin of Speier, and the Aldines; and the "Sermones" of St. Bernard from the first press at Brussels, 1481. Among later books are the famous polyglot Psalter of 1516, containing in a long marginal note to the fourth verse of Psalm xix. the first printed biography of Columbus; among several Elzevirs, a very tall copy of the first edition of Horace; Galileo's "Dialogo soprai due Massimi Sistemi del Mondo," first edition, 1632, for which the author suffered imprisonment; several books from the library of Melanchthon, with his marginal annotations; bindings by Samuel Mearne; several manuscripts, including Theramo's "Belial," and a Persian manuscript of Sadi's "Gulistan," etc.

The indefatigable indexer, Konrad Burger, librarian of the Börseverein der Deutschen Buchhändler in Leipzig, has put the republic of bibliographers under great indebtedness through his index, "Beiträge zur Inkunabelnbibliographie" (Leipzig: K. W. Hiersemann). It covers Hain's "Repertorium Bibliographicum," Panzer's "Annales Typographici," and the fifteenth century titles in the latter's "Annalen der älteren deutschen Litteratur." The index also contains references to a number of other bibliographies of incunabula, such as Mlle. Pellechet's catalogue of incunabula in French libraries, and Proctor's "Index to Early Printed Books in the British Museum." Thus the volume is really an index to practically all the important bibliographies of fifteenth-century books, and an indispensable tool for all who work in this field.

Correspondence.

MUZZLED TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the terrible fire in Cleveland, which cost the lives of nearly two hundred school children, the representatives of several newspapers in different parts of the State have endeavored to ascertain from the teachers whether conditions exist elsewhere that would make a similar disaster possible. In most cases the inquiry has failed. The reporters were unable to learn whether fire drills were practised or whether appliances for safety were within reach. It is asserted that in most instances teachers refused to tell for fear of being called to account by those in authority. In order to ascertain the simple facts, it was necessary to interrogate the children or their parents.

It is hard to conceive a more lamentable condition than that under which teachers in public schools, in colleges, or universities hesitate to report plain facts of vital interest for fear of jeopardizing their positions. There is no excuse for fault-finding or for carping criticism; but these are something quite different from telling the plain truth. All progress is due to honest and just criticism. Where it does not exist or is suppressed, stagnation is inevitable. Teachers are often accused of being, on the whole, the most conservative class in the country. Is it any wonder when there is a premium on conservatism? The schools of Germany are admitted to be the best in the world, and everybody knows that it is an almost unheard-of thing for a teacher or professor to lose his position except for immorality. German teachers are the most unsparing critics of education in all its phases. In this matter public opinion is almost wholly untrammelled. Hugo Münsterberg recently delivered a lecture in Chicago in which he is reported to have declared that American college professors are a lot of mollycoddles, and that if two-thirds of them were killed it would be better for the cause of education. While it is probable that he did not express himself with so much ferocity, his criticism, in so far as it is warranted, is due to the depressing restrictions under which too many of them labor. As long as they make no comments, utter no complaints, suggest no innovations that might be construed as reflecting on president or superintendent or board of trustees, all is well. In several cases known to the writer boards of trustees and boards of education have peremptorily refused to listen to information that did not come through the president or the superintendent. If such a position is held by an unscrupulous man and matters are reported which he does not wish to be known, the victim is pretty sure to be dismissed. That he has spoken the truth will not save him.

It is high time that there should be a change. The cause of education is far more important than the interests of any class or individual. Let us have the truth, no matter from whom it comes, for the whole of truth will never be detrimental to the whole of virtue. It is above all things mischievous if an educational system is so closely articulated that a progressive and energetic subordinate finds it useless to propose changes because he knows in advance that they will not be adopted. We occasionally come across a protest against educating children by the lock-step method. It is ten times more important that teachers shall not be bound into a lock-step.

CHAS. W. SUPER.

Athens, O., March 12.

INFANT CRITICS NOTHING NEW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The passage which I transcribe below from the *Spectator*, No. 337 (written by Budgell), should be of interest as anticipating the educational methods discussed in your recent editorial, "Our Infant Critics":

> To carry this Thought yet further, I shall submit it to your Consideration, whether instead of a Theme or Copy of Verses, which are the usual Exercises, as they are called in the School-phrase, it would not be more proper that a Boy should be tasked once or twice a week to write down his Opinion of such Persons and Things as occur to him in his Reading; that he should descant upon the Actions of *Turnus* or *Æneas*, shew wherein they excelled or were defective, censure or approve any particular Action, ohserve how it might have been carried to a greater Degree of Perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same Time mark what was moral in any Speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the Person speaking. This exercise would soon Strengthen his Judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early seasoning of Morality.

For "Turnus or Æneas," read "Macbeth or Ivanhoe"; for "Morality," read "English" S.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 19.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following judicial process reported in Lea's "History of the Inquisition of Spain" (Vol. II., p. 397) indicates how the heretical proposal to remove a time-honored motto from our coins would have been regarded by the Holy Office. Upon the occasion of an official visitation of inquisitors at Corona in 1564 one Damian Cortes was penanced in 160 ducats, because thirty years before when told to trust in God, he had exclaimed, "Trust in God! By trusting in God last year I lost 50 ducats." And when later Jean Barbero had the temerity to comment on this sentence, he was fined 20 ducats and costs for this flagrant offence. It should be added, in testimony to the leniency not unfrequently exercised by this benign tribunal, that when the matter was referred to the Supreme Council it ordered both fines to be remitted.

A. H. NICHOLS.

Boston, March 18.

Notes.

We are to have from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. a notable large-paper edition of the Complete Writings of George Eliot in twenty-five volumes. One volume will be given up to material hitherto uncollected. Introductions have been prepared to the various novels explaining the circumstances under which they were composed and, so far as this can be known, the purpose of the author in writing them. Perhaps the most striking feature of the edition will be the illustrations. In her earlier works George Eliot drew largely on actual experience and observation of persons and places; an effort has been made to get photographs to bring before the reader's eye all these sources. Where no such sources are known, illustrations have been furnished by such artists as Charles E. Brock, Fred Pogram, H. H. Paget, A. S. Hartrick, and Ambrose Dudley. The author herself will be shown in a number of portraits, including two which have never before been published.

A welcome announcement is that the "Yearbook," published by Dodd, Mead & Co. from 1898 to 1902, and then allowed to lapse, has been resumed. The volume for 1907 will be ready by the middle of next month. It will include also brief summaries of the events of the four preceding years.

Funk & Wagnalls Company will have several books ready in April, including "Long Life and How to Attain It," by Dr. Pearce Kintzing; "How to Invest Money," by George Carr Henry; and "The New Encyclopædia of Social Reform," edited by William D. P. Bliss.

An unusual number of library helps are announced for early publication by the publishing board of the American Library Association. Among the more important are the following: "Handbook of Library Plans," a collection of views and plans of library buildings, selected and approved by the League of Library Commissions, and edited with text by Miss Cornelia Marvin, secretary of the Oregon Library Commission; "Book Tests," by Mrs. S. C. Fairchild, formerly vice-director of the New York State Library School, prepared in connection with her courses in book selection; "Handbook of Library Economy," the different subjects to be treated by different persons, and the individual chapters to be issued first as separates, and later published in a single work; "A. L. A. Guide to Reference Books," by Miss A. B. Kroeger, director of the Drexel Institute Library School, a revised edition of the work issued by Miss Kroeger in 1902; "A. L. A. Cataloguing Rules," edited by J. C. M. Hanson of the Library of Congress; "Cards for Photographic Reprints," to serve as a catalogue of the photographic fac-similes of rare books and manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which from time to time are made for various American libraries; "Bibliography of Music," by L. M. Hooper, of the Brookline Public Library, to include both musical compositions and books on music; "List of French Books," compiled by Prof. J. C. Bracq of Vassar; "Index to Fairy Tales," compiled by Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf of the Buffalo Public Library.

The Grafton Press has in hand two genealogical works: "The Cantrill Family in America," compiled by Mrs. Susan Cantrill Christie, and "The Ancestry of Leander Howard Crall of New York." This second book includes chapters on the families of Haff, Beatty, Asfordby, Billesby, Heneage, Langton, Quadring, Sandon, Fulnetby, Newcomen, Wolley, Cracroft, Gascoigne, Skipwith, Plantagent, Meet, Van Ysselsteyn, Middagh, Bergen, and De Rapalje.

We are to have a new book from J. M. Barrie, called "When Wendy Grew Up."

There is soon to be published in London a promising volume of literary and biographical studies by James Baker, including papers on "Tom Macaulay," "R. D. Blackmore," "Friedrich von Bodenstedt," "Heine's Memoirs," "Shakespeare's Mind Scenes," and "A Chat with Verestchagin."

"Who's Who in America" for 1908-9 (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.) has just come out, although the English and German volumes for this year have already been in use for some time. The present issue contains 16,395 sketches of persons living, whose lives and works for one reason or another may need to be consulted; of these, 2,057 have not appeared in any previous issue. A new feature, which may on occasion prove very useful, is an appendix giving all the names, grouped under localities. The great value of this book of reference, and its careful editing, make us regret that it is not printed in a little better form. The paper and typography are distinctly inferior, for instance, to the English "Who's Who," although the number of pages taken up by biographies is almost the same in both books.

Dodd, Mead & Co. issue "A Guide to the West Indies and Bermudas," by Frederick A. Ober. As an old traveller in the West Indies, Mr. Ober is competent to direct the tourist to all points of interest; and in 500 pages he has given a comprehensive picture of that wonderful region. Starting with the Bermudas, which, by the way, are not a part of the West Indian group, the author deals with the Bahamas and each island of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, and gives, also, a glimpse of South America. The healthy and unhealthy spots are indicated, and the traveller is told what to wear and eat and drink, how to reach his destination, and how much his sight-seeing and hotel charges should cost. The physical features of the islands, their industries, products, inhabitants, and modes of travel are described, and considerable attention has been paid to their history. The book is generously illustrated, and there are five maps.

"The Tourist's India," by Eustace Reynolds-Ball (Brentano's), is a sort of etherialized guide-book. It runs rapidly and lightly from one place of interest to another—towns, caves, and waterfalls—and all the time keeps up a delightful chatter, in which anecdote and jest sugar-coat the pill of dry information. It is just the thing needed, to inform the traveller about hotels, snake-bites, Babu English, history, and the amount of alcohol he may imbibe without danger. Not even Murray gives so much out-of-the-way wisdom; and Murray is far from being so amusing.

The State of New Jersey has published, in the last fifty years, interesting and valuable documents, relating to the State itself, its geography, geology, mineral resources, climate, lakes, rivers, birds, animals, its early history, its newspapers, its problems of sanitation, sewerage, housing of the poor, care of the blind, the feeble minded, the insane, and the criminals, etc. A list of the more important of these publications has been compiled by Miss Mary E. Fannan and issued by the Free Public Library of Newark.

The second volume of the new Eversley edition of Tennyson comes out on better paper than the first, owing to the smaller number of pages, and takes its place more suitably in that pleasantest of libraries. Only four poems are included: "The Princess," "Maud," "Enoch Arden," and "In Memoriam." The notes of the poet and of Hallam Lord Tennyson, the editor, are, as in the first volume, partly explanatory in character and partly biographical. Here and there the personal and the exegetical come together, as in the brief note to "Tears, idle tears":

> This song came to me on the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories. It is the sense of the abiding in the transient.

Again the son reports words of his father about the handling of the text and other minute points of editing. Tennyson did not like—as who does?—editions of the poets printed with every various reading along with the text. And he shows the difficulty of reconstructing a theoretical text:

> Very often what is published in my poems as the latest edition has been the original version in the first manuscript, so that there is no possibility of really tracing the history of what may seem to be a new word or passage. For instance, in the first edition of "Maud," I wrote, "I will bury myself in *my books* and the Devil may pipe to his own," which was afterwards altered to "I will bury myself in *myself*," etc. This was highly commended by the critics as an improvement on the original reading, whereas it was actually in the first MS. draft of the poem.

Naturally the annotations on "In Memoriam" are the most important of the volume. Various touches of realism here add life to the "dull mechanic exercize." Thus to the stanza of section vi.:

> O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
> Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
> A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
> Hath still'd the life that beat from thee——

a new pathos is added by the editor's comment: "My father was writing to Arthur Hallam in the hour that he died." Three discarded fragments are now printed for the first time, but none of them is of special beauty or value.

With the sixth volume F. W. Raffety brings to a completion his edition of Burke's Works in the World's Classics of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Raffety speaks of these volumes with pride as "the fullest selection of the writings and speeches of Burke ever published in an easily accessible form." The Warren Hastings proceedings are not included. Among the other late issues of this library there is a volume of "William Cowper's Letters," selected and edited by E. V. Lucas, whose name guarantees a good piece of work in this kind. In his Introduction Mr. Lucas tells briefly the events of Cowper's life and gives some account of the friends to whom the letters were addressed. In discussing the comparative merit of various English letter-writers he has this bit of discerning criticism:

> One thing is certain, that no one else possessed an epistolary manner of greater distinction and fluidity, or, with the possible exception of FitzGerald, a mode of life better calculated to lead to good correspondence. For it is a mistake when a letter-writer is a man of action with too much to tell. He is then in danger of becoming exciting. The best letter-writers never excite: they entertain, amuse, interest; excite never.

H. Fielding Hall returns to his old theme in "The Inward Light" (The Macmillan Co.). A European riding at hot noon through one of the lanes of Burmah is thrown by his pony and breaks his leg. He is carried to a Buddhist monastery and there, under the tender care of the monks, is restored to physical health and cured of our Occidental fever of acting for the sole sake of action, without perception of the end. In a word, he is converted to Buddhism; the present book is his confession. The story, we suppose, is fictitious; the religious views are substantially the same as those in his first books, "The Soul of a People" and "The Hearts of Men"—but with a difference. As commonly happens with writers of a dreamy, romantic vein, his exquisiteness has gradually sunk into something not far removed from a sickly sweetness. And, correspondingly, he has progressed away from the true Buddhism, rather than toward it as he thinks is the case. His present work has created some talk—and writing—among a certain class of sentimentalists. Now of Buddhism, as practised and believed in Burmah to-day, we claim no special knowledge; but we do know that of Buddhism as preserved in the ancient records Mr. Hall's work would give a fundamentally false impression; yet he himself says that "although the Burmese were not Hindus before they became Buddhists, they had in their beliefs and traditions all the essentials of early Hinduism, and these survive to-day." Either Mr. Hall misrepresents the religion of the Burmese, or the Burmese have drifted far from the ancient faith. It is true that in the discussion of various details, such as transmigration, the law of recompense, etc., Mr. Hall is a safe enough guide; but in his tone, in his interpretation of the spirit, he is at the antipodes of the truth. Buddhism was essentially logical; it appealed to the reason and the will. Mr. Hall is sentimental, and derives in reality from the nature cult of Rousseau and the pantheistic revery of German romanticism. For example:

> It will be surely true because it comes to them from nature. . . . All peoples emerging from their childhood bring with them, in their superstitions, expressions of primeval truths. These are the bases on which all other truths are formed. . . . I know that the secret beginnings of all truth lie not in the heaven above, not in men's hearts or souls, but in the world about us. All Nature has a message to us if we would but listen to her voice.

This may be good doctrine, but it should be understood as made in the shop of Rousseau, Herder, and Novalis and not in Buddha's. And from the same source is the romantic softness of Mr. Hall's now fully developed style.

It is bare justice to speak of Benjamin Rand's "Modern Classical Philosophers" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) as one of the most useful books in its subject published in recent years. The scheme of the work is simple. In a volume of 700 pages Dr. Rand has brought together considerable extracts from philosophical writers from Bruno to Spencer, including, besides the two named, Bacon, Hobbes, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Condillac, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Comte, and Mill. Any book of this kind is, of course, open to criticism of detail. It would certainly add to the value of the work if a brief introduction in each case showed the place of the extract given in the whole treatise and in the philosopher's system. The notes, too, might be offered a little less at haphazard. But for Dr. Rand's scheme, as a whole, we have hearty praise. With the possible exception of Mill, for whose admission the editor, indeed, offers apology, the selection of names seems to us good, however much some readers may carp at the omission of certain of the later German metaphysicians. And in the difficult matter of selecting from the works of each writer, Dr. Rand has succeeded admirably. Here again there is room for divergence of opinion. Thus, one might complain that in the aphorisms chosen from Bacon, somewhat too much emphasis is laid on the negative side of Bacon's philosophy and not enough on his prophetic spirit, which has been one of the main sources of scientific optimism. But in general Dr. Rand has certainly succeeded in selecting chapters, or whole books, which sum up admirably the gist of each man's thought. The translations used are, for the most, those which may be called classical. In the case of Bruno, however, a new version from the Italian has been supplied by Josiah and Katharine Royce; Frederick C. de Sumichrast translates Condillac, and Dr. Rand has himself made the versions of Fichte (in part) and of Schelling.

An exceptionally interesting addition to previous studies of family expenditure is presented in "Wage-Earners' Budgets," by Mrs. Louise Bolard More (Henry Holt & Co.). Some two hundred typical working class families residing in the lower West Side of New York city, within what was once Greenwich Village, form the subject of scrutiny. The investigator induced many of these people to keep accounts for periods varying from one week to one year; and what play was allowed to the personal equation of the investigator must be judged from her frank admission that the "families were carefully selected for their ability to give the desired information and for their willingness to coöperate." Mrs. More brought to bear upon her work an intelligent knowledge of similar social censuses by Engel, Booth, Rowntree, the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, and the Federal Department of Labor. The district contains a more heterogeneous racial population and affords a wider variety of occupations than the lower East Side. The heads of families were almost evenly divided between foreign-born and native-born. The tabulated results cover the budgets of two hundred households, where the average size of the family, including boarders, was 5.6, and where the average annual expenditure was $851.38. An exposed cross-section of industrial society, such as this, affords a useful glimpse into the lives, hardships, diversions, and surprising social habits—*e. g.*, insurance—of what we commonly term "the masses." One can only wish that we had something analogous to a reliable study of family budgets, to lighten our ignorance of actual social conditions in many a vanished civilization. But besides giving such an insight into the social and economic life of the urban wage-earner, this study of Mrs. More's is notable because of the light it throws upon the much-mooted question as to what now constitutes a "fair living wage" for an average family. If railways are likely to undergo a physical valuation to determine what dividends they may "fairly" pay, the wage-earner may perhaps expect a social census to determine what he may in "fairness" demand. The author's "conservative conclusion" is that $728 a year, or $14 a week, is requisite for a workingman's family of average size in New York city.

"Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind," by P. T. Forsyth (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a book which asserts on the one hand the vicarious atonement of Christ as the central and essential doctrine of the Christian religion, and, on the other, declares that the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Bible is "hopelessly gone," along with the evidential value of miracles. Such a work is sufficiently paradoxical to pique one's interest. It is difficult to classify Principal Forsyth, or to assign him a place in any of the theological camps, whether ancient or modern. He is no mere reactionary, since he has learned much of criticism and freely admits its full rights in its proper field. Neither is he a modern of any recognized type, for he quarrels violently with religion as humanitarianism and as the "enthusiasm of humanity," and reverts every few pages to his favorite dogma of the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ. He endeavors to deepen and clear the old faith, or, as he expresses it, to "think modern and end positive." It is not clear that he has succeeded on either count, but he has at least put his finger on some of the most glaring weaknesses of prevailing religious doctrine, and indicated the spirit in which a more virile and adequate faith may be attained. It is a long time since the subject of Christian preaching has been approached with such thoroughness and such deeply religious earnestness as in these Yale lectures of Principal Forsyth. Homiletics proverbially are prone to littleness, but in these discourses there is no consideration of clerical and ecclesiastical trifles. The besetting triviality and complacency of the Church, and its uncertainty as to its message, are scathed without mercy, and inquiry is made for the deep-seated needs of human nature, which have yielded religion its opportunity, and for the large and serious assertions of classic Christianity, which have made it a power over earnest men. The current preachment of an easy-going God, with its kindred doctrine that human nature knows no radical stain and is good without much effort, finds here stern rebuke. "We can never heartily say 'My God!' till we have humbly said 'My Guilt'" may be strange doctrine for these times, but Principal Forsyth has the heroes of faith on his side. It is certainly true that Christianity has won its victories as a religion of redemption, and not as a mere summons to social betterment, or as a gentle assurance to men that they are good enough as they are. These lectures abound in passages of real eloquence, but as a whole they are not smooth reading. One tires of the short, ejaculatory sentences, effective doubtless in delivery, but not pleasant on the printed page. It is strange that addresses delivered in America should contain a reference to "Lowell's one-hoss shay."

J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, announces as forthcoming a work by Prof. Paul Wernle of the University of Basel, entitled "Einführung in das theologische Studium." His purpose is to show that advanced theological thought shall be rather an encouragement than a discouragement to young men to take up the study of theology. The same house will issue a book on Amos and Hosea by Prof. W. Nowack of Strassburg, in the series known as Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher; and "Die Frage nach dem Sinn des Lebens," by Prof. Eberhard Vischer of Basel.

The recent Syllabus of the Pope has received from two sides what are practically official interpretations. The one is a volume of three hundred pages by Prof. Frantz X. Heiner of the theological faculty in Freiburg-im-B, entitled "Der neue Syllabus Pius X., oder Dekret des heiligen Offiziums Lamentabile vom 3 Juli 1908" (Mainz: Kirchheim). The other, from Prof. Anton Michelitsch, of the University of Graz, is entitled "Der biblisch-dogmatische Syllabus Pius X. sammt der Encyklika gegen den Modernismus" (Graz: Styria, 367 pp.); Heiner declares that his work was written "with the special encouragement of the Holy Father," and "at the request of those in authority." His tone is distinctly dogmatic. In regard to the sources of the Syllabus he is disappointing, saying merely in general that the propositions condemned are taken from Loisy, Harnack, and others. In this respect Michelitsch's book is more exact and complete; for he traces these propositions to their sources. A full survey of the literature of the subject, exceptionally complete, is furnished by Prof. Martin Köhler, in a bibliographical supplement to the German translation of both the Syllabus and the Encyclical which he has published in Nos. 7 and 8 of the *Christliche Welt* of Marburg. The list includes all the leading articles by Modernists, and by Protestant and Catholic scholars in the chief languages of Europe.

Prof. Henrik Schück's new volume, "Hufvuddragen af den Medeltida Kulturens Historia," is a popular account of the essentials of mediæval civilization. The style is so easy that the casual reader might forget that the volume gives the result of much solid research, though the chapters on the literature of the Middle Ages and on the universities disclose to the careful observer the fact that this work is by no means a mere compilation. (Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus.)

Prof. Michel Revon of the University of Paris, former legislative counsellor of the government of Japan, has completed his notable study of Shinto ("Le Shinntoisme," pp. 473. Paris: Ernest Leroux). If he has not added greatly to our knowledge of sources, he offers to student and reader a well-digested presentation of the whole subject and its literature. One may fairly find fault with his continuance in the title of the superfluous syllable of older days. To write *Shintoism*, when the *to* is the *ism*, is hardly justifiable in a scholar, despite the mass of matter still clogging unrevised cyclopædias. Professor Revon gives, besides a good index, with the Chinese characters, the Kojiki text in both *kana* and Chinese (part phonetic and part ideographic) of three of the most striking myths—the Birth of the World, the Descent of Izanagi into Hades, and the Eclipse, or Invention of Human Arts and Sciences. His text, with an astonishing wealth of commentary and bibliography, treats of the gods, their origin, their world, their nature, sojourn on earth, history, life, and end—that is, when Buddhism came in and banished them. Revon's particular addition to the subject is in showing many indisputable points of contact with the mind of the Malay world. With a true scholar's modesty, he acknowledges (p. 346) that Shinto does not furnish the key to the problem of Japanese origins, but at most expresses the answers which the myth-makers of the dominant house, or clan, who alone possessed writing, gave to inquirers in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era. Agreeing with other scholars and investigators, Revon shows the form utterly dead, though the spirit surviving has helped to consolidate the nation for its new tasks.

Celtic scholars will hear with pleasure of the publication of Y. Vendryes's "Grammaire du Vieil-Irlandais." Since the appearance of the monumental "Grammatica Celtica" (Zeuss-Ebel) no complete description of Old Irish has been written; for Windisch's work, though valued in its day, does not afford a separate treatment of the language of the primitive period. The early texts, on the other hand, have been edited more than once, and their interpretation settled to all intents and purposes by Ascoli, Whitley, Stokes, Zimmer, Thurneysen, Strachan, and others, who have elucidated the chief problems of Irish phonetics and morphology. The new volume is based on the results of their investigations and a fresh revision of the manuscripts by the author himself. He has spared no pains to make his work as complete as possible, and mentions most, if not all, of the distinguishing features of the accidence and syntax, the morphology and pronunciation of Old Irish. The work, only two hundred copies of which have been issued, may be had for 25 francs of E. Guilmoto, Rue de Mézières 6, Paris (VI^{e}).

An Institute of Comparative Jurisprudence has been organized in Brussels with Émile Stocquarts as chairman. The new association will publish a journal.

Admirers of Prof. G. Garollo's "Dizionario Geografico" will accord a hearty welcome to his "Dizionario Biografico Universale," which appears in two stout little volumes of more than 1,000 pages each (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli). We know of no work of similar scope in either German, English, or French that can be seriously compared with this biographical dictionary on the score of comprehensiveness and general accuracy. It contains 50,000 different titles, the repetition of names—there are 93 Orsinis, 67 Smiths, 81 Meyers and Mayers, etc.—swelling the actual entries to 80,000. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the work is its observance of encyclopædic proportion and international perspective. Thus the limit of a column is reached only by a Dante, Goethe, or Shakespeare, while in numerous instances two lines tell the story of the lesser luminaries, impartially selected from all nationalities. An interesting exception is the half column devoted to Scheurer-Kestner, which sums up the Dreyfus case. Americans, who have long since learned, in works of this case, to be grateful for what they receive, fare far better than usual. Henry Clay is the only serious omission among statesmen of the past. Our military men and scientists are perhaps best represented; among artists we miss Inness and Saint-Gaudens, and among literary men Aldrich (though Stedman is given). Less impeccable, as was to be expected, than the flawless "Dizionario Geografico," the Biographical Dictionary betrays, through extreme condensation, occasional slight inaccuracies, as where Henry Cabot Lodge appears only as historiographer, without a mention of his Senatorship, and James McCosh only as British philosopher, without any allusion to his connection with the United States. On the other hand, Garollo is often full and exact where even Meyer is slipshod. Thus, in the six lines given to Aaron Burr the story of his duel with Hamilton is told, while the latest Meyer, within five times the space, is silent concerning it. We notice only one rather unusual departure from encyclopædic custom; all entries are rigidly under the actual name given at birth and not under the one which has acquired celebrity. This results in our being referred under "Anatole France" to "Jacques Anatole Thibault"; stranger still, under the Hungarian poets Petöfi and Vörösmarty to "Petrovics" and "Puszta-Nyek," respectively; and strangest of all, under Cavour to "Benso." On the score of up-to-dateness the Dictionary is irreproachable. Thus, for instance, all the principal actors in the Russo-Japanese war are credited with their full share of distinction. In spite of the condensation of the notices, telling literary touches are by no means wholly wanting. Thus Heine is characterized as "dopo Goethe, il più grande poeta lirico della Germania"; and Renan is spoken of as "grande erudito (semitista) e scrittore di stile eccellente." A word remains to be said of the bibliography, which is reasonably full, fresh, and cosmopolitan. Thus, under Richard Wagner, both Finck and Henderson are mentioned, and the appendix brings the bibliography of Charles Dickens down to Chesterton's book. The typography is as attractive as the contents are intrinsically valuable.

A new edition of Petrarch's Canzoniere, edited after the manuscript originals by Michele Scherillo of the Accademia Scientifico-letteraria of Milan, has been issued by Hoepli of Milan as a volume of the Biblioteca Classica. Although the book is based on that issued by this house in 1896, with notes by Giuseppe Rigutini, the task of adapting it to present standards has left little that was characteristic of the earlier edition.

The prize of $2,000 offered in honor of Prof. Pasquale Villari's eightieth birthday will be awarded to the author of the best work on southern Italy, starting with the causes and consequences of emigration in these provinces and including all phases of their social condition. One-half the amount offered will be paid when the judges announce their decision, and the other half on the publication of the work. The judges will be chosen, one each by four or five of the learned societies of Italy. Manuscripts must be in Italian, and submitted before January 1, 1911, to the Accademia del Georgofili, Piazzetta delle Belle Arti, Florence.

The Italian government announces the recent purchase of three important private collections of papers for the new musem of the Risorgimento in the Biblioteca Vittorio Emanuele at Rome. The first consists of a long series of interesting letters, written by Mazzini to an intimate friend (whose name is withheld) during the height of his activity and published only in part; and of a quantity of other valuable documents which throw light on his career. The second includes the letters, documents, autographs, addresses, and journals left by the late Jessie White Mario, long a valued contributor to the *Nation*, and the biographer of Garibaldi and Mazzini. There are 270 letters from Mazzini to the Marios, and more than sixty from Garibaldi. Other documents refer to the life of Goffredo Mameli. The third collection, of exceptional historical and bibliographical value, is that made by Francesco Crispi. The contents of this collection have been described in the *Nation* of November 21, 1907, p. 466, and February 6, 1908, p. 122.

The University of Wisconsin has just received a valuable addition to its already large library for the study of the labor movement by the gift of the collection of German socialistic literature made during a lifetime by Hermann Schlüter, editor of the New York *Volkszeitung*. The collection is given to the University by William English Walling of New York city and other men who are interested in the subject. The Schlüter collection is said to be the most complete library of German socialistic writings in existence. It contains many of the leaflets and pamphlets which were secretly circulated after the law of 1878 made socialist literature illegal.

The *Revue Scientifique* has compiled complete university statistics of Europe. Germany heads the list with 21 universities and 49,079 students; France has 16 universities, 31,494 students; and the corresponding figures for the other countries are: Austro-Hungary, 11 and 29,509; Great Britain, 15, 24,716; Italy, 21, 24,281; Russia, 9, 23,257; Spain, 9, 12,301 in six—the others not reporting; Switzerland, 7, 6,485; Belgium, 4, 6,079; Sweden, 3, 5,262; Rumania, 2, 4,949; Holland, 5, 4,020. The other countries have less than 3,000 students each. The total enrolment in 125 universities is 228,721 students. This number does not include students in the technological institutes; of such students there are 15,720 in Germany alone.

Delegations of editors, scholars, and business men have in recent years exchanged visits between Germany and England. An innovation is an excursion of German clergymen and theologians to England, May 26 to June 3. The special purpose is to hold conferences with representatives of the English churches in the interests of international peace.

Picture post-cards may become a part of the educational system in Germany. The suggestion was made at a recent meeting of the German Geographical Society, and cards to illustrate natural history, political history, and to use in instruction in the German language have received the hearty approval of prominent educators. A collection of these cards is being formed at the school museum at Breslau.

The death is announced from London of Francis Reginald Statham, in his sixty-fifth year. Mr. Statham was a musician and composed the inaugural music for the Kimberley Exhibition in 1892. But his principal work was in journalism and poetry; his four books of verse are "Alice Rushton and Other Poems" (1868), "Glaphyra and Other Poems" (1870), "Eucharis" (1871), and "Poems and Sonnets" (1895).

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

America as a World Power. By John H. Latané. *National Ideals Historically Traced.* By Albert Bushnell Hart. *Analytic Index.* By David M. Matteson. [The American Nation, vols. XXV., XXVI., XXVII.] Harper & Bros. $2 net each.

Professor Latané has performed with more than ordinary success the difficult task of writing contemporary history. As a student of international law, he has had a congenial field in such topics as American intervention in Cuba, the Spanish war, the incorporation of the Philippines, the adjustment of relations with Cuba and Porto Rico, American diplomacy in the Orient, the Panama Canal, the Alaskan boundary, international arbitration, and the forcible collection of public debts—subjects which naturally fill the larger part of the volume. His point of view is that of a moderate and rather critical imperialist: the events which he reviews seem to him natural, inevitable, and on the whole beneficent; "world power" has been far more thrust upon us than deliberately sought; and we have done better than there was reason to fear. On the other hand, there have been some serious shortcomings and positive mistakes, and dangerous tendencies are discernible.

In dealing with controverted questions, all of them so recent that everybody still has an opinion about them, Professor Latané skilfully combines impartiality with the right of private judgment. Thus, as regards the merits of the Sampson-Schley controversy, he states the facts briefly and draws no conclusion; while for the demoralization of the army under Alger's administration he has proper condemnation, as also for the general conduct of active military operations in Cuba. On the subject of atrocities in the Philippines he says:

> Murder, rape, torture, and other crimes were too frequently commited by American soldiers and by the native scouts commanded by American officers. The reports of these atrocities which were published in the United States were in many cases exaggerated, but the truth was bad enough. . . . The disparity in the numbers killed [about ten Filipinos for one American, between May 5, 1900, and June 30, 1901] cannot be attributed to the superior marksmanship of the American soldiers; it was due rather to the fact that the Filipinos were in many cases not armed with rifles, and in some cases, perhaps, to the ruthless slaughter of the wounded (pp. 96, 97).

No wonder that the Senate Committee on the Philippines did its utmost, in 1902, to make its investigation of these shameful proceedings a farce.

Professor Hart, the general editor of the series, undertakes the large task of surveying comprehensively the development of American ideals. The scope and character of the treatment are best shown by enumerating some of the chapter topics: Territorial Concepts, Dependent Races, Theories of Government, Unofficial Government, the Art of Living, the American Church, the Business Man and the Government, Transit, War and Order, the Assurance of American Democracy. Under each of these heads Professor Hart gives a rapid historical sketch, folowed by a statement of present problems and, on occasion, a glance at the future. If the observations have not the profundity and soberness of Mr. Bryce's monumental work, they are certainly acute and show wide and discriminating observation. One cannot but admire the skill with which the thing is done; the lively style, albeit too popular by half; the wealth of novel and well-chosen illustration; the profusion of catchy, quotable expressions; the avoidance of repetition of what previous writers in the series have said; the unfailing sense of what is important, as well as of what is effective; the pervading conviction that most things have worked together for our good; and the mingled optimism and soberness with which the future is faced. We wish that Professor Hart did not write of serious matters quite so entertainingly, that he did not make us travel with such breathless rapidity, and that some of his flings at critics might have been suppressed; but the volume as a whole is in a high degree wholesome, informing, and stimulating.

With these two volumes and Mr. Matteson's admirable index, the American Nation series is brought to a close. The several volumes have been somewhat fully noticed in these columns as they appeared and there only remains now to speak briefly of the series as a whole. Two of the most serious defects of coöperative writing—overlapping, and opposing judgments of the same episode or event—have been almost entirely avoided; the writers have kept, or been kept, to their several fields, and their points of view show remarkable unanimity of thought. Careful reading has failed to detect any erroneous statement of importance, and slips of any kind are rare. The bibliographical chapters are models of comprehensiveness so far as the better known and more available literature is concerned, while the maps, many of them the work of Mr. Matteson, are so far superior to anything of the kind yet published as to make us wish earnestly for a collection of them in a separate volume. Mechanically, the execution of the work is thoroughly creditable.

The editor has been fortunate in his collaborators. Of the twenty-four writers, all but three are members of university or college faculties. The general level of the volumes is high: none is a failure, only one or two are mediocre, while more than half are important contributions to the subject. The literary quality, considering the strict and often narrow space limitations which the plan of the series imposed, is both dignified and commendable, with not a few examples of unusually good writing. While few of the writers appear to have used manuscript material, there is abundant evidence that the printed sources have been attentively scanned, and the results of multitudinous investigations attentively weighed.

The editor of a series of this sort must perforce make choice of the point from which he will survey the field, as well as the class of facts which he will most fully present. He cannot hope, if the series is to be kept within reasonable compass, to include in it more than a small proportion of the important data available, or to treat with definitive fulness any of the large aspects of the subject. All that can be done is to summarize, with due regard to proportion, the mass of existing knowledge, and present a condensed narrative which is orderly and consistent as well as true. Judged by this standard, the American Nation finds its field in political and diplomatic history. The volumes pay comparatively little attention to economic history. no piecing together of chapters or passages would afford either an adequate or a connected view of the industrial or commercial development of the United States. Constitutional and legal questions, too, though peculiarly significant in a country of written constitutions, are, with some exceptions, little expanded. To State history, also, little space is given. These are doubtless limitations of a substantial sort. As a register of progress, however, as well as an orderly, balanced, intelligently conceived, well written story of American history. Professor Hart's great undertaking must be accorded a distinguished place in the achievements of American scholarship. If, in the course of the next generation, any need of doing such a work over again shall appear, the study of American history must make giant strides.

The Reformation: Being an Outline of the History of the Church from A. D. 1503 to 1648. By James Pounder Whitney. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

A History of the Reformation. By Thomas M. Lindsay, Vol. II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

John Morley has said that men are likely to be most effective when they learn how to put their brains into joint stock with those of other people. This statement should console many a modern historian, for the time has come when it seems impossible to write history at all in the character of a freelance. Dr. Whitney contributes to The Church Universal Series. Dr. Lindsay contributes to The International Theological Library. One may still venture to write a separate biography, but if one treats of a period or a movement, one can hardly hope to keep clear of some publisher, who, with marvellous strategic gift, has planned a series. Even the biographer does well if he escapes the meshes of the coöperative net.

Dr. Whitney, however, has acted with much more independence than is shown by the average contributor to an historical series. In nine cases out of ten the writer of a short book on the Reformation, from Luther to the Peace of Westphalia, would refrain from giving any one subject more than a snippet of space. But Dr. Whitney, with a spirit of daring which is rarely shown, singles out one topic without visible fear of slighting others. We might almost say that this volume centres in the Council of Trent. For example, comparison at once shows how every other episode is overshadowed by the acts of the Tridentine Fathers. Stated under statistical form, one must point out that Dr. Whitney allows more space to the Council of Trent than to the whole of the Protestant Revolution in Germany, between the Wittenberg Theses and the close of the Thirty Years' War. Dr. Lindsay, whose work is on a much larger scale, gives the Council of Trent thirty pages. Dr. Whitney gives it one hundred and forty. We are by no means sorry that this should be so. Most Protestants have a quite inadequate knowledge of what the Decreta Tridentina mean in the history of the sixteenth century. For many the Middle Ages simply mean popes and Hohenstaufen. Likewise for a host of Protestants the Reformation means little more than Luther at Worms and Coligny at St. Bartholomew. The careful, systematic study which Dr. Whitney devotes to the Council of Trent should go far toward redressing the balance. As an Anglican of High Church leanings, he can appreciate what the best element strove for at Trent. As an historian he can estimate properly the part which the Curia Romana had in directing the course of this momentous gathering. Stated in other words, he knows how to use both Sarpi and Pallavicini, besides having the further advantage of being imbued with the spirit of Bishop Stubbs.

Dr. Whitney is strong on all subjects connected with dogma, and his book will be more valuable to those who are somewhat familiar with theological literature than to those who never have actually had in their hand the "Summa Theologica" or Calvin's "Institutio." Character sketches are few, and where they occur present few novelties of outlook. In point of scholarship the book will bear close examination. Dr. Whitney's contributions to the *English Historical Review* and the Cambridge Modern History have long since disclosed to students the quality of his attainments, and there is no falling off here. We think, however, he has accepted somewhat hastily the view which makes Geneva in Calvin's time a beacon of austere piety and practical righteousness. Before penning the passage on page 99 he might with advantage have turned to Galiffe's "Notices généalogiques sur les familles genevoises."

Dr. Lindsay's volume is longer than Dr. Whitney's, though not nearly so extensive in scope. To say that his main subject is Calvin does not mean that he has upset the balance in favor of a theological movement which produced Scottish Presbyterianism. But having in the first instalment of his excellent work (reviewed in the *Nation* of October 25, 1906, p. 351) kept close to Lutheranism, he now comes to an era when the religious life of Europe was most deeply affected by the strife of Jesuit and Calvinist. If the Reformed Church bulks large here, full justice is done to the force of the Catholic Revolution as well as to Anabaptist and Socinian. In our former article we discussed Dr. Lindsay's method of approaching the Reformation and the fairmindedness which marks his outlook. One reads with almost equal pleasure his footnotes and his text. In no book on the Reformation are narrative and discussion better blended for the benefit of thoughtful readers, who at the same time are neither experienced historians nor expert theologians. Like Creighton wrestling with a subject of like difficulty, Dr. Lindsay has striven to write true history. From first to last he is just without being sugary. Differing fundamentally from the leaders of the Catholic Revival, he can appreciate their best purposes and deeds for the very reason that his grounds of opposition are neither petty nor partial. What we mean can best be illustrated by a contrast of two passages. Of the Jesuits as they were at their best, Dr. Lindsay says:

> What the depressed Romanists of the sixteenth century saw was a body of men whom no difficulties daunted, who spent themselves in training boys and girls and in animating them with religious principles; who persuaded boys and youths to attend daily mass, to resort to monthly confession, to study the articles of their faith; who elevated that obedience, which for generations they had been taught was the earthly head of the Church, into a sublime religious principle.

For all these things the disciples of Loyola are given full credit. But there soon comes a passage in which Dr. Lindsay indicates why he thought they were following the wrong path.

> It is true that men can never get rid of their personal responsibility in spiritual things, but multitudes will always attempt to cast their burden upon others. In all such souls the spirit of the Counter-Reformation lives and moves and has its being, and they are sustained, consciously or unconsciously, by that principle of blind obedience which its preachers taught. It is enough for us to remember that no weakened sense of personal responsibility and no amount of superstitious practice can utterly quench the conscience that seeks its God, or can hinder that upward glance to the Father in heaven which carries with it a living faith.

The six hundred pages before us afford many suggestive and alluring subjects, but we must be contented with expressing our recognition of the sound materials which enter into the volume and of the real talent which Dr. Lindsay has shown in compounding them.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Walking Gentleman. By James Prior. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The first and strongest impression produced by this book is a memory of "The Beloved Vagabond"; and as one reads on, the impression deepens in spite of the difference of treatment and temperament between the two stories. Beyond a doubt, Lord Beilcy and Paragot are spiritually akin, however dissimilar in personal habits. If the Walking Gentleman lacks the genial vein that has made the other the beloved of the vagabond-hearted—and of some of the conventional—he has the excuse of youth for his vagaries, being still in his twenties when he walks away from his bride on the eve of their wedding. Young readers can take with the most sympathetic seriousness the complexities of motive that make his action possible—"a self-indulgence that was too vapid a thing to be called amusement, a languor that was too wearisome to be called ease, a doubt that was too futile to be called skepticism, a dissatisfaction that was too inert to be called revolt." Their elders may smile and wonder whether the author is quite correct in asserting that "his liver was all right." It is certain that the burden of mankind—Self—weighed heavily upon him; and the profit of his six months Odyssey is the knowledge that this burden only weighs the heavier for one's efforts to escape it, and is to be lost only by losing the sense of it in a larger consciousness. Amid weariness and pain he realizes his love for his betrothed, from whom he feels that he is forever estranged by his humiliation of her; he has yet to learn that there is a love that feels itself too royal to be touched by shame. His final comprehension of this fact brings the story to an end.

The characters that pass Beiley in his wanderings, with all the inconsequence of real life, are drawn with an assured if somewhat exaggerated touch. With the exception of Bertha, who is that rare creature, a precocious but lovable child, it is in these minor characters that Mr. Prior shows his finest art. The seaside preacher "with glowing eyes cloistered under a high white forehead," on his knees, "in the midst of a puddle as it befell"; the unknown man, walking shadowy through the night, cherishing his happiness like a coal from the altar; the old stone breaker with his pathetic yearning to be saluted as a gentleman; 'Arry and his Bina, who seems "to make the house shoine loike"; poor little Vitie, a bit of very real girlhood—these stay in the memory like faces seen from a car-window. The story in itself is not strikingly original; its value lies in its flashes of human insight.

The History of Aythan Waring. By Violet Jacob. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

What havoc can be wrought in the life of an innocent, noble-spirited man by the vindictive hatred of a designing woman is abundantly set forth in this story. Hester loves Eustace and loathes Aythan. Eustace and Aythan both love Barbara—but with a difference. Aythan and Barbara happen to be sweethearting one night in the church porch; they know it is imprudent, but the result shows it to have been even more than that; for close to that very spot on that same night a foul murder is committed. Suspicion is directed to Aythan; and it is not due to any softening of Hester's heart that he is saved from the gallows. Yet even Aythan can feel an impulse of divine pity when, shortly after his marriage to Barbara, he perceives, from the window of the inn, a lowly country churchyard, where "the idle, jesting Eustace," Hester, and poor "Mad Moll," all lie together under the sod, awaiting the day of judgment. The scene of all this is rural England, close to the Welsh border. The characters are vaguely drawn; the dialogue is perfunctory and bookish; the melodramatic plot is dawdling, lifeless, and absurd.

Tangled Wedlock. By Edgar Jepson. New York: The McClure Co.

Iseult Brent, the heroine, is, somewhat unaccountably, in great demand. She did her best by marrying two of her suitors, one secretly and actually, the other openly and nominally; but the result even of this generosity was unsatisfactory, and nobody was thoroughly pleased until the nominal husband and the inconvenient but previous wife of the actual spouse cut the Gordian knot by dying with a timeliness rarely encountered save in fiction. The pages are enriched with some fine touches of involuntary humor; but on the whole, recalling the dictum that easy writing makes hard reading, one is led to the conclusion that "Tangled Wedlock" must have flowed lightly from a facile pen..

Folks Back Home. By Eugene Wood. New York: The McClure Co.

Mr. Wood is an example of a writer who has overworked a vein from which he once extracted good ore. The quaintly tender dedication of this volume of short stories arouses hopes that do not survive perusal of the first tale. The book is a pleasant, inoffensive example of the apple-pie school; chiefly remarkable for the absence from its pages of the time-honored "b' gosh" and the substitution of a new expletive, "I jox." One story stands out from the general mediocrity by virtue of a certain sharpness of homely pathos. "The Elopement" is not a comfortable cross-section of life, for its principal characters are real; we waste no sighs on the sorrows of paper dolls.

Furze The Cruel. By John Trevena. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

> Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest Cruelty, the Heather Endurance, and the Granite Strength. The Furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain. This work is the first of a proposed trilogy, which the author hopes to continue and complete with Heather and Granite.

Nobody can complain that Mr. Trevena lacks serious purpose. He strips bare the ugliness of Dartmoor life with a merciless candor that shows too much schooling from Zola, Ibsen, and Tolstoy. He calls a spade by name, with gratuitous unpleasantness. Heather and Granite, it is to be hoped, will not require so heavy a touch or so morbid an insistence upon repulsive details. The most readable passages are those wherein Peter and Mary figure—for the idyl of Boodles and Aubrey, though innocent and sweet, is but trivial. The savage brother and sister, however, develop a refreshing vein of comedy; and Gran'vaither, the old pixy-haunted clock, and the railway journey to Goose Fair go far toward making us tolerate Mr. Trevena's too strenuous upheaval of the mire of the moors.

In Mary's Reign. By Baroness Orczy. New York: The Cupples & Leon Co.

Here is melodrama at its height. Lady Ursula Glynde has been betrothed in the cradle to the Earl of Wessex, and unknown to her destined husband, who has been unfortunate enough to engage the affections of Mary Tudor, she has ripened to the recognized standard of book-world beauty. At the critical moment, when Wessex is about to sacrifice himself to avert the proposed alliance with Philip of Spain, he meets Lady Ursula, and is hers. The course of true love is grievously interrupted by the machinations of the villain, Don Miguel, who employs the startingly novel expedient of a double—a witch whom he induces to impersonate Ursula under compromising circumstances. Wessex, even in this trying moment, does not forget the traditions to which he owes his being:

> "By our Lady," he said at last, with that same bitter heart-rending laugh. "What?!!! you and I, my lord, crossing swords for that!! A farce, my lord, a farce!! Not a tragedy!!!"

Of course the tangled skein is unravelled at last, and Ursula is left "in the arms of her future lord." The story was evidently written for serial production, as is evident from such slips as the "dark tresses" of the witch appearing on another page as "an abundance of golden hair." To notice such flaws, however, is like breaking a butterfly.

Race Life of the Aryan Peoples. By Joseph P. Widney. 2 vols. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

To write an "epic" of the Aryan peoples is an undertaking no less difficult than attractive, requiring, as it does, the imaginative reconstruction of a prehistoric period and an investigation of the conditions under which each people reached its final home and developed its character. Dr. Widney brings to this task wide reading, intelligence, sympathy, and the adventurous spirit of the frontiersman. After deciding that the primitive Aryan home was on the plains stretching between the Thian Shan Mountains and the shores of the Caspian Sea, he follows the various migrations along the lines of least resistance, southward into India and Persia, and westward into Europe, giving in detail the climatic changes that gradually moulded the character of each group. It is the climatic belt, he says, that settles race destiny. He goes on to describe the geographical conditions under which the Græco-Latin communities, the Celts, the Slavs, and the Teutons found themselves, pointing out the debt that the world owes to each. The culmination of the race history he sees in the Teutons, and among the Teutons in the Germans, and among the Germans in the English, and finally in the North Americans. America, he thinks, offers the normal climate of the Aryan—it is the land in which he develops his real characteristics; and in America he discovers in the Southern mountaineers the nearest approach to the primitive Aryans. To this general sketch he adds a number of special discussions, particularly dealing with certain races, black, red, yellow, and white, which he regards as in process of passing away, and he ends with an optimistic outlook into the future.

Dr. Widney's volumes make pleasant reading and contain a good deal that is suggestive. His observations on modern peoples are often worth considering, as, for example, when he remarks that Germany must have room for expansion, and that its expansion can be only toward the Adriatic. Large historical reviews, such as he here offers, though they must be defective, are useful in the way of bringing together great historical movements and judging national fortunes in the light of long developments in which passing accidents may be neglected. On the other hand, wide generalizations are seductive and dangerous. To be highly useful they must be controlled by a judicial habit of thought as well as by broad knowledge. Much of the material of these volumes is of the nature of hypothesis, and the characterizations of peoples are in some cases onesided and therefore misleading. We may share to some extent the author's admiration of the English-speaking peoples while we hesitate to recognize the preëminent position he assigns them. We may think it well not to attempt at the present moment to decide what the future of the Chinese and Russians is to be. As to climatic conditions, on which Dr. Widney lays so great stress, they are doubtless important, but it cannot be said that they are the only factors in the creation of national character; it would be difficult, for example, from such considerations alone, to account for the differences between Greeks and Romans and between Chinese and Japanese. On the question of American cultural independence the author has a quite definite opinion—our college professors, he says, have run too much to Europe, seeing that we have the material of literary and scientific production at home. Here he touches a large problem, the ultimate solution of which must be found in the attainment of cultural unity in the world. In general it must be said that Dr. Widney, with much that is valuable, is inclined to express himself too positively on matters that in the nature of things must remain doubtful for the present.

Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania: Excavations at Nippur. With Descriptive Text. By Clarence S. Fisher.

The excavations of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania at Nippur began in 1889 and were continued intermittently for eleven years: 1889-90, 1893-'96; 1898-1900. Since the spring of 1900, a period of over seven years, no work has been conducted there. This does not mean that the site is exhausted; in fact, an immense amount remains to be done, and with the exception of one interesting palace of about the twelfth century B. C., no one building or group of buildings has ever been completely unearthed. The excavations were peculiarly successful in the discovery of inscribed material, the clay tablets and fragments numbering, as asserted by the scientific director of the last expedition, about 60,000. It is to be hoped that the University of Pennsylvania may find means to resume this undertaking and complete at least those excavations which are necessary to determine the history of the Temple of Bel En-lil, the oldest centre of Babylonian religion of which we have any knowledge. In the meantime, publication of the results progresses but slowly. These publications consist, first of popular accounts: two larger general works, "Nippur," 1897, by the first director, Dr. J. P. Peters, and "The Excavations in Assyria and Babylonia," 1904, by the last director, Dr. H. V. Hilprecht, besides chapters and articles in various books and journals; secondly, of the texts of the cuneiform inscriptions discovered, of which eight volumes or parts of volumes, have appeared. No translations have as yet been undertaken. These texts, with critical introductions, have all been issued under the general direction of Professor Hilprecht and published either by the American Philosophical Society, or the Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania. For a long time no steps were taken to publish the architectural and topographical material. At length, however, after the close of the last expedition, Mr. Fisher, who, with Valentine Geere, had been attached to the expedition as architect, was appointed a curator of the Archæological Museum of the university and detailed to work up the architectural results. Thus we have now, thirdly, the beginning of a publication of plans and details of the excavations, with the numerous objects found in them.

The first half of Part I., dealing with topography, was published in 1905. In the text, which possesses considerable general interest, Mr. Fisher has traced the growth of Nippur from the period when it was a little village of reeds among the swamps. By comparison with existing conditions in similar modern villages, it has been possible to restore the original prehistoric, precivilized Nippur, inhabited by savages, subject to inundations, frequently destroyed by fire. Wave after wave of population swept over the region, leaving traces at Nippur of the occupancy of various races in different stages of culture. At last we come to the civilization commonly called Sumerian and the period of written documents. The temple had now become a mighty institution, possessing great properties, with a highly organized priesthood and a well-developed system of bookkeeping, covering all the details of its extensive industries. But of the exact form of the temple we have no satisfactory information until the period of the Semitic occupation and the reconstruction of the edifice by Naram Sin, early in the third millennium B. C. From this time, or a little later, we possess a contemporary map of the temple area, inscribed with descriptive text on a fragment of a clay tablet. This fragment was published by Hilprecht in his "Excavations in Assyria and Babylonia" (p. 518), with a most picturesque account of its discovery by himself; but the value of the map was not fully comprehended. Mr. Fisher, who gives quite a different account of the discovery, absolutely contradicting Hilprecht's story, has made most effective use of this curious ancient plan of the temple, the oldest known topographical plan of any place, basing on it his discussion of the topography of the temple.

The second half of Part I., dealing with the city walls, is now published. It contains some forty pages of text, with twenty-seven inset drawings and about a dozen plates, chiefly photographic reproductions. This section is highly technical. The plates in both sections are beautifully executed, but since they are scattered without regard to the text, the study of the parts before the whole is completed is difficult. What has already appeared forms, however, an important contribution, not only to our knowledge of Nippur, but also of Babylonian history and religion. We have, for the first time, an accurate and scientific statement in contrast with the more popular and general accounts referred to above, and, as was to be expected, this work corrects in many particulars the former publications. For example, from a foot-note on page 49, it appears that within the space of three years Dr. Hilprecht published three wholly inconsistent explanations of the "long wall south of X." On March 16, 1900, it was the basis of a fortification of the city by one of the Assyrian kings, probably Sargon, about 710 B. C. On May 26, 1900, it was dated at or before 4000 B. C., and described as "the southern façade of a large pre-Sargonic palace, two stories in height, with small windows near the ceilings of its rooms." Three years later it had become "a regular facing or boundary wall," supporting "the light masses of ashes and dust of the fire necropolis of Nippur." According to the present volume, with its careful comparative study of bricks, methods of construction, and the like, it is "the facing or retaining wall of a great platform, such as the temple enclosure was before the erection of the Naram Sin wall." From this, as from the Nippur "library" matter discussed in the *Nation* of November 21, 1907, p. 465, it is evident that certain of these previous publications are untrustworthy.

The remaining parts of this work, one of which is expected within the present year, cover (2) the fortress; (3) the temple; (4) the tablet hill, where the alleged library was discovered, and miscellaneous constructions; (5) the palace, referred to above; and (6) pottery and burial customs. No publisher's name appears, but merely the announcement that requests for copies may be sent to lock box 165, Rutledge, Delaware Co., Pa.

Across Widest Africa: An account of the country and people of Eastern, Central, and Western Africa as seen during a twelve months' journey from Djibuti to Cape Verde. By A. Henry Savage Landor; illustrated by 160 half-tone reproductions of photographs and a map. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The most noteworthy thing in the journey of which Mr. Landor gives an account in these sumptuous volumes is its demonstration of the freedom and rapidity with which one can travel to-day in the Dark Continent. In just a year from the time he left the east coast, January 6, 1906, he passed through Abyssinia, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, skirted the French and Belgian Congo regions to Lake Tchad, and went thence by Timbuctu to the Atlantic, a distance of 8,500 miles. At no time did he have more than thirty pack animals or forty men, and once he was left with a single companion. He started and finished on a railway, his other modes of conveyance being steamers, boats, canoes, mules, horses, and camels. Apart from the fact that the journey was the first crossing of Africa from ocean to ocean in its widest part, it has no special interest or importance. His route took him through no new country, he had no striking adventures, while he went too rapidly to gather valuable information about the natives. He gives many ethnological details of some of the interior tribes, but they must have been derived mainly from other sources than his own observations. The larger part of his narrative consists of a record of each day's experiences, however trivial, and a brief description of the surface features of the country traversed. An exception should be made, however, of his account of Abyssinia, and especially of the Emperor Menelik, the foremost African of the day. The interviews with him are most entertainingly described. One was at a lunch given to 7,980 guests, at which a mountain of bread "eight feet high, fourteen feet long, and four feet wide," was served.

The next point of interest is the Congo Free State, of which he visited several frontier posts in the Ubangi district. His impressions were much more favorable to the Belgians than those of travellers in other parts of the State. He says:

> Speaking generally from my own observation, all I can say of the Congo Free State is that the country was kept in excellent order; that the natives were happy and well cared for; and the land, far from being damaged, was greatly improved by the construction of splendid roads, by enormous plantations of rubber, rice, millet maize, cotton; by the establishment of beautiful cattle farms, by up-to-date schools, and excellent hospital arrangements for the natives.

It should be added that there is nothing in the narrative which would lead one to suppose that he actually saw these roads, schools, and hospitals. He is even more enthusiastic in his encomiums of the way in which the French are ruling the natives and developing the natural wealth of their African possessions. This testimony which he bears to their simple and practical methods is much more trustworthy, as he visited many French posts.

Considerable space is devoted to an account of his experiences on Lake Tchad, interesting now as the meeting point of the three great Powers, France, Germany, and Great Britain.

Mr. Landor's personality is much in evidence, and his style is more conversational than literary. He expresses decided and unscientific opinions as to the best way to live and travel in the tropics and the cause and treatment of tropical diseases. Occasionally a curious statement is made without any substantiating facts. The Tuaregs, he asserts, for instance, "possess a method of thought transference, perhaps because they have learned the power of intense concentration. Many of these people were unconsciously adepts at telepathy." Though much of the book is tedious there is also much that is entertaining, and enables one to realize vividly how life in the heart of Africa appears to the traveller. The excellent illustrations reproductions of his photographs, are almost exclusively of the natives, and add much to the value of the work. There is also a map showing his route, and a chart of Lake Tchad from the latest French surveys.

Tasso and His Times. By **William Boulting**. Pp. xv., 314; 24 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

We have delayed too long in speaking our word of praise for this excellent volume. Tasso is one of those creatures whom you will judge fortunate or unfortunate, according to your ideal of fame. His personal tragedy has kept interest alive in him for the more than three centuries since he died. This tragedy has enough of mystery about it, or at least, enough of uncertainty, to place him among those men of genius upon whom posterity cannot pass a final verdict. The reason in his case is obvious.

Mr. Boulting has approached his subject along the high-road of common-sense. This sounds easy, but it is not; because, in order to reach Tasso's individual case, his biographer must traverse the Italian Renaissance in the last half-century of its decay. The earlier interpreters of Tasso used to treat him as an exception; and when he was so studied, it seemed as if not merely fate warred against him in giving him a neurotic organism, but that men, too, and especially women, were leagued together to harass, torment, thwart, and undo him. Now Mr. Boulting, thanks to a knowledge of the late Renaissance environment, is able to show us just how much happened to Tasso because he belonged to that time and country, and how much he suffered because he was that particular, unstrung, and occasionally mad, man of genius. A single point will illustrate what we mean. If you visit Tasso's "prison cell" at Ferrara with an unhistoric mind, you will probably agree with thousands of earlier travellers that the duke must have been cruel to pen a sick poet in such a place. But if you know that these quarters were far better than the average in the sixteenth century, if you know also that the barbarous treatment which the insane received was a matter of course, you will be forced in fairness to inquire whether the duke did, indeed, intend to persecute his laureate by assigning to him this retreat. And so throughout the book, Mr. Boulting sets forth the most recent knowledge about the events in Tasso's life, and the contemporary criteria by which we can judge them. He brings in enough of the political and court affairs to serve as a frame for the portrait of his hero. He shows skill in arranging his material, and he writes agreeably. Occasionally, we note typographical slips, but the fundamental accuracy cannot be impugned. It will take long, of course, for sober history to dispel the fiction which Goethe dramatized so vividly, and Byron immortalized in such poignant verse, that it has been accepted as true for a hundred years; but Mr. Boulting can at least be congratulated on having given the history in an attractive form. The "real" Tasso, to whom he introduces his readers, is in our opinion not less but more tragic and interesting than Goethe's creation. Possibly there is room for both.

Mr. Boulting bases his study on the most recent investigations of Solerti and others, together with the original sources. More than a score of illustrations, chiefly portraits, add to the attractiveness of his volume.

The Raid on Prosperity. By James Roscoe Day. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Those who have heard or read the public utterances of Chancellor Day during the past year, and who may have assumed that their reproduction in book form by a reputable publishing house would have a restraining influence upon their author, are doomed to disappointment. The pages read like political harangues or after-dinner speeches. The state of righteous indignation which has given birth to this book is the result apparently of the acts and utterances of our chief executive, which have been "so opposed to all our dignified traditions and such a menace to our boasted freedom as to justify an examination of some first principles." The feelings of the author have been further harrowed by "emotional and sensational fiction writers of socialistic vagaries," and by "small men whose official relations to such mighty questions is the accident of political preferment, men usually without previous training or practical knowledge." Anticipating the gibes of the "small men" he asserts at the outset that his convictions have not come to him out of the exigencies of a college presidency, or by the contaminating influence of millionaires, and announces: "I speak by no man's favor, nor am I restrained by any man's frown. My credentials are sufficient. I am an American citizen."

It would be pure waste of time to attempt to meet the assertions of this book with specific replies. In fact, it is difficult to take the book seriously, notwithstanding the extreme seriousness with which the author takes himself; for it is not argument at all. It is extreme glorification on the one hand, and bitter denunciation on the other. The glorious mission of the American people is depicted with a facile hand, and with it the "new proportions" of our age, to which the "small man" is unable to adjust himself. Typical of this age is the corporation, the benefits of which are so great that it should not be destroyed or even regulated. The corporation's acceptance of certain obligations to the public in return for its right to be is entirely overlooked by this ardent advocate. He seems to be not only blind to the common every-day laws of ethics, but ignorant of the fundamental principles of English common law in its bearing upon corporations. His mistake is that of accepting the expression of the violent agitator as the voice of the people. He is possessed with the idea that the country is falling into the hands of the socialistic element, and that his is the voice crying in the wilderness.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find two chapters devoted to a defence of the Standard Oil Company, one of which is nothing but a reproduction of the statement given out by that corporation after the decision of the court in the Alton rebate case. The other contains this remarkable sentence: "The steady growth of the Standard Oil business is the best answer to all who calumniate it." A chapter entitled "Standard Oil Defended by Economic Writers," turns out to be two editorials, one from *Leslie's Weekly*, the other from the *Financial Chronicle*. Tainted money—"a new pharisaism"—is the theme of one chapter, and in another the author pays his respects to the labor unions. But the same tone runs through it all, and any chapter selected at random contains the substance of the entire book.

Science.

Fishes. By David Starr Jordan. Pp. 789; 18 colored plates, and 673 illustrations. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6 net.

The preface of this volume (in the American Nature Series) tells us:

> This work contains virtually all the non-technical material in the author's "Guide to the Study of Fishes" (2 vols., over 1,200 pages, 900 figures, and 32 portraits; 1905); . . . substantially all which the author would have written had his original purpose been to cover the subject of fishes in a general natural history of animals. The fishes used as food and those sought by anglers in America are treated fully, and proportionate attention is paid to all the existing as well as all extinct families. . . . The writer hopes that it may still be valuable to students of ichthyology.

The volume certainly appeals to all who are interested in fishes from any point of view. Useful are the pictures and descriptions of food-fish from all parts of the world; dramatic the account of the capture (p. 359) of the only known example of sudis ringens, which "had been devoured by a hake, the hake by an albacore, and the albacore hooked before the sudis had been digested"; surprising, the vitality of the Alaska black-fish (p. 423), one of which, "while frozen, was swallowed by a dog, but escaped in safety after being thawed out by the heat of the dog's stomach"; startling, Buckland's computation (p. 698) of the turbot's eggs as more than fourteen millions; and really staggering, Baird's estimate (p. 495) of the food of the bluefish for one season on the New England coast at three hundred thousand million pounds.

Nevertheless, the book presents contradictory and disappointing features. Handsome, printed on superior paper from large, clear type, it is inconveniently bulky. It is profusely illustrated, but many figures are duplicated, some (21, 28, 77, 78, and 161) are superfluous, and at least one (268) is quite out of place. We look in vain, however, for, *e. g.*, the transformations of the ray and the gar as portrayed, respectively, by Wyman and the younger Agassiz; the eggs carried in the mouth of some species; the cocoon of the lung-fish; and the nest of the stickleback. A writer of many books, the author seems not to appreciate the importance of a complete index, for his lacks more than thirty entries. Of typographical and verbal errors there are at least twenty-five, all reproduced in this volume from its larger predecessor. Misstatements occur on pp. 77, 163, 168, 182, 264, and 454, and misrepresentations in Figs. 16, 123, 146, and 151. Widely and favorably known as naturalist, editor, administrator of a great university, and writer upon many topics of both general and special interest, and doubtless able to select his publishers, fix his terms, and take his time, the author has disregarded the just claims of his readers, of his scientific colleagues, and of his own reputation in reducing a comparatively technical larger work to a comparatively popular smaller one, not by rewriting or even by careful revision, but by simply omitting longer or shorter blocks of text and cuts, and patching the fragments together, not always even artistically, as on p. 436. This rough-and-ready scissors and paste method is as little suited to the present work as it is to the conversion of an advanced text-book to an elementary one.

Notwithstanding its imperfections, it is to be hoped that the demand for this volume may be such as to encourage the author and his publishers to issue a successor with which no fault can be found.

Two new books on gardening are about to be issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company: "The Garden Diary and Country Home Guide," a practically arranged record book by Loring Underwood, and "The Garden Book for Young People," by Alice Lounsberry.

The centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin will probably be commemorated by the foundation in the University of Cambridge of a new professorship of biology, whose holder is to make a special study of the problems of heredity and variation.

Dr. Henry Clifton Sorby died at Sheffield, England, March 9, at the age of eighty-one. His book "On the Microscopical Structure of Crystals," published fifty years ago, introduced a new method into the study of rocks, and has had wide influence in mineralogy. In the same way his work "On the Microscopical Structure of Iron and Steel" opened up the study of micro-metallography.

Drama.

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE."

The surprise, delight, and encouragement afforded by such a play as "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, which was presented in the Savoy Theatre, on Monday afternoon by Henry Miller's new stock company, make it difficult to write of it in the cool, precise terms of critical appreciation. It puts the author in the front rank of living playwrights. No drama so high in purpose, so stern and true in its satire, more thoroughly human in its motives, or more vital in its illustrations has been produced in many years. It might have been modelled upon one of the ancient moralities, but it is essentially, even aggressively, modern in form and spirit. In psychologic insight and constructive skill it is worthy of comparison with Ibsen's later work, and in these respects clearly shows the influence of the Norwegian's example, but substitutes a noble altruism and exhilarating hopefulness for his dreary and cynical pessimism. That it will be a cause of offence to more than one class of professed religionists, on the one hand, and to extreme rationalists on the other, is very likely. The one party will discern gross irreverence in its profound contempt for dogma and ritual, and its unsparing castigation of clerical hypocrisy, while the other will ridicule the suggestion of divine intervention in the affairs of mankind. But the transcendent merit of the play is that while it makes visible use of a divine agent and bases its action upon Biblical precepts, the main argument is entirely independent of any creed whatever except that of faith in the Golden Rule, or, in other words, the universal brotherhood of mankind. And the application of the rule is made with decorum and occasionally with solemnity, but without preachment, or hysterical extravagance, and in thoroughly dramatic fashion.

It might be urged that the play is Utopian in its ideals, too full of calculated coincidence in its action, and overcharged with proverbial truths, that long ago became platitudes, but it is difficult to avoid repetition in dealing with fundamental principles. The fact remains that it treats old topics with freshness, conviction, and boldness. There are only six characters of importance in the cast, and each is differentiated with notable vigor and skill. The scene is the breakfast-room of an English vicarage. The vicar is depressed because his church is constantly empty—his parishioners say that it stinks—and because he is expecting a visit from an outcast brother whose child he has adopted. His wife, whose sole ambition is for his preferment, has summoned her brother, a rich old bishop, to help her build a new church. It is at this juncture that a new butler, highly recommended from India, arrives, and instantly begins to exercise a strange influence in the house. He seems to be the embodied conscience of the family. The rector begins to realize that his professional life has been largely a sham, and to feel remorse for the selfishness which had been the chief cause of his brother's ruin. The greed and worldliness of the bishop are exposed, and he is driven from the house with contumely. The outcast brother is softened, in an accidental meeting with his child—one of the most affecting and truthful scenes witnessed on the stage for many a day; the ambitious wife learns the virtue of charity; and the vicar, newly awakened to the value of labor, takes off his coat to join his reconciled brother in the task of removing the foul mass of putrefaction beneath the chancel, which has made the church the abode of desolation.

The bare outline of the story gives no hint of its dramatic interest or its realism, which is not affected by the underlying vein of allegory. Space, however, will not permit indulgence in detail. The effect of the representation is due in part, of course, to the acting, which is admirable. Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, as the vicar's wife; Arthur Lewis, as the bishop, and Miss Mabel Moore as the vicar's niece, are all excellent. Tyrone Power also acts well, especially in the closing act; but Charles Dalton is scarcely equal to the part of the vicar. Walter Hampden plays the part of the butler—evidently intended as a reincarnation of Christ—with remarkable dignity, tact, and feeling. Altogether, the representation was worthy of the play—which is saying a good deal—and rivetted the attention of a crowded house. Of course, some persons laughed in the wrong places, but that was inevitable.

"The Scarecrow" is the name of a new play which Percy Mackaye has written around the legend of "Feathertop," in Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse." In his own words he has sought "to elaborate it to a different and more inclusive issue," but in this attempt he has committed a literary and dramatic mistake. "Feathertop" is a humorous satire upon fashionable fools and coxcombs and the witch-created puppet is an appropriate device for the enforcement of the desired moral. But Mr. Mackaye, while adopting the main outlines of the old tale, presents his scarecrow as a type of mankind in general, makes him the exponent of a dreary materialism, and, in the end converts grotesque comedy into veritable tragedy. His puppet acquires true manhood, or the essence of it, through the influence of love, defies the power of his creator, and, realizing (by what process of enlightenment it is hard to guess) the bitterness of his lot, heroically declines to prolong his contemptible existence. Hawthorne was too wise to introduce a supernatural imp as an auxiliary promulgation of an intellectual agnosticism, not to speak of a blank rationalism, and it is strange that the incongruity of such a proceeding did not strike Mr. Mackaye. But the radical artistic and dramatic fault in his design is the sudden attribution of human reason, passion, and religious instincts to his man of straw the moment he is deprived of the diabolical intelligence which heretofore had been his sole prompter. The scene in which he becomes a living entity is imaginative, eloquent, and dramatic—it is, indeed, the one passage which is worthy of Mr. Mackaye's ability—but it is hopelessly inconsistent with all that has gone before—which is a grave dramatic offence—and is too vague in its utterances to warrant conjecture as to its intended purport. It is not likely that the piece will ever have success upon the stage, or add anything to Mr. Mackaye's reputation. It is too incoherent to be taken seriously. Perhaps his own definition of it, "a tragedy of the ludicrous," is apt, though not quite in the sense intended.

"The Merchant of Venice" will furnish the next grand spectacular Shakespearean revival by Beerbohm Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who has never before essayed a Shakespearean part of any kind, will be Portia. Alfred Brydone will be Prince of Morocco; Auriol Lee, Jessica; Basil Gill, Bassanio, and Dorothy Minto, Nerissa.

Miss Ellen Terry has produced her new romantic drama, written by Miss Gladys Unger, called "Henry of Lancaster," at Nottingham, England, with marked success. She hopes to bring it out in London in September. The story deals with the love of Harry of Richmond for the Princess Elizabeth and the checkmating of Richard III. Miss Terry plays the Princess Elizabeth, while Frank Fenton is Richard III.

The next Shakespeare Day, as arranged by the Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft, will be held April 23 in Weimar. The leading address will be delivered by Prof. Lorenz Morsbach, and a play by Shakespeare will be given in the Neues Weimarer Theater.

Music.

Stories of Wagner's Operas Told for Children. By Elizabeth M. Wheelock. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Brahms. By H. C. Colles. New York: Brentano's.

Grieg. By E. Markham Lee. London: George Bell & Sons.

There was a time when plot counted for no more in grand opera than it does today in the variety shows known as musical comedies; in fact, it was held of less account, for in our shows the audience at any rate attends to whatever occurs on the stage, whereas the Italian-opera audiences of the eighteenth century listened only to the principal arias, devoting the rest of the time to talking, playing cards, or eating ices in their boxes, paying no attention whatever to the action; and as late as the fourth decade of the nineteenth century Liszt made himself unpopular in Italy by commenting sarcastically on such "manners at the opera" in Milan—manners which were more or less copied in other countries. To-day it is difficult for an opera singer to please an audience unless he is also a good actor, and most of the modern operas (for example, "Tosca," "Madama Butterfly," "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande") owe their success hardly as much to the music as to the play, which is closely followed. The difference between the olden times and the present is vividly illustrated also by the amazing amount of attention given to Wagner's operatic poems. Every season brings three or four attempts to tell the Wagner stories anew in prose, as a preparation for the full enjoyment of the operas. The latest of these attempts is Mrs. Wheelock's volume. She thinks it "quite unnecessary to urge that an acquaintance with these stories before children come to be 'grown ups' is almost indispensable." She has put them down exactly as she has many times told them to children of all ages, in school and elsewhere, and she aptly characterizes her accounts as "mere conversations put upon paper." She has been remarkably successful in infusing the real narrative spirit into these tales, and her book may be placed by the side of the Grimm and the Andersen fairy tales. Seven of the best Wagner operas are included, three of them—"Tannhäuser," "Tristan" and "Parsifal"—being left out, for obvious reasons.

Like Wagner, Brahms seems to be holding his own, notwithstanding the ravings and ravages of the Richard Strauss and Debussy factions, who would sponge out as antiquated everything written before these two men. One of the German biographies of Brahms, by Dr. Reimann, has reached its eleventh edition in a few years; nor is there a lack of books on Brahms in English, among them original works by J. L. Erb, W. H. Hadow, G. Henschel, F. May, and translations of several German monographs. The latest addition to the list is of modest proportions (168 pages); it does not attempt to present any new material, or to tell the uneventful life of this composer, but contents itself with giving a concise and lucid description of his works, which must be commended also for its sanity and its freedom from "gush." The least satisfactory chapter is the last, "The Position of Brahms"; it does not sufficiently summarize his achievements and his failures. The most instructive pages are those on which the author contrasts the first edition of the B major trio with the later version as an example of the development of Brahms's style.

Grieg had only two books printed about him while he was living, one in Norwegian, the other in English, but before the end of the year Germany will contribute three biographies, and Mr. Lee's book makes the second in English. It is a tiny volume of only eighty pages, yet the author succeeded in finding some interesting material that had escaped the eyes of his predecessor. He calls attention to the fact that Grieg was one of the great harmonic innovators long before Strauss, Debussy, and Puccini accustomed our ears to almost any possible tone-combinations. He declaims against the foolish persons who sneer at Grieg's early piano pieces because they are in the hands of every school girl: "seeing how beautiful and poetical these pieces are, this is a matter rather for felicitation than for contempt." And then he places himself in a line with those same foolish persons by doubting Grieg's place among the immortals because "his genius is too readily perceived," and there is "none of that patient study requisite that rewards the persistence of the follower of Bach or of Brahms."

The last artistic achievement of Heinrich Conried as manager of the Metropolitan Opera House was the production of Beethoven's "Fidelio" in the Mahler version. This version, when first given in Vienna, four years ago, was highly praised by some because of its greater scenic variety and musical coherency, while censured by others because of its disregard, in many places, of the traditions. But, inasmuch as Beethoven himself, stubborn though he was, worked over the whole opera repeatedly in conformity with the advice of experts, Mr. Mahler may well believe that Beethoven would have approved these emendations, which undoubtedly improve the opera's chance of success. While retaining the division into two acts, Mahler makes two distinct scenes in each act; he connects those in the first by playing the march that heralds the approach of Pizarro and his bodyguard as an intermezzo; and in the second act the third "Leonore" overture is played with the curtain down and the house darkened while the scene is changed from the dungeon to the bastion at the end of the fortress. The "Leonore" overture, thus played, aroused such enthusiasm as it has not provoked since Seidl conducted it in the same house, with Lilli Lehmann and Albert Niemann as Fidelio and Florestan. The Conried cast included in these parts Berta Morena and Carl Burrian, besides Bella Alten and Messrs. Goritz, Blass, Reiss; and Van Rooy. The opera had been carefully rehearsed—almost too carefully, for in the effort to follow Mr. Mahler's minutest directions the singers lost some of their spontaneity. But on the whole it was the best of Mr. Mahler's achievements here, and one of the best of the season at the Metropolitan, which closes next week, except that Wagner's Nibelung dramas will be sung during the week beginning April 13 by the German wing of the company, while the Italian wing will be busy in Baltimore.

Max Fiedler, who has been chosen to succeed Dr. Muck as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is known to concert-goers in this city, as one of the "guest conductors" of the Philharmonic Society in 1905. He was born at Zittau, Saxony, in 1859, and he is at present conductor of the Hamburg Philharmonic. He has composed a symphony, some chamber music, songs, and pianoforte pieces.

Art.

Les Clouet: Biographie critique, illustrée de vingt-quatre reproductions hors texte. Par Alphonse Germain. Paris: Henri Laurens. 2 fr.

Among the best of the French portrait painters of the sixteenth century were the Clouets, father and son. The former was probably a native of Flanders or Brabant; the latter was born at Tours, and was a Frenchman in all the main characteristics of his art, although in it traces of the Flemish realistic manner are clearly discernible. Despite the fact that they are represented in the Louvre and at the museum of Chantilly, they are as yet imperfectly known in France, while in this country they are scarcely more than a name. Yet they stand out so conspicuously in the sixteenth century barrenness that they fully deserve the special study which M. Germain has devoted to them. With commendable patience and critical acumen he has sifted from among the mass of works commonly attributed to the two artists, those that alone bear the stamp of authenticity. Among these the following are undoubtedly by Jean Clouet: the large Francis the First in the Louvre, the Montmorency of the Louvre, and the one now in the Lyons gallery, the miniatures representing the Marignan knights illustrating a manuscript—la Guerre Gallique—in the possession of the National Library of Paris. To François, Jean's son, and by far the more important of the two, M. Germain attributes the portraits of Francis I. on horseback, owned by the Uffizi in Florence, François de Guise, Charles the Ninth, and Elizabeth of Austria in the Louvre, the large Charles the Ninth in Vienna, a miniature of Henry II., in the Cabinet des Estampes, one of Mary Stuart at Windsor castle, a Marguerite de Valois at Chantilly, and, by no means the least important, a series of colored crayon portraits preserved in the Cabinet des Estampes. These are only sketches, but they are executed with unusual care and show, as it were, the artist at work, better than either the oils or miniatures could do; for they are made from life, and, judging from the pains with which every line of the face, every color and shade of the flesh, and, in some, every detail of the costume is worked out, were evidently intended to guide the artist in the final execution of the intended portrait on panel or parchment. M. Germain ranks François Clouet among the greatest portraitists of his time. Like his father, he was a lover of sincerity, a loyal interpreter, a vivifier; and better than his father, with a more masterly and more searching brush, he revealed the secrets of the soul by fixing the most fugitive facial expressions.

M. Germain's latest work is a solid contribution to the literature of painting in the sixteenth century. Like his previous writings, it is thoroughly painstaking. Thanks to scrupulous documentation and judiciously chosen specimens of the Clouets' works illustrating the text, the reader can get a clear enough idea of the two masters. In addition to a careful biography and the more technical discussion there are some interesting pages about the society in which the artists moved, and the artistic tastes of the French under the last Valois rulers. The reader would have welcomed more historical details, but it is probable that the author was hampered in this direction by the requirements of the series to which this work belongs, Les Grands artistes: leur vie—leur œuvre. We may remark in passing that it is to be regretted that there is no English translation of this highly valuable collection of monographs. The book in question deserves a place with M. Germain's "Le Sentiment de l'art." M. Germain is not only a scholar, but an artist; and although he has of late years abandoned the brush in order to write, his technical knowledge and his artistic temperament lend his books a charm too often lacking in works of erudition or criticism.

Mitchell Kennerley publishes a tiny volume on François-Auguste Rodin, by Frederick Lawton, the author of a larger life of the sculptor published a year ago by T. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Lawton writes as a convinced, almost a thick-and-thin, Rodinite, and his sketch may be useful to those who would understand the point of view of the sculptor and of his extreme admirers. Even he, however, has his reservations to make as to the eccentricities of some of Rodin's later works—his excessive use of patches of unhewn marble and his arbitrary lopping-off of heads and limbs. To the general art lover these must ever seem either deliberate bids for attention and stimuli to jaded sensibilities, or the expression of a self-consciousness exasperated to the danger line by adulation.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* for February contains, among other interesting matter, an essay, by A. Balletti, on Sculptured Madonnas in the District of Reggio (Emilia). This article with its illustrations will be useful to collectors, for such rather hybrid sculpture as that of Emilia and Romagna is frequently offered as the product of the great schools.

Pietro d'Achiardi's "Sebastiano del Piombo" (Rome: Casa editrice de *l'Arte*) is, we believe, the first independent monograph on Michelangelo's great abettor in the rivalry with Raphael. The well-illustrated volume is the painstaking effort of a young Italian scholar to establish a canon for the Venetian eclectic and to estimate him also as an artist. Both undertakings are beset with difficulties. Sebastiano's beginnings at Venice remain dark to us, being represented by few works, and those in part doubtful; while the frescoes of the Farnesina, which exemplify his first contact with the art of Rome, have never been photographed. These serious gaps must make any investigation of the subject at best provisional. Considering these inevitable drawbacks Signor d'Achiardi comes off creditably. He has few original views to advance, but he is thorough and judicious, and his careful sifting of the drawings by or near Sebastiano supplements in a fashion the remarkable chapter on this master in Berenson's "Drawings by the Florentine Painters." We miss the genuine portrait (probably called erroneously a Columbus) in the Metropolitan Museum, and also a Madonna in the possession of the dealer, Mr. Chapman, in this city—a painting recalling our artist's latest manner and attributed to him by critics of repute.

The Archæological Society of Athens announces the discovery near the site of Pegasus in Thessaly of nearly a thousand marble stelæ, of which about four hundred bear traces of important encaustic paintings of unusual originality and workmanship. They are said to belong to the second and third centuries before Christ, and there is reason for attributing some of the work to Polignotos and Apelles. Thirty, in a state of perfect preservation, show brilliant coloring.

An investigation of the prehistoric remains in the island of Sardinia has been made recently under the direction of the British School of Archæology at Rome by Dr. Duncan Mackenzie, formerly associated with the excavations at Knossos in Crete, and Dr. T. Ashby, the head of the school. The most important results relate to the so-called "tombs of the giants," and the *nuraghe*. These *nuraghe*, as they are called by the natives, are huge prehistoric structures, probably fortifications, built of large blocks of stone similar to those used in the "tombs of the giants." They are four-sided, completely covered, and have an entrance at one rounded angle. In the middle rises a large circular tower. The tombs were found in many cases in such near neighborhood to the *nuraghe* as to suggest a close relationship between these two forms of monuments and to make it seem probable that the "tombs of the giants" were the burial places of the rulers of the inhabitants of the *nuraghe*. In some cases remains of other habitations were found near the *nuraghe*, but never more than one such tomb. This fact suggests the theory that some other form of burial was adopted by the humbler inhabitants, a problem still to be solved. A full account of Dr. Mackenzie's investigations will be given in *Ausonia*, the review published by the Italian Society of Archæology and History of Art.

Important discoveries have again been made on the Roman Forum. Commendatore Boni is trying in this season's excavations to find the remains of the primitive burial place on the Velia, of the temple of Jupiter Stator, and of the dwellings of the *rex sacrificulus* and the *flamen dialis*, which we are told were on the highest point of the Sacred Way. The excavations have already shown that the Sacred Way continued to rise in a straight line under the temple of Venus and Rome. Moreover, quite close to the Arch of Titus were found two parallel walls, consisting of great square masses of tufa, which have been identified with some probability as the remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator. This temple was, according to tradition, originally built by Romulus, but the present ruins date from a construction of Republican times. It was here that the Senate sometimes met, and that Cicero delivered his famous first oration against Catiline. The walls of the temple appear to have been cut through when the foundations for the Arch of Titus were built. A well which was found close to these walls contained various objects dating from the second and third centuries B. C.: a vase decoration consisting of a woman's head, a bronze quadrans with the figure of a wild boar, lead weights, lamps, and various pieces of pottery. A number of private, or semi-official, dwellings appear also to have stood in this part of the Forum.

The excavations of French archæologists in Tunis have recently brought to light some remarkable finds. Among the buildings the most important is a temple of Saturn, discovered at Dugga, of which a large number of columns are still in good preservation. Among the statues the figure of an Athena wearing a girdle decorated with the head of Medusa is noteworthy, as is also a colossal statue of Apollo, three metres in height, carrying a richly ornamented lyre. A large number of important inscriptions have also been found.

The Society of Scottish Antiquaries has once more asked for funds to carry on exploration of the Roman station of Newstead, near Melrose. The importance of this work both for the value and artistic interest of the objects it has served to bring to light and the evidence it has afforded as to the Roman occupation of Scotland, has been recognized by those who, like Prof. F. J. Haverfield, are most competent to judge. What remains to be done is small in comparison with what has been already accomplished. In the circular accompanying the appeal is an account of the nature and extent of the ground still to be investigated and of the operations carried out in 1907. (See the *Nation* of October 3, 1907, p. 304.) The explorers hope to find the Roman cemetery and to ascertain the position of the bridge over the Tweed. Subscribers should write to John Notman, 28 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh (the treasurer of the society), or to Joseph Anderson, National Museum of Antiquities, Queen Street, Edinburgh.

The advisory committee of the National Gallery of Art has been selected, as follows: Frederic Crowninshield, Fine Arts Federation of New York; Herbert Adams, New York, National Sculpture Society; Edwin H. Blashfield, New York, National Academy of Design; Francis D. Millet, New York; W. H. Holmes, Washington, D. C., the Smithsonian Institution.

The jury of award for the Carnegie Institute International Art Exhibition of 1908 at Pittsburgh consists of J. W. Alexander, William M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Robert Henri, and Irving R. Wiles, New York; G. H. Breitner and Albert Neuhuijs, Amsterdam, Holland; Charles H. Davis, Mystic, Conn.; W. L. Lathrop, New Hope, Pa.; and W. Elmer Schofield, Philadelphia.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are the eleventh annual exhibition of the "Ten American Painters," at Montross's, till April 4; and paintings by Gustave Loiseau, Durand-Ruel's, April 11.

At an auction at Christie's, London, March 7, the following drawings were sold: Turner, Constance, £2,310; Windsor Castle, £1,785; Carnavon Castle, £1.018; Zurich, £714; Sir E. Burne-Jones, Love among the Ruins, £1,653; W. Hunt, Too Hot, £767; G. J. Pinwell, The Great Lady, £472; Prout, The Entrance to Chartres Cathedral, £483; T. M. Richardson, Naples, £388; C. Robertson, The Mosque Door, £273; D. G. Rossetti, Lady Lilith, £441; Sir L. Alma Tadema, A Bacchante, £357; D. Cox, Lymne Castle, Kent, £252; Sir J. Gilbert, The Standard Bearer, £220; H. G. Hine, Folkington Hill, Sussex, £283; F. Walker, The Harbor of Refuge, £2,709; The Violet Field, £1,680; The Beehives, £577; P. de Wint, A View of Lincoln, from the River, £1,102; Paintings; W. Müller, Carrying the Hay, £357; A. Mauve, On the Scheldt, £892; Millais, Orphans, £1,617; F. Walker, The Old Gate, £1,575; G. Mason, The Gander, £1,995; J. Linnell, sen., The Timber Wagon, £525.

Paul Sain, a pupil of Gérôme and known for pictures of romantic Avignon, has died in that city at the age of fifty-four. From Berlin comes the news of the death of Capt. W. von Marées, an associate of Dörpfeld in the excavations at Leucas, and an expert in topographical work. At Dresden another artist, Prof. Ernst Hottenroth, successful in architectural sculpture and decorative work, has died in his fortieth year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ackermann, A. S. E. Popular Fallacies. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Avery, Elroy McKendree. A History of the United States and Its People. Vol. 4. Cleveland, O.: Burrows Brothers Co.

Babbitt, Irving. Literature and the American College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

Barton, James L. The Unfinished Task. New York: Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. 35 cents.

Beach, Rex. The Barrier. Harpers. $1.50.

Beers, Clifford Whittingham. A Mind That Found Itself. Longmans. $1.50 net.

Bentley, Arthur. The Process of Government. University of Chicago Press. $3.20.

Beyer, Thomas. The American Battleship and Life in the Navy. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25.

Bourget, Paul. The Weight of the Name. Translated by George B. Ives. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Brebner, Percy. Vayenne. John McBride Co.

Bridge, Cyprian. The Art of Naval Warfare. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Brooke's Romeus and Juliet. Edited by J. J. Munro. Duffield.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1908. London: Scientific Press.

Butler, Nicholas Murray. Schulbildung in den Vereinigten Staaten. Minden: C. Marowsky.

Daulton, Agnes McClelland. Fritzi. Century. $1.50.

Delannoy, Burford. Prince Charlie. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.

Diver, Maud. Captain Desmond, V. C. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Eldridge, George Dyre. In the Potter's House. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Elliot, John. Resurgam. John Lane Co. $1.

Eschelbacher, Joseph. Das Judentum und das Wesen des Christentums. Berlin.

Ewald, Carl. The Old Room. Scribners. $1.25.

Faunce, D. W. The Mature Man's Difficulties with His Bible. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society. 75 cents net.

Four-Pools Mystery. Century. $1.50.

Gasquet, Francis Aidan. The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and Other Essays. London: George Bell & Sons.

Gladden, Washington. The Church and Modern Life. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. Quaker and Courtier. The Life and Work of William Penn. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Hardy, Thomas. The Dynasts. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Harker, L. Allen. His First Leave. Scribners. $1.50.

Hartpence, Alanson. The Poisoned Lake. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Hauptmann, Gerhart. Hannele. Rendered into English verse by Charles Henry Meltzer. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Henderson, George C. Sir George Grey. Dutton. $4 net.

Holder, Charles F. Big Game at Sea. Outing Publishing Co. $2 net.

Hopkins, Herbert M. Priest and Pagan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Houston, Edwin J. The Wonder Book of the Atmosphere. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Huntington, Annie Oakes. Poison Ivy and Swamp Sumach. Jamaica Plain, Mass.: Published by the author.

Ideas of a Plain Country Woman. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.

Johnson, Alvin S. Introductory Economics. New York School of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

Kinkaid, Mary Holland. The Man of Yesterday. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

Litchfield, Grace Denio. The Supreme Gift. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Lutz, Grace Livingston Hill. Marcia Schuyler. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Lynch, Lawrence L. Man and Master. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.

Madison, James, The Writings of. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. Vol. VII. Putnams.

Martin, William McChesney. Shoes of Iron. Boston: Mayhew Publishing Co.

Matheson, George. Thoughts for Life's Journey. Armstrong. $1.25 net.

Molinari, G. de. Théorie de L'Évolution. Paris: Felix Alcan.

Moore, Norman. The History of the Study of Medicine in the British Isles. Henry Frowde. $3.40.

Osborn, Max. Joshua Reynolds. Lemcke & Buechner.

Park, Joseph C. Educational Wood Working for School and Home. Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Ray, Anna Chapin. Quickened. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.

Rees, Kelley. The So-called Rule of Three Actors in the Greek Classical Drama. University of Chicago Press.

Robinson, James Harvey and Charles A. Beard. The Development of Modern Europe. 2 vols. Boston: Ginn.

Ruutz-Rees, Janet E. Reflections on the Psalms. Newson & Co.

Ryder, Robert O. The Young Lady Across the Way. Published by the author.

Salisbury, William. The Career of a Journalist. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Schofield, A. T. Christian Sanity. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Schulstadt. Selbstregierung und Bürgertugend in der Schule. Minden: C. Marowsky.

Shakespeare's Midsommer Night's Dreame—Comedie of Errors—Gentlemen of Verona—Twelfe Night, or What You Will. Old Spelling Edition. Duffield.

Sheehan, Canon. Parerga: A companion volume to Under the Cedars and the Stars. Longmans. $1.60 net.

Smith, A. Lapthorn. Hohere Frauenbildung und Rassen-Selbstmord. Minden: C. Marowsky.

Stoddard, Charles Coleman. Kimono Ballades. Calkins & Co. 60 cents net.

Sweet, Henry. The Sounds of English. Henry Frowde. 60 cts.

Symons, Arthur. The Symbolist Movement in Literature. Dutton, $2 net.

Tennyson's Works. Eversley Edition. Vol. II. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Thompson, Francis. The Hound of Heaven. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

Vandewalker, Nina C. The Kindergarten in American Education. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Van Vorst, Marie. The Sentimental Adventures of Jimmy Bulstrode. Scribners. $1.50.

Walk, Charles Edmonds. The Silver Blade. Chicago: McClurg Co. $1.50.

Warner, Anne. Seeing England with Uncle John. Century. $1.50.

Weed, Clarence M. and Arthur I. Emerson. Our Trees: How to Know Them. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Whetham, Catherine Durning, and William Cecil Dampier Whetham. A History of the Life of Colonel Nathaniel Whetham. Longmans.

Who's Who in America, 1908-1909. Vol. V. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.

Woodman, Mrs. Abby J. Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll. Salem, Mass.: The Essex Institute.

Wynkoop, James. The Rebellion of Hell. Broadway Publishing Co.

Year-Book of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Vol. XVII. Frankfort, Mich.

Arkinsaw Cousins

A Tale of the Ozarks by J. B. Ellis. $1.50

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A Professional Opinion

From the WISCONSIN LIBRARY BULLETIN (issued by the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, February, 1908).

NATION (weekly)

New York, 1865-1907. v. 1-85. $3.

Indexed in Poole, abridged Poole, Readers' Guide, and Library Index.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1908.

The Week.

In Gov. Johnson's letter announcing his willingness to be a candidate for the Presidency, the public will detect a pleasing note of dignity and strength. The Governor of Minnesota, like the Governor of New York, is not going into a scramble for the nomination. He merely states that, if his party calls upon him, he is ready to do his best to serve it and the country. In affirming that no American citizen "should be an active, open candidate for the nomination to the Presidency," Gov. Johnson takes a position with which even Mr. Bryan is forced to agree—in theory. He, too, professes to be simply asking the rank and file of the party to make their wishes known. But he certainly gives the rank and file pretty frequent nudges. He has a way of turning up at critical moments in States that are lukewarm towards him. Last Friday, for example, he began a fight in Pennsylvania against the Democratic national committeeman, Mr. Guffey, who opposes instructions for Mr. Bryan. At Pittsburgh, Mr. Bryan brought out a man whom he proposes to have chosen in Guffey's place. But this, of course, is only a patient and serene waiting on the will of the party.

"In order to pick up the Illinois delegates to the Denver convention," says the Columbus, O., *Evening Dispatch*, "Mr. Bryan has dropped his quarrel with Roger Sullivan. The delegates will better serve his purpose." But a Taft organ is hardly in position to hurl that particular stone with much effect. Secretary Taft had a famous quarrel with the Roger Sullivan of Cincinnati about the same time that Mr. Bryan was trying to down the Democratic boss of Chicago. Nothing has been heard of that quarrel since the Secretary has been before the country as a candidate for the Presidency, and the party of the second part is now one of the Taft delegation to the Chicago Convention. For the services of Boss Cox in helping to solidify that delegation, the voters of Ohio are now aware that his wishes were carefully considered in the make-up of the Republican State ticket, over and above his restoration to old-time supremacy in the government of Cincinnati. If all this is any more distasteful to Mr. Taft than the position of Roger Sullivan to Mr. Bryan, one can only say that the Secretary has not as yet made his chagrin publicly known.

In one sense little more than a case of the Dutch taking Holland, the endorsement of Cannon in the Illinois Convention is a reminder that, in the sequence of conventions, most of the ground which Taft expected to control without dispute has now been passed. The weekly summaries of delegates elected have thus far been on their face Taft documents, in so far as a full Taft column with empty spaces beneath the names of rival candidates could convey the impression that all was going Taft's way. Even if these other columns are to contain only the figures of delegates conceded to "favorite sons" from the first, it will materially change the appearance of the tabulations. The early conventions have been, in fact, largely those of picked States and Territories. They were to have given a great initial impetus to the Taft candidacy, but, in spite of his long lead as the elected delegations stand to-day, they have not altogether fulfilled expectations. There are more uninstructed delegates—Rhode Island's eight being among the latest—and far more contested than the Taft managers had expected. The South, instead of extending with true Southern hospitality the invitation to the Republicans of other sections to ride in the band-wagon, has, by wrangling and by revelations of officeholders' activity, deprived its endorsement of all moral and nearly all political effect. Taft's campaign progresses, but it must be remembered that most of the really debatable ground is still to be reached.

A parallel of the deadliest kind could be drawn between the President's letter to Mr. Foulke on officeholders in politics, and the official statement given out from the White House Monday in answer to the protests from Gloucester citizens about the attempt of Federal employees to dictate party nominations. Contrast the indignant denials made to Mr. Foulke with this:

> The mere fact that a man is an officeholder does not rob him of his political rights and privileges, and . . . he has a perfect right to attend caucuses, primaries, and conventions, and take an active part in them.

Such language not only eats up Mr. Roosevelt's previous utterances; it goes squarely against the rules which he has officially approved. If he were still a Civil Service Commissioner, and if such gross violations of decency and of Presidential orders were going on under another's Administration, we should get loud moral blasts from him of the kind which he actually emitted when serving under President Harrison and President Cleveland. But now, having set out to name his successor by hook or by crook, he has thrown all his professions about civil-service reform to the winds. Federal officeholders are everywhere engaging in political work with an effrontery not known since Grant's time.

If this were a less mad world politically, the formal offer of Democratic support for a Republican President's bills, made in the House by Representative John Sharp Williams, might be a piece of constructive statesmanship. It is as true that twenty-five Republicans, by combining with the united Democrats, can put any piece of legislation through the House, as that this is not the way in which important bills get themselves passed eight months before a Presidential election in the United States of America. The fate of the various bills referred to, providing publicity of campaign contributions, a child-labor law for the District of Columbia and the Territories, a law forbidding the issue of injunctions without notice, an employers' liability law that will pass the Supreme Court, free pulp and printing paper, and Federal liability for government employees—these bills, whether they are passed or not, will form part of the record of a Republican Congress. The attitude which the Democrats take on these measures will similarly furnish a legitimate argument why their party should or should not be entrusted with the control of the next House. Because the Republicans like to twit the Democrats with the futility of their efforts and their general lack of constructive ability, we presume that the Republicans, other things being equal, would rather have the Democrats say, "We tried but we couldn't," than "They couldn't do it till we helped."

If the Congressmen who have been muttering against Speaker Cannon wanted a fighting issue, they had it in the so-called Civic Federation bill introduced by Mr. Hepburn of Iowa. The Speaker had referred it to the Judiciary Committee, a crabbed aggregation of lawyers, as full of Constitutional scruples as the Supreme Court itself. Col. Hepburn wanted it to go to his own Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, the one that reported the rate bill and much other beneficent legislation. He is not only a veteran of twenty years service, but a formidable fighter as well. He went about with a resolution to overrule the Speaker, and asked the support of all those who had felt the Speaker's chastening hand. There are many such. It stands to reason that in the five years since Mr. Cannon took up the gavel a large body of grievances has accumulated. So the issue was joined last Saturday on the question of revolt. The outcome became clear on Monday. It was that the Civic Federation bill would remain with the Judiciary Committee. And there it abides. Congress has done many queer things in its time, but when a member dares the wrath of the Speaker six months before a Presidential election, the outcome may be predicted with some certainty.

George III. was dragged from his grave again last week in the House of Representatives, to give point to the charge that President Roosevelt had attempted to browbeat a member. The alleged victim of Presidential hectoring promptly and handsomely acquitted Mr. Roosevelt of anything more heinous than using "vigorous gestures." The incident arose in connection with the prayer for the impeachment of Judge Wilfley of the United States Court in China. A severe stickler for etiquette might, we think, have objected to the public exoneration of the accused judge by the President and Secretary Root while the case was pending before the Judiciary Committee of the House. Yet the establishment of this American court in China has been a project very near the heart of the Administration, and it need not be blamed too heavily for coming to the defence of Judge Wilfley. Still, the House has its own duty to discharge in the premises; and a subcommittee has already reported that, while the proofs adduced do not warrant impeachment, they do justify censure. Doubtless we shall hear more of the matter. Meanwhile, leaving George III. to rest in peace, it might be just as well for the House to bear in mind that other English precedent, which forbade members of the Commons to go and "exasperate" the King.

If hope was entertained by any one that the investigation of the defects in our battleships could be suspended and forgotten, that hope must have vanished in the light of recent developments. Whatever be the feeling of experts, the endorsement of the so-called "Reuterdahl charges," in substance, by Admiral Evans will give the greatest possible weight to these allegations in the minds of the people generally. Criticisms that might be passed over for "reasons of state" when uttered by a meddlesome civilian, or even by some captious upstart in the service, will sound differently to many persons when voiced by "Fighting Bob." As for the attitude of the Senate committee, it has been inexplicable from the first and cannot be maintained much longer. This government cannot be conducted in secrecy, and the body which supplies the millions for our navy ought to welcome every piece of information showing faults that can be remedied in existing vessels, and avoided in those still to be built. Welcome or not, the truth must come out now; and one part of the truth must be an explanation why a letter like that of Admiral Evans, stating that our battleships, by reason of the position of their armor belts, were no better than armored cruisers, could remain apparently pigeon-holed since last summer.

The Little Peterkin who asks, "What good came of it at last?" in reference to the war for the two-cent fare, gets the answer fainter and fainter. The presidents and general counsels of Western railroads who have just conferred in Chicago, have decided to contest the passenger-fare laws of Illinois and Missouri and the freight rate law of the latter State. In the other States which passed similar statutes similar action will be taken, it is said, though most of these cases must be in the courts already. It is worth noting that, while the decision reached through the ascending series of Federal courts in the Minnesota and North Carolina cases is the basis for the Illinois and Missouri contests, these are probably to be brought before the State courts. That the long and bitter contest over the prerogatives of State tribunals has ended in a vindication of the right of the lower Federal courts to hear these Constitutional issues does not change the general feeling that the normal way to begin the fight on a State statute is in a State court. Pennsylvania's two-cent fare law was set aside without any resort to the Federal judiciary.

The citizens' health committee of San Francisco has issued a circular pointing out that if the plague should increase, the city would probably be quarantined. It therefore recommends a war of extermination upon rats, on the ground that "this plague is primarily a disease of the rat. . . . The flea living on an infected rat becomes infected. If the infected flea bites a human being that person becomes infected." This view is undoubtedly that held by the majority of experts as a result of recent observations and experiments. There are, however, dissenting voices. One San Francisco physician denounces the theory as nonsense, the measures taken for the extermination of rats as "hysterical unreason," and the whole agitation as a sort of "brain-storm." He truly says that the last word has not been spoken on the subject, yet there can hardly be a doubt that the rat is the chief disseminator of the plague, though it may not be the only one. In W. Fischer's "Geschichte des Teufels" some curious facts are given indicating that rats and mice were associated in the popular mind many centuries ago with the plague. Mediæval monks sold amulets against rats. In India the rat is the symbol of death. On Greek coins a mouse in front of Apollo makes him the bringer of pestilence, and in Christian demonology the mouse was the symbol of the plague-devil.

The Canadian tariff, enacted in the winter of 1906-7, has sometimes been described as the Tombstone Tariff. This was because of the increased duty on tombstones from Scotland, that was imposed in the interest of the quarrymen of the St. Croix River country. They protested that they could not stand up against the pauper labor of Aberdeen; and so the vaunted preference for Great Britain was thrust aside, and the duty on granite from Scotland increased by 7 1-3 per cent. Quite apart from this fact the term Tombstone Tariff is exceedingly appropriate for the Fielding Tariff of 1907; for under it were finally buried all the pledges of a tariff for revenue only, and all the vehement declarations against bounties to industries from the Dominion Treasury, that were made by Laurier and Cartwright when the Liberals were in opposition at Ottawa from 1878 to 1896. Still, the Tombstone Tariff may register the high-water mark of protection in Canada, so far as the present Liberal government is concerned. The Budget for 1908-9, now before the House of Commons, is one of the most remarkable of the eleven Budgets for which Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, has been responsible. It does not contain, and does not foreshadow, a single new protectionist proposal. There is nothing for the tinplate factory at Morrisburg, Ont., whose product is now entirely outside the tariff breastworks; and, contrary to expectations at Halifax and Sydney, and also at Toronto, Collingwood, and Bridgeburg, Ont., where there are steel shipbuilding yards, there is not a solitary addition to the bounty list, which has been gradually growing since the Laurier government came into power in 1896. From 1897 to 1907 there was scarcely a session of Parliament in which some new concession was not made to the protected interests. For the present, however, there is to be a halt. In the autumn of this year a general election is due. The scandals—political, financial, and personal—that have been uncovered at Ottawa during the last two years are alarming the government; and, moreover, when the Tariff Commission was travelling from province to province in the winter of 1905-6, it was made clear to the Ministers who composed it—Fielding, Paterson, and Brodeur—that in the West, and also in the provinces east of the Great Lakes, the farmers were displeased with the adoption of the Conservative protection policy by a Liberal government. The change in attitude serves at least to indicate that the Laurier government is really apprehensive about the farmers' vote in the coming general election.

It is nearly always the weakness of political assassination that, even when it attains its immediate object, it does so at an excessive cost to the cause it would serve. The murder of Durham W. Stevens by a Korean fanatic in San Francisco was doubtless intended to call the attention of the world to what a large section of the Korean people regard as the cruel and oppressive rule of Japan in her new protectorate. Actually, the result of the assassination has been to bring odium on a people which is described as too cowardly to adopt any method of defending its liberties other than assassination. Yet that is not altogether a fair view. The Korean temperament may not be militant; centuries of misrule and oppression may have destroyed the capacity for organized resistance to foreign aggression; yet repeated uprisings in the provinces and unrest at Seul have shown that even the Korean will turn if sufficiently trodden upon. The very fact that a people so averse to fighting should have been driven to armed resistance against hopeless odds, is good testimony to the wrong they have had to bear. That Japanese rule in Korea during the first two years after the war was tyrannical in the extreme, has never been seriously denied. The defence that such a state of affairs was unavoidable immediately after the relaxed strain of a great conflict may be a good one. Probably, the old Korean Emperor did stand in the way of a better understanding between the conqueror and the conquered. Conceivably, too, Japanese rule may in the end bring good to Korea. Yet the existence of a strong national feeling that will maintain itself in the face of very great odds, is a factor Japan must carefully take into consideration.

Several causes no doubt contributed to the overwhelming defeat of the Liberals in the bye-election in one of the London constituencies. The overturn is startling. Two years ago, the Liberals won the seat for Peckham by a majority of 2,339; last week they lost it to the Conservatives by a majority of 2,494. Such a reversal cannot be due merely to the ordinary "swing of the pendulum" against a party in power. Nor can the slackening of trade, which England has felt in some degree, with the new occasion it has given for pressing Chamberlain's ideas of fiscal reform so as to "make work," alone account for the loss of Liberal votes. More effective must have been the dread of socialistic measures. London's dislike of radical Socialism was clearly shown last year in the elections for the County Council; and since then the cry that the country must make common cause against Socialism has been raised still more loudly. But the chief reason for the Liberal rout in Peckham, it seems to be agreed, was the government's licensing bill, which proposed to close thousands of saloons. The publicans and their dependents have shown their political power before, and they undoubtedly used it to the full last week in behalf of the Conservatives. The general election of 1900 was said at the time to have been really gained for the Conservatives by "Beer and the Bible"—that is, by concessions to the liquor interests and to the church schools. Peckham certainly seems to have taken kindly to that holy alliance.

The Macedonian problem has been brought a step nearer solution—however far off the end may yet be—by Sir Edward Grey's proposals as embodied in his recent note to the Powers. The "Lebanonization" of Macedonia is already being discussed with warmth by the European press. The British Foreign Secretary's scheme of reform calls for the appointment of a Turkish governor of Macedonia, "whose character and capacity shall commend themselves to the Powers." He is not to be necessarily a Christian, but is to have a free hand in the performance of his duties, to hold office for a stated term, and not to be removed without the consent of the Powers. It is also suggested that the number of Turkish troops in Macedonia be decreased so as to lighten the financial burden imposed on the natives. In return the Porte shall receive from the Powers a guarantee of territorial integrity. So far, the British note has been received with hostile or non-committal skepticism by the Continental press. This, of course, was to be expected. When it has been found impossible to maintain the European Concert for the enforcement of such police regulations as should put an end to the chronic state of massacre in Macedonia, it is still less likely that the establishment of Macedonian autonomy will commend itself to the united judgment of the Powers in the absence of the very extremest pressure. Yet such pressure is almost to be found in present conditions in Macedonia. At least, a great step has been made when a leading Power like Great Britain definitely abandons the present ludicrous game of international hide-and-seek reform for a policy of drastic innovation which from now on must be taken seriously into account by European diplomacy.

That matters in Finland are approaching a crisis, appears from dispatches reporting an open break between the majority in the Diet and the Senate, which has been charged with lending itself to Russia's renewed machinations for the suppression of Finnish autonomy. The first campaign against Finland began under the Bobrikoff régime, and ended with the surrender of the autocracy as a result of the general upheaval in Russia. The second campaign began late last year when the election of the present pacific Duma showed that the government had the revolutionary movement well in hand. Last February, Governor-General Gerard, who was notoriously acceptable to the Finnish people, was replaced by Gen. Beckmann, who came from the Baltic provinces with a record for sanguinary repression. But M. Stolypin's policy is not the old one of unmixed brutality; it shows an admixture of humor, unconscious, perhaps, but unmistakably present. Last summer, when a bill defining the conditions of naturalization for Russian subjects in Finland was submitted for the Czar's approval, M. Stolypin took his stand, "on the extraordinary principle that, since this bill concerned Russia as well as Finland, it must be dealt with in the manner prescribed for legislative proposals in Russia; that is, it must pass through the Duma and the Council of Empire." Against a Finnish press bill which the government thought too liberal, Premier Stolypin employed the same argument, thus showing himself a far more ardent champion of the rights of the Duma than even M. Milyukoff.

The French press speaks with exultation of recent progress in Algeria and Tunis, as attested by the latest figures on the commercial expansion of the two North African colonies. To a certain extent, enthusiasm may have been stimulated by the desire to keep up the nation's hopes with regard to Morocco; but undoubtedly there is sufficient ground for legitimate pride. The commerce of Algeria, which in 1905 amounted, exports and imports, to 613,000,000 francs, grew to 668,000,000 in the following year and to 774,000,000 in 1907. In Tunis the growth has been from 149,000,000 francs in 1905 to 206,000,000 in 1907. The total for both colonies is thus almost a thousand million francs. In French North Africa, as the *Temps* points out, there are 800,000 Europeans in residence. The anti-colonials are fond of pointing out that the greater part of these are Italians and Spaniards, but French, nevertheless, is the common language. Moreover, economic progress in Algeria has not been fostered at the expense of friendly relations between the natives and the government. The fact that at the present moment the French Parliament has under consideration a project for raising two or three army corps within Algeria for possible service in Europe, shows how confident the government is of the loyalty of the native population.

THE AMBASSADORSHIP MUDDLE.

From every angle of observation, the mishandling of the case of Dr. Hill, who was to have been appointed Ambassador to Germany, appears most unhappy. The vacillations of the Emperor, and the backing and filling of the German Foreign Office, will not help the reputation of German diplomacy for exquisite tact. First, there came the news of Imperial objection to Dr. Hill, notwithstanding the fact of a previous formal assurance that he would be welcomed in Berlin. And exactly what the difficulty was, has not been stated. It was a fault merely hinted and dislike just hesitated. Then, after all the flurry, comes the announcement that whatever opposition had existed has now been withdrawn, and that Berlin will be particularly effusive over Dr. Hill, when he comes as Ambassador.

Yet it is evident that his personal comfort, if not his diplomatic usefulness, as Ambassador to Germany, has been largely destroyed. The relations of an Ambassador to the government to which he is accredited are of such an intimate nature that the mere suspicion of incompatibility is a grave drawback. The President concluded to send Dr. Hill to Berlin, apparently in order to prove that he still thinks him eminently fit for the post, but it is not to be imagined that Dr. Hill could long stay there at ease or with good prospects of success. Despite Bismarck's aversion to Gontaut de Biron, that French Ambassador was kept on at Berlin for a time, but the French government soon found it wise to replace him. So it would almost certainly be with Dr. Hill.

The whole incident speaks of more than diplomatic blundering. What led up to the muddle is even more unpleasant than the misunderstanding itself. Amidst all the motives which are vaguely said to have actuated the German Emperor, one thing is reasonably clear: his desire was to have an American Ambassador who would be able to entertain on a magnificent scale. Ambassador Tower has done this in Berlin. In addition to being a highly cultivated man, he is the possessor of large wealth; and he and his wife have won a great social success. Apparently, the Emperor has thought regretfully of dropping down to an American Ambassador who was merely a scholar, practised in statecraft, whose wife the Kaiser would not be able to refer to as "the Moltke of the German social season." In addition to this local eclipse of fashionable gayety, a certain rivalry between Berlin and London has obviously figured in the case. The American Ambassador to England has lived on a scale which would be called princely, if any princes nowadays had as much money to spend. Mr. Reid's lavish hospitality at Dorchester House, and at the large country place which he has taken the better to figure in the great world, has given him fame, and has doubtless aided him in his real work, but has set a pace which is the envy or despair of other embassies. And, seemingly, the German Emperor has felt that invidious comparisons would be made if, across the North Sea, an American Ambassador should decline the competition in social grandeur. Hence his desire, which, in its expression, has had such unlucky results, that a man of large fortune should be sent to represent the United States in Berlin.

These international jealousies and demands of a social kind are all at the expense of the American diplomatic service. We hear of no such questions of ability to entertain gorgeously raised in connection with the envoys from any other nation. Must we change the old definition, and make it read that an American Ambassador is a man sent abroad to spend $100,000 a year for his country? The contrast with an earlier day seems painful. When George Bancroft was Minister to Germany, no one asked what was his yearly outlay on cut flowers and champagne. No American diplomatist ever stood higher than George P. Marsh, for so many years our representative in Italy; but he was merely a scholar of international reputation, and a delightful gentleman, who lived on his salary. Lowell's great success in England was won on the contents rather of his head than his pocket. Mr. Bayard was held in high esteem in London, though he was compelled to live modestly. Are such examples no longer possible?

We must, in fairness, admit that the scale of things has inevitably changed during the past twenty years. All must see that social intercourse counts more in diplomacy than it used to; and the standards of hospitality have become more expensive. It is hard to think ill of an ambassador's talk if his wines and his *entremets* are always good. This aside, it is clear that a diplomat can pick up more valuable information, and arrive at a better knowledge of public opinion, in clubs and social gatherings than when shut up in an office. But all these considerations only show how inept our Congress has been in raising so many legations to the rank of embassies, without appropriating money enough to enable our ambassadors to live as they should. We have tried to run our diplomacy on the cheap. The result has been to shut up the choice of ambassadors almost exclusively to rich men. But this is unhappily to narrow the range of selection, and to appear to put up the ambassadorships as prizes for large campaign contributions. The whole system is bad. In a way, Dr. Hill is a victim of it. The shortest and most businesslike way out would be for Congress to pass one of the pending bills to purchase embassy buildings in the leading capitals, as other nations do, and then to give our ambassadors a salary adequate to their official needs. If we are going into the game, we must play it according to the rules.

A MESSAGE FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

There will doubtless be flippant remarks on the contrast between the gentle roaring of the President's message last week and the cataclysmic violence of the one he sent to Congress on January 31. If this is the right tone for a state paper, that was distinctly the wrong one; and tone, as Lord Palmerston observed, is what makes the song in public utterances. Mr. Roosevelt's quiet communication to Congress inevitably recalls that servant of Sheridan's who dropped a plate-warmer with a crash, but who hastened to assure his master that nothing was broken. "Do you mean to tell me," demanded Sheridan, "that you made all that noise for nothing?"

Some people are already saying that this mild-mannered message indicates a "surrender" on the part of President Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan described the former wrathful message as "a call to arms." The present one he may feel disposed to call the beating of a retreat. But a sounder view would be that we have before us only one proof more of Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary suppleness as a politician. He can drop the 'Ercles vein and put on the air of sweet reasonableness quicker than any living man. This is a versatility which he has often displayed. It should be no surprise, therefore, that he appears a changed man when the occasion seems to him to demand it. For there can be no mistake in regarding this message as a deliberate effort of the President to harmonize his party, give it some planks for its platform, and prepare it for the dubious electoral struggle upon which it is entering. This is, at last, a business message. The Republican party is to show once more that the great business interests of the nation are its especial charge. Not in vain did the anxious merchants from the West descend upon the White House. They want some spring trade, and they frankly told Mr. Roosevelt so, and urged him to be calm and rational. Political leaders have been pressing upon him the same duty of moderation. A critical election is impending, and a policy of "get together" is necessary. Hence this temperate message, with not one malefactor eaten alive in it, not one purple patch of vituperation. It is so unsensational as really to be a first-class sensation.

With the President's programme of legislation, no great fault is to be found. Reduced though it is, it is yet far longer than Congress will be disposed to adopt in the time that remains. Much as we should like to see that abolition of the tariff on wood pulp and printing paper which Mr. Roosevelt says should be made "forthwith," we do not expect that this session of Congress will abolish it. The horseleeches of protection always cry, "Give"; they do not give up. Vague recommendations of tariff revision at some indefinite time in the future, they may not object to; but when it comes to surrendering their particular share of the protection plunder, they will fight from the first day to the last. Nor can any one really suppose that the complicated question of postal savings banks can be taken up and satisfactorily disposed of before Congress adjourns.

It is upon other measures that the President and the party leaders have decided to concentrate their efforts. They desire a new employers' liability law, drawn so as to conform to the recent decision of the Supreme Court declaring the old one unconstitutional. As there appears to be general agreement on the principle of such a bill, it will doubtless be passed, after the necessary hammering out has been done in committee and in debate. The proposed amendments to the Anti-Trust Act are not so simple. They are advanced in the interest of railroad and industrial corporations on the one hand, and of organizations of laborers and farmers on the other. But the President's description of the plan is very indefinite; he does "not pretend to say the exact shape the bill should take." Yet the "exact shape" is often of the very essence of the bill. Of the formidable document introduced as a bill by Representative Hepburn, we can only say that it is extremely intricate and puzzling. It appears to be an attempt to explain the obscure by the more obscure. If judges have broken their teeth upon the complex Anti-Trust Act itself, they would be in danger of losing their last remaining molar over these Hepburn amendments. These clauses attempt to set up a distinction between good and bad combinations, and between contracts in restraint of trade that are unreasonable, and those which are reasonable. But this is hard, if not impossible, to do in general terms. A better way would be simply to enact that all "unreasonble" contracts in restraint of trade should be illegal, and leave it to the courts to decide in each instance what is unreasonable.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude towards the demands of labor leaders is a mixture of reasonable concession and firm opposition. He is willing to have abuses of the writ of injunction guarded against. He freely concedes the right of workingmen to combine and to strike. But he speaks sober words of warning against "violence, disorder, and coercion," in connection with a strike, and declares that they should be "promptly and sternly suppressed." He is also explicitly against the boycott. "Nothing," he says, "should be done to legalize either a blacklist or a boycott that would be illegal at common law." This position we admire so much that we shall not stop to point out how the President has apparently learned since 1904, when he denied it, that there *is* such a thing as the common law of the United States.

All told, the message and the political negotiations which lie behind it are to be taken as intended to set the Republican party in battle array. Democrats who had been foolishly thinking that Republican divisions and quarrels would give them an easy victory, must now see their blunder. The Republican genius for political generalship is once more in evidence. It has even been equal to inducing the Rough Rider to get off his horse, and turn his Big Stick into an olive branch.

A CURRENCY COMMISSION.

Senator Aldrich's view of his own currency bill is reported as follows in the *Congressional Record:*

> The bill before the Senate is a bill to provide an emergency currency for use whenever emergencies arise. It does not undertake to treat the general question of currency or of banking reform. I realize, and I have so stated to the Senate, the necessity of the immediate consideration and treatment of that subject, and I hope that before the present Congress adjourns legislation will be enacted which will provide for a commission, either a commission of members of the House and Senate, or a mixed commission, to consider this question, with a view of reporting at an early day in the future.

With Mr. Aldrich's ideas of a temporary expedient, considered in themselves, we have had little sympathy. His plan of including municipal and railway bonds in the collateral for an authorized banknote circulation is simply an extension of a very defective existing principle; his "emergency currency" would in all probability be issued, and conceivably to its full limit, before the true emergency had arrived; it might thereby provide machinery for aggravating rather than lessening the perils of inflated credit; and in any case the emergency ostensibly aimed at is never so remote as immediately after a panic, and in the midst of the consequent liquidation. But in the remarks just quoted, the Senator takes a broad and rational view of the general question, even if his conclusion removes the last argument for passing his own measure at once.

Representative Fowler's bill, which has encountered objections of a different nature, has been urged on grounds similar to those at first alleged in support of the Aldrich measure. First, some reform was imperatively and immediately needed, because the currency caused the panic; or, as Mr. Fowler himself put it, in his speech to the Illinois Manufacturers' Association last December, "If we had had such a system of currency as Canada or France now has, the currency panic of 1907 would never have occurred." Second, this reform must be pushed through while the panic is fresh in mind; as the New York Merchants' Association has argued:

> Unless some measure of currency reform is agreed to by the people at a time when their thoughts are centred upon this subject, . . . nothing will be done until another financial cataclysm shall overwhelm the business of the country and again compel attention to the subject.

Third, the measure of reform must not be half-way, but thoroughgoing.

The third of these arguments is so cogent that it kills the first two. On general principles, to say that an intricate problem, involving revolutionary and vital changes in our financial methods, can be enacted at no time except when people are bewildered and exasperated, by the losses of a panic, would be to discredit American common sense. As a matter of fact, our previous history gives no warrant for such an unhappy conclusion. No important currency or banking measure (except the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act in 1893) has ever been enacted directly after a panic. Currency proposals have been pressed to a vote in the excitement of such occasions, but they were measures, such as the Inflation Act of 1874 and the bill for coining the silver seigniorage in 1894, which were fortunately defeated, and in which their own authors took no pride in later years. On the other hand, the two great landmarks of reform in our currency in this generation—the Specie Resumption Act and the Gold Standard Law—passed into the statute books, the one two years and the other six years after the panic which forced the need of them upon the public attention. We are justified, therefore, in saying that, according to experience, hasty law-making after panic is not the way of safety.

The further argument that our existing system caused the collapse of 1907, is not at all convincing. Mr. Fowler has pointed out, what nobody will deny, that a system under which banknotes might have been instantly issued in large quantities, last November, would have mitigated the after-shock of panic and might possibly have prevented some of its more troublesome incidents. But this is not to say that the currency system caused the panic. A competent observer, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, has declared that no currency system in the world could have withstood such a raid on bank deposits as occurred here in October and November.

As to actual causes of the panic, economists are pretty well agreed upon the exhaustion of supplies of ready capital, extreme and precarious use of credit, extravagance in speculation and in private living, distrust excited by scandals in high finance, and inadequate maintenance of reserves, through defective trust-company laws and excessive re-deposit of national bank reserves with other banks, under the National Bank Act. This fallacy of ascribing our troubles to the currency is similar to other fallacies which have been widespread after former panics. Mr. Rhodes, for example, in describing the panic of 1857 in his "History of the United States" remarks that, while every American protectionist declared the low tariff of 1846 to be the real cause of the panic of 1857, European economists, like Max Wirth, did not so much as mention the tariff as a contributory influence. The tariff was brought forward as a cause in 1893—the only difference from 1857 being that in 1893 it was a tariff law which was going to be passed, not one which had been enacted. Nowadays we smile at these vagaries; yet the "currency argument," as applied to 1907, will probably fall into the same limbo.

But this is far from asserting that our present currency system is either adequate, or permanent in its nature, or properly adapted to the country's needs. No competent student of the question holds any such position. Most of them heartily approve Mr. Fowler's declaration that fundamental reform is necessary, and most of them will probably agree that the present Fowler Bill contains numerous valuable ideas which are likely to be of use in the final solution of the difficulty. The serious defects of that measure we have already indicated; their existence adds force to the demand for thorough consideration of the subject by a commission, which should hear evidence, sift opinions, balance theory and principles with experience, and in the light of current criticism frame a comprehensive measure.

THE BOMB-THROWER.

The bomb-throwing in this city on Saturday afternoon is so shocking an affair that emotional persons are likely to attach undue significance to it. Throughout the country, we grant, anarchists and other agitators have lately been showing unusual activity. This fact is not surprising. Every period of financial depression and consequent unemployment and suffering is inevitably marked by gatherings of men out of work, of the discontented and the hungry; and these men always throw the blame for their misfortunes on the powers that be. Such complaints and protests, sometimes running into violence, are one of the serious things which we must reckon with in hard times. But the particular deed of Saturday seems, according to the evidence thus far available, to have been done by an ill-balanced, perhaps irresponsible, man, acting on his own initiative, without coöperation or even consultation with other anarchists. He was infuriated because the police broke up a meeting which he was attending some days ago, and because they clubbed him personally. Though he may have been actuated in part by a hope of advancing "the cause," he was, nevertheless, largely moved by a desire for private revenge. In short, he was not one of a group of conspirators, and his outbreak cannot be taken as part of a determined campaign of terror.

The immediate pretext for his crime —his plan had apparently been in train since his previous encounter with the police—was the attempt of the authorities to prevent a public meeting of the unemployed in Union Square. To reply to the police by hurling a bomb is a hideous and cruel outrage, for which there is no shadow of excuse. And yet we are by no means sure that the refusal of the authorities to permit the public meeting was well-advised. Affairs of this kind are extremely difficult to handle. At such a gathering as was proposed, inflammatory speakers are likely to incite an inflammable mob; and rioting, damage to property, and even death may conceivably result. Yet it may be more dangerous not to hold the meeting than to hold it. To suppress such a gathering, to forbid men to air their grievances and bring forward their panaceas, will not in the least abate the discontent or allay the irritation. Men who are out of work, who have a grudge against the existing order, are easily provoked to violence; but there is no surer provocative than to deny them free speech. An incendiary orator may set them off; forcible repression by the clubs of the police is almost sure to do so. If you want an explosion, hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve and crowd on full steam; if you want to avoid an explosion, open some vent and blow off steam. A knowledge of human nature should convince the authorities, here and elsewhere in the United States, that the policy of suppression must be only a last desperate resort in an extraordinary crisis.

This advice is not doctrinaire: it is the fruit of experience. Of the great cities of the world, London is the one which suffers least from the agitation of anarchists and the raging of the mob. A the reason, we are convinced, is that the police there interfere as little as possible with public gatherings. In Trafalgar Square, Hyde Park, and other great open spaces large crowds collect to listen to agitators of all sorts. Plenty of police are on hand to exercise restraint in case of need. The law in England, as in this country, is clear and explicit with regard to incitements to disorder and to murder; and the speakers who cross the line may be arrested and brought to account. But the authorities exercise a large and indeed generous tolerance, in accordance with the maxim, *De minimis non curat lex.* They follow this plan, not from any tenderness toward Socialists, anarchists, or any other person who would overturn society, but simply in order to safeguard property and life. The potential crank and bomb-thrower are always with us—like a piece of tinder ready to burst into blaze at the contact of a chance spark. From such peril no vigilance of the police, no restriction on the manufacture of explosives, no domiciliary visits, can completely protect the community. The routine precautions are futile—or worse. The part of wisdom, then, is to offer no provocation, to let the malcontent and the possible terrorist take it out in talk.

Force is but a feeble weapon in dealing with unrest and agitation, because it cannot check the spread of ideas. The police may disperse a mass meeting; but, after all, they have done little or nothing. The abhorrent doctrine runs like a plague through the masses—passed on by word of mouth, by circulars, and by the revolutionary press. There is one way, and only one way, to combat it effectively, and that is by reason. If we cannot marshal arguments to destroy the fallacies and the half-truths upon which the structure of socialistic and anarchistic theory rests, our case is indeed hopeless. Argument with ignorant, hungry, and excited men is, obviously, a formidable undertaking; but still it is the only method in a free country like this. Certainly, the clubs of the police will never put sound ideas into people's heads; on the contrary, every blow is likely to make a convert to the "propaganda of deed." Reason, coolness, and forbearance on the part of men of intelligence are what the hour calls for. This suggestion we offer to our young university graduates who are Socialists, as well as to old and hardened conservatives. In a juncture like the present both sides should refrain from bitter words, which may make mischief. And in particular our authorities, who are so often regarded as the visible embodiment of wealth and power, should see to it that the poor and the weak are not denied a hearing.

THE BRITISH PREMIERSHIP.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's disability is clearly permanent, though it may be hoped that his life will be spared. He has, in fact, ceased to be Prime Minister. The work of that office has been practically transferred to Mr. Asquith, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is everywhere recognized as the new head of the Liberal government.

This great change has been quietly made. Indeed, there is no recognized official machinery for choosing a Prime Minister. He is indicated, rather than elected. The Cabinet being now, in effect, a committee of the House of Commons to carry on the government, one of its members becomes a sort of chairman of it. The very word Prime Minister is unknown to English law. Lord Beaconsfield signed the Berlin Treaty as "Prime Minister of England," but, as it has been pointed out, this was both unauthorized and inaccurate: if he was Prime Minister of anything, he was of Scotland and Wales as well. The fact that the law makes no distinction between Ministers of the Crown was the basis of the question put to one Prime Minister—Lord Palmerston, we believe —by a colleague, who querulously wanted to know what the difference was between the Premier and any other Minister. "The difference is," was the reply, "that if we disagree, it is you, and not I, whose duty it is to resign."

Mr. Asquith has been signalized for the succession by his abilities, by his position, and by the fact that no Liberal with a better title to the Premiership arose to contest it with him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a man of clear and powerful mind. Both as a Parliamentary debater and a public orator he has displayed fine quality. Then he is a vigorous master of public business. Practically Leader of the House for the past two months he has, as even his political opponents admit, done his work with much energy and skill. And it is a great advantage for a Prime Minister to be also Leader of the House. This brings him into that sensitive touch with the Commons without which no Premier can feel sure of himself or his policy. One of Lord Salisbury's handicaps as Prime Minister was that he could not be in the House. He had to delegate to another the duty of finding out what the Commons would "stand." Mr. Asquith will be Leader of the House as well as Prime Minister. This will put him in line with the best traditions and the highest efficiency of the British Premiership.

He will, however, succeed to the headship of his party under trying conditions. His difficulties are both personal and political. He has the repute of being a "cold" man, able but austere. This objection to a public man is often silly, but has a certain amount of force in the case of one who, like Mr. Asquith, is called to lead a heterogeneous and somewhat discordant party. For such a task. Campbell-Bannerman was most felicitously endowed. He had great good-nature, infinite tact, and a kind of easy familiarity and burly Scotch sense that made him just the man for the job. Moreover, Sir Henry had fought the battle of Liberalism through good report and ill. To his lasting honor, all through the dark days of the Boer war, when to differ with the popular frenzy of the hour was to get one's self branded a "traitor," Campbell-Bannerman held stoutly for fair play, humanity, and international justice. At that period Mr. Asquith, however, stood aloof. It is inevitable, therefore, that the Liberals of the old ideals should accept his leadership with a certain reluctance. Partly in deference to them, he will doubtless make some changes in the Cabinet. That Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd-George will be promoted, and Lewis Harcourt recognized, is regarded as among the certainties.

Politically, obstacles are clearly multiplying before the Liberal party, and so before its chief. Popular sentiment, fickle as ever, seems to be veering decidedly against the government. A series of bye-elections has not merely led to the loss of several seats, but revealed a marked falling off in the Liberal vote even where seats were saved. Of course, the party in power never admits the significance of bye-elections. And equally, of course, the Opposition always insists that they have a vital meaning. Mr. Balfour, after seeing bye-elections go against him for three years, and pooh-poohing them as trifles, is now eagerly dwelling upon the Liberal reverses, though compelled to add, with the memory of his own crumbling Premiership still fresh in the general mind, that he does not regard their evidence as absolutely conclusive. But there is no doubt that the tide is now running against the Liberals. Their hold on power must be secure for a couple of years yet, barring accidents, but it will take a militant leadership of political genius to prevent their going out of office at the next general election.

Much will depend upon industrial and social conditions during the coming months. For a certain kind of political crisis, Mr. Asquith's qualities admirably fit him. If there is to be an anti-Socialist reaction, no one is better suited than he to lead it. He is cautious, clear-headed, economical, legal-minded. To expose and confute and resist Socialism, he is well adapted. Such a course may prove popular for a time, and may serve to strengthen him and his party. But purely defensive tactics will not suffice, nor will even a correct and thrifty conduct of public business. In these days of fermenting ideas, a political party has to identify itself with some great forward movement. Lord Cromer has aptly described a Prime Minister as the man in a surf-boat, at the mouth of an African river, waiting for a swell to carry him over the bar. If it is a question of a great wave of public sentiment in England, we think that a cool survey of Mr. Asquith's powers would not encourage the hope that he would be a man either to arouse it or to profit by it.

SICK-MEN WRITERS.

The theory that genius is a form of disease has been terribly overworked by Lombroso and his imitators; and for some time back it has seemed to be enjoying a needed rest. But a new application of it has just seen the light in France, of a sort to make previous extravagances of the kind seem tame. For it is no less a man than Montaigne who is now affirmed to have been a neurasthenic. "Montaigne malade et médecin" is the title of an inaugural thesis lately presented at the University of Lyons by Dr. Raymond Delacroix. It seems that a course in "literary pathology" is maintained at that institution; and the bold theorist struck high at the man of whom it was affirmed by Sainte-Beuve—who was, to be sure, merely a critic and not a pathologist—"Montaigne is the wisest Frenchman that ever lived." If Montaigne, nevertheless, can be proved to be one whose wisdom was a by-product of sickness, then no one is safe. We shall next be told that Benjamin Franklin was a hypochondriac.

Dr. Delacroix goes about his task in the usual way. He collects painfully every minute scrap of evidence that Montaigne was not thoroughly sound physically. The essayist confesses that he suffered from the stone; hence, we have the formidable diagnosis: "A clear case of arthritism, manifesting itself in renal lithiasis and nephritic colic." But that is only a beginning. Montaigne was, on his mother's side, descended from Spanish Jews. It is well known that Jews are frequently neuropaths; accordingly we have our man possessed at the start of a *damnosa hereditas.* Furthermore, by a certain amount of peering and prying and inferring, it can be plausibly made out that Montaigne had other morbid symptoms. Dr. Delacroix enumerates: "a taste for solitude; a melancholy turn of spirit; love of long journeys; vanity; ambition." To a mere ignorant outsider, this does not seem necessarily fatal, but to a professor in a "laboratory of legal medicine," it is clear that Montaigne was in a very bad way. If he gave the world pearls of thought, they were merely pearls secreted by his diseased tissues.

The attempt to explain Montaigne by ill health seems so absurd that one hesitates to take it soberly. May it not be simply a clever academic play of wit, intended to throw ridicule upon the whole solemn process of proving that all great wits are near allied to madness or disease? But Henry Roujon treats the thesis with the utmost seriousness in the Paris *Figaro*, even if he does make merry at some of its contentions. One of his neatest points is his citation of Montaigne's refusal to go and be a companion of the King. This from the man of consuming ambition! But, then, was it not a proof of that love of solitude which Dr. Delacroix shows to be pathologic? The truth is, you never can catch these sick-man theorists. Your best evidence of health they pityingly take and read into it a proof of morbidity. It was bound to come, we suppose—this magisterial demonstration that Montaigne was a confirmed invalid and neurasthenic. The writer who stood for the very type of sanity and clear vision and detached judgment—the man who said of himself, "Je ne foys rien sans gayeté"—he had at last to be held up before us as a pining victim of melancholia.

We have often thought that the great trouble with these professors of literary pathology is that they are not sick themselves. They appear to reason by a process of unconscious personal contrast. "Here am I," one of them seems to say, "perfectly sound in wind and limb. Every organ functions perfectly; and I have neither an ache nor a pain. Now, it must be this robust health of mine that really differentiates me from a genius. I know well that I cannot pen a sentence which the world will read twice—lucky for me if it reads it once—and to me the inference is irresistible that the only reason why others write so much better than I is that they are in so much worse health than I. If I were a nervous dyspeptic like Carlyle, or ate pie for breakfast like Emerson, I should rival their fame."

"We cannot understand Montaigne," affirms Dr. Delacroix, "until we know that his work was that of a sick man." Then he must have been a "malade malgré lui," wittily retorts M. Roujon, who adds that the thought of Montaigne is "the plainest chapter in the history of French health." Of course, a great writer may have bodily ailments. He may exhibit melancholy now and then. What should we think of him if he did not, the world being what it is? If he had foreseen his pathologic critics and *not* been melancholy, we should be willing to surrender him to their ravages. Genius will remain inexplicable and incommunicable, do what we will. But the sick-man readers of the riddle are wofully astray. Good work is the product of vigor, not of decay; it may be vigor triumphing over poor health, but it is vigor.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

William Loring Andrews, veteran collector of books and prints relating to New York, has added another to his list of charmingly written and printed books about his native city. This little volume just printed by the Gillis Press, 115 copies only, is a memoir of the first poet of New Netherlands, Jacob Steendam. Appended are translations of Steendam's three publications in verse relating to the colony: "The Complaint of New Amsterdam to Her Mother," printed in Dutch as a broadside in 1659; "The Praise of New Netherland," or "t' Lof van Nuw-Nederland," printed in 1661; and the "Prickel Vaersen," printed in 1662. Murphy's copies of the first two books are in the John Carter Brown and Lenox Libraries, respectively. The "Prickel Vaersen" were incorporated in a pamphlet by Peter Cornelison Plockhoy, in which he set forth a plan for establishing a colony of Mennonites on the Delaware River. Judge Pennypacker's copy brought $420 in 1906. These are three American nuggets of the first rarity.

A number of important rarities, partly from the library of John D. Elwell, are in the Anderson Auction Company's sale, in this city, of April 6 and 7. In early English poetry are several rare volumes, some from the Lefferts collection; "Sir Philip Sydney's Ourania," by Nathaniel Baxter, 1606; Tasso's "Godfrey of Bulloigne," translated by Richard Carew, 1594; also the translation by Edward Fairfax, 1600; two books by Thomas Churchyard, "Cardenus Comforte," 1573, and the "First Parte" of his "Chippes," 1578; Samuel Daniel's "Civile Wares," 1609, and his "Whole Workes," 1623; Dekker's "Satiro-mastix," 1602; Drayton's "Poly-Olbion," 1613-22, two parts in one volume; also his "Poems," 1619, and his "Battaile of Agincourt," 1627; Fletcher's "Purple Island," 1633; Lord Brooke's "Learned and Elegant Workes," 1633; Heywood's "Troia Britanica," 1609, "Gynaikeion," 1624, and "The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," 1635; Lilly's "Sixe Court Comedies," 1632; Milton's "Paradise Regained," 1671, the Foote copy; and Quarles's "Emblemes," 1635. Of modern English writers there are first editions of Dickens (a long series); Shelley's "Laon and Cythna," 1818, with an interesting autograph letter written to Ollier, the publisher, and relating to the book; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," a fine copy in the original numbers; and first editions of Swinburne, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold. Among the illustrated books is a wonderfully fresh copy in parts of Combe's "English Dance of Death," and a set of his three "Tours," first editions, both illustrated by Rowlandson; a complete set, nineteen volumes, of Cruikshank's Comic Almanac; and Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff" in parts.

From another source come some attractive presentation copies of American books, first editions of Lowell, Emerson, and Bryant, given to Lydia Maria Child. The Lowell items, the most interesting, are: "A Year's Life," 1841, Lowell's first book, with inscription "For Mrs. Child, with the love of Maria White" (before her marriage to Lowell): "Poems," 1844, published late in 1843, with inscription by Lowell, dated January 1, 1844; "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," 1844, with inscription "To Mrs. Child, with the affectionate regards of James & Maria Lowell," dated January 15, 1845; "Poems," 1848, published in the autumn of 1847, with inscription dated December 23, 1847. The Emerson items include "Essays," 1841; "Essays, Second Series," 1844; "Representative Men," 1850; and "English Traits," 1856. The first was presented to the Rev. Convers Francis, brother of Mrs. Child, and the others to Mrs. Child. To her also Bryant gave "The Fountain," 1842, and "Thirty Poems," 1864, and these two books are included in the sale. Gov. Robert Hunter's "Androboros, a Biographical Farce," was printed by William Bradford in New York in 1714, but only one copy is known. This, formerly John Philip Kemble's, is in the Duke of Devonshire's collection. A transcript made in 1880 for George H. Moore, librarian of the New York Historical Society and later of the Lenox Library, was acquired by the late Thomas J. McKee, and in his sale in 1900 brought $101. It is now offered again. Superb copies of Robert Roger's "Journals," and "Concise Account of North America," 1765, are among other Americana offered.

Manuscript verses by Whittier, T. B. Aldrich, Eugene Field, Frank Dempster Sherman, and Helen Hunt Jackson, as well as letters of Longfellow, Lowell, Dickens, Bulwer, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and others are included in the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's auction in this city April 9.

Stan V. Henkels of Philadelphia will sell on April 8 and 9 a collection of letters and manuscripts, including a number from the collection of Bayard Taylor. Among these are letters addressed to Taylor from President Lincoln, Dickens, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Irving, and Lowell; also the autograph manuscript, ten pages, of Longfellow's "Prometheus and Epimetheus"; an interesting letter of Keats, written to his sister; and a letter from Charles Lamb. Coming from other sources are letters of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, Lincoln, and other Presidents, generals of the Revolution and civil war, Cabinet officers, authors, and statesmen.

From a bibliographical point of view the *Antiquariat* of Ludwig Rosenthal, Munich, is famous for its catalogues. Its latest issue, No. 119, with more than 3,000 numbers, fully illustrated, treats of genealogies and heraldics in all their ramifications. The works are in Latin, German, and Spanish.

RECENT FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, March 14.

There must be in France a relatively larger number of readers of books which are not novels, for certainly the predominance of fiction during the publishing season is not so great in Paris as in London or New York. Among the many novels which appear, some are too local in interest, others too "French" in the foreign sense, and yet others too mediocre—idle dreams of empty days—to deserve notice. A chronicle like the present can only single out the few which rise to general human interest or are signed by names already favorably known abroad.

"Les Yeux qui s'ouvrent" by Henry Bordeaux marks a great step forward in the sure progress of this sympathetic writer toward high literary fame and the Academy. His novels are at least as readable as those of Mrs. Humphry Ward; our mothers would have found them more correct. In purely literary merit, style, and language they are superior to either René Bazin or Paul Bourget, although they have neither the worldly interest nor the passion of timely social controversy of the latter. Yet this new novel reaches down to those sentiments of married life that are the basis of what we call home and the French call family. An immediate comparison is possible with "The Helpmate" of May Sinclair, in which an English woman tries to read her sex (and over their shoulders the adverse sex) the same lesson which the Frenchman expounds in his touching story. Both deal with domestic unions in the higher and intelligent middle class. The lesson of the two books is intended to be the same—but how much more amiable with the French author! With him the capable, but undeveloped, wife has indolently neglected to rise to the level of a cultivated husband with literary ambitions and worldly success. The English heroine, from her narrow, unreasoning, and utterly unlovely height of religious conscience, cannot come down to the bodily needs of a weak, easy, good-natured husband. Perhaps English novels are not read by men; but certainly every thinking man will acknowledge that his sex suffers less at the hands of the French male novelist. Tennyson's dictum—"As the husband is the wife is"—is not verified in the English book at all, but in the French novel it is reversed by the awakening of will in the heroine. Thus lifted to intellectual heights, she calls back her husband, and reconstitutes the broken family. Those who still hold to that insular depreciation of the French women which John Stuart Mill, after years of residence in French families, so deeply deplored, will find pleasant correction in the book of Henry Bordeaux. It may not be amiss to know that he is himself the son of many generations of an ideal French family, holding high position in the magistracy of Savoy.

"La Route rouge" of Georges Ohnet is sure to be readable and proper, and to deal with subjects that here and now interest proper people. This time he handles the *bourgeois*, respectable property owners of that middle class to which Mr. Gladstone said he was proud to belong—and so say all of us in our present democracies. But there is a new Demos coming and the Socialist year of jubilee. All readers of Georges Ohnet will delight in the romance which leads his Socialist millionaire to deposit money, stocks, and bonds safely in British and Belgian banks —"in countries more sage than France"—before he "throws himself into Socialism without one afterthought!" His daughter naturally is in love with a lieutenant of dragoons.

"Le Port d'attache," by Léon de Tinseau, begins the twenty-fifth year of his successful publications for readers who do not care to hide their books when the young person is around. He has been once crowned by the French Academy; his books are among the good sellers. It is worth remarking, if only because of the elusive charm of polite society in his writings, that this writer is an authentic count, with connections among the old families of Franche-Comté and Burgundy; it was his ancestor who bore the keys of the good city of Besançon to Louis the Fourteenth. He is sixty-five years old; was a lawyer, and then held office under Conservative rule—all which, perhaps, explains why he never shoots the modern cascades in literature and life.

With Maurice Montégut's "Le Roi sans trône," we come on more recent modes of writing, corresponding to a state of nerves which has lost the old traditional horror of making scenes. His hero is the hapless lost Dauphin—Louis the Seventeenth—whom numberless historians are still proving to have died, or not to have died, in his prison of the Temple. In the novel, of course, he escapes, to make love and fight under Napoleon. "La Figurante," by Léon Frapié, continues behind the scenes the "naturalist" stories of this writer, who became famous by carrying off the prize of the Goncourt Academy. In private life he is a typical French functionary at the Prefecture of the Seine. Civil service has left him leisure for kindly and minute observation of Parisians struggling for life. "Le Temps d'aimer," by Gérard d'Houville, is in the usual line of this author, the wife of the poet Henri de Regnier (who one year gave the Harvard Conférences), and a daughter of the poet Hérédia, through whom she has certain American affinities. Apart from the almost exaggeratedly edulcorated thought and style, the title shows the constancy of her devotion to Amour.

It is sufficient to note, by the way, "Mademoiselle Arguillis," by Madame André Corthis, whose volume of poems—"Gemmes et moires"—was rewarded by the Vie Heureuse prize. "Armelle et son mari," by Renée Fauer, is a highly honest story of a young fellow who is not content with the silver spoon born in his mouth, but tries for ready money in marriage. He is properly wiped out in consequence by his own father at the Stock Exchange, and then does what he ought to have done at the beginning—falls in love with his wife, who saves him. This is the second book of a promising writer, whose stories are devoid of metaphysics, but full of wit and graceful surprises.

Those who think Frenchmen destitute of humor should try at Max Maurey's "Les Aventures de M. Haps." The hero has already appeared in one of the great successes of the Théâtre Antoine—"L'Asile de nuit." The novel takes him up where the play left him, and shows how he continued to thrive without work—"the least remunerative of all occupations." Journalism, theatre, politics; in everything fortune comes to him, eating, drinking, and sleeping—until we perceive that all these puppets make up a searching satire of Parisian life. In fact, Max Maurey is founder and director of that extraordinary Paris theatre of the Grand Guignol. The respectable *Monde illustré* first published this book.

S. D.

Correspondence.

COÖPERATION IN ENGLISH TEACHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to add a few words to the discussion of the teaching of English in schools and colleges, especially in regard to coöperation with the professor of English.

It will not be possible to carry out the views set forth by Prof. J. H. Gardiner of Harvard, in your issue of March 19, until the majority of teachers recognize the truth that practical mastery of the elements of composition in the student's vernacular is of greater importance than anything else taught in the schools. In the present day of specialties the tendency is for each teacher to concentrate his attention on his own subject, and to regard it as unfair to depress the standing of a student of mathematics or chemistry on account of blunders in English. At least a few of us, however, are willing to insist that the teaching of English is inextricably bound up with the teaching of most other subjects. Clearness of thought may possibly exist without the power of clear expression, but clearness of expression requires clearness of thought. The present writer has for many years been a professor in one branch of physical science. In the annual catalogue he finds it best to specify the prerequisites for admission to his first-year class, which include elementary mathematics "and, especially, English composition." This, of course, does not mean that the applicant would be excluded on account of previous deficiency in English, but it merely serves to prepare him for the application of tests that may be inconvenient if he is thus deficient. For the conduct of written recitation, which is required of every student one or more times each week, a series of printed instructions is given. One of these is as follows:

> You will be marked down for such bad handwriting, and such gross violation of the rules of English composition as may interfere with clearness and definiteness of expression.

The number of students "plucked" is necessarily increased to some extent, but the student's respect for the course English I. grows accordingly. It is scarcely necessary to add that the plan is heartily approved by the professor of English.

W. LE CONTE STEVENS.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., March 20.

A PLEA FOR THE INFANT CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be allowed a few words in reply to Prof. J. H. Gardiner's interesting letter on "Our Infant Critics," in your issue of March 19? I am ready to admit that practically all boys and most men, are incapable of "crystallizing their impressions of what they read into coherent expression." It is undoubtedly true that more attention should be given, in our schools, to practical needs—letter-writing, explanation of matters connected with daily, immediate life—to things which most boys can learn to do and which all men must do. I nevertheless still find room for the "infant critic."

In the first place, whatever the inability of grown persons to talk coherently about books, the fact remains that nearly all do discuss books. Often their reading is limited to deplorable stuff, but they, notwithstanding, attempt to express their ideas about that stuff. Frequently, moreover, one feels, when one hears a book discussed, how well, after all, that fellow has understood what he has read, and how "cleanly" he might have "got off the stage" if he had but had a little practice. There is, perhaps, not so pressing a need for this sort of practice as for drill of other kinds, but there is nevertheless great need for it. It is hardly likely, furthermore, that men will learn how to discuss books if they do not begin the practice before they are men. Much that boys write or say about literature must, of course, be absurd; it is discomfiting enough to be told that "Shakespeare didn't do things that way"—though the idea possesses great possibilities of truth could one but come at the antecedent of "way." The significant thing really is, not whether a boy can write adequate criticism, not even whether he ever shall do so, but whether he is growing. Shall we give up Greek because a boy spoils Homer in the translation, because, relatively speaking, "few mature readers" of Homer can do much better? Of course, there is no justification, except humorous or diabolic, of a teacher's assigning as a topic for composition "The Madness of Hamlet" rather than some simple subject from Scott or Stevenson. But some small literary discussion the boy must have, or he will enter college critically toothless.

In support, moreover, of beginning literary criticism before college, it may be added that the majority of men who are not in close touch with boys underrate the intelligence and maturity of boys in their last years at school. Nothing is more amusingly corroborative of this statement than the attempt of preachers and lecturers, who, in visiting a school for the first time, strive not to talk "over the heads" of their hearers, and who, in consequence, usually talk under the feet of the whole school. Boys may be absurd in their judgments, may flounder pitifully if the waters are quite too deep; but among their absurdities they often strike, in the untrammelled ingenuousness and enthusiasm of youth, on expressions almost Elizabethan in insight and picturesqueness. No boy, of course, should be given a task which his obvious youth resents, any more than a child should have meat forced into its toothless mouth. But suppose the teeth begin to grow?

The great trouble, it seems to me, is not with the subjects, but with the methods. If a boy is expected to return second-hand what the teacher himself got second-hand and delivered imperfect to the boy, the article when it reaches its last resting place, the desk of the long-suffering examiner, will perforce be "damaged" and should rightly be "marked down." Little is more pathetic than a boy striving faithfully to say what he thinks the teacher thinks he ought to think. When a boy, on the other hand, is given a book and told to say fearlessly exactly what *he* thinks about some feature of it, he frequently comes, in his crude way, surprisingly near the mark. Once, for instance, a boy, writing on "The Vicar of Wakefield," said, in conclusion: "It is a dull book, though it may have been interesting a hundred years ago, when they [?] did not have many very exciting things to read." This, instead of showing the boy's inability to criticise, reveals that he was able, in fairly "coherent expression," to set down what the majority of modern grown-up readers would themselves have written.

The inability of boys to write at least elementary criticism of literature can be largely laid, indeed, at the teacher's door. There is a superstition that the mature scholar is the only person of whom first-hand work should be expected; yet the beginner, the impressionable boy, is really the person who must be made, so far as he is able, to look things up for himself, to form his own opinions. Not until he has done this is he ready for instruction in literature. When, however, he is fortified with one or two opinions of his own making, he can safely be corrected; he can still be led. but no longer led far astray.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN.

Groton School, March 24.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A letter in your issue of February 20, by William C. Lane, entitled "A Warning to Book Buyers," calls for a sequel with reference to the Anglo-Saxon Classics, published by the so-called Norroena Society. The series of fifteen volumes consists in the main of reprints of standard translations of English, Norse, and German sagas, got up in the true subscription style, with gorgeous bindings, cheap illustrations, etc. The matter is, of course, irreproachable. Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," under the title of "The Arthurian Tales," is doubtless just as good reading as any one-dollar edition with the usual title. Dasent's superb translation of the Burnt Njal Saga appears with a greatly abridged introduction such as Putnam uses in his $1.25 reprint. One finds here Elton's translation of Saxo Grammaticus made for the English Folk-Lore Society, and published in 1893. Dasent's translation of popular Norse tales comprises another volume. Laing's translation of the Heimskringla fills two or three more—a translation, by the way, much inferior to that of Morris and Magnusson. And so on through most of the list.

There is nothing wrong in collecting a series of translations by reputable scholars, nearly all readily accessible in inexpensive editions, binding them pretentiously and selling them at a good round sum; but the buyer should know what he is getting, and here is where the circular describing the issue and the inspired harangue of the agent are misleading. The impression is created, that the series has been compiled with great difficulty, that the translations are either made expressly for the Norroena Society, or are so difficult of access that the ordinary reader would never be likely to find them. The list of translators, nearly all eminent men, is given without comment, leaving the unwary to infer that they are part of the Norroena staff. As seven of them are already dead, the effect is all the more ridiculous. Some of the statements are even more than merely misleading. According to the circular, the Flatey Book "is now for the first time printed," when in reality an edition was printed in Copenhagen in 1868 by Vigfusson and Unger. Of Saxo Grammaticus we are told that "this most extraordinary work is printed for the first time in English by the Norroena Society," in spite of the Elton translation, already mentioned. This translation comprises only nine of the sixteen books, but the agent informed me that the translation was absolutely complete; and the prospectus leaves the same to be inferred, without actually saying so. The whole prospectus is filled with exaggerations, of which the following are samples: Of the Njal Saga it is stated that it is invaluable to those who would thoroughly know the source and earliest application of our common law code:

> To this work may be traced the origin of trial by jury, representative legislation, the influence of public opinion on the conduct of affairs, the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence.

The Edda (which one is not definitely stated) is described as "the greatest of all epic poems, greater than the Iliad, Odyssey, Kalevala," etc.

As in the case of the "International Congress," the price asked is much greater than that which the agent will accept if he can effect a sale "to introduce the book."

HENRY A. PERKINS.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., March 24.

A CALENDAR OF THE CORRESPONDANCE GÉNÉRALE, LOUISIANE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some of the officials in the archives of the Ministry of the Colonies in Paris propose, if they can get a sufficient number of subscriptions, to print a detailed calendar of the documents in the series called Correspondance Générale, Louisiane, together with the letters sent and such other material relating to Louisiana as may be found in the Colonial Archives. It will be a useful guide to a large number of volumes of manuscripts in the archives which are of high importance to the history of our Southwest. The work would be published in one or two volumes, at a price of between ten and twenty francs. All who take an interest in its promotion, and who could insure subscriptions to the volume, should write to M. Wirth at the archives of the Ministry of the Colonies, expressing such encouragement.

J. F. JAMESON.

Carnegie Institution of Washington, March 26.

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with much interest the two letters in the *Nation* of March 5 and 19, referring to the "Méthode Graffin," for copying valuable manuscripts, etc. A great objection to this process is the fact that you have to handle the manuscripts every time you need a fresh copy, whereas, if a negative be made in the first case, any number of copies can be taken from it, by very cheap processes, without damage to the manuscript. A negative on the sensitive gelatine films, with or without the celluloid or glass supports, is now very cheap, and will produce far more satisfactory results than the white upon black process by reversal with a mirror or prism.

As I am travelling, I have not access to the copies which I have made in this way both in American and European libraries; accordingly I have tried with the insufficient apparatus at my disposal in a hotel bedchamber, using no other mirror for reversal than the common toilet-glass. Of the samples which I enclose, two are on bromide paper by the "Méthode Graffin," which I have used more or less for twenty years, while the blue prints are from celluloid films, taken in the same way, by reversal with a toilet mirror; only, being reversed, they were printed from the back instead of the front of the negative. The result is much better than in the case of white upon gray prints, for good black I could not produce by this "Méthode Graffin."

A SEPTUAGENARIAN AMATEUR.

Providence, R. I., March 23.

SHAKESPEARE ON VIVISECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am surprised that anti-vivisectionists have not quoted Shakespeare on their side, who has thus put himself on record ("Cymbeline," Act I., Scene 5):

Queen: . . . I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging—but none human—
To try the vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cornelius: Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

G. P.

New York, March 28.

Notes.

A new "Turk's Head" edition of Goldsmith's works, edited by Peter Cunningham, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons for this spring. It is to be in ten octavo volumes, with eighty full-page illustrations in photogravure, and promises to be one of the notable publications of the season.

The Oxford University Press is about to bring out "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century," in three volumes, edited by Prof. J. E. Spingarn. This work begins where Professor Smith's "Elizabethan Critical Essays" left off, and omits Dryden's essays which have already been so well edited by Professor Ker.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing an important work on "English Socialism of To-day, Its Teachings and its Aims Examined," by the Rt. Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster. The author is the adopted son of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, and was Minister of War in Balfour's late Government.

The Princeton University Library announces a study of "The Continental Congress at Princeton," by Varnum Lansing Collins. The description of Congressional life on its informal side is said to have been drawn largely from new sources.

The fourth publication of the Club for Colonial Reprints (Box 1275, Providence, R. I.) will be issued in April, with the title: "Invitation Sérieuse aux Habitants des Illinois by Un Habitant des Kaskaskias," reprinted in facsimile from the original edition published at Philadelphia in 1772. The only copy of this account of the pre-Revolutionary settlements in the upper Mississippi valley which is now known to be in existence is preserved in the collection of the Library Company of Philadelphia. The tract was brought to light through the researches of Clarence W. Alvord, the vice-president of the recently organized Mississippi Valley Historical Association, and of Clarence E. Carter of the University of Illinois. They have coöperated in writing the Introduction and in preparing the brief bibliographical notes which are appended. The original tract was issued without any statement of the place or date of printing. Dr. Victor H. Paltsits, the State Historian of New York, who contributed a bibliographical section to the third publication of the club, has again aided by solving this difficulty. One hundred copies of this volume have been printed, and such copies as are not taken by members of the club are offered for sale.

With a view to the completion of the Memoirs of the late Carl Schurz all persons having unpublished letters written by him are respectfully requested to send them to his daughter, Miss Agathe Schurz, No. 24 East Ninety-first Street, New York city. Copies will be made, and the originals will be returned to the owners.

One might suppose that the Rev. S. Baring-Gould had exhausted the antiquities of the West Country. Far from it. Here is a volume of "Devonshire Characters and Strange Events" (John Lane Co.) of some eight hundred pages, scrappily put together, to be sure, but containing a good store of entertainment. The greater names of Devon—Raleigh, Drake, Reynolds, Coleridge, etc.—have already been dealt with by the author; there remain for him some sixty or seventy minor characters, quaint or famous, which he takes up in successive chapters. In treating so well-known a person as John Gay, he does not attempt to give the full life of the poet, but tells the story of "The Beggar's Opera" and gives an account of the extraordinary chair of Gay's that turned up at a sale in 1818, with its complicated mechanism for ease and work and its secret drawer for MSS. Perhaps the most entertaining pages are those which relate the startling methods of Dr. John W. Budd in curing hysterical patients. His common method with such cases was outrageous bullying, in which he seems to have been remarkably successful. Nor were hysterical women the only deceivers to feel his anger and wit; thus:

> A miserly old fellow who was well off in worldly goods visited Dr. Budd at his "cottage" in Westwell Street, and, thinking to save the guinea fee, dressed himself in rags. The Doctor recognized him, but listened patiently to the old man's tale, and then asked him where he lived, to which he replied by naming a very poor part of the village near his own residence and using a feigned name.
>
> The Doctor said: "Do you know who lives in that big house in the place with the door that has a pediment over it?" To which the old man replied, "Yes," and mentioned his own name.
>
> "Then," said Dr. Budd, "call on that gentleman on your way home and tell him that the devil will have him in a fortnight."
>
> A few days beyond the fortnight the old gentleman actually died.

"He was God-like in his great fatherhood; he was Christ-like in his gentleness." With these words Frederick V. Holman caps the climax as he depicts the virtues of his hero: "Dr. John McLoughlin, the Father of Oregon" (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark & Co.). Though Mr. Holman is of Presbyterian antecedents and himself strictly Protestant, he beseeches the powers at Rome to canonize McLoughlin, who was a good Catholic, at the earliest possible opportunity, that Oregon may have a proper patron saint. Tenderfeet from the effete East, picking their way through Oregon's historic path, can hardly be expected to adopt so enthusiastic an appreciation as this of the pioneer who laid the foundations; but McLoughlin was a fine type of manhood, and his personality has exercised throughout the entire course of that commonwealth a salutary influence. Low cunning, rapacity, indifference to humanity, have too often marked her politics. It is a great thing for the State that there has always been for her the fine tradition of this character, thoroughly brave, human, and honest, to touch the consciences of her people when they have come short. This book is authoritative, based upon abundant documents, many printed in a full appendix; and although sometimes a bit too effusive, it is, on the whole, a fit presentment of a figure which should not be forgotten. McLoughlin, a Canadian, became, in 1824, chief agent of the Hudson's Bay Company in the region west of the Rocky Mountains. He established himself at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, in territory which Great Britain and the United States had agreed to hold in "joint occupancy," a *modus vivendi* until a fixed boundary could be determined. Though a subject of Great Britain, and strictly loyal to the great trading corporation he represented, he yet treated with marked kindness the immigrants coming overland from the United States. His fate was the usual fate of those who try in a dispute to please both sides. Though always well-meaning, he incurred the displeasure of his company on the one hand, and was looked upon askance by those whom he had befriended on the other. Cast out by his employers, stripped of his means by Americans who owed their lives to him, he died, in 1857, of a broken heart. Such reparation as can be made to a man after death has been made by Oregon to this early benefactor. His portrait (he was of towering stature and superb physique) hangs in the place of honor in her capitol. To what lengths the community he founded is disposed to go in paying tribute to his worth and services Mr. Holman's book makes plain.

A remarkable career is described by Henry Johnson in the "Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins, F.R.G.S." (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The son of a coachman and an apprenticed sailor boy at fourteen, he became one of the foremost mariners of his day and "worthy to be placed beside Hawkins and Frobisher." His one great aim in life was the opening of a commercial highway through the Arctic Seas to Siberia, and to attain this he devoted all his means and thirty strenuous years of peril and hardship. In the summer of 1874 he took a vessel from Scotland to the mouth of the Yenesei, the first explorer in modern times to demonstrate the navigability of the Kara Sea. Between this time and his death in 1905 he made nine more voyages to the river, besides crossing Siberia six times by sledge and tarantass. The story is largely told by extracts from his journals and letters, which impress one with the disinterestedness of the gallant sailor as well as with his indomitable pluck and amazing energy. Many interesting glimpses into the life of the men who are building up Siberia and developing its natural riches are given in the narrative. Their industry, wealth, and especially their interest in education is surprising. At Tomsk, for instance, Capt. Wiggins writes in January, 1888:

> Yesterday we inspected the university—now nearly ready for students—given to the town by a wealthy merchant whose father was a nomad Samoyede. It is a vast building, standing in extensive grounds, and has botanical gardens, conservatories, lecture halls, and a library of 60,000 volumes.

It is a noteworthy fact that the efforts of the captain to strengthen the commercial ties between Russia and Great Britain were better appreciated by the Russians than by his own countrymen. They conferred many honors on him, and the Czar, Alexander III., presented him with a silver service, but there was practically no official recognition by the English government of what he had accomplished. The volume contains an excellent index, a map, portraits, and pictures of scenes in Siberia, many of which, however, have no relation to the text.

The principal object of Sir Hubert Jerningham, in his tour around the world, described in "From West to East" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), was to see Japan "before it is wholly spoilt by success," and to stimulate the interest of the public "in the sons and daughters of the land of the Rising Sun." The greater part of the volume, therefore, is devoted to an account of his Japanese experiences. These included interviews with several noted men, among others Admiral Togo and Marquis Ito. The government gave him permission to go to Mukden and Port Arthur, the battles and siege of which places are described with much detail. A specimen of the humor of the people is given in this statement:

> Kanaoka, the painter of animals, drew horses that were so life-like that a rope had to be attached to the picture at night to prevent the horses from rushing out into the gardens and damaging the shrubs; and rats that left their canvas on the appearance of a cat.

The remainder of the author's "fugitive notes," to use his own expression, concerning other countries and places, is not of much value. On the whole it is difficult to see the *raison d'être* of the book, except the pleasure which the author evidently had in writing it. It is attractive in appearance with some twenty-five illustrations and two maps of Port Arthur, showing its defences and the advance of the Japanese.

A volume recently issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission of Great Britain, the third of the calendar of the manuscripts of the Marquis of Bath, preserved at Longleat, throws light on the diplomatic career of the poet Matthew Prior. Prior was secretary to the embassy and minister *ad interim* at The Hague, 1693-97; secretary to the embassy at the Congress of Ryswick, 1697; secretary to the embassy and minister *ad interim* at Paris, 1698-9; and during this period of political activity he carried on a wide correspondence with men in public affairs. Historically, the papers are not especially important, although they elucidate to a certain extent the inner history of the treaty of Ryswick and furnish material for a consecutive narrative of the negotiations from the first overtures of the French to the ratification of the treaty. They give, also, an insight into the life of James II. and the Jacobite exiles in Paris, and a few particulars regarding financial conditions in 1696 and the Partition treaties. Inasmuch as Prior was a commissioner of trade and plantations after 1700, it is somewhat to be wondered at that his letters contain nothing relating to America and the plantations. A report of the Board of Trade relative to trade with Russia, dated August, 1697, and not before printed, is the only important paper of its kind in the volume, and the editors have acted wisely in calendaring it very fully. Prior, like many another Englishman of letters, found the secret of joining two things generally thought incompatible: poetry and business. The literary aspects of his correspondence stand out conspicuously; and his letters from Paris, which are the cream of the collection, abound in humor, caustic criticism and comment, persiflage, and vivid description. Prior loved to elaborate his views of Parisian society, and to retail the gossip and scandal of the hour. After 1700 the correspondence becomes more commonplace, as disappointment and need, impeachment and imprisonment clouded his career. The volume closes with the year 1721.

Commerce in war is subjected to greater ill-usage than one might be prepared to expect from the protection mutually afforded by combatants to private property on land. A vivid realization of the extent to which belligerents may still hinder the freedom of commerce will be gained by reading "Commerce in War," by L. A. Atherley-Jones, assisted by Hugh H. L. Bellot (pp. xxii., 654. D. Appleton & Co.). The author's purpose is "to provide a full exposition of the rules of International Law which govern the commercial relations of neutral and belligerent States." By thus limiting his scope, the author is able to fulfil his purpose in a most satisfactory manner, and without attempting to determine what the law should be, he sets forth in detail what the law is and how it has become such. The development is illustrated by citations of opinions of the text-writers, the provisions of treaties, and the decisions of courts. Contraband, blockade, continuous voyage, carriage of property at sea, visit, search, capture, condemnation, recapture, and rescue are the subjects which are traced from their origin to the most recent practice. Such an exposition cannot fail to prove useful—as the author hopes—to the lawyer, the shipowner and shipper, to diplomatists and consuls; but it will also contribute to the advancement of the freedom of commerce in war.

A second volume completes the "Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels," edited by the Rev. James Hastings, with the assistance of the Rev. John A. Selbie and the Rev. John C. Lambert, and published in the same form as the well-known "Dictionary of the Bible," which also bears the name of Dr. Hastings (Charles Scribner's Sons). The plan of the work is good; articles are provided on all subjects connected with the criticism, history, and doctrine of the Gospel narratives. The contributors are exclusively British and American scholars; and a generous number of important titles have been assigned to students on this side of the water. The work is designed especially for preachers, for whom it unquestionably makes accessible many facts suitable for homiletic use. The extreme conservative point of view, however, noted in the first volume is maintained in the second. Scant space is accorded to the questions raised by the most recent criticism, and many of the articles indicate a manner of thought which the present age has outgrown. This dictionary is therefore likely to become more speedily out of date than its editor's earlier effort. Occasionally an article by the Rev. Ernest F. Scott or Prof. Benjamin W. Bacon sheds modern light on an important topic, and serves to show what this work might have been in the hands of less fearful spirits.

Prof. Kirsopp Lake, the successor of Van Manen in the University of Leiden, is the author of a careful examination of "The Historical Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The accounts in the four Gospels, the references in the Acts, and in the writings of Paul, are submitted to patient inquiry, and the endeavor is made to explain the origin of the divergent narratives, and arrive at the earliest tradition. Substantially, Professor Lake holds that the Marcan account represents the earliest belief of the church, and that the additions of the other Gospels are embellishments of the story, rather than independent traditions of value. He holds, however, that the lost conclusion of Mark recited at least an appearance to Peter in Galilee. The work as a whole is an able piece of historical criticism, conducted in a reverential spirit, and recognizing to the full the limits of historical investigation and the privileges of religious faith. The suggestion is made that the women who returned to the sepulchre in the early morning found the wrong grave, and that the speech of the young man to them was the prosaic statement, "He is not here: lo! there they have laid Him," pointing to a tomb still closed. The conjecture is ingenious, but is lacking in proof, and against it are the words, "He is risen," which are found in the earliest tradition as part of the young man's address to the women.

Modelled after the Protestant Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher, edited by Prof. M. Schiele, the Catholics of Germany have now decided to issue a set of popular yet scientific discussions of religious, Biblical, and philosophical problems in booklet form, to be called Biblische Zeitfragen. Prof. J. Rikel, who holds the chair of Old Testament exegesis in Strassburg, is the general editor, and the Aschendorff Verlag, Munich, will print the series.

A new series bearing the general title Die Verbrechensbewegung im Östlichen Europa, just begun in Munich, is a timely undertaking. So far only one volume has appeared, "Die Kriminalität der Balkanländer," by Dr. Arnold Wadler. This is a study based on statistical data.

An interesting collection of poetic appreciations of Jesus as the greatest and purest of men, irrespective of theology and dogma, forms "Die moderne Jesusdichtung: eine Anthologie," by Karl Röttger, who also adds an introduction. The book is published in Munich and Leipzig, by R. Piper & Co., as the sixteenth volume of the series known as Die Fruchtschale.

In the Report of the philosophico-historical Section of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, Prof. C. Wessely describes a number of recently found papyri of importance in throwing light on earlier church history. In the persecution of the Christians under Decius, circa 250 A. D. those who denied the faith were compelled not only to sacrifice to idols and eat sacrificial meat, but also in a formal document to denounce their faith. Hitherto only four formulas of this kind were known to exist; two in Vienna, one in Berlin, and one in Oxford. Now the director of the Museum of Alexandria, Dr. F. Breccia, has discovered in the recent papyrus additions to that collection a new and more complete formula.

Tacitus states in his Germania (xii.) that according to old German law and usage certain crimes were punished by burying the perpetrators alive in a swamp or marshy moor, and cases of this kind are mentioned in ancient German and Scandinavian poems. In the Gudrunlay of the older Edda of Sämund Sigfusson, for example, Gudrun is falsely accused of infidelity to her husband King Atli (Attila), and her maid Herkia, who originated and circulated this charge, is condemned to be thrown into a foul morass. The recently published twenty-fourth Report of the Museum Vaterländischer Altertumer connected with the University of Kiel contains a valuable paper on "Germanische Moorleichenfunde" by Fräulein Johanna Mestorf, professor in the university, and since 1873 director of the Museum. She describes fifty-two bodies found in German moors, some of them entirely naked, with their clothes lying near them in a bundle, and others fully dressed and often richly attired and adorned with valuable jewels. On the body of one woman were bracelets, a necklace of amber pearls, and elegant shoes adorned with fine leather work. These articles of clothing and ornaments show that the severe penalty was inflicted on wealthy persons at a comparatively late period, since such costumes were unknown to the primitive Germans. From the position of the bodies it is evident that they were thrown headforemost into the swamp. Occasionally the executioner of the sentence seems to have mercifully fractured the skull or thrust a pointed weapon into the heart before consigning the body to its foul doom.

The Verein der Buchhändler of Leipzig has started a movement against the sensationalism that is threatening modern German literature. A document has been issued urging united action against the *Zehnpfennighefte* which in editions of tens of thousands, dealing with crime and sexual matters, are corrupting the public taste.

Major Paul Balagny of the French army gives us the fifth volume of his elaborate work "Campagne de l'Empereur Napoléon en Espagne" (Paris: Berger-Levrault). In this, as in the preceding volumes, the author's purpose is to let the French official documents speak for themselves. Whereas Napier's classic is a continuous work, of no apparent documentation, M. Balagny's is really a classification of reports, of the correspondence of Napoleon, his marshals, and his generals, with just so much letterpress, so to say, by the author, as to keep the reader from losing his way. Adequate maps and sketches are furnished; for the author has personally followed the various routes of the French troops and visited the main battlefields. This work constitutes a serious contribution to military and even to general history.

René Wallier, continuing the annual series of many years signed A. Daniel, expounds from the moderate Radical point of view the year 1907 in French politics, in "Le 20ème siècle politique."

E. Amélineau begins the publication of his "Prolégomènes de la religion égyptienne," by a volume on the mythology of Egypt; the author is lecturer on the subject at the École des Hautes Études, and will be remembered for his excavations at Abydos.

That vast international symposium of authors and authorities, known and unknown, carried out by the *Mercure de France* on "La Question religieuse," now appears in a volume edited by Frédéric Charpin. It is many men of many minds asking whether God, if there be a God, will save our soul, if we have a soul.

J. Izart has compiled a compact and most useful "Dictionnaire et vocabulaire de l'automobile" (Paris: H. Dunod et E. Pinat), in four languages, French, German, English, and Italian. Of the 335 pages, 193 are devoted to the vocabulary proper, the remainder being a practical manual of international touring. The entries are French, with equivalents in the other languages; and each entry is accompanied by a brief but sufficient description of the part, etc., with clear diagrams where complexity makes it necessary. A continuous alphabetical index in English, German, and Italian completes the work. To Americans contemplating a motor trip abroad the work should prove indispensable.

Statistics of gifts to libraries in the United States during the year 1907, as compiled by the secretary of the American Library Association, show an aggregate of $4,584,859. of which $1,459,350 was contributed by Mr. Carnegie, and $3,125,509 by other persons. For buildings $3,386,600 was given, for endowments $1,098,000, and for undesignated purposes $99,759. New York State heads the list in the number of gifts reported.

In the eighth annual report of the New Jersey Library Commission special attention is called to the rapid growth, both in the supply and in the use of travelling libraries, during the three years that the Commission has had charge of them. In 1904 there were but twelve such libraries in the State system; the number now in use is 153.

The eleventh Conference for Education in the South will be held at Memphis, April 22 to 24. The programme will include addresses by representative speakers on "The Progress of Arkansas," "The Training of the Southern Teacher," "The Methods of an Educational Campaign," "Industrial Education," "The Schools and the Forests," "The Christian South and Negro Education," "More Efficient School Supervision," and "Business Leadership in Educational Progress." There will be an "open forum" on the subject of "Compulsory Attendance," at which Dr. B. J. Baldwin, president of the Board of Education of Montgomery, Ala., will preside. The discussion will be opened by Prof. W. H. Heck of the University of Virginia. There will also be addresses by Southern women on the service which is being rendered to the cause of popular education by the school improvement organizations of the several States of the South. The subject of the "Higher Education of Women" will also receive attention.

The International Congress for philosophy, which was organized in Paris in 1900, and which held its second meeting in Geneva in 1904, will meet in Heidelberg beginning August 31.

Charles Cuthbert Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary since 1897, died in this city March 25. Born here in 1852, he was graduated from Williams, studied at the Union Seminary, and also in London and Edinburgh, and held pastorates in Newburgh, N. Y., and Brooklyn. Among his books are "Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience" (1905), "Redeemed Life after Death" (1905), "Universal Elements of the Christian Religion" (1905), "Christ and the Human Race" (1906), and "The Witness of the Oriental Consciousness to Jesus Christ" (1907).

Truman Jay Backus, president of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, since 1883, died March 24. He was born in Milan, N. Y., in 1842 was graduated from the University of Rochester, and was for some years professor of rhetoric and English literature at Vassar. Among his books are "Great English Writers," "Outlines of English Literature," and a revision of Shaw's "History of English Literature."

On the 15th of last month Walter Scott's "Kitty" of the "Journal" died at Ealing. She was born in 1815, the fifth child of James Skene of Rubislaw, the poet's lifelong friend. In 1841 she married John Foster Grierson, Queen's printer for Ireland, at Athens, whither her father had gone for his health. She saw much of Scott when she was a girl, and in her old age was fond of recalling those days, but she was averse to publishing her reminiscences.

The death of Eduard Zeller, at the great age of ninety-four, removes one of the patriarchs of German scholarship. Professor Zeller was educated at Tübingen and Berlin ,and in 1840 became *Privatdozent* at the former university. Seven years later he was appointed professor of theology at Berne; from here he was transferred to Marburg in 1849, Heidelberg in 1862, and Berlin in 1872. He continued his active teaching until 1895. As a student at Berlin he had come under the influence of Hegel, and in his first teaching years he was one of the founders of the *Theologische Jahrbücher*, which, along with the writings of Christian Baur and David Strauss, introduced into religious study the Hegelian conception of development. From his work in the origins of Christianity he was led to Greek philosophy, and his great work, mainly composed between the years 1844 and 1852, was "Die Philosophie der Griechen in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung." This was afterwards much revised end enlarged, the latest edition bearing the date 1902. It has been translated into English and other languages,and is universally acknowledged as the leading book on the subject. Among his other works are "The History of the Christian Church" (1847), "The Theological System of Zwingli" (1853), "The Acts of the Apostles: Their Contents and Origin" (1854), "State and Church" (1873), "Platonic Studies" (1839), "Plato's Symposium," translation and a commentary (1857), "Outline of the History of Greek Philosophy," first published in 1883, and "History of German Philosophy since Leibnitz" (1873). He received abundant honors in Germany, and was a member of many learned societies. He belonged to a race of scholars who have pretty well passed away, their place being taken by syndicated writers, so to speak.

Dr. Richard Kaufmann, for many years professor of political economy at the Technical Academy at Charlottenburg, has died at the age of fifty-eight. He wrote a number of books, including: "Finanzen Frankreichs," "Verteilung der Steuerlasten in Preussen," "Die Eisenbahnpolitik Frankreichs," "Die Kommunalfinanz."

STUDIES IN BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

The Canon and Text of the New Testament. By Caspar René Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Leipzig professor's "Prolegomena" and his (as yet unfinished) "Text Kritik des Neuen Testamentes" are intended mainly for scholars, while the present volume, covering both Canon and Text, has in mind chiefly the lay reader. The book is popular in the best sense of the term, being at once readable and accurate. There are no footnotes to distract attention, no bibliographical references. The reader, unless a specialist, would never know from this volume that Harnack, Zahn, and Westcott had written on the Canon, and Kenyon, Nestle, and Lake on the Text. Gregory is content to give his own opinion; and in this method there are obvious advantages. The style is fascinating, in spite of occasional infelicities. The author's irrelevant parentheses while bordering at times on the smart, are never offensive: "The textual critic must know all about book-making, not for races but for literature" (p. 318). We are requested to "quit the pernicious habit of calling the Lord's Day by the Jewish name for Saturday" (p. 50)

Gregory's theory as to the rise of the New Testament is based upon the habit of public worship among the early Christians. Two parts of the service are significant: one in which God speaks to men, the Old Testament lessons; the other, in which man speaks to men, the sermon, address, the recounting of what Jesus said and did, and, later on, the reading of the letters of Paul and of the Gospels. Before the time of Irenæus, it turns out that the four Gospels and the letters of Paul had passed over from the second to the first class, were put, that is, on a par with the Old Testament, while other books still remained in the second class. Though Marcion gives the first indication of a "clear-cut, definitely rounded off New Testament," nevertheless his "books were a selection from the books of the church" in accordance with his own theological interest. But, up to the time of Irenæus, there is no sign "of anything like an official declaration as to the canonicity of any one book or of a number of the books of the New Testament" (p. 217). From Irenæus on, the problem is mainly that of the classification of the Catholic Epistles in part, Hebrews, Revelation, Hermas, etc., whether they are to be assigned to the first or second class. Athanasius indicates the Alexandrian view in putting into the normative class what we know in the King James version as the New Testament, and in leaving Hermas and others in the second place. Jerome and Augustine fix a similar list for Western orthodoxy. But "Augustine could not point to an authoritative deliverance of the whole church touching the books of Scripture" (p. 287). In spite of Trent and Westminster, "there was never an authoritative, generally declared and generally received canon" (p. 290). Professor Gregory adds:

> The British and Foreign Bible Society and the Roman College for Propagating the Faith are gradually spreading abroad our New Testament. But neither the one nor the other is a General Council authorized to settle the canon (p. 292).

The point at which the reader prays for more light is the point at which Paul and the Gospels slip from the second to the first class, from "man to men" to "God to men." The reader wonders if Marcion did not have more to do with this significant transition than Gregory (pp. 81, 82) admits.

Turning to the Text, we find ourselves in the company of an expert who writes both with knowledge and with love of his subject. He passes in review papyrus, parchment, Greek manuscripts, both large and small letter, lesson books, translations, church writers, printed editions, externals of the Text, and, finally, the most difficult and the most important section, "Early History of the Text." Here Gregory stands in close and admitted agreement with Westcott and Hort. His view, stated briefly, is this: In the first century, Gregory assumes, the Christian writings were, with the exception of Revelation, carefully copied. Traces of this type of text, boldly called the Original Text, are to be discovered where intentional changes were not wont to be made, that is to say, in more prosaic and ignorant circles. A second type of text, commonly known as Western, may also have originated in the first century, and was certainly widespread almost everywhere in the second century. This text, named Re-Wrought by Gregory, is "not a clear-cut revision or correction of the former text, but a series of varying experiences of the earlier text in various places" (p. 488). Its value lies not in itself, but in its witness to the original text. A third type of text has its origin with scholars at Antioch, who "filed the text off to give it as nearly as possible the smooth surface of polite diction" (p. 493). This type of text Gregory aptly calls Polished. On the basis of these three types of text, each of which is simple, that is, not conflate ("single-eyed" is Gregory's word), a revision was made at Antioch which aimed at producing a full, untroubled, and polished text. In this revision Lucian may have had a hand. Then finally, when Christianity had become authoritative under Constantine, a second Syrian revision emerged, the official and the worst possible text, a text which remained essentially unchanged until modern scholarship started on its hunt after the original text.

Before closing his discussion, Gregory, as Hort had done before him, points out the fact that modern textual criticism has given the world a text of the New Testament which is secure. Important variations might fill "a half a page or fifteen or sixteen small lines." Definitely spurious passages are John vii, 53—viii, 11, Mark xvi, 9-20, and First John v, 7-8. Probably spurious are Matthew xvi, 2-3, Luke xxii, 43-44, and John v, 3-4. It is curious, as Gregory notes, that the passage in First John, commonly used as a proof text for the doctrine of the Trinity, has been shown by a Roman Catholic scholar to have originated with Priscillian, a heretic who did not hold the doctrine of the Trinity.

In the treatment of the text, the reader would have been obliged to Dr. Gregory, had he said more in detail in regard to a growing tendency to estimate the Western text as valuable in itself. What is said (pp. 490, 505 ff.) is scarcely adequate even in a book of this character. Furthermore, even if Von Soden has not read, or at least appreciated, Tischendorf and Westcott and Hort, even if he is all wrong in his method, still as a matter of record, something should have been said about Von Soden's new nomenclature. In a second edition, which surely will be demanded shortly, the spelling of Irenäus (p. 350) should be conformed to the prevailing usage in the book; a decision should be made between St. Catharine (p. 329) and St. Catherine (p. 298); and the dittography (p. 488, l. 27) should be remedied. Finally, let us thank the editor, Dr. Charles A. Briggs, for putting such an eminently readable and trustworthy volume into his International Theological Library.

Old Testament and Semitic Studies in Memory of William Rainey Harper. Edited by Robert Francis Harper, Francis Brown, and George F. Moore. University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. $10.

This handsomely printed and worthy memorial contains twenty-six articles by the leading Old Testament and Oriental scholars of America. The names of the contributors, connected with fifteen of the leading institutions of learning in this country, are in themselves an indication not only of the high grade of scholarly attainment, but of the recognition now given to Semitic studies—a recognition largely due to the activity of the late President Harper. His position as president of the University of Chicago during the last years of his life made him so prominent as an administrator and educator as to overshadow in the public mind his earlier work as an inspiring teacher of Hebrew, first in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, Chicago, and then at Yale. Through summer schools, at first independently conducted and afterwards connected with the Chautauqua movement, many persons were attracted to the study of Hebrew and of the Old and New Testaments who would not have been reached in any other way. As the editor of three periodicals devoted to Semitic philology, to Bible studies, and to theology in general, he printed a large number of important contributions. His own original investigations, though restricted by his later duties, were considerable; and shortly before his death he published what is regarded as the standard modern commentary on the books of Amos and Hosea.

As an introduction, Professor Brown of the Union Theological Seminary furnishes a sketch of the life of President Harper, which is, at the same time, a contribution to the history of Semitic studies in the United States. Of the various papers, it is possible to refer to only a few, which illustrate the scope of these volumes. Thirteen of the papers deal with Old Testament themes; and those of Profs. C. H.

Toy and Moore of Harvard, Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins, and Prof. C. C. Torrey of Yale deserve special mention. Professor Toy discusses "Some Conceptions of the Old Testament Psalter." The subjects specifically treated are the attitude towards sacrifices, the conception of law and of the government of the world, and the view taken of the ancient myths and legends, and of foreign deities. In regard to sacrifice, Professor Toy calls attention to the varying attitude in the Psalter: some psalms view sacrifices with favor, while others manifest more or less opposition. Professor Toy's footnotes are full of interesting suggestions, and contain many novel views which it is to be hoped he will develop in greater detail. Professor Moore, in his "Notes on the Name Jahweh," fairly disposes of the current belief that the false pronunciation "Jehovah" does not date farther back than the year 1520. The article, which is a model of scientific accuracy and learning, traces the use of "Jehovah" to the year 1278. Equally important is the proof that the pronunciation "Jahweh," now commonly accepted by scholars (though there is now a tendency to prefer "Jahwah") was propounded as early as the sixteenth century. The most elaborate contribution is by Professor Haupt, who furnishes a revised Hebrew text of Esther. The number of actual textual changes is not large, but there are many glosses and scribal expansions which Professor Haupt excludes from the text proper, and places at the bottom of the page. Most of these will probably be accepted by critics, but in regard to some of them opinions will differ. Professor Haupt is particularly happy in his new interpretations. A second paper on Esther is contributed by Professor Lewis B. Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary, who has put together the complete critical apparatus for the study of the text derived from the various ancient versions, Greek, Latin, Aramaic, and Syriac. Of a similar highly technical character is Prof. C. C. Torrey's study of the text of Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah. These two articles reach the high-water mark of exacting scholarship.

Of the Assyriological articles, that of Prof. George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr on "The Origin of Some Cuneiform Signs" calls for a word of comment because of the important suggestion that what have hitherto been taken as methods adopted by Babylonian scribes for giving a "heightened" or "potentialized" meaning to a certain sign are merely variant forms of one and the same sign. Professor Barton's method also marks an improvement over previous attempts to classify the cuneiform syllabary into certain groups. His twelve classes, covering human and animal forms, parts of the human body, and of animals, birds, fishes, trees, plants, water, canals, houses and parts of houses, implements and vessels, articles of apparel, and fire, are valuable indications of the cultural stage and sociological status of the inventors of this old Babylonian form of writing. The article embodies some of the more general results of an investigation of the theme which will be fully set forth in a larger work on which Prof. Barton is now engaged. Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., of the University of Pennsylvania furnishes a new interpretation of an omen text, which he shows was prepared for the temple schools, in order to illustrate the method followed in the interpretation of signs derived from the inspection of the livers of sheep as a means of divining the future. Attached to the article is a chart giving the Babylonian terms for the various parts of the liver and of phenomena observed on the liver. Two articles on Babylonian seal cylinders, by Dr. William H. Ward of New York and Prof. I. M. Price of the University of Chicago, illustrate the value of these objects for the history and religion of Babylonia and Assyria; Prof. J. D. Prince of Columbia gives a first translation of a most difficult Sumerian text. The general sense of the text has been determined by him, but many of the details must still be regarded as doubtful. An exceedingly valuable article by Prof. A. T. Clay of the University of Pennsylvania, in his study of fifty Aramaic endorsements on cuneiform tablets of the Persian period. Professor Clay has succeeded in satisfactorily deciphering the most of those badly preserved endorsements. The philological and epigraphical results are important.

Prof. R. J. H. Gottheil of Columbia contributes an elaborate study of the relationship of Jews and Christians to Moslems in Egypt, utilizing as a new source an important document which he found in Cairo and which illustrates the position occupied by the Jewish sect of the Karaites in Egypt in the middle of the ninth century. The text and translation of the document are added to the article.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fennel and Rue. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Howells's new story has at least two refreshing elements—it presents a novel situation, and instead of dealing with unpleasant immoralities, it concerns itself with excessive morality. It is, in short, the history of a virulent case of "New England conscience" seated in a Southern breast. Verrian is the young author of a popular serial story running in a New York periodical. Two young women in a country town for a joke write him a letter purporting to come from a girl who is a victim of a rapid and fatal disease, and who begs Verrian to tell her the conclusion in advance of its publication. Verrian takes the matter, as he does himself, seriously; the editor of the periodical asks the writer of the letter for her credentials, the girls are frightened and confess their guilt by letter; Verrian is furious, and writes so severe a reply that Miss Shirley, a Southern girl, the real writer of the first letter, which was signed by her companion's name, longs for death and has brain fever. Somewhat later Verrian goes to a house-party, at which he proceeds to fall in love with Miss Shirley, who is acting as hired entertainer. An incident which reminds her of the irreparable evil of an untruth, causes her to faint, and eventually leads her to confess to Verrian that she was the perpetrator of the practical joke. Verrian is ready to forgive her, they separate, and do not meet again until Miss Shirley has become engaged to another man, to whom she has not dared confide the frightful secret of the letter. In Verrian's presence she finally confesses her guilt. Her fiancé thereupon refuses to recognize Verrian, and strides away with Miss Shirley. Verrian is left in anguish; while the reader feels perilously near to the mock-heroic, and to a caricature of the remorseful Virgil in Purgatory:

> O noble conscience and without a stain
> How sharp a sting is trivial fault to thee!

Mr. Howells has succeeded admirably in depicting the excesses to which continual brooding over a trifle may lead those who have no sense of humor. The slender plot is well developed, though it is embedded in a good many pages of banal, but exceedingly life-like conversation, uttered by desperately uninteresting and real people.

The Soul of a Priest. By the Duke Litta. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Fogazzaro has spoiled us for this too avowedly psychological novel, which deals with the ever-interesting subject of anti-clericalism in Italy. The hero, Renato Rinaldi, a young Milanese nobleman, after an education received in a monastery school, shrinking from the corruptions of the world, enters the Church. He finds the Roman Catholic priesthood no less corrupt than society, experiences painful disillusion, and, after stormy struggles, leaves the church in order to devote his life to "the advancement of Truth." The bitter and even petulant spirit in which the book is written detracts from its value as a contribution to anti-clerical literature. It almost laughably recalls "From St. Francis to Dante," in which Mr. Coulton "exposes" the Middle Ages by collecting from Fra Salimbene the scandalous passages which he gloats over as characteristic of the age. The Duke Litta scathes the evils of the Church one after another, not forgetting to attack Our Lady of Lourdes, and to give a covert dig at St. Catherine. Renato is the only pure-minded character within the pale of the Church, and even his early devotion to the ecclesiastical life is attributed to his love of ritual, due in some mysterious way to an element of sensuality inherited from his immoral parents; on the other hand, the intellectual problems that force themselves upon the true Modernist receive scant notice. The author further weakens his case by painting the world in as black colors as the Church; both are equally "clotted by contagion," and the picture of neither gains force by contrast. The indignation of the author against Church and society has prevented him from producing an artistic psychological study, and in the development of Renato's character there is an entire lack of those delicate touches that make such work convincing.

The narrative, however, in spite of some inconsistencies and its lack of incident, has a certain unity of effect and holds the attention throughout. This is the first novel that the Duke has written in English, of which he has an excellent command, although he occasionally betrays his foreign origin, as for instance, when he speaks of "a tepid October day," and of "serving Mass."

Seraphica. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper & Bros.

The manifest destiny of this story is to be put upon the stage, for which it has a thousand qualifications. To begin with, the period is nothing if not stageable, being the days of the Regency of Philip of Orleans, when the reaction from Madame de

Maintenon's régime was changing the French Court to a mere house of mirth. For figures, besides the Regent, the King, the painter Watteau, and Madame de Phalaris, there is a high-born pair who are both fleeing from the betrothal their elders desire; a princeling he, a duchess she, who rides away in cavalier's guise. And being all the daughters of her father's house and all the brothers, too, she has had a boy's upbringing and can ride, shoot, and fence with the best. "A merry devil in petticoats" was the name she earned at home. Abroad, in man's attire, or acting Columbine at Versailles in Watteau's Comedy of Masks, she becomes the heroine of a "memorable prank," part of "a few pages plucked from the golden book of the Regency," a figure in a demi-semi-historic group of that strange court "with its florid Regent, its little King, its possession of shameless favorites, and graceless gentlemen."

Mr. McCarthy has made an animated and effectively costumed story, ripe for a fall from the bookshelf to the footlights. Some of the eighteenth century history, atmosphere, and words (such as "cautelous" and "mirific") will no doubt remain behind upon that shelf, but there is plenty of scenic effect to survive the fall.

Mothers in Israel. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

The sub-title of this book is "A Study in Rustic Amenities," viz.: lying, slander, evil-speaking, and malice. "It is not too much to say that they form an Atmosphere. Nor can one truthfully say less than that Atmosphere is chiefly created by Woman." The scene of this particular exposition is a Yorkshire village, where the dislike and suspicion of a newcomer are rooted, according to our author, in a survival of the old tribal feeling. The study is made with the utmost seriousness of intention, and the utmost solemnity of belief. The preface in particular holds shuddering presage of calamity to come. One recalls Edna Lyall's "Autobiography of a Slander," which should be in every village and other library, and wonders if this is to be a companion volume. But here the story in its naïve crudity is an anti-climax to the formidable preface. There are not, however, wanting graphic touches of village landscape and figures, and if some readers feel cheated out of tragedy, others will take comfort in comedy, for the curtain falls on backbiters thoroughly frustrated, if not in the least reformed.

The Lost Goddess. By Edward Barron. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the story of a party of gay and idle New Yorkers, who sail on an expedition to the Upper Amazon to rescue a stolen American maiden from the hands of the savage Tigrane, who worship her as the goddess of their tribe. Granted this *donnée*, and the fact that the heroine, one of the rescue party, is a Maya princess, adopted in early childhood by a New Yorker, the sequence of events is not too fantastic. Intrigue, revenge, bloodshed, murder, and abduction follow one another in rapid succession, and so far as movement and action are concerned, the story satisfies the requirements of a tale of adventure. But it calls forth a sigh for "the chronicle of wasted time," for the glamour of Celtic romance, where the preposterous never fails to charm, the impossible is natural, and mystery is the world in which the reader moves without a question. The true spirit of romance, rare at best in the fiction of to-day, is sadly lacking in Mr. Barron's book, which in its execution is not without merit.

Love's Logic and Other Stories. By Anthony Hope. New York: The McClure Co.

No one who has read "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues" can resist the temptation to take up a book by Mr. Hawkins, in the hope that he may have matched or surpassed those earlier successes. Too often the result has been disappointment—as it is in this case. The volume is made up of short stories, good enough for magazines, but distinctly not worth publication in permanent form. "Love's Logic" is a scrap of very thin dialogue, wisely buried in the middle of the book. The four best tales are "Mrs. Thistleton's Princess," "The Necessary Resources," "Miss Gladwin's Chance," and "The Prince Consort"; the other eleven are easy to read, because they are short; and easier to forget, because they are without distinction. The book is carelessly proof-read and printed.

Letters of Dr. John Brown, with Letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and Others. Edited by His Son and D. W. Forrest, with biographical introductions by Elizabeth T. M'Laren. New York: The Macmillan Co.

> Almost every collection of Letters . . . should be weeded. A real service would be done to literature by any judicious man who would undertake the task of reconstructing the "Life and Correspondence" of some half-dozen of our eminent men and omitting what is redundant.

These words, from a letter from Sir Henry Taylor to Dr. Brown, were not, we regret to say, always present in the minds of the editors of this volume. The seventy-five pages of letters addressed to Dr. Brown are, on the whole, more interesting than his own output, because they have been more carefully selected. Many of Dr. Brown's letters are filled with detail that is of significance chiefly to the Edinburgh circle in which he moved; and the inclusion of this matter is entirely proper, for the book is primarily intended for the hundreds who knew him and loved him in his own home. But there is a good deal—brief and commonplace descriptions of travel and other odds and ends of routine—which can hardly appeal to any one outside the family. The American reader will lose interest unless he skips freely.

Of the letters from Dr. Brown's correspondents, those of Thackeray and Ruskin are the most entertaining. Our own Dr. Holmes and Mark Twain appear briefly but creditably, and Lady Trevelyan gives a memorable description of Turner in his "wonderful old house":

> On faded walls, hardly weather-tight, and among bits of old furniture thick with dust like a place that had been forsaken for years, were those brilliant pictures all glowing with sunshine and color—glittering lagunes of Venice, foaming English seas, and fairy sunsets—all shining out of the dirt and neglect, and standing in rows one behind another, as if they were endless, the great Carthage at one end of the room and the glorious old Téméraire lighting up another corner, and Turner himself careless and kind and queer to look upon, with a certain pathos under his humor, that we could hardly miss.

Thackeray is, as in his letters printed elsewhere, intimate and delightful, with many touches, however, of weariness and regret. He tells us that the "bore and humiliation of delivering these stale old lectures is growing intolerable." And again, of the vanishing pleasures of youth: "At 47 Venus may rise from the sea, and I for one should hardly put on my spectacles to have a look." Ruskin, on the other hand, shows his eager, reforming bent, and rails at the stupidity of a world which is indifferent to his proclamation of eternal truth: "The undintable caoutchouc of which most people's heads are made is too much for me." To Ruskin the political economists are the lowest of God's creatures. The tone of mind which produced "Ricardo's chapter on Rent and Adam Smith's eighth chapter on the wages of labor" Ruskin classes with "Cretinism, Cholera, and other inexplicabilities of human disease." In another letter this "so-called science" is the "most cretinous, speechless, paralysing plague that has yet touched the brains of mankind." This denunciation, Ruskin assures Dr. Brown, "is the cool, resolute result of ten years' thought and sight. I write it as coolly as I should a statement respecting the square of the hypotenuse."

In Dr. Brown's own letters some of the best, and at times most astonishing, passages contain his literary judgments. He read omnivorously. Among the poets he seems to have reckoned Wordsworth as his favorite, despite Wordsworth's lack of humor. Browning, too, was "a true and great poet, more of both than Tennyson is, by a great way." Of the novelists he liked Thackeray and Scott the most; and to the very end he seems always to have found in their books fresh pleasure. To Stevenson's first ventures in literature he extended a warm welcome, describing "Travels with a Donkey" as "true genius, a new liquor, fresh and aromatic." Of Dickens the novelist, also "a genius in the true sense," he was tolerant; but Dickens the man, with his "intense, adamantine egotism," repelled even Dr. Brown's charitable nature. Fielding he could enjoy, though he found "Tom Jones" "coarse and rough," but for George Eliot he had no sympathy. Half a dozen times he breaks out against "the somewhat disgusting praise of the naughty, strong-headed Mrs. George," "that taint of sensuality, or rather of sexuality, which was so offensive in 'The Mill on the Floss,'" and "that unexpected, gratuitous nastiness which makes you uncomfortable." In spite of Dr. Brown's affection for Ruskin, he admits that "his arrogance is more offensive than ever"; and in spite of an admiration for Matthew Arnold's "sinewy delightful style," he feels that "the great Matthew looks at the universe—and for that part at God—*through an eyeglass*, one eye shut, and a supreme air."

Among American authors, Dr. Brown places Lowell first, "with more of the light of common day, more naturalness in thought and word," than Tennyson and Browning, and "no want of depth or tenderness, with humor of the stronger and rarest flavor." "Whittier comes nearest him; Longfellow is a sort of male Mrs. Hemans." President Eliot he met at dinner in 1874, and found "a delightful man." From another letter, written in the same year, we take this sentence:

> I saw a sweet young widow of a nephew of Lowell, who (the nephew) was killed in the war, a very sweet, modest, and blooming (rare among them) woman.

But the chief attraction of the book, after all, is the picture we get of the author of "Rab and His Friends" and "Horæ Subsecivæ." Even the detail that seems superfluous may help to complete the portrait of one of the best beloved of English writers. His singular power of attaching to himself both men and animals is evident here as in his formal writings and his daily life. Bred a strict Calvinist, with a long line of clerical ancestors, he was nevertheless too kind and genial to "hold the doctrine of eternal punishments"; on that point he was "content to remain in doubt." But the outlines of his character are familiar to all our readers. We will simply quote from one of his earliest letters a sentence that shows how soon his generous nature began to take its own way toward perfection:

> What a blessing it is to be able to enjoy these innocent plain things—a bit of green earth, of the sky, a flower, a child's eye twinkling from under the long eyelashes, these are the common things which I would not give up for the treasures of silver and gold.

A Royal Tragedy. By Chedomille Mijatovich. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

The author of this volume, formerly Servian Minister at the Court of St. James and at Constantinople, was connected for more than thirty years with the Obrenovich dynasty, was private secretary to King Milan, and a Cabinet Minister under both Milan and Alexander. More than once he tried to dissuade first the father and later the son from the rash *coups d'état* that were the policy of both, and that mark the several steps in the decline of the Obrenoviches. But the dynasty was not to be saved by good advice; and a Greek would have seen in the two last kings of the house men plainly visited by the gods with the madness that hurries the victim to his violent end. They belonged to one of those families to which dreadful things happen. Only five Obrenoviches ruled over Servia, and all save the second owed their downfall to women. Milosh, the founder of the dynasty, who created the Servian Principality in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was exiled through his wife's resentment at his numerous infidelities. Michael III. was murdered in Belgrade in 1868, in the presence of the woman for whose sake he was about to divorce his wife. Milan's quarrels with Nathalie embittered the childhood of Alexander, and alienated the Servians from the dynasty; while his premature abdication is supposed to have been due to the persuasion of his mistress, Arthemise Christich, always suspected to have been a secret agent of Russia. How Draga Mashin wrecked the fortunes of the last Obrenovich is well known, though M. Mijatovich adds many details and unravels the thread of many an intrigue hitherto unknown to the general public.

M. Mijatovitch is a Russophobe, and belongs to the party that prefers the influence of Austria for a state that cannot hope to stand free of some form of protectorate. His book is an open attack on Russian perfidy. Milan, the Austrophil, had dared in 1882 to turn his back on Russia and make a convention with Austria-Hungary. From that date, according to Mijatovich, every foolish action of Milan or Alexander was secretly inspired by Russia working for the fall of the dynasty. We are to believe that the marriage with Draga which shocked even ex-King Milan, and alienated all patriotic Servians, was planned by Russia. But whatever the facts, the credulity of the reader will be taxed by the sweeping and sometimes unsupported assertions of the author. Take, for example, this statement:

> In 1897 the Russian minister to Bavaria, Mr. Isvolsky, came specially from Munich to Meran on some secret mission to King Alexander, and spent there several days in company of the young King and his mistress. I daresay, although I have no undoubted proof, that on that occasion Draga placed herself unreservedly at the disposal of the Russian government, to achieve the special objects of the Russian policy in Servia (p. 70).

At the critical moment when Alexander's friends were trying to dissuade him from his fatal marriage, the Czar not only sent his formal congratulations to the pair, but accepted the function of "Koom," or chief sponsor, for their wedding. Mijatovich goes so far as to assert that M. Tcharikoff, the Russian minister, at the time of the assassination of the King and Queen, "was actually at one of his windows, watching, no doubt in great agitation, the development of the tragedy of which he was confidentially informed three or four days before" (p. 203). "No doubt in great agitation" is hardly the stuff of which accurate history is made.

No one can read the story of Alexander and Draga as related here without profound pity for both. For the three miserable years of their reign they were always acutely conscious of their unpopularity, knew that they were the object of numerous plots against which they had no such protection as a Russian Czar can secure, and towards the last never dared to leave the palace. In those two last hours, when they hid in a secret closet listening to the shouts of the infuriated officers who were searching for them, they expiated all their follies. The details given here of their last moments are far more horrible than anything that was published in the newspapers. One is relieved to read in the manifesto of the Regicides, which is printed as an appendix, that the assassins themselves acknowledge that their methods were "very regrettable and perhaps shameful."

In his "Intentions," Oscar Wilde declares:

> Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy or creative vision of a great novelist. . . . A great artist invents a type and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in popular form, like an enterprising publisher.

What an example of this tendency is the tragedy related by Mijatovich! Every essential detail of the events that led up to the last act performed by Alexander and Draga was forestalled by Daudet in "Les Rois en Exil." One sometimes hears it said that Daudet's hero, Christian d'Illyrie, must have been drawn from ex-King Milan. Yet Daudet published his novel in 1879, when Alexander was only two years old, when Milan and Nathalie were still the popular rulers of Servia, before the days of their unseemly quarrels, and when there had been no hint of either exile or abdication. Ten years later, Milan, like Christian, under the influence of his mistress, abdicated in favor of "Sasha," as Alexander was always called, the silent, weak-sighted child of twelve, the counterpart of Daudet's little Count Zara. The scene of Milan's abdication as described by Mijatovich is an echo of Daudet's account, written ten years earlier, of the abdication of Christian. "Puis le baise-main commençait. Christian II. ouvrait la marche, et s'acquittant de cette chose difficile, l'hommage d'un père à son enfant, baisait le bout des doigts frêles." So (p. 29) Milan kneels to pronounce the oath of fidelity to his son.

Not the least interesting part of the book is the apologia of the Regicides, which gives the other side of the picture, the case of the adherents of the Karageorgevich dynasty and of the Russophils. Not that Mijatovich ignores the grievances of the Servians against the unconstitutional policy of the Obrenoviches, but a strong personal attachment to ex-King Milan colors all that he writes. There are some good full-page illustrations, from photographs, of the chief actors in the drama, and the whole is in a readable, though rather sensational, style.

The Egyptian Sudan: Its History and Monuments. By E. A. Wallis Budge, 2 vols. With numerous illustrations; pp. xxviii., 625; x., 618. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $10.

The indefatigable keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum has recently sent forth these two additional large volumes, the result of four missions undertaken for the British Museum between 1897 and 1902, and of a fifth on behalf of the new museum at Khartum, made in 1905-6. With the coöperation of the officials of the army of occupation and of the British government, Dr. Budge had everything to help him in his arduous task; and his volumes are a monument of research, both archæological and literary. He has ransacked the accounts of earlier explorations, and has summarized critically the results. The whole is concluded with a history of the country from the earliest records to 1906. On some accounts Dr. Budge might better have made two books instead of one in two volumes. Even three books might have been better still: one dealing with scientific results, one giving an account of his interesting experiences, and the third devoted to the history proper. The subjects thus indicated are quite distinct and appeal to different classes of readers. As it is, the volumes form a thesaurus, with a physical unity which is somewhat forced.

Little systematic exploration of the Sudan has been done in many years; for

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conditions are decidedly unfavorable, not only on account of the terrible climate with its intense heat and nightly cold, but more particularly on account of troubled political conditions. Hopes had been entertained that excavations would reveal much historical material, as has been the case in Egypt. But this hope seems unlikely of fulfilment. Funerary remains, so far as Dr. Budge's excavations prove anything, are almost entirely lacking. The bodies of the ruling classes seem to have been burned instead of being mummified, and the rich stores of amulets, gems, funerary furniture, etc., which have been found north of the first cataract, are wholly absent. Whether more careful exploration of town and cemetery sites, such as that practised by skilled and scientific explorers in the lower Nile valley, will bring its due reward, is doubtful; but one thing is sure, that such results can be attained only at great expense in money and at the cost of untold personal hardship and privation on the part of the explorers. Dr. Budge's work of site-exploration was far from exhaustive. Some places he examined simply by looking over the surface of the ground; some he excavated in small part or merely tested in promising spots. Apparently the simple expedient of recording conditions with the camera was not extensively adopted. The difficulties involved would doubtless be great, but in no other way can an adequate record be kept.

Dr. Budge's account of what he saw and heard is interesting and instructive; his summary of previous labors is valuable, and his history of the country is appreciative and full; but what he has to say about actual excavation and exploration is extremely meagre and disappointing. A bibliography of nearly sixty pages, and an index occupying upwards of forty pages, form valuable aids to one who would pursue the subject in detail.

The Life of Cavour. By Edward Cadogan. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Cadogan says in his preface:

> The chief difficulty that I experienced in the preparation of this work lay in the fact that, hitherto, but few authoritative books have been written, dealing with the Italian political history of this epoch, and what few Lives of Cavour have been published are either incomplete or inaccurate. This paucity of published material has proved a serious disadvantage.

First, as to the "paucity." There are eleven quarto volumes of Cavour's speeches; six large octavo volumes of his letters, edited by Chiala; two small quartos of his autobiographical notes and early life, by Berti; three volumes of letters, edited by Mayor, Bianchi, and Bert, respectively; the slender but precious sheaf of letters to Madame de Circourt; Castelli's recollections; William de La Rive's indispensable souvenirs; Chiala's "Politica Segreta"; Zanichelli's Selections in two volumes from Cavour's writings; Artom's biographical elucidation to the abridged edition of the speeches; and, though last not least, Massari's biography, which has much of the authority of an original source. This list, of books of first value only, numbers *thirty* volumes, aggregating about 15,000 pages; besides which there are several score of magazine articles and pamphlets which no biographer should overlook. And this is the man about whom Mr. Cadogan complains there is such a "paucity" of material.

A little reading of Mr. Cadogan's book discloses why he cries paucity; incredible though it seems in one who undertakes to write about Cavour, he apparently does not know Italian. Imagine an Italian, ignorant of English, who presumed to make a biography of Lincoln and complained of the "paucity" of material. It happens that Cavour spoke and wrote French as readily as Italian, and that previous French or English biographers have translated from some of his Italian speeches and letters so that Mr. Cadogan has access at second hand to some of the material, if he can read French. On this point we are not certain, because we find that he borrows (without credit) from the English translation of De La Rive (e. g., p. 45, which corresponds to pp. 104-5 of Romilly's paraphrase), instead of making his own version. Only once does he venture to quote an Italian phrase—Cavour's immortal "Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato," which he renders "A *liberal* Church in a *liberal* State" (p. 131). After that he was well-advised to borrow, and not to guess.

In Mazade and Countess Cesaresco he has excellent guides to the general interpretation of Cavour's career; but, in order to maintain the appearance of originality, he uses no footnotes to show where he has taken his inspiration or his very language. He mentions Mazade only once, towards the end of his book, so far as we have observed; and he credits Countess Cesaresco with only one small anecdote (p. 27). His frequent practice is to "lift" without acknowledgment, sometimes quoting to the extent of whole paragraphs and pages, and then again taking without troubling himself to use quotation marks. For instance, on p. 188, he uses word for word Countess Cesaresco's translation of Victor Emmanuel's instructions to Della Rocca, without giving her any credit, and merely changing "terms" to "words." and "notwithstanding" to "nevertheless." These changes indicate, we infer, the sensitiveness of his conscience.

But he does not restrict himself to the Countess's monograph. He goes back to Dicey's books, to Bent's "Garibaldi," to Jerrold's "Napoleon III.," and to some similar products of a bygone generation, which have, *mutatis mutandis*, about as much value as J. G. Holland's "Life of Lincoln." From the start, he leans heavily on Edward Dicey. Now when Cavour died in 1861, Mr. Dicey, with the facility of a young journalist, dashed off, in five weeks, a biography of him which never was nor can be an authority, although Mr. Cadogan evidently imagines that it is. And he frequently cribs Dicey's translations from the Italian, sometimes, *e. g.*, pp. 329, 330, 331, without acknowledgement.

Such being Mr. Cadogan's methods, we need not be surprised that the book itself lacks value. The main lines in Cavour's career may be learned from Mazade, Countess Cesaresco, and others, but we have a right now to expect something more than a skeleton. And at every point, an expert sees at a glance that Mr. Cadogan is unfamiliar with the latest, or the most authoritative, native material. To take an example, his description of the party groups in 1850 is wholly wrong; to make Cavour a member of the Left is as absurd as it would be to classify Arthur Balfour among the Laborites (p. 96). The number of smaller inaccuracies is literally legion. For example, Cavour was born August 10, not August 1, 1810 (p. 2). He did not resign from the army in 1832 (p. 17). His English friend's name was Brockedon, not Brokerden (p. 16). Rattazzi's (not Ratazzi) bill was carried in the Lower House by a majority of 80, not of 134; and it was the Bishop of Casale, not the Archbishop of Novara, who proposed the bishops' bribe (p. 135). Perhaps the most amusing blunder, however, is in supposing that Massimo d'Azeglio and his nephew Emmanuel (Piedmontese ambassador to London) were the same person. Imagine what the *Saturday Review* would say to a foreigner who rolled Lord John Russell and his nephew Odo into one! We have taken pains to expose this book because it is an example of a certain kind of false scholarship which ought to not be tolerated in English universities or by English critics.

The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: Luce & Co. $2 net.

Franz Overbeck und Friedrich Nietzsche; eine Freundschaft. Von Karl Albrecht Bernoulli. Vol I. Jena: Eugen Diederichs.

Nietzsche we must regard physically and psychologically as a man essentially unfit who exploded in impotent wrath against a world that was crushing him. He was a victim of fever. His philosophy shows the same relation to reality as a nightmare bears to the objects it distorts and magnifies. If, as is sometimes supposed, truth is struck out from the clashing together of vicious extremes, Nietzscheism may have a useful office to perform in opposing its inhuman individualism to the no less inhuman collectivism that dominates so many minds. For our part we cannot hold such a supposition, believing rather that the conflict of extremes begets only mutual exhaustion, and that real progress is the work of those who through all the noise of opposition keep their eye on the golden mean. However that be, Nietzscheism has on the Continent of Europe become one of the motive powers of society, and it is time the English-speaking people became better informed about the author of it. There is a place, therefore, for Mr. Mencken's book. His exposition of Nietzsche's philosophy is clear, simple, and orderly, quite free from the cobwebs of metaphysics, if he shows bad taste in the details of writing, this may be passed over as a mark of zeal in imitating his master. We can commend the exegesis, though we repudiate the conclusions.

Mr. Mencken, it may be suspected, is not a Grecian, as he certainly is wanting in French. He ought to have emphasized the fact that the superman is fundamentally contrary to the ideal of the Greek aristocrat. Nietzsche got his notion of the slave race and the master race in society from a supposed division of Greek civilization into the "apollonian impulse to conform and moralize and the dionysian impulse to exploit and explore." But the Greek did not look for advance to any such crude balance in society between these two tendencies of conservatism and radicalism. His aristocrat, on whom society was dependent for progress, as Pindar presented him in poetry and Plato in philosophy, was a man whose power rested essentially on self-control and a balance within himself of contrary faculties—the very opposite of the superman. The transference of this balance within the individual to a mechanical division in society of groups representing the extremes of temperament, and the belief that the same equilibrium will result, is one of the numerous errors springing to-day from a confusion of psychology and sociology. It is like a bad jest to suppose that, when the ruling caste has thrown off the sense of duty and responsibility, the slaves will retain these useful illusions and go on submissively performing the drudgery of the world.

The most unsatisfactory of Mr. Mencken's chapters is that on origins. It can only be due to ignorance outside of a narrow circle of reading that he does not once hint at the Roussellian sources of Nietzscheism. This is the more remarkable because even German critics are beginning to recognize that the romantic movement (of which Socialism and Nietzscheism are the two sociological poles) sprang almost full-grown from that teeming head. Rousseau based his philosophy on an absolute justification of the instincts. He regarded society as made up of a number of individuals each supremely egotistic. Harmony resulted not from discipline within the individual, but from a sympathy which allowed every other individual to develop himself without self-restraint. This combination of sympathy and egotism has in social theory split into two opposing schools—the socialists who make sympathy the rule of society and the Nietzscheans who preach pure egotism, extreme collectivism and extreme individualism. Health, it might seem scarcely necessary to observe, depends upon neither of these alone nor upon both together, balanced mechanically, but upon judgment and the rational discipline of the instincts within all.

The first volume of Professor Bernoulli's "Nietzsche" has just appeared and the second is promised for the near future. The work is embellished with a good portrait and has three appendices. The subtitle declares that it has been prepared *nach ungedruckten Dokumenten*. This work is perfectly independent in character, and has offended the devotees of the Nietzsche Cultus, which maintains an institution at Weimar with the philosopher's sister at its head, Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche, the author of the official biography of Nietzsche. Franz Overbeck, of Basel, was the lifelong friend of Nietzsche and the material here given makes the latter a little more human than the Weimar followers desire. Accordingly, through an enthusiastic follower of the philosopher, Peter Gast, the law has been appealed to in order to suppress this volume.

The American Government. By H. C. Gauss. New York: L. R. Hamersly & Co. $5.

This volume of 871 pages is designed, as its author states, for the admirable purpose of making Federal practice "less of a mystery to the millions who are at once the sovereigns of the respective States and of the Federal Nation." It goes, however, far beyond the ordinary manuals of civil government. We find here, for example, extensive lists of salaries in various branches of the government, the navigation regulations *in extenso*, an abstract of the pension laws, the boundaries of all the Congressional districts, a classification by ratings of all the vessels of the navy, a description of the uniforms and insignia worn in various branches of the service.

The fault of the book is that its policy in matters of detail is not at all uniform. The forest reserves, for instance, which are coming to be highly important features of the national administration, are treated in half a page, with not even a statement of their total area. There is no mention of the Naval Militia, with its 5,000 or more of enlisted men. The "permanent annual appropriations" of Congress, although they amount to nearly a hundred and fifty millions a year and are certainly as much a "mystery" to the outsider as any features of our legislative branch, have no mention at all. These are faults which a revision would easily remedy.

No one could browse among government records so much as Mr. Gauss evidently has done without coming upon many odd bits of information. The Weather Bureau official cipher is sampled on page 761. Allusion is made to such little known facts as the existence of a "California Débris Commission," created not to take charge of San Francisco after the earthquake, but to study the obstruction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. In general, the expository matter is clear and accurate, treating of actual practice rather than theory, as in such topics as "Senatorial Courtesy" and the Speaker's morning "levee," where members arrange in advance for "recognition" in the afternoon. The author confesses occasionally, like Dundreary, that there are "things no fellah can find out":

> It is a matter of nice, if not altogether material speculation, as to whether the intricacies of the military pay have brought about the need of a corps of specially trained experts for its adjustment or whether the specially trained experts have brought about the intricacies of military pay. . . . The effect has been to put it almost hopelessly beyond the power of the civilian mind to understand all that is comprehended within the term "army pay."

There are eighteen pages of very bad index. The briefest examination discloses a dozen or so of entries which do not correspond to the actual paging. "Military Academy" refers on to "United States Military Academy," that in turn to "Military Academy" or "War Department," the latter having no reference in point except to a "pay table of officers at the Military Academy."

Science.

The thanks not only of scientific men, but of navigators, and indeed of the general public, are due the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press for publishing the scientific papers of Prof. George H. Darwin. In Professor Darwin one finds no exception to the rule that great Englishmen of science are distinguished by ability to keep their feet on the ground. Though the majority of Darwin's papers are chiefly valuable as contributions to pure science, not a few, and especially such as deal with the theory of tides and other oceanic phenomena, have important bearings on the practice of navigation and therewith upon the material welfare of the entire world. The current of Professor Darwin's productivity, which began in 1875, has flowed steadily, with a single interruption (1893-5), through a period of more than thirty years. The resulting total of sixty-eight memoirs, chronological order being disregarded, falls readily into four groups, each of which will constitute a volume. The first, "Oceanic Tides" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), has just appeared. The second will comprise papers treating of tidal friction; the third, memoirs on figures of equilibrium of rotating liquid and on related topics; while the fourth, besides dealing with the theory of periodic orbits, will include articles on miscellaneous subjects. The fourteen memoirs of the volume in hand had their origin in "ideas initiated by Lord Kelvin," and it is accordingly the author's wish that this volume may be regarded as a tribute to that scientist. Owing partly to the mathematical methods of investigation and presentation and partly to the technical character of many of the topics, the work is, of course, in large part inaccessible to the general reader. But this is by no means true of the whole. For example, scientific literature will hardly afford the layman a better insight into the difficulties of scientific research or a better knowledge of the ingenuity and the moral qualities demanded of the investigator than is afforded by the thirteenth article, "On an Instrument for Detecting and Measuring Small Changes in the Direction of the Force of Gravity." Although the object—to detect and measure lunar disturbance—was not attained, it was found incidentally that the "earth's surface is in incessant movement, with oscillations of periods extending from a fraction of a second to a year." An attempt to measure the rigidity of the earth by a study of the tides of long period led to the conclusion, p. 346, that "whilst there is some evidence of a tidal yielding of the earth's mass, that yielding is certainly small and the effective rigidity is at least as great as that of steel." Of great practical importance to navigation is paper No. 7, "On Tidal Prediction," where tables are constructed and so explained as to adapt them to the mathematical capacity of an ordinary ship's captain.

The unscientific reader will find "Thomas Alva Edison: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," by Francis Arthur Jones (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), a readable book; for it gives a vivid picture of an interesting personality. The literary critic and the scientific man, however, will not regard it as a finished piece of work, since it reads too much like a series of newspaper articles, or contributions to ten-cent magazines. Nevertheless, it holds one's attention to its account of the rise of a telegraph operator to a leading position among American inventors. The author is always laudatory and is not restricted by a sense of proportion. Moreover, the scientific man, acquainted with Swan's work with the carbon filament, Scott's phonautograph, and the thaumatrope, is likely to regard Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp, the phonograph, and the biograph, as developments of old ideas rather than completely new creations; yet the picture of the inventor's remarkable powers of adaptation and extension of the work of others is a true one. Edison is entitled to the great credit of placing the Swan light in multiple, and the conception and execution of the plan of a central lighting station. He modified the phonautograph in an unsuspected way, making it practically a new invention, and he developed the duplex telegraph into the quadruplex. Mr. Jones leaves the impression that the Edison storage battery is a complete success, and that it promises to revolutionize methods of locomotion; yet there are many experts in storage battery work who are not convinced of this. The fecundity of Mr. Edison's mind is fully set forth. It can be said of his ideas that they have been as numerous as the eggs of a salmon, and he would probably confess that, as in the case of the fish, only a small percentage developed to full size. But what a size some of them reached! No one can be brought in contact with him without feeling that he has remarkable powers; not the least is his ability to inspire his workmen with enthusiasm, and to choose able assistants to help him as mathematicians, chemists, and electrical engineers. He has shown great executive ability in organizing an inventor's laboratory of which he has always been the leading mind. The scientific man may object to his empirical methods and lament the cost of such methods; but the results detailed in Mr. Jones's biography are immensely impressive.

The pamphlet of Dr. J. Bresler, *Oberarzt* in Silesia, entitled "Religionshygiene" (Halle: Carl Marhold), is an inquiry into the effects of religion and religious thought upon the body. The author is convinced that the teacher of religion and the physician should coöperate for the highest good of man. He devotes an interesting section of his work to an account of the "Physiognomy of Those Engaged in Prayer."

The Cambridge University Press has started a new magazine, *Parasitology: a Supplement to the Journal of Hygiene*, edited by Dr. G. H. F. Nuttall and A. E. Shipley.

The American Philosophical Society will hold a general meeting in Philadelphia April 23, 24, 25, at which papers will be read on "Art and Ethnology," by Edwin Swift Balch, Philadelphia; "Photographs of Daniel's Comet," Prof. E. E. Barnard, Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis.; "Mediæval German Sculpture in the Germanic Museum of Harvard University," Prof. Kuno Francke, Cambridge; "Goethe's Private Library as an Index of His Literary Interests," Prof. Waterman T. Hewett, Ithaca, N. Y.; "Recent Discoveries in the Pathology of Rabies," by Dr. Mazyck P. Ravenel, of Madison, Wis.; "Observations Regarding the Infliction of the Death Penalty by Electricity," Prof. E. A. Spitzka, Philadelphia; "Progress of Demarcation of the Boundary between Alaska and Canada," Prof. O. H. Tittmann, Washington; "Results of the American Museum Exploration in the Fayum Desert of Northern Egypt," Prof. Henry F. Osborn, New York.

The death is announced from Victoria of Dr. Alfred William Howitt, son of William and Mary Howitt. He had played an important rôle in the life of Australia, having led the search party for the Burke and Wells expedition, and filled various governmental offices. He was best known for his anthropological theories. Among his publications in that study are "Kamelaroi and Kurnai" and "The Native Tribes of Southeast Australia." The names of Mount Howitt and Lake Howitt in Central Australia are a memorial of his labors in that region.

Anton Edler von Braunmühl, professor of mathematics at the Technical Academy of Munich, has died in his fifty-fifth year. He has a number of mathematical works to his credit.

Drama.

The Malone Society will soon add two volumes to the four already published in its first year. One is a reprint of the 1605 quarto of the old "King Leir." The other will be a part of the society's "Collections," containing hitherto unknown dramatic fragments and the dramatic records preserved in the City "Remembrancia." In 1908 the society will issue five plays and another part of the "Collections."

Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet," edited by J. J. Munro, offers more opportunity for minute scholarship than Lodge's "Rosalynde" and Greene's "Pandosto," which have already appeared in this section of Duffield & Co.'s Shakespeare Library. Beginning with the fusion of what he calls an original "separation romance" and a "potion romance," Mr. Munro traces the sources of "Romeo and Juliet" from Masuccio Salernitano's "Cinquante Novelle" (1476), with as much clearness as can be expected in these tangled and often hypothetical questions, down to Brooke's poem of 1562, which is here edited and which was the immediate source of Shakespeare's play. In one of the appendices is shown the exact relation of Brooke to Boaistuau, whom he translated, and pretty strong evidence is added to prove that Brooke was influenced in a number of passages by Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde." Mr. Munro adds one point to our knowledge of Brooke's life—or, rather, death. In a letter from Henry Cobham to Challoner, dated May 14, 1563, printed in the "Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, 1563," there is mention of "little Brook," who was lost with Sir Thomas Finch going over to Havre. This is apparently our Arthur Brooke, who, as we already knew, was drowned about this time.

D'Annunzio, according to reports in European papers, has finished "Amaranta," a drama of modern passion, and the libretto of an opera entitled "The Rose of Cyprus." He is also putting the finishing strokes to a new version of "Nero." Besides these, he is sketching the plots of two other plays, "Tristan and Isolde" and "Numa Pompilius."

A. R. Waller's translation of the plays of Molière, begun seven years ago, has been issued in eight handsome volumes by John Grant, Edinburgh. From the first the new version commends itself as a notably useful performance. We find on parallel pages a reprint of the authoritative French text of Despois and Mesnard, and a close English prose rendering, which, with certain limitations to be noted, may be described at once as quite adequate. The parallel arrangement should serve a double purpose. The reader whose primary object is a knowledge of the contents of Molière, such as may be gained from any faithful version, cannot escape contact with the original. On the other hand, the reader who does not find the French of Molière particularly difficult might nevertheless be grateful for the ready assistance to be had in moments of stress. The same stress, in diminished degree, seems to have been felt even by the translator, for here and there we come across a gratuitous departure from the sense of the original when that meaning is not at all obscure. Such instances, however, are rare. Nearly all the time Mr. Waller's prose follows Molière's prose or verse with fidelity. Where the present version often fails is in occasional inability to reproduce the high drollery of Molière when he is most extravagant. In the "Femmes Savantes" and in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" certain comic passages are turned into English with a fine verve, which unexplainably breaks down into a rather heavy pace, satisfactory but not inspiring. In this matter of unevenness our translator is at one with his predecessor, Van Laun, whose version, in general, shows no marked superiority. We may quote as an example of effective rendering the passage in which Monsieur Jourdain welcomes Dorimène to his house. In the French he says:

> Madame, ce m'est une gloire bein grande de me voir assez fortuné pour être si heureux que d'avoir le bonheur que vous ayez eu la bonté de m'accorder la grace de me faire l'honneur de m'honorer de la votre presence.

This Mr. Waller translates:

> It is too great an honor for me, Madam, to be conscious of my being blessed by fortune in being so happy as to have the felicity of knowing that you have had the kindness to grant me the grace of doing me the honor of honoring me with the favor of your presence.

The volumes are printed on heavy paper and tastefully bound in red and brown linen. There are thirty-one etchings by Champollion after Louis Leloir.

Several French books on the drama have recently appeared. Eugène Lintilhac, onetime lecturer at the Sorbonne, and now a Senator of the French republic, publishes the third volume of his "Histoire générale du théâtre en France"; it is entirely taken up with comedy in the seventeenth century. A. Séché and Jules Bertaut, already known favorably for industrious investigation of nineteenth century documents, are joint authors of a useful book, "L'Évolution du théâtre contemporain." Émile Faguet, the Academician who succeeded Jules Lemaître and J. J. Weiss in the historically influential position of dramatic critic at the *Débats*, contributes the preface; and there is an index of the names cited. Henry Lyonnet devotes the first volume of his "Dictionnaire des comédiens français"—an octavo of 640 pages—to "those of yesterday"; biography, bibliography, and iconography including portraits, autographs, views, and scenes. Émile Leroux (Pierre Nahor), of the Comédie Française, in the guise of a novel, "Sous le masque," describes the entire life and trade of a French actor from his training at the State Conservatoire, through ups and downs of varying adventure and circumstance, to final recognition on the stage.

A. W. Pinero's new play has been put into rehearsal by George Alexander for production in London about Easter. The title selected for it is "The Thunderbolt," and the story deals with "an episode in the history of a provincial family." The cast will include Mr. Alexander himself, Louis Calvert, Norman Forbes, Wilfred Draycott, Julian Royce, Miss Mabel Hackney, Miss May Palfrey, and Miss Kate Bishop.

Rudolf Besier, author of "The Virgin Goddess," which was played by Oscar Asche at the London Adelphi, has translated Von Wildenbruch's "Maid of Rabenstein," a French version of which Bernhardt will produce in Paris before long. The story is mediæval, deals with the love of a noble youth for the daughter of an outlaw, and is reported to have some highly tragic moments.

Music.

Stars of the Opera. By Mabel Wagnalls. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.

The Story of Minstrelsy. By Edmondstoune Duncan. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons $1.25.

The growing attention to grand opera in this country is attested by the fact that some 250 performances were given in New York alone during the season closing this week, and by the breaking of ground for new opera houses in Philadelphia and Boston. To the vast majority of operagoers "The singer's the thing," and these singers, fortunately, can be heard, too, in places where there is no opera house. How widespread is the interest in opera-singers throughout the country, is shown by the fact that Sembrich, Nordica, Gadski, Calvé, and Schumann-Heink can make even more money giving concerts East and West than by retaining their positions at the Metropolitan or the Manhattan opera house. In preparing a volume on "Stars of the Opera" Mabel Wagnalls therefore made an appeal to a large circle of possible readers. Her book includes interviews with Sembrich, Eames, Calvé, Nordica, Lehmann, and Farrar. These interviews are all in good taste and authentic, each having been proof-read by the singer who gave it. In comparing the confessions of these famous artists, one is struck by two things: nearly all of them admit being nervous every time they go on the stage, and most of them preach the gospel of hard work. Sembrich says that she is now more nervous than she used to be because she knows better what perfection in art implies; she adds, "My whole life has been made up of hard work, always work." She thinks the task of an opera singer much more difficult than that of an actress, for in the drama it matters not if a word comes a moment sooner or later; but in grand opera a second's deviation might cause a disorder. Emma Eames says: "I am always nervous yet," and she has no time for social gayety. Nordica maintains that a vocalist who "only sings coloratura rôles and nothing but Italian" is not so great an artist as one who has mastered rôles of several schools in several languages. Her own progress has not been by leaps and bounds but "more tortoise-like." Lehmann, at the age of sixty, admitted to the author that she still practised and studied "more than ever."

The wandering minstrel who forms the subject of Mr. Duncan's book may be regarded as in a way the precursor of the opera singers of our time. He did not work so hard, but his emoluments were sometimes comparatively as great as the opera singer's. In the fourteenth century there were festivities in England at which each ministrel received from forty to sixty-five shillings at a time when a workingman got only a penny for a day's work; and in regard to the year 1430 Hearne wrote: "Observe that in those days they payed there mynstrells better than theyre priestés," which, as the author suggests, may have been one reason why the clergy were jealous of the minstrels and persecuted them. Mr. Duncan has collected a vast amount of curious information of this kind in his 337 pages. His style is rambling; he does not aim at framing a regular history, but like Ritson in his "Dissertation," links together "little fragments and slight notices" that may "serve to gratify a sympathetic curiosity."

Oscar Hammerstein triumphantly closed his second season at the Manhattan Opera House last Saturday. There were altogether 115 nights and afternoons of opera, on which, including double bills, 124 operas were sung, in a few cases in part only. Three of them—"Carmen," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and "Louise"—reached 11 performances each, and it is likely that "Pelléas et Mélisande" would have won the same distinction had it not been produced so late in the season. At the other end of the list are "Dinorah" and "Andrea Chenier," with only one performance. The total number of operas heard was 23, averaging a little over one a week. Verdi was in the lead, with 29 performances; Massenet came next with 12; Offenbach, Charpentier, and Bizet had 11 each; Leoncavallo had 9; Donizetti, 8; Debussy, 7; Ponchielli, Gounod, Mascagni, Giordano, 4 each; Ricci, Berlioz, Mozart, 3 each; Meyerbeer, 1. Heinrich Conried's last season at the Metropolitan comes to an end with this week. It embraced 20 weeks, during which 131 performances were given, 74 of works by Italians, while the German composers had 45, and the French only 11. Wagner leads, as always, with 30 performances (including the Nibelung cycle to be given this month). Verdi and Puccini had 23 each; Boito, 7; Rossini and Gounod, 6 each; Humperdinck, Thomas, Mascagni, 5 each; Mozart, Leoncavallo, 4 each; Flotow, Giordano, Beethoven, 3 each; Cilea, 2; Donizetti, 1.

The regular season at Covent Garden, London, will begin on April 30 and end July 30. The list of singers engaged includes Nellie Melba, Luisa Tetrazzini, Emmy Destinn, Ellen Gulbranson, Edyth Walker, Maria Gay, Louise Kirkby-Lunn, Mme. Rüsche-Endorf, Alessandro Bonci, Mario Sammarco, Heinrich Knote, Anton Scotti, Paul Knüpfer, Clarence Whitehill, Marcel Journet, John MacCormack, Anton Van Rooy, and the two German tenors, Jörn and Cornelius, who were very successful there last year. There will be three conductors, Hans Richter, Cleofonte Campanini, and Panizza.

One of the operatic novelties to be heard at the Metropolitan next season is D'Albert's "Tiefland," which is having a great success in German cities.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with the Chorale Finale to Schiller's "Ode to Joy," composed in 1822-23, the Benedictus from the great "Missa Solemnis" (1818-1822), and the slow movement from the String Quartet in F (Op. 135, composed 1826)—these three works form the fine progamme with which Walter Damrosch will close the Symphony Society's Beethoven Cycle at Carnegie Hall, on Sunday afternoon, April 5. The soloists will be Mmes. Jomelli and Lansing, Messrs. Mannes, Miller, and Cunningham. The chorus of the Oratorio Society will be reinforced by forty selected male singers trained by Alfred Hallam of Mt. Vernon.

Pianists will be interested in the new edition of Liszt's First Concerto just issued by Schlesinger in Berlin; for it is edited by Eugen d'Albert, who was a pupil of Liszt, and who has embodied in footnotes all the hints regarding this work which Liszt gave him and his other pupils in 1882. He corrects some serious errors, especially regarding details of tempo, that have gained currency.

Art.

VICTOR CARPACCIO.*

With Giotto, Botticelli, and Tintoretto, Victor Carpaccio has enlisted Ruskin's special pleading. None of these artists, I feel, deserved such advocacy more, or needed it less. There can have been no time when he was not admired. Contemporary poets sang his praises. The garrulous Boschini, writing about 1660, when grandiose baroque lorded it at Venice, declared Carpaccio to be "as it were the brother of Giambellino." More than a hundred years later Zanetti praised unreservedly his gentle fidelity to nature, and noted his technique as a model for genre painting to the generation of Luca Longhi. Ruskin undoubtedly did a real service in hectoring a generation of hasty tourists into visiting St. George of the Slavonians, but I am convinced that the England that loved Wilkie and was rapidly learning to love the young Millais, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones must have come round to Carpaccio of its own accord, for he commands in some ways the most durable quality of art, charm.

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*"The Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio," by Gustav Ludwig and Pompeo Molmenti, translated by Robert H. Hobart Cust (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), has a melancholy interest as the last work of that indefatigable investigator, the late Gustav Ludwig. It brings together in convenient form with abundant illustrations (more than 250) the scattered researches of the two authors, and contains a great amount of interesting information about the times of Carpaccio, and the confraternities for which he worked. The value of the book is chiefly antiquarian. The author's pet theory is that Sebastiano Lazzari was Carpaccio's first master. The attributions are generally of an uncritical sort. Many doubtful pictures are confidently ascribed to Lazzari and his so-called pupil, while the lists lack accredited works of each. In all matters critical the book should be checked by some more cautious authority. It is emphatically a contribution to history, not to connoisseurship. Mr. Cust has turned the Italian original, published two years ago, into fluent and idiomatic English. We note a number of disfiguring misprints, mostly in the captions of the plates, but none that are really misleading. Possibly the average reader should be warned that "Rosalba and Carriera," p. 53, are not two artists, but one. A serious defect is that there are no references in the text to the widely scatterd illustrations, and vice-versa.

In this regard no Venetian except Giorgione, who made charm merely one attribute of power, equals him. One would gladly discourse upon the mysterious attractiveness which makes a work of art, even though in no sense great, exempt from fluctuations of taste, assuring for it an apostolic succession of enthusiasts. One would like to determine the quality that, though not of its essence, gives to greatness itself a kind of buoyancy. To particularize, since a general discussion is out of the question, Correggio never has been and never can be out of fashion. Men may squabble about Jan van Eyck, but not over Memling. Raphael may be in or out of the mode, hardly Perugino, or Leonardo. Was there ever a time in the blackest dark ages when men did not admire Hellenic coins? Why does the Hermes of Praxiteles hang in millions of Western homes, where the power of Myron, the sublimity of Phidias, the god-like simplicity of the temple sculptors of Olympia are unfelt? If we could answer these questions, we might make short work of the criticism of Carpaccio. For his appreciation implies simply the analysis of his charm. In this endeavor we shall get little aid from the learned tome of Messrs. Ludwig and Molmenti, and less, perhaps, from the flights of Ruskin's eminently nonpictorial fancy. In the confidence that the region under survey is delightful we may the more lightheartedly go our own analytical gait.

From Zanetti we may get a first clue if an obvious one. In the oratory of St. Ursula he had noted the rapt attention the poor folk gave to the pictures, and their immediate understanding of the moment and sentiment of the story in each. And indeed, Carpaccio is the consummate illustrator of all his contemporaries. In no other painted stories are the people more genuinely intent about their business, more serenely oblivious of the spectator, less prone to pose in the interest of art. One feels the absence of all formulas, and this among the Venetians, conscious decorators from the first, is rare. Only Gentile Bellini seems to bring to his work the same innocence of the eye. Carpaccio, with a craftsman's intuitive sense of the means at his disposal, has apparently set himself simply to telling his story clearly, with every agreeable trait that his palette could bestow. Thus he stands apart from the surging main current of Venetian painting, near the pleasant by-water of the book illustrators. No painter is really so much akin to him as the nameless draughtsman who did the pictures for the "Hypnerotomachia" about the time Carpaccio was completing the St. Ursula Series. His patrons again suggest the especial character of his art. For the great Venetian churches he did next to nothing. The little people who composed the *scuole* (religious confraternities) were almost his sole clients, and of these the minor, exotic schools, as those of the Albanians and the Slavonians. I presume the altar piece for the Church of S. Giobbe, and the panel for the school of St. John the Evangelist were about the only commissions he had that were reckoned as first class.

This exceptional character of his work has given rise to various speculations as to his artistic origins. Messrs. Ludwig and Molmenti strive unconvincingly to prove that his senior, Sebastiano Lazzari, was his master. Now Victor Carpaccio is so much his own man that it seems of little importance who first taught him to grind colors. For that matter, his technical precedents are plain. In 1466, when Carpaccio could have been only a lad, Gentile Bellini painted two canvases for the famous school of S. Marco. They have not come down to us, but we are perfectly safe in assuming from the work of his pupils and his own later compositions that they were thinly painted, with tense contours and an especial and then novel regard for the placing of the figures and buildings in their true atmospheric relations. From that time on whoever painted a legend for a school perforce did it as much as possible in Gentile's way. Under this influence, let us beware of saying tuition, Carpaccio grew up, transforming the rigid formulas of Gentile into a manner all his own. Where Gentile is in a way epic, Carpaccio's story telling takes a lyrical color. Gentile, who surely is far the greater master, retains with all his sense of character something of the monotony and insensibility of the average mediæval *conte;* Carpaccio's story telling has the flexibility and variety of the Early Renaissance. Put any tale of Boccaccio's beside its hackneyed original and the same difference will be marked.

With Carpaccio set down provisionally as a most winning narrator we are still far from a definition of his charm. This merely brings him into a class with many other painters in many lands. It does not even distinguish his quality, say, from that of Benozzo Gozzoli, who is also an illustrator of the most engaging temper. The personal note of Carpaccio I find in a sort of delicate romanticism. His personages move often in real Venice (but in a Venice that is itself a fairyland), and more often still in a magic Orient glimpsed through the imperfect woodcuts in contemporary books of travel. Of course Carpaccio's Venice was less romantic to itself than it is to us after four hundred years. Yet we must not deny to the Venetians a capacity for appreciating their own picturesqueness. Their painting, their memoirs, too, show how fully conscious they were of their own pageantry. In fact the sense of contemporary romance is never wholly lost among naïve folk. Average London finds surely a daily glow in the spectacle of the Horse Guards; I have heard proletariat Paris cheer the Garde Républicaine as it proceeded to pelt the helms and corselets with stones and scrap-iron improvised from the street gratings. We need not doubt that Carpaccio's Venice found the dandies of the Calza Club, who move daintily through St. Ursula's story, hardly less odd and even more exquisite than we think them to-day. It is significant, too, that these transcripts from the high life of Venice were ordered not for patrician sanctuaries, but to edify the butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers who comprised the minor confraternities. It is among these people that the appeal of luxury and elegance is most strong. We may think of much of Carpaccio's work as affording a kind of sacred family story paper. Its popularity among the humble is the measure of the taste of Venice in her early prime.

Wherever we touch his work we shall find the ingredients of veritable romance. The Oriental piles in the series devoted to St. Stephen, St. Ursula, and St. George are evident attempts at local color many centuries before the phrase was coined. He had reconstructed after Reuwich's design a Jerusalem, concerning which he assured Frederick, Marquess of Mantua, "that in our days there is no other like it for excellence and complete perfection as well as for size." After Gentile Bellini he was the great Orientalist of his times, and in the fantastic exploitation of the theme one of the greatest of all times. Nor is his fancy less vivid when it moves in unplotted fields. Who can forget that grisly champaign, littered with mangled corpses, across which young St. George speeds intently, deftly placing the lance head in the dragon's very jaws? One remembers that steed with head coquettishly askance as if the impaling of a monster found him but half-breathed. The relish of stately incident in St. Ursula's legend, of adventure in St. George's, of bizarre incident in St. Jerome's—all these things mark Carpaccio as sealed of the romantic tribe. Nor is this glamour less strong in an apparently realistic subject, such as the Healing of a Demoniac, painted for the great School of St. John. These *ephebi* who swing gracefully to the oar over a canal as deeply blue as the Lake of Garda, these exquisites who halt curiously between cards and an assignation, these elders complacently waiting for the relic of the Holy Cross to work the accustomed miracle, all these might have been seen in Venice, but only one pair of eyes did see them with just this imaginative warmth. When I mark the contrast between the acolytes praying fervidly in the loggia, and the imposing dispassionate throng directly beneath, I am paradoxically reminded of certain thrilling operatic effects: for example, Aïda expiring melodiously, while the hieratic intonation proceeds unbrokenly above. In short with Carpaccio we are always finding that infusion of lyricism into incident which is of the very essence of romance.

His contemporaries thought him a realist, and in this he partly fooled them and partly not. True romanticism implies the wondering eye, and that is an extraordinarily fine instrument. I need hardly recall the remarkable bits of realism imbedded in Scott's novels to show that the two attitudes may be perfectly harmonious. One might say, indeed, that Scott could give a relative life to such imaginary portraits as his Louis XI. and Cromwell only because he could give absolute vitality to his real portraits, Dandie Dinmot or the squireens of "Rob Roy"; and it seems the defect of Hugo's romances that this saving reality is absent, sentimentality and grotesqueness taking the place of constructive imagination. Now Carpaccio's realm of faery never lacks this substratum of observation. Reassuringly real persons are everywhere — the eternally painstaking scribe in the canvas of the Ambassadors and that magnificent presentment of a Renaissance scholar in his oratory which is incidentally a St. Jerome; one might add the horse who tosses his head in an agony of fear as St. George hales the damaged dragon to the marketplace. In fact, there is hardly a canvas that does not illustrate in many traits the sure and placid notation of something seen. One imagines Carpaccio moving in Venice in a constant thrill of pictorial expectancy. It is the attitude of the little masters of Holland, some of whose technical triumphs he anticipates by a century and a half. His interiors, St. Ursula's bedroom, St. Jerome's study, are seen, with a justness otherwise unexampled in Italy, as cubes of light containing objects enveloped in light as a medium. For anything comparable either as vision or accomplishment we must look to Vermeer, de Hooghe, or Chardin.

But Carpaccio's realism again is of a highly individual sort, consisting in a swift, summary, and skilful notation of the thing seen, not in the painful elaboration of its particulars and palpable relief. This suggestiveness brings him near certain impressionists of to-day. Where he stands apart both from them and from his contemporaries is in the absence of merely technical preoccupation. There is little of the striver or experimentalist about him, in spite of his isolated position. When he had mollified the stern manner of Gentile Bellini, he had learned enough for his own purposes. Just once in the splendid Presentation he vied with Giambellino, but in general the reforms of that master, the revolution effected by Giorgione, the early triumphs of Titian, failed to move him from his placid course. Where they contributed to a great style which we call Venetian, he remained contented with a delightful manner all his own. In his drawings we may detect his inner self. Take the charming sketch at Chatsworth, depicting S. Lorenzo Giustiniani standing with his attendants before a bay enclosed by a distant promontory. The pen has moved tranquilly about the forms in a kind of reverie, hinting at the character, fixing the atmospheric planes, suggesting the radiance of sky and water, but with only the slightest regard for the plastic reality involved. It was a time when precisely the problem of conveying a sense of relief from a flat surface was a general and passionate preoccupation, and it would be hard to cite an artist of equal parts in whom this concern was so slight. Most of Carpaccio's drawings are a weaving of delightful patterns, a snaring of selected incident. Within a narrow range he was almost a great technician, but, dealing preferably with the stuff that dreams are made of, he rarely made the last sacrifice to material ways and means. Always lovable, he seems to me great just once—unless, indeed, the Virgin of the Doge Giovanni Mocenigo in the National Gallery be his. Of that enigmatic masterpiece I still feel that the old attribution is the more tenable, but if it be Carpaccio's, it must be regarded as a conscious and successful adventure in the style of Gentile Bellini, a divagation for which we have already found a parallel in the altarpiece for S. Giobbe. Contentious issues apart, Carpaccio is surely great in that extraordinary vision, The Two Courtesans, in the Correr Gallery. I suppose he may have intended some obvious symbolism in the peacock, the jackdaw, the dogs, which play joylessly, but if there were nothing but the figures, the apparition would not be less overwhelming. There they sit eternally waiting for the undesired smile of the wayfarer. Gorgeous they are, even beautiful, as their white shoulders and soft hands shimmer outside the stiff brocades—beautiful, yes, but with the hard and unhallowed fairness of enamelled blossoms that lie in a goldsmith's window and are sold for a price. The nearer face has the sly animalism of the adept, the younger profile, beside which on the parapet the artist has cruelly set an apple and two downy doves, reveals through its formal exquisiteness the tension born of sated and simulated passions. And both these queens of sordid tragedy are thrust out into a sunlight, kind even to them, but unperceived. A more startling, a more weirdly beautiful vision I hardly know in the whole range of painting. Velasquez might have seen the same thing as pitilessly, Manet might have created a pendant composition, or Degas. It is more real than reality. Last summer I saw such a mask peering over a balcony at Padua—eyes, headdress, facial muscles all composed of some weathered glaze, the furtive unseeing stare of emotional death in life—a veritable symbol of forespent desire. It was such an apparition as comes frequently to the artist, I take it, but rarely to us who follow him from afar. Where had I seen it all before? Why, of course, in Carpaccio's masterpiece at the Correr.

To many this canvas is the index of a greatness that might have been his. Such moments of clairvoyancy could not have been rare with him, but too often some alien dream of romance overlapped them. We were ingrates to belittle the gift he brings, so simple, so refreshing, so immediate in its appeal to the need of romance in us; we shall be something less than critical unless we admit that we have this resource at the sacrifice of something after all much greater. M.

The present revival of interest in the art of William Blake brings out a thin book by Elizabeth Luther Cary (Moffat, Yard & Co.), rather profusely illustrated. There is not much danger of Blake's ever becoming a popular artist—his true qualities are not of a popular kind—and therefore Miss Cary's enthusiasm can do little harm. It would be well, however, if some entirely competent person should take the pains to write a really discriminating essay on that strange genius, who is occasionally great and often childish. It has not yet been done. Particularly welcome, in this volume, are the reproductions, from a manuscript sketch-book, of some of Blake's first sketches, sometimes in conjunction with the completed designs.

A very different artist, who is also enjoying a revived vogue at this time, is George Morland. One grows somewhat tired of biographies of him, and there seems no particular need for that by Sir Walter Gilbey and E. W. Cuming (The Macmillan Co.), except as a vehicle for the illustrations in color of which these publishers make a specialty. The subject was ill-chosen for the purpose. Morland's warm brown tone, however agreeable in the original oil paintings, does not harmonize with white paper and printer's ink, and as colored book illustrations the plates are singularly ineffective, not to say unpleasant. The quality of art in them we must think somewhat thin, and we cannot believe the present valuation of Morland's works other than temporary.

G. Maspéro has contributed to the Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts a handy book of Egyptian archæology. The companion volume on Greek archæology is by Max Collignon, the historian of Greek sculpture.

Owing to the continued interest in the exhibition of the works of Augustus Saint-Gaudens at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the time for closing the exhibit has been postponed until May 1.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Eduard J. Steichen, Eugene Glaenzer & Co.'s till April 9; early Dutch and Flemish paintings, Ehrich's, April 10; modern Dutch and Barbizon paintings, Theodore C. Noé's, April 10.

At Christie's, London, March 14, the following pictures from the collection of William Connal were sold: Drawings: Sir E. Burne-Jones, The Bath of Venus, £588; The Wheel of Fortune, £262. Paintings: Sir E. Burne-Jones, A Wood-Nymph, £1,186; The Heart of the Rose, £525; The Pilgrim at the Gate of Idleness, £283; Albert Moore, Midsummer, £1,050; An Idyll, £378; Yellow Marguerites, £262; White Hydrangeas, £262; J. F. Watts, Orpheus and Eurydice, £336; Artemis, £252; D. G. Rossetti, Mnemosyne, £262.

The Prix Lemaire has been awarded to M. Barbeerin, a pupil of Professor Injalbert. The second Prix went to Mr. Bourget, pupil of Professor Mercié, and the third to M. Lejeune, another pupil of Injalbert. These honors are much coveted by the young sculptors of Paris.

The death in his sixty-fifth year is announced of Prof. Julius Lessing, director of the Museum of Industrial Art in Berlin. Among his works may be named "Altorientalische Teppichmuster," "Renaissance im heutigen Kunstgewerbe," "Muster altdeutscher Leinenstickerei," "Silberarbeiten des Anton Eisenhoit," "Kunstgewerbe als Beruf," and "Holzschnitzerei des 15 und 16 Jahrhunderts."

Finance.

CHEAP MONEY AND THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

On Monday of this week the rate for demand loans in Wall Street went to 1 per cent. This, with the exception of one or two midsummer days in 1907, was the lowest rate since the twelvemonth following the setback of 1903. On Monday also, the rate for short-time loans in London declined to 2½ per cent., the lowest figure touched there since the middle of 1904. Our own rate for loans on two or three months' time have simultaneously declined to 3 and 3¼ per cent., the lowest level since the period immediately after the troubles of 1903, and 9 per cent. under the rate at the end of 1907.

On the Stock Exchange, where a rapid advance in prices had been in progress last week, this cheapness of money was assigned as a ground for expecting further recovery, both in financial values and in general trade. For, it was argued, the scarcity of loanable capital, with the resultant rates of from 10 to 125 per cent. for demand loans, and of 6 per cent. with a high commission for time money and merchants' borrowing, was the thing which paralyzed credit in 1907, and brought about the collapse. With loans now offered freely and at abnormally low rates, borrowers can, it was declared, be readily accommodated and the movement of industry proceed as before.

In cases of this kind light may be had by examining previous periods in which conditions have been similar. There are two notable instances. The so-called "rich men's panic" of 1903 was accompanied by great shrinkage of values, liquidation of debt, and curtailment of industrial activity. Actual cash, released from channels of active trade, poured back into bank reserves. By August, 1904, cash holdings of the New York banks were larger by $111,000,000 than they had been a year before. The surplus over the required 25 per cent. ratio of reserves to deposits rose to $58,613,000, which was $37,000,000 above the same date in 1903. Along with this, rates for demand loans or "call money" went as low as ½ of 1 per cent. per annum, and sixty-day loans as low as 1¾ per cent. per annum. The upshot was that large financial and industrial interests borrowed heavily at these inviting rates. Loans of the New York Associated Banks increased $109,000,000 in the eighteen weeks from June to October, and in the autumn a vigorous forward movement was under way, both on the Stock Exchange and in industry at large. Prosperity and trade activity seemed to have followed swiftly on the track of the low money rates.

The other precedent is that of 1894. We had passed through the formidable panic of 1893—a convulsion which, like that of 1907, was far more serious than that of 1903. The sequel, as regards the rate for money and surplus bank reserves was, however, exactly the same as in 1904. Demand loans at New York went below 1 per cent. at the very opening of 1894, and in eleven weeks of the year were quoted as low as ½ of 1 per cent. During the greater part of the twelvemonth, loans for one and two months went at 1 to 1½ per cent.—that is to say, money was cheaper even than in 1904. In February, cash holdings of the New York banks were $109,000,000 above the same date in 1893, and the surplus reserve, $111,623,000, was the largest ever reported, before or since. The cause of these phenomena of 1894 was the same as ten years later—widespread liquidation of debt and trade reaction. But succeeding events were by no means the same as in 1904. The year drew to a close with business and industry steadily slackening. Liquidation continued, trade depression became profound and general, and, except for the brief and premature revival of 1895, the dull times prevailed until well into 1897.

Why should this outcome in 1894 have differed so diametrically from that of 1904, and which period is the fairer precedent for 1908? The answer must be sought in underlying conditions. Money rates may be low for one or both of two distinct reasons. They may decline merely because the supply of reserve money and of loanable capital has increased; this was true both of 1894 and 1904. But they may also decline because financiers who buy stocks on borrowed money, and merchants who conduct their trade on borrowed money, have suddenly decided to limit their operations and reduce their borrowings; in other words, because demand is curtailed. Now this factor also was in operation during 1904 and 1894, but in a different way on the two occasions. Merchants and financiers who held off in 1904, presently discovered that they and the community at large were more frightened than hurt. Real prosperity had scarcely been checked; consumption went on as usual, the setback of 1903 soon appeared to be a transient affair.

No such happy discovery was made in 1894. The panic of the preceding year had disclosed a very weak condition of credit. Failures were numerous and disastrous in almost every branch of commerce; workmen were discharged in great numbers; and both in national finances and in agriculture, things went wrong. In other words, there was not the same basis as in 1904, on which to rebuild; and if there had been, the resources of merchants, manufacturers, and financiers, were too heavily impaired to admit of their borrowing freely. For it must always be remembered that however large may be the surplus reserve in bank, borrowing power must be based directly on possession of sufficient credit, and indirectly on opportunity for profitable use of the borrowed capital. Such borrowing power developed very quickly in 1904; it did not in 1894.

It is, therefore, the actual injury done to finance and industry by the panic of 1907 and by the conditions that caused it, which will determine the ultimate effect of the present low rates for money. This question has already been discussed in this column. Consensus of the best financial judgment at the present time is that conditions are more favorable than in 1894 and less so than in 1904. The absolute test will doubtless have been applied by early autumn.

* * *

A. Viallate, professor at the École des Sciences Politiques, publishes a work of timely moment, "L'Industrie américaine." Timely also are the determined attack and not less exact defence of the great French credit banks, which have at their disposition the major portion of the liquid fortune of France, and, consequently, a preponderant influence in international finance. The attack is signed "Lysis"; the author maintains that French gold is scattered abroad among foreigners, and not applied to necessary uses at home; the defence, understood to come directly from the Crédit Lyonnais, is signed "Testis." The two books give important flashes into what is darkness visible to many an accomplished student of international economy.

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Bowen, Edwin W. Makers of American Literature. Neale Publishing Co.

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Chapman, Sydney J. Work and Wages. Longmans.

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Dark Ages and Other Poems. Longmans.

Douglass, John Jordan. The Girdle of the Great. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.

Drummond, W. B. An Introduction to Child-study. London: Edward Arnold.

Factory Inspection, Twenty-first Annual Report on. Albany.

Farman, Elbert E. Egypt and Its Betrayal. Grafton Press. $2.50 net.

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Hope, Anthony. Love's Logic. McClure Co.

Houllevigue, L. L'Évolution des Sciences. Paris: Armand Colin.

Jebb, Camilla. A Star of the Salons, Julie de Lespinasse. Putnam's.

Knuth, Paul. Handbook of Flower Pollination. Translated by J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Henry Frowde.

Lewis, Arthur M. Evolution, Social and Organic. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

Luther, Martin, The Letters of. Selected and translated by Margaret A. Currie. Macmillan. $3.75 net.

Manners, Robert. Cuba and Other Verse. Toronto: William Briggs.

Marks, Jeannette. English Pastoral Drama. London: Methuen & Co.

Nietzsche, Friedrich. Human, All too Human. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

North, Arthur Walbridge. The Mother of California. Paul Elder.

Parrish, Randall. Prisoners of Chance. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50.

Paternoster, G. Sidney. The Master Criminal. Cupples & Leon Co. 75 cts.

Powell, Frances. Old Mr. Davenant's Money. Scribners. $1.50.

Programme of Modernism. Translated by Rev. Father George Tyrrell. Putnam's. $1.50 net.

Ramsay, Sir James H. The Dawn of the Constitution. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

Rand, Amy Carol. The Commuter's Garden Record. H. M. Caldwell Co.

Robinson, John Beverley. Architectural Composition. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.

Schaefer, F. W. Oscar und Adolf.—Diana's Diary. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cts. each.

Schmid, Christoph von. Easter Eggs. London: George Bell & Sons.

Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. Duffield. $1.

Smith, Vincent A. The Early History of India. Henry Frowde. $4.75.

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Snedden, David S., and William H. Allen. School Reports and School Efficiency. Macmillan.

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Watts, Mary S. The Tenants. McClure Co.

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Wisconsin State Historical Society, Proceedings of the. Madison: Published by the Society.

York, Wealthy Ann. Some Adventures of Two Vagabonds. Broadway Publishing Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908.

The Week.

Gov. Hughes continues to be the most impracticable of Presidential candidates. He has definitely refused to name his own delegates at large from New York. If the proposal that he should name them was spread before him as a snare he has avoided it; if as an invitation to set up as a boss, he has spurned it. Let the Convention and the party in general attend to their duties, and he will attend to his. This is magnificent, but it is not politics, so many people say with a groan. Why won't the Governor get out and hustle for the nomination? Why won't he forever be flinging himself at the heads of the voters? This is like asking why he does not make himself over. There he stands, the sort of man God made him, and he can be no other. If the country wants him, he will respond; if not, no sign of disappointment or discontent will escape him. There is no doubt how he will stand the test. But it must not be forgotten that a test of his party also is involved. It will have to show whether it has been so sensationalized in recent years that it cannot appreciate the virile qualities of a strong and undemonstrative man; whether it has become so enslaved that it is no longer free to choose him even if it so desires.

Some weeks ago the Chicago *Inter Ocean* pointed to the likelihood that there would be one "rotten-spot" in the Republican National Convention. It meant the delegations from the Southern States. Since that time, the signs of difficulty on this score have been almost daily thickening. We have had the State Conventions in Florida and in Tennessee, both marked by disgraceful rioting, in which the police had to intervene, and both resulting in contesting delegations. And preparations are openly made in other Southern States to split the Republican party, already small to the point of disappearing, into two minute and quarrelling factions. In Alabama two rival State Conventions are to be held. The same plan is announced for Georgia. In Texas "the recognized faction" (meaning the Federal machine) is to have its State Convention on May 26; the other on a date not yet fixed. Numberless district conventions are in a similar condition of angry schism. The hard task of wrestling with these torn and dissevered factions will be pressed, first of all, upon the National Committee. Its function is to pass, *prima facie*, upon all contests, and to decide which set of credentials shall be held to entitle to a seat. The Convention itself may later reverse the Committee, but it is obviously an enormous advantage to have its preliminary endorsement. Hence the quiet but keen contest now going on for the "control" of the National Committee. The Taft partisans confess that they did not have it last December, but boast that they have since acquired it. Yet the "allies"—as the anti-Taft managers are called—deny this, and assert that they retain their majority. Whatever the fact, it is evident that the high stakes are being played for desperately; and that, given the antecedents and dubious standing of certain of the committeemen, especially from the South, there will be virulent charges of foul play, no matter which side secures the control.

Hisses and catcalls at every mention of Mr. Bryan's name in the People's Party convention at St. Louis are not such surprising manifestations of sentiment, when one considers the real reasons which the Populists have for maintaining a separate organization. If Bryan were consistently and continuously "good enough" for the Populists, as one wing of the party asserted, the party needs no policy save the precautionary one of waiting to make sure that the Democrats nominate him at Denver. But the alliance made with the Democrats in two campaigns cannot to-day bring up altogether pleasant retrospections. The People's Party made such a start as no other minor party in our history. The first time it nominated candidates at all, in 1892, they received 22 electoral votes and a popular vote of 1,040,886. Then came the fusion. The regular Democratic vote for Bryan and Sewall was only 800,000 behind that of McKinley and Hobart. A million Populists added would have carried the day, but the Bryan and Watson ticket polled only a beggarly 222,583. The middle-of-the-road men were wise to put their own ticket in the field in 1900, for though Barker had only 50,373 supporters, the Roosevelt "wave" in 1904 did not prevent the casting of 117,183 votes for Watson. The first Populist convention met, as it said, "in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political, and material ruin." That was the year before a panic. This is the year after a panic. Populism is a creed for hard times, and if it ever expects to hold up its head, this should be a fitting moment. Existing industrial conditions can be described in language as pungent as that which the Populists employed sixteen years ago. Whether it will harrow the feelings as much, is another question. If it is a common place that ideas once thought dangerously radical are now feared by nobody, it is equally true that strong language in respect to problems of state has largely lost its power to startle. Generally speaking, no third party can make a successful canvass on platitudes, for the platitudes are always appropriated by the older and bigger organizations. In losing the power to astound people, the Populists have lost their best weapon. They shouted in 1892 that "the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than fifty dollars per capita." It was then $23.42 per capita. The Treasury, with something like humor, chose the day of the Populist Convention of 1908 to announce that the amount has already risen to $33.91.

The originality of the tariff letter from Vice-President Fairbanks read at the Indiana Convention lies in the time which he deems appropriate for revision. We have heard from Democrats who want the Dingley law modified without delay, Republicans who want it modified by the next Congress in 1909, and Republicans who do not want it modified at all. None of these proposals satisfies Mr. Fairbanks. He would have the change made by the present Congress in the interval between election day and the regular meeting in December. There are two arguments for this course. First, it is perfectly certain that the Republican party, controlling the President, Senate, and House, can do anything it pleases with the government at present, while there is no telling how the government may be constituted after March 1. Second, it is desirable not to protract unnecessarily the unsettling process of revising the tariff. Since the short session of Congress, lasting from December to March, is generally regarded as barely long enough to pass the appropriation bills, and the election takes place this year just twenty-nine days before the beginning of the regular session, that is the period which Mr. Fairbanks thinks sufficient to discuss and settle "scientifically" thousands of items! Better go over at once to Leslie M. Shaw's theory that if a revision could be accomplished overnight and without discussion it would hurt business less than one conducted with care and deliberation.

Speaker Cannon, like another "Joe," is "devilish sly." His resolutions the other day calling upon the Administration to explain why it has not prosecuted the Paper Trust, cut both ways. They are the reply of Mr. Cannon to the wicked charge that the tariff ever raises prices to the consumer; and, at the same time, look rather hard in the direction of the great enforcer of the Anti-Trust act—except when he chooses not to enforce it. The Speaker remains of his old innocent opinion that the tariff can harm nobody—except, possibly, by not making the duties high enough; but a monopoly may be oppressive, he admits, and so he wants to know what action, "if any," the Department of Justice has taken against the particular Trust that grinds the faces of the poor newspapers. If there are stand-patters in the matter of prosecutions of corporate criminals, Speaker Cannon is evidently willing to compel them to stand up and be compared with tariff stand-patters. But we imagine that, while the two sets are angrily glaring at each other, nothing will be done.

When Mr. Roosevelt first became President the late Admiral Taylor is reported to have said: "Let's take our licking from the press, and admit our mistakes and begin all over again." But nothing was done. Criticism came from the sea-going officers and passed from bureau to bureau with the official "contents noted." Secretaries came and went, Moody, Morton, Bonaparte—all men of ability in their own line, but knowing nothing about the navy. They were told of existing conditions, but they were in the hands of the bureaus. Mr. Metcalf completed the succession of what the navy calls the "rubber stamps," but he sat tight and again did nothing. Now the inefficiency of our naval construction has come to light, and reaches the public as a great shock. People had been led to believe that our navy was inferior to none, but the letter of Admiral Evans has opened their eyes. The inference against the capacity of our naval constructors is very damaging. Sir William White was made to resign as chief constructor of the British navy for much more venial faults than are now fastened upon our responsible officers. On the other hand, the names of Sims, Goodrich, McCalla, Hill, Key, and Vogelgesang will go down in the annals of our navy as the bold champions of the truth. The country should be proud to possess officers who for years have been risking their all for the sake of the betterment of the navy. They have and deserve the thanks of the entire nation, as the people now know that they have been right. Their private protests to the Department, and their open testimony before a hostile Senate committee, have been a public service. The only question remaining is how long the President will wait before pressing for the needed thoroughgoing reform.

The result of the vote in the Committee on Military Affairs on Senator Warner's bill for the reinstatement of the negro soldiers shows, in the first place, that Senator Foraker persists in hating his enemies, and, in the second place, that the President has found out the precarious nature of that historic reed known as Democratic support. By a vote of eight to four the committee decided to report adversely a measure which would have allowed every member of the Brownsville regiment to secure reinstatement in the army, on proving his individual innocence. The President was behind the bill, but the Democratic Senators who went with Mr. Roosevelt, the rigorous defender of discipline against a negro regiment, refused to join forces with Mr. Roosevelt, the exponent of a policy of justice done, though the heavens fall, to a negro regiment. The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent gropes painfully, and somewhat innocently, after Senator Foraker's motives. Was he "prompted to deprive the negro soldiers of that measure of justice asked for them by the President by anger because his own bill had been rejected"? Or was Senator Foraker afraid that his own contentions as to the responsibility for the Brownsville affair would be disproved by such testimony as would be taken in the individual examinations under the Warner bill? It may be that neither reason weighed so heavily with the Senator from Ohio as the desire to prevent the President from escaping the odium of his Brownsville thunderbolt.

Baltimore is the first city to follow New York in offering an exhibition of sculpture pure and simple. The armory of the Fifth Regiment in that city has been turned into a flower garden, where monuments rise among copses and trees. It is lucky for Baltimoreans that Maryland is not so fastidious as New York regarding the use of armories When the National Sculpture Society looked about this city for a place to exhibit in, the armories proved the only convenient and effective halls, but they had been made legally unavailable. Unless New York is provided with a building fitted for such combination shows of architecture, sculpture, and landscape gardening, we shall have the singular spectacle of the citizens of a city too indifferent to the arts to furnish a showplace for the artists who would come there in the hope of fame from all parts of the world. Meantime, the German Emperor has "cast his come-hether' over Manhattan, and set out to compliment the city by offering a complete, well-equipped sculpture show by German artists. Last autumn Herr Eberlein made a preliminary dash, a short reconnaissance, on his own account, and left to the Metropolitan Museum a bust as pledge of his esteem. Now, direct from his art-loving Majesty, comes Herr Schott, another sculptor whose renown is great on the banks of the Spree, with proposals for the use of the sculpture hall at the Metropolitan for a combined exhibit of German architecture and sculpture. No one who has observed the energy and persistence of the Emperor in making Berlin the paradise of sculptors will doubt for a moment that we shall have the best of German sculpture, so far as the Kaiser's virtuosity goes. Undoubtedly, the exhibition will reflect his own ideals, which are not those of all Germans. Politically speaking, it would please the Emperor better to hold an art exhibition in Paris, where they defend themselves rather savagely from his advances; but he can console himself that in New York there is a likelihood that his embattled sculptors will find clients, while France remains inclined to patronize native talent.

From the fact that the New York Methodist Conference has passed a resolution calling upon the General Conference to amend the Book of Discipline so as to lift the ban from certain amusements, it would not be safe to infer that the thing will be done. The historic position of the Methodist Church in condemning cards, dancing, and the theatre is not likely to be given up yet. Pastors of metropolitan churches may think a change advisable for the comfort of their congregations, but the great body of ministers, away from the large cities, would probably be still against any letting down of the standards. Of course, it is notorious that thousands of Methodists openly violate the Book of Discipline in the matter of amusements. That eminent Methodist, William McKinley, went to the theatre occasionally. Some other churches, the Presbyterian for example, are no better off on the score of the consistency of their members. It is, however, a sign of the times when even one prominent Methodist Conference resolves in favor of repealing a church prohibition which no longer prohibits, and of making new rules which will come somewhere near squaring with practice. One of the clergymen who voted for the resolution explains that there was no desire actively to countenance worldly amusements, but only to leave them to "the conscience of the individual."

That athletics, whatever else they do, favor physical development, would appear to be a truth so obvious as to require no more demonstration than the fact that they help make Presidents popular and magazine heroes attractive. Not so obvious are the figures which Dr. F. J. Born, the medical director of the Yale gymnasium, brings forward to enforce the point. He takes his average student and his football, crew, or track team man and compares their lung capacities in the following table:

		Av. student.	Difference.
Crew	326 cu. in.	240 cu. in.	86 cu. in.
Football team	315 cu. in.	240 cu. in.	75 cu. in.
Track team...	290 cu. in.	240 cu. in.	50 cu. in.

To this the scoffer might reply that the table shows only what every one knows, that the athletes are in the nature of the case above the average in strength and lung capacity. What was the athlete's lung capacity before he went into serious athletics—that is the question; and in answer to that we get the following comparison between the 'varsity and freshman football teams for 1907:

	'Varsity.	Average student.	Freshman.
Height	70.3 in.	67.8 in.	69.2 in.
Weight	183.4 lbs.	137.0 lbs.	185.3 lbs.
Breadth of shoulders	17.5 in.	16.1 in.	17.1 in.
Girth of neck......	15.5 in.	13.9 in.	15.2 in.
Girth of chest (normal)	39.8 in.	34.4 in.	39.3 in.
Girth of chest (inflated)	41.7 in.	36.0 in.	41.0 in.
Girth of waist......	33.4 in.	28.0 in.	32.2 in.
Girth of right biceps	14.2 in.	11.6 in.	13.3 in.
Girth of right forearm	11.6 in.	10.4 in.	11.3 in.
Girth of right thigh.	23.8 in.	20.3 in.	23.5 in.
Girth of right calf.	15.0 in.	13.9 in.	14.9 in.

Whatever else this table was intended to show, it brings out this fact: that between the members of the freshman teams and of the 'varsity team there is very slight difference. It logically follows that four years of college athletics —do what?

After having adopted an abstract "vow" in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, the House of Commons on the next day passed the first reading of the bill to found two new Irish universities, one at Belfast and the other in Dublin. This has long been a cherished project with Mr. Balfour, though he never could bring his own party to agree to it. He manfully stood up to approve this Liberal measure, however, and his speech in favor of it brought him thanks from the Nationalists. As this support by the leader of the Opposition makes the bill non-contentious politically, there is good reason to hope that it may be enacted into law at this session of Parliament. The details of the measure are necessarily intricate; existing institutions have to be coördinated and the right of control carefully specified. But any large plan of improving and dignifying university education in Ireland would meet a long-cherished aspiration.

Sir Edward Grey's proposals for the erection of Macedonia into a practically autonomous province under a governor appointed by the Sultan, but with the consent of the Powers, has failed to meet with ready acceptance anywhere on the Continent. This was to be expected. Still less hearty a welcome will be given the plan brought forward by the Greek Premier, M. Theotokis. This calls for the division of Macedonia into definite zones of influence, Bulgarian, Servian, or Greek, according to the sentiment of the majority of the population in each zone. The minority is to be held bound to abide peacefully by the régime established by the predominant element, or else to emigrate to one of the zones in which their fellow-countrymen constitute the majority. The Greek statesman claims for his plan the advantage that it fulfils the promises which were held out by the Powers in the Mürzsteg programme, to be kept after Macedonia had been pacified. Macedonia is not pacified; on the contrary, the promises held out by the Powers have become the powerful reason for the prevailing state of anarchy, by stimulating the different nationalities to civil strife with a view to extending their as yet undefined spheres of influence.

Paris has a good-sized "affair" on hand now in the form of a violent controversy between Jules Claretie, director of the Comédie Française, and Octave Mirbeau. His latest play, "Le Foyer," after being tentatively accepted for the Comédie Française, was recently returned to its author because of the objectionable way in which it dealt with a supposed Academician and Senator, who is one of the principal characters. The quarrel has widened from one of personalities into a contest between conservative tendencies as embodied in the French Academy, and radicalism which is entrenched in Parliament, where M. Mirbeau has been able to rally a strong support. A special session of the council of ministers is supposed to have discussed the expediency of removing M. Claretie from the post he has held for so many years. The outcome is not yet decided. A similar cleavage between Parliament and the Institute is depicted in an interesting light in an article by Pierre Caron on "A French Coöperative Historical Enterprise" in the latest number of the *American Historical Review*. The enterprise he refers to is a commission appointed in 1903 under the Ministry of Public Instruction to collect and publish documents relating to the economic life of the French Revolution. The reason why Parliament was asked to endow the work is frankly stated:

> From the Institute, little disposed to assume a task so heavy, and indifferent, if not hostile, to the period of the Revolution, nothing was to be expected. Neither was anything to be expected from the Comité des Travaux Historiques, a body much inclined to the same prejudices.

Compared with Portuguese politics, the heart of darkest Africa, the forbidden city of Lhassa, and the North Polar regions are sources of radiant light and explicit information. Just what is going on in the country on the western fringe of the Iberian peninsula is difficult to understand, even after months and columns of supposedly elucidative comment in the press. A King is shot down in broad daylight in a crowd, and no one seems to know who was behind the deed, and no one seems to care. There is a general impression that the murders may have been the work of a Republican fanatic who thus expressed the discontent of an entire nation with an outworn system of corrupt monarchical politics. Yet at the elections that have just closed, the monarchist parties join in the old combination for manipulating voting returns against the advocates of political reform, specifically against the Republicans with whom a few months ago they were zealous allies against King Carlos. In the last Parliament, dissolved by Dictator Franco, there were four Republican Deputies. In the new Parliament, after conducting so fierce an agitation and playing so desperate a game, the Republicans, according to our still meagre dispatches, have succeeded in choosing only five candidates in Lisbon, which they were supposed to dominate so far as popular sympathy is concerned. To the outsider, it is mad folly on the part of the monarchist parties thus to stifle a movement which cannot be repressed, as experience has often shown. It is playing with fire; and Portugal may be driven to revolution more speedily by the selfishness of party politicians than by the excesses of a dictatorship.

The time-honored Russian explanation of the ills that come to the Czar's empire is to ascribe them to the pernicious influence of "foreigners." Responsibility for the recent revolutionary upheaval was laid upon the non-Russian nationalities—the Jews, Poles, Armenians, Letts, and Finns. At present the Russian press is discovering that the country is in the grasp of the Germans —a discovery which might have been made at any time during the last 150 years. A writer in the *Novoe Vremya* asserts that, out of 315 higher functionaries in the Ministry of the Interior, 200 are non-orthodox, and that, of these 200, all but two bear German names. Altogether, out of 646 employees in that one Department, no less than 529 are "foreigners." In the Baltic provinces the Germans are accused of working for the dissemination of Teutonic ideals and the German tongue with a zeal that argues disloyalty to the Russian Government. In southern Russia there are over a half-million German colonists, whose settlements are so many oases of skilful cultivation and prosperity in the dead level of mujik incapacity and destitution. The colonists maintain close relations with their fellow-Teutons in the Baltic provinces; and this, again, makes the *Novoe Vremya* scent disloyalty. But inasmuch as the German colonists have been settled within the empire for nearly two centuries, the term "foreign" applies as aptly to them as to the Jews who have been within the present bounds of the empire for 400 years.

ECONOMICS AND POLITICS.

A good deal has been written about the economic interpretation of history. Some of it is fanciful: if Abraham had paid for the burying ground which he bought of Ephron in gold instead of silver, America would never have been discovered. With that sort of thing the bimetallist controversy made us familiar. But there is also the sober investigation of the past which has succeeded in showing how much more potent than kings or forms of government have been the economic forces which have determined the rise and fall of nations. We refer to such studies only to express wonder why similar inquiries have not been made respecting current politics. It would be possible to make out a very plausible argument that the ups and downs of parties in this country have been caused less by their principles and their leaders than by the ebb and flow of trade, the prices of commodities, the wages of labor, the returns on capital, and so forth.

With the general statement that hard times are bad for the party in power, everybody is familiar, and nearly everybody agrees. That is one of our political traditions. But all of its implications are not often admitted. It has been said that a politician would be capable of denying that two and two make four, if he or his party had an interest in so doing; and it is certain that partisans will not concede the inevitable working of a political law—against themselves. It was natural and proper and, of course, determined by a fixed fate, that the panic of 1893 should turn the Democrats out of office; but the Republicans who so allege would be the last in the world to confess that the panic of 1907 will break their hold on the country. They have wise and useful party principles, and great leaders, that have stood the test of time; and the American people are not going to be so rash or foolish as to discard them just because an unfortunate business depression has unexpectedly befallen us.

Saying nothing about the facts, and refraining from prophecy—that "most gratuitous form of blunder"—we must remark that this very question of party doctrines being sound and beneficial, and of party chiefs being geniuses, is one about which men's views are astonishingly altered by changing economic conditions. This is the irony of the whole situation. A public man will go on for several years urging a policy which he declares to be at the root of all our national prosperity, as well as of justice and morals, and a prosperous people will acclaim his voice as not that of a man, but a god. Yet the same man will utter the same sentiments in an hour of financial apprehension and commercial retrograding, and lo! the same people who lauded him before and grovelled at his feet will cry out upon him as an arrant humbug and a public calamity. Yet his position in either case may have had nothing to do with the course of events by which he is judged. At the earlier period, as at the later, social and economic causes were working their will, unaffected by the little man, so hot, prancing about them. When all the people were saying amen to him, he was not nearly so wise and wonderful as they thought; and when the fickle crowd turned against him as the author of all their woes, he was far from having any such responsibility, or being so foolish, as they imagine. Politics had been all the while but as a fly upon the wheel of economics. And the Comic Spirit, observing all this, and seeing how men are praised for what they had no share in, and blamed for that with which they had no concern, must be moved more than before to exclaim: "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Foolish or not, such things go to make up the inexorable laws of politics. The mightiest is under their reign as truly as the lowliest. President Roosevelt has not been able to escape it. He has not changed in any essential way, but the refracting medium through which people observe him has changed, and the very ones who two years ago thought they saw a demigod, now believe that they see a destroying monster. Everybody must have met dozens of people of his own acquaintance in whom economic conditions have now completely swept away political prejudices or even convictions. A man gets notice that the dividend has been passed on $10,000 worth of stock which he owns, and instantly the President, who but yesterday was the bravest, the most heroic, the wisest, and greatest of his day, becomes that reckless and ignorant meddler for whom "I would never vote again, sir, if I had to take Bryan or Debs or the devil instead."

All this is comedy, but with a very strong dash of tragedy in it, so far as Republicans are concerned. Nemesis has caught up with them. Who does not recall their attitude towards President Cleveland during the grinding years 1893-4? They dismissed the soberest and clearest truth he might utter as if it were the ravings of a madman. How expect them to pay the slightest attention to a President under whom the mills were closed and the unemployed walked the streets? If you wanted to see convincing proof of his stupidity and blundering, just look about you. Away with such a party and such an Administration! Not till they themselves were in office and confronted with business reverses, did the Republicans discover that economic laws were more powerful than party legislation, and that panics come in cycles, anyhow, so that the party—it is *their* party—should not be blamed.

THE THREATS OF "LABOR."

We note a prevalent amazement, approaching stupefaction, at the demands and menaces of organized labor at Washington and elsewhere. People with short memories and easily fluttered judgment are saying that no Presidential campaign ever saw anything like the present demonstrations. Possibly not, in point of mere size and noise. The facilities for publicity have been enormously increased in recent years; where labor leaders used to whisper in the ear of politicians in a closet, they now bellow what they have to say from the housetop. This makes the outcry seem entirely novel, though it is so merely in form. Samuel Gompers has a great command of the press, and is able to make himself out, through that haze, a terrifying figure; but he is not essentially different from his predecessors in the world of labor-politicians—Jarrett and Powderly and Martin Irons.

In the deliverances of all such men, there is always a certain vehemence and exaggeration of which the motives are clear. In the first place, the labor leader seeks to serve notice upon his followers that he is "on the job." He is defying the capitalistic oppressor, to his beard; he is haranguing Congressional committees; he is uttering dire threats. All this is, from the labor point of view, merely a proof of efficiency in office. If a question were to arise, for example, about electing another man President of the American Federation instead of Mr. Gompers, his tremendous vocal activities at Washington would be pointed to as evidence of unrivalled fitness for the position. And, in the second place, a man like him invariably clamors for more than he really expects. By pitching his terms high, he thinks he stands a better chance of getting at least something in the end. It probably never enters the head of Mr. Gompers that either Congress or the President will concede one-half of his present demands; but if one-quarter are conceded, he will have triumph enough.

In his real or calculated excitement on Saturday, Mr. Gompers told the Judiciary Committee of the House that, unless Congress meets the wishes of labor, there will speedily be oath-bound and secret organizations of workingmen in this country which will do dreadful things. Of all the threats of labor leaders, however, this must come nearest to being *brutum fulmen*. To make labor unions strictly secret would deprive them of half their reason for being, and would take away from their officers very nearly *all* of theirs. Imagine Mr. Gompers compelled to operate and orate only in secret! Such a scheme would be clearly unconstitutional, as inflicting upon him a cruel and unusual punishment.

We desire to treat with all seriousness and respect the claims which the authorized spokesmen of labor unions are now putting forward in Washington. If they have just grievances, either as individuals or collectively, Congress should lose no time in correcting the injustice. But a close examination of Mr. Gompers's address fails to disclose any real ground of complaint. He emitted a great cloud of words to the effect that the Anti-Trust law, as interpreted by the courts, deprived organized labor of its fundamental rights, the denial of which was really a denial of its title to existence. But this is an obvious misunderstanding, or misrepresentation. No statute, no court, has taken away the right of laboring men to combine, for lawful ends. They are nowhere forbidden to strike. In all peaceful ways of promoting their interests, in fact, the law shields instead of hindering them. It is only when violence is threatened or personal injury is inflicted or public order is disturbed, that the law lays its restraining hand upon them. This has long been the ruling of the courts. The only change recently made is to decide, as the Supreme Court has at last done, that boycotting is illegal under the Sherman act, as it always has been illegal at common law.

Now, to legalize the boycott is, evidently, the bottom demand of Mr. Gompers. This fact was brought out by the searching questions of Mr. Littlefield. President Roosevelt is against the boycott, though he has given a too hasty approval to the bill of the Civic Federation, introduced by Congressman Hepburn, which, in the opinion of many good lawyers, would have the effect of making the boycott legal. Mr. Gompers refers to the boycott as one of the indispensable "weapons" of organized labor. Of course, he means peaceful weapons; but it is clear that a "peaceful" boycott might as directly destroy a man's property as if enemies had burned down his factories. If the Standard Oil Company combines to ruin a small competitor, organized labor cries out on it, and approves the law whose aim is to punish it; but when the same even-handed justice is applied by the courts to the ruinous acts of laboring men in combination, Mr. Gompers would have us believe that the heavens are about to fall.

It is at this point of seeking to exempt one class of men from the equal operation of the law that the pretensions of organized labor must be firmly met, and its threats defied. Let workingmen combine for political action as they please. The "labor vote" has almost invariably been a delusion and a snare to politicians depending upon it; but there may be a change in that respect. Certainly, laboring men are entitled to back up their views with their ballots. But neither by their ballots nor in any other way can they set themselves up as a class privileged to do with impunity what in other men is a crime. On this fundamental of democratic citizenship the President firmly takes his stand. Secretary Taft is equally explicit. Mr. Bryan has not found it convenient to declare his position.

CHINA AND RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA.

Baron Rosen's statement in regard to the controversy supposed to be in progress between the Russian government and our own over the infringement of Chinese rights in Manchuria, is welcome as a rational commentary amid a good deal of more or less foolish talk. The common impression seems to be that our consul at Harbin has found it necessary to protest against the assumption by Russian officials of governmental powers incompatible with the maintenance of Chinese sovereignty. The Russians are not only organizing an independent municipal government at Harbin, but are said to have demanded that foreign consular officers, and specifically our own consul, should be accredited to and required to do business with the Russian authorities instead of the representatives of the government at Peking. There is here a confusion of widely different questions, between which the Russian ambassador at Washington justly distinguishes. It is probably true that some form of municipal organization is being established at Harbin, the junction point of the Trans-Siberian and the Manchurian railways, and the home of a larger Russian population than is to be found in any other town of Eastern Asia, not excluding Vladivostok. On the other hand, it is patent that no such absurd demand could have been put forward by Russia as to insist on the American consul's applying for his exequatur to the Czar's representatives at Harbin. That was a claim which Russia did not put forward even in the days of her ascendency before the war.

Even the organization of separate Russian municipal governments, however, might seem dangerous. But Baron Rosen explains such measures as arising naturally from the terms of the Manchurian Railway lease of 1895, which granted to the railway company the rights of administration in the leased territory, together with the right of exercising military protection along the line of the railway. This latter right Russia, as Japan along her portion of the road, continues to exercise. The need for municipal organization was not a pressing one before the war, when the railway stations from Harbin down to Mukden were, for the most part, lonely sidings with a handful of officials and Chinese squatters settled about each, and Harbin itself was a Chinese town with a comparatively small Russian population.

It was, of course, the war that made Harbin, just as, according to most authorities, it was Harbin in great measure that made the war. When the town became the chief base of supplies for the Russian armies, it entered upon a marvellous development. Its flour mills, drawing their supplies from the surrounding fertile plain of the Sungari, are estimated to have supplied more than half of the daily needs of Gen. Kuropatkin's men. The hospital district, the railway administration district, the barracks, constituted small towns in themselves. The railway facilities at Harbin, towards the end of the war, are said by B. L. Putnam-Weale, in "The Coming Struggle in the Far East," to have been carried to the point where it was possible to entrain an entire army corps in a day without disturbing the ordinary civilian traffic. While the armies were fighting out the issue with Japan in the South, Harbin, responding with almost non-Russian efficiency to every demand put upon it, experienced the inevitable war-boom. Towards the end of 1906, Mr. Putnam-Weale estimated its European population at 80,000, and though the number was then rapidly declining, and has probably sunk to a much lower point, Harbin has remained, and is likely to remain, one of Russia's two greatest outposts in the extreme East; more important even than Vladivostok, possibly, because of the demonstration of the effectiveness of rail power which the Trans-Siberian gave during the war.

Under such circumstances, the proposed erection of some form of municipal institutions throws no startling light on Russian policy in Manchuria. The Russian concession at Harbin is an area of one hundred square miles, and within that area the Russo-Chinese Bank, the nominal lessee, has been sub-letting ground for building and commercial purposes for the term of its own concession, which is thirty-six years. It follows that the Russian authorities are practically in control at Harbin, so far as the European population is concerned, and under existing conditions it is not difficult to understand how a foreign consul engaged in looking after the interests of his countrymen would be brought into more frequent contact with the Russian administration than with the officials of the Chinese government, whose authority extends only over the native population. That opportunities for the infringement of paramount Chinese rights are always present in such a situation is, of course, undeniable. But, in point of fact, Chinese sovereignty has never been an immaculate aggregate of unquestioned rights. The principle of exterritoriality is too widely recognized in China to permit any alarm over what a great Power would consider an attack on its rights, or even its dignity.

That there is no immediate danger to China of harm from the side of Russia is apparent. Mr. Putnam-Weale, who a few years ago was of far different opinion, believes so now. He goes even so far as to point out that Russia's efforts in Manchuria have largely redounded to the benefit of the Chinese people, if not of the Chinese government. Around the Russian railway settlements there have sprung up Chinese colonies which are rapidly bringing large sections of territory under cultivation. Especially is this the case along the main line of the Siberian railway from Harbin westward through Tsitsi-har, the capital of the northernmost of the three Manchurian provinces. This province, with an area of 150,000 square miles and a population of only 3,000,000, is being invaded by Chinese immigrants from Shantung, moving with the line of the railway, and pushing the agricultural belt into Mongol territory at the rate of ten miles a year. The advantage to the maintenance of Chinese authority in the region is apparent.

CONCERNING "DEAD" OPERAS.

In a recent number of the *New Music Review*, Philip Hale poked fun at the Wagnerites who used to prate about Italian opera being dead. In the light of the figures for the operatic season just ended, those Wagnerites do indeed seem foolish. At the Metropolitan, 74 of the 130 performances were of works by Italian composers, and at the Manhattan the Italians had 61 out of 125 representations. In London we find a similar state of affairs. The announcements for the season at Covent Garden beginning on the last day of this month include 17 operas by Italians, as against a dozen by all others. This seems conclusive, so far at least as New York and London are concerned, but the figures do not confute the aforesaid Wagnerites. The Italian operas they had in mind were the works of Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, and those are still dead. The London list contains only one of Bellini's 11 operas, one of Rossini's 37, and one of Donizetti's 67, notwithstanding that the company includes two of the three greatest surviving artists of the old-fashioned *bel canto* school—Melba and Tetrazzini. Their rivalry will, it is expected, provide the chief amusement of the season. At our opera-houses Bellini was not heard at all, while Donizetti and Rossini were represented by only one opera each.

It is the young Italians who have come to the front for the time being, while Verdi, whom no one pronounced dead prematurely, because he belongs, in his best works, to the modern dramatic school, more than holds his own. To him belong one-half (30) of the Italian performances at the Manhattan, and 23 of the 74 at the Metropolitan, while Puccini also had 23 at this house. The other "young Italians"—Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Cilea, Giordano, Ponchielli (and Boito, who stands by himself)—helped to swell the statistics. Leaving Boito aside, the common characteristic of the living Italian composers is their facility in writing flowing melodies (seldom remarkable for originality) which give the singers opportunity to pour out their voices in that lavish volume and intensity which provoke applause as infallibly as horse-radish provokes tears. Sir Hubert Parry once wrote that certain composers of the seventeenth century "had found out the trick of making a specious show without meaning, and of giving the appearance of animation without any intrinsic energy in the ideas." This remark applies to most of the new Italian operas now so much in vogue, including those of Puccini, which, however, have compensating merits. Next to this appeal to the gallery—and the boxes!—the most important factor in the present vogue of these operas is that most of them are based on plays which had become very popular before they were set to music. The battle was thus half won at the start. But all of these works may well be as ephemeral as those of Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini "History teaches us," wrote Dr. Hanslick, "that operas for whose 'immortality' partisans were once ready to fight deadly duels, have an average life of forty to fifty years."

If we now turn to French opera, we might easily get the impression that it is moribund. On the Covent Garden list, of 29 operas only 3 are by Frenchmen—"Faust," "The Pearl Fishers," and "Carmen." At the Metropolitan, "Carmen" was not sung at all during the past season of twenty weeks; "Faust" and "Mignon" alone were there to recall the glory of the French school, and they owed their presence in the repertory to the popularity of Caruso and Geraldine Farrar. It would have been possible, therefore, to write convincing articles on the decline and fall of French opera, had it not been for one thing: the appearance in the field of Oscar Hammerstein. He undertook to show New Yorkers that there is a young French school as well as a young Italian, and he had the shrewdness to see that the way to impress his audiences with this fact was to import the Parisian artists who had won success for these works in France and Belgium. His efforts were brilliantly successful. French opera at the Manhattan not only balanced Italian, but, in spite of the sensational success of Tetrazzini, the three operas which had the greatest number of repetitions—eleven each—were all made in France—"Louise," "Carmen," and "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"—while "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Thaïs" also got ahead of all but two of the Italian operas.

If modern Italian and French opera is alive and lusty, how about German opera? Gustav Mahler has shown that "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio" are alive, "Marta" has become popular again, and "Hänsel and Gretel" is a great favorite. Mr. Dippel has secured D'Albert's "Tiefland," which is a sensational success in Germany, for next season, when Mr. Mahler will also show that Weber's operas are still alive. In most minds, however, German opera means Wagner; and Wagner's operas, we are once more assured solemnly, are dying, if not dead already. To be sure, they had thirty hearings at the Metropolitan this season; but the audiences were smaller than those on Italian nights when Caruso sang, wherefore all hope must be abandoned by the dismayed Wagnerites. It might be pointed out, on the other side, that only a few years ago, when Jean de Reszke was the "Caruso" of the day, the biggest audiences were always on the Wagner nights; that England has a regular Wagner craze, demanding his operas in English as well as in German; that in Germany the number of Wagner performances increases from year to year, his operas having been sung last season 1,710 times, as against 725 performances of Lortzing and 721 of Verdi, the two composers coming next in popularity; and that in Italy the three leading houses opened the present season with Wagner. But such trifles do not worry the prognosticators. They are shouting once more that the Wagner bubble has burst; and who would begrudge them their delight at seeing it burst every two or three years?

Jean de Reszke was brought over from Paris for the express purpose of helping to drive out the German devil; but in a few years he had become the chief apostle of Wagner, and almost created a monopoly for him. And now some unprincipled persons are already chuckling at the new practical joke Fate is preparing to play. As if on the hunt for more Italian music still, the directors of the Metropolitan engaged the manager and the conductor of the Milan Opera for our next season. But both Gatti-Casazza and Toscanini are zealous partisans of German music, and owe their greatest triumphs in Italy to their staging and interpretation of Wagner's operas. So it promises to be another case of when the dead awake.

EDUARD ZELLER.

To have seen one's self for sixty years the foremost authority in an important division of knowledge is, in the humbler domain of scholarship, a destiny comparable to the lifelong primacy in letters of a Voltaire or a Hugo. A "Zeller Philolog" —there are doubtless such in Germany—would be required to describe the evolution of "Die Philosophie der Griechen" from the three modest volumes put forth by the young professor of theology in 1844-52, to the fifth edition of Part I., section i., Berlin, 1891, and the fourth edition of Part IV., section ii., issued with sixty pages of fresh critical and controversial matter by the nonogenarian in 1903. Superseding at once by virtue of its severe philological method and its lucid, if perhaps over-systematic, marshalling of the facts its rivals of the early nineteenth century, the now forgotten Ritters and Brandises, it still holds the field against all twentieth-century competition. After the completely revised second edition of 1856 the author wasted no further time in recasting his work or reconsidering his categories, but devoted the leisure of half a century to filling out the original *cadres*. In no other way could even German industry have kept pace by deftly inserted analyses and critical discussions with the ever-multiplying special literature of the vast subject; and organized the enormous mass of bibliographical and philological erudition that swells the six final tomes of what from the point of view of the philologian is the best history of philosophy ever written.

But is the rigor of the philological game always applicable to such elusive entities as ideas, and may not its affected objectivity sometimes prove an illusion? Zeller himself, though like other emancipated Hegelians he never quite cast off the spell of the Hegelian manner, protested from the start against Hegel's *à priori* constructions of history, and though he rightly held that the historian of philosophy must possess a philosophy of his own, believed that it need not color the impartiality of his exposition. He succeeded so well in his aim that it requires close observation aided by study of the more outspoken utterances of the three volumes of his "Essays and Addresses" to infer from his history his personal opinions and detect his preferences. This seeming objectivity is due partly to the eclecticism of his mind, and to the mediating, conciliatory temper which his friends admired, still more perhaps to the subtle mixture in him of the Aristotelian and the Hegelian. The Aristotelian analyzed and classified systems with scientific impartiality. The Hegelian, inspecting them as chains of dialectic, tested their weakest links, and discoursed of their historic sequences and filiations in large undefined abstractions. Thus, though the attentive reader may feel that more than justice is done to Aristotle and the Stoics and something less than justice to Plato and Empedocles, it is extremely difficult to get within the double dialectical and philological guard and touch any specific weak point or error. He measures philosophers by "die folgerichte Fortbildung der Gedanken" and the plausibility with which their categories subsume vast masses of fact, rather than by the surety with which they apprehend or the poignancy with which they express essential truth. A philosopher, he holds, must produce a system "with coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative principles." It does not occur to him when picking flaws in Plato or Schopenhauer to ask whether all system-building is not either illusion or poetic construction, to be judged by the principles of literary architectonics rather than by the formal logic of consistency. Gomperz's frank evaluation of disconnected suggestions by the degree in which they anticipate or conform to the best modern thought on the same subject, is not really less philosophical or less objective, and makes a far more readable and instructive book. But for the student who wishes all the facts and all the comment on the facts, "Zeller" will long remain a synonym of Greek philosophy.

There was, however, it must be remembered, another Zeller, the "last of the Romans," as Vatke called him, the latest survivor of the Tübingen school, pupil and son-in-law of Baur, editor of the Theologische Jahrbücher from 1842 to 1857, and author of "Die Apostelgeschichte." Entering at the age of eighteen the Tübingen Theological School, where the memory of the great Suabians, Schelling and Hegel, was still cherished with pride, he became associated as fellow student, or colleague, with Strauss, Vischer, and, later, Schwegler, in an intimacy of common enthusiasm for truth and scorn of everything that fettered its free expression—to which all fondly looked back in later years. Baur, a great teacher as well as investigator, was seeking to replace the *à priori* vagueness of Hegel and the Platonic indifference to historical detail of Schleiermacher by a positive critical reconstruction of the historic origins of Christianity, starting from the antithesis of Paulinism and Ebionitism. His distinction between the historical Christ and the ideal Christ of the common Christian consciousness led logically to the "Leben Jesu" of his brilliant iconoclastic pupil, Strauss. Zeller, a warm friend of Strauss, was by temperament a liberal rather than a radical, and while recognizing the validity of his friend's destructive criticism preferred to pass on with Baur to positive and constructive work. In his own critical studies he quietly took for granted the principle whose enunciation in "Essays and Reviews" a quarter of a century later stirred up such a tempest in the teapot of Victorian England—the Bible is to be studied by the same methods as any other book. For this, like Jowett, he suffered persecution in the form of withheld promotion; but was soon called to a chair at Berne, and thence in 1849 to Marburg, where the clamor of the pietists brought about his transference from the theological to the philosophical faculty—a compromise not unknown in twentieth century America.

The passage from New Testament to philosophical studies caused no violent break in his life or thought. The Hegelianism of his youth was progressively modified by the philologist's preoccupation with concrete detail, by the scientific spirit of the age, by the perception of the failure of the post-Kantian systems, and the necessity which he was among the first to proclaim of a return to Kant and epistemology. But there is no record of a spiritual crisis in his life. He acquiesced from the beginning in Strauss's assumption that miracles do not happen, but rejected without acrimony the suggestion (in "The Old Faith and the New") that consciousness, like heat, may be only a mode of motion. He never accepted a merely mechanical explanation of the world; he maintained the freedom of the will even against Schleiermacher and Baur, asserted like Matthew Arnold his right to the name of Christian, and believed that a liberal and rational theology would supply a sufficient basis for the Christian ministry.

If space permitted, a more complete and unified philosophy might be collected from his latter essays. But the true unity of his life and work is not to be sought in any such system, but in his devotion to the philological method equally applicable to Heraclitus and to the Gospel of John, and in the life itself, the perfect realization of the ideals of the German teacher and scholar. A professorship won by merit and in the face of opposition, but not too late; a happy marriage with the daughter of his teacher; a *magnum opus* achieved in youth and kept up to date through life; promotion decade by decade, culminating in a call to Berlin; the accumulation with whitening hairs of every honor, degree, and title which the Fatherland had to bestow; at the end of fifty years of teaching a Jubilee Volume, of which the dedication is written by a schoolmate and lifelong friend; the preservation beyond four-score years of unimpaired vigor for teaching and investigation; and yet beyond that many years of tranquil but not idle retirement in the old home province in the companionship of wife, son, and grandchildren; honored acclaim from all Germany on the ninetieth birthday, and still an *epimetrum* of the overflowing cup, and then "quiet consummation have."—'Ο θεωρητικὸς βίος κράτιστος.

PAUL SHOREY.

The University of Chicago.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The books from the library of the late Dr. John Gott, bishop of Truro, which were sold at Sotheby's March 20 and 21, had been included in H. Sotheran & Co.'s Catalogue "Bibliotheca Pretiosa," issued about a year ago. It was the unsold portion (including many wonderful books) which was consigned for sale at auction. The four folios of Shakespeare, priced by Sotheran at £7,000, were bid up to £3,850, at which price they were "bought in." Roberts's edition of the "Merchant of Venice," 1600, a good copy, but with a small hole in B1, brought £290; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, first editions of both parts, a very good copy, with the blank spaces for the Welsh words and the four unnumbered leaves at the end of the first part, £113, a low price; a large-paper copy of Spenser's "Complaints," 1591, lacking the leaf "The Printer to the Reader," and having two other leaves remargined, £97, and a small paper copy of the same, perfect, £53.

The most valuable book in the sale was Caxton's first edition of Voragine's "Golden Legend," 1483, genuine throughout, and perhaps the finest copy known. It was catalogued by Sotheran at £4,000, but brought only £1,300 at the sale. A block book, the "Biblia Pauperum," first edition (according to Heineken), probably printed in Holland and before 1450, lacking three leaves, was sold at £1,290. It had been priced by Sotheran at £2,000. "Paradise Lost," 1667, the variety with the author's name in large type (called the first title by Baxter and most other recent students), reached £192; another copy, 1667, with the author's name in small type (called the first title by Professor Masson, but the second by most others), £155; another, 1669, with the seventh title-page, £27; and a fourth copy, 1669, with the eighth title-page, £25 10s.

The series of editions of the Book of Common Prayer was a very long one, the following being the more important: Edward Whitechurch, 1549, first issue, perfect and genuine throughout, £105; second issue, perfect, but lower margins of some leaves repaired, £72; third issue, perfect, but with slight repairs, £84 and Grafton's 1550 edition with the ritual set to music, £158. Other prices were: Butler's "Hudibras," three parts, first editions, old russia, £35; "Robinson Crusoe," first editions of the three volumes, 1719-20, £145; Fletcher's "Purple Island," a large-paper copy, 1633, £26.

First editions of several Nineteenth Century English authors are the most interesting books in the Anderson Auction Company's sale, afternoon and evening April 13. Dickens's novels in original numbers comprise "Pickwick," "Master Humphrey's Clock," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Tale of Two Cities," and "Edwin Drood," each set being in a levant morocco solander case. The octavo novels of Thackeray are uniformly bound by Riviere and each one has a specimen cover of one of the original numbers inserted. Keats's "Endymion" is the earliest issue with the leaf containing the one line erratum as well as the slip with five lines. The Browning items include "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," and "Bells and Pomegranates," the complete series bound in one volume. Of Tennyson's "Poems chiefly Lyrical," 1830, there are two copies, one having page 91 misnumbered 19 the other correctly numbered. Shelley's "Cenci," 1819, and "Rosalind and Helen," 1819; Locker's "Lyra Elegantiarum," 1867, the first issue which was suppressed on account of containing copyright poems by W. S. Landor; and Longfellow's "Evangeline" are other first editions. Dean Sage's privately printed "Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing," the first Elzevir Horace, 1629, a number of Log Books of British Ships of War mostly from 1808 to 1815, and Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry," Part II., Carlisle, Pa., 1804-05 are other valuable lots.

Their sale of April 14 includes a copy of Mr. Bixby's privately printed edition of Aaron Burr's Journal; Roscoe's Novelist's Library illustrated by Cruikshank, 19 vols., a complete set; Scott's works, 100 vols.; books on Natural History, etc. On the 15th and 16th they sell the library of the late George O. Manchester of Chicago.

The Merwin Clayton Sales Co. has a three-days miscellaneous sale on April 14, 15, and 16. A set of Shakespeares, the Staunton edition extended from 15 to 40 vols. by the insertion of 2700 extra plates, is the most notable single lot. First editions of Leigh Hunt (35 lots), books on China (36 lots), books on natural history, first editions, Shakespeareana, etc., are included.

One of the commonest first editions of Mark Twain is his "Autobiography and First Romance," published as a pamphlet (and also in cloth) by Sheldon & Co., in 1871. A "remainder" was discovered a few years ago and for a long time one or more copies was in almost every sale. It has just been discovered that these "remainder" copies are not of the actual first edition. The reverse of the cover (or title) in the first edition was blank, whereas in most copies it has the advertisement of a firm of jewelers. A dealer catalogues the first issue at $5.50 and the other at $1.

Correspondence.

PRUSSIAN RAILWAYS AND THE MILK RATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your review of Lord Avebury's "Municipal and National Trading," August 22, 1907, your reviewer says:

> Some of our readers may remember that a certain American author recently got himself into very hot water by stating that the failure of the Prussian government to make "group rates" on milk led to the stabling of countless thousands (14,000) of cows in the city of Berlin. We observe with regret that Lord Avebury has reproduced this celebrated passage, *verbatim et literatim*, and shall expect to see the advocates of government ownership rend him limb from limb.

In justice to Lord Avebury and to myself, I beg you to publish the following statement:

In Berlin proper, a city of 1,998,500 people, concentrated within an area of 25.4 square miles, there were in December, 1904, no less than 10,443 dairy cows, stabled in 763 courts and backyards, and supplying 20 per cent. of the milk consumed in Berlin proper. In that year the leading commercial organization of Berlin reported that in consequence of the lack of fresh air, sunlight, and exercise, tuberculosis was not uncommon among those cows. It cited Prof. von Behring's opinion that milk from tuberculous cows was one of the chief causes of tuberculosis in human beings. In the County of London, with an area of 121 square miles and a population of 4,600,000 people, the milch cows decreased from 6,253 head in 1898, to 4,602 head in 1905. The stabling of dairy cows within the County of London, the London County Council deems a "noxious trade." If one were to carve out of the area occupied by any large American city, an inner area which should have an average density of population of 116 persons to the acre—which is the average for Berlin proper—one would find within that area not a single milch cow kept for dairy purposes.

In Prussia, under the distance tariff, the freight charges on milk increase so rapidly with the increase in the distance from Berlin, that 85 per cent. of the dairy cows whose milk is carried by rail into Berlin are concentrated within fifty-six miles of the city; and that less than 4.5 per cent. of those cows are stationed more than 75 miles distant. By contrast, as far back as 1894, the Lackawanna Railway alone carried into New York city, from points distant more than 200 miles, no less than 17.5 per cent. of the milk brought into New York by rail. In the years 1895, 1896, and 1901 to 1905, the annual reports of one or both of the two leading commercial organizations of Berlin—the Aeltesten der Kaufmannschaft and the Chamber of Commerce—asked the Railway Department to lower the freight charges on milk, to establish milk trains and to introduce refrigerator cars. They said that the extension of the dairy belt to points distant 187 miles from Berlin was the only means of giving Berlin an adequate supply of milk at reasonable prices. They added that the extension also would benefit the distant farmer, who at present must sell his milk in the comparatively low-priced local markets, by giving him access to the higher-priced market of Berlin. In 1907, the Chamber of Commerce petitioned the Railway Department to carry milk in tank cars on the terms upon which it carried wine, beer, and other liquids in tank cars. It proved that on those terms milk would be brought to Berlin even from the Danish Province of Jutland, a distance of 300 miles. The petition was prompted by the fact that in October, 1906, the Berlin Milk Trust (Milch-Centrale) had raised the price of milk to the record level of 5 cents per quart when delivered over the counter, and 5.5 cents per quart when delivered into the house.

Thus far the Railway Department has ignored and repulsed the Aeltesten der Kaufmannschaft and the Chamber of Commerce, because the government fears the political hostility of the near-by producers of milk, who would resent the fall in the price of milk which would result from increasing the supply by admitting the milk of the more distant farmers. In 1900 the Bund der Landwirte—or Farmers' Union—perhaps the most powerful political organization in Germany, espoused the cause of the near-by farmers throughout Germany, and organized in the leading cities of Germany so-called Milch-Centralen, or Milk Trusts. The Berlin Milk Trust was organized by Mr. Ernst Ring, who at the time was one of the leaders of the Conservative Party in the Prussian Diet. He became the first chairman of the Berlin Milk Trust; and he was succeeded by Mr. D. Hahn, the chairman of the Farmers' Union. Mr. Ring is reported in the German newspaper press to have assured the members of the Berlin Milk Trust that he was "close" to the government, which would not permit the Railway Department to defeat the Trust's efforts to fix the price of milk. The Aeltesten der Kaufmannschaft and a number of newspapers have stated that a recent police regulation concerning the quality of milk, and favorable to the Milk Trust, was not demanded by public necessity and convenience. Several newspapers and at least one member of the Imperial Parliament have asserted that the Imperial government had "disciplined" the judge of the Imperial Reichsgericht—the highest court in Germany—who had delivered a decision adverse to the Berlin Milk Trust.

In "Government Regulation of Railway Rates" I wrote:

> In Germany the state ownership of the railways has led to the establishment of the doctrine that no producer or trader may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. In Germany they have no group rates on milk. And in the year of Our Lord 1902 the firm of Von Bolle was stabling within the city of Berlin 14,000 milch cows, which supplied milk to 50,000 families. In addition, there were in the suburbs of Berlin hundreds of dairies, each one stabling a considerable number of cows.

In a footnote I cited an article by Mr Brand, railway secretary, as authority for the statements as to the absence of group rates and the presence of cows.

In the *Journal of Political Economy* for February, 1906, Mr. B. H. Meyer, professor at the University of Wisconsin, as well as railroad commissioner of Wisconsin, repeated the charge made at the meeting of the American Economic Association in December, 1905, and subsequently inserted in the *Congressional Record*, to wit, that I had violated the canons of "fair play and truth," as well as my "duty as an academic man," by failing to inform the reader that Mr. Brand had stated "that the requirements of the agricultural and dairy interests have been met in a most satisfactory manner, and that an experience of twenty years has met all demands reasonably well." A careful reading of Mr. Brand's article will show that Mr. Brand's statement is:

> The Prussian rates on milk, of nearly twenty years' standing, on the whole, have met the expectations of the men who made them. . . . Unfortunately there are not available data as to the volume of the milk traffic in successive years, or as to the receipts from that traffic. But since the volume of the traffic is increasing continuously, and the area usable for dairy farming is expanding constantly, one must conclude that the existing arrangements are fair to the public as well as to the Railway Department.

I was within my rights as an author in rejecting the foregoing verdict without exhausting the reader's patience by stating, first, that I rejected it; second, why I rejected it. In the first place, Mr. Brand's verdict was not supported by a single statistical fact, while it was contradicted by his own leading statement: that in the last two decades the extraordinarily rapid growth of the leading cities had made it constantly more difficult to supply those cities with milk; so that large dairies had been established in the very hearts of the cities; for instance, in Berlin, the well-known dairy of Mr. Bolle was said to have 14,000 cows. In the second place, Mr Brand's verdict was completely overthrown by the record of the achievements of the American railway companies in promoting the milk supply under the practice of group rates; which record was set forth in Milk Producers' Protective Association vs. Railways, to which I had referred the reader. In passing I may add that I did not accept Mr. Brand's statement as to the 14,000 cows until I had consulted all of the official records to which I had access. These records had shown that the number of cows had increased from 2,584 head in 1883 to 10,010 head in 1900. That increase from 250 cows for each 100,000 people in 1883 to 230 cows for each 100,000 people in 1892, and finally to 530 cows for each 100,000 people in 1900, showed conclusively that the supply of "rail" milk had not kept pace with the growth of the city of Berlin.

The proof sheets of Prof. B. H. Meyer's paper charging me with "garbling" Mr. Brand's article and with being without "due respect for fair play and truth and a slight realization of [my] duty as an academic man" were sent to me. I immediately put Professor Meyer in possession of the facts enumerated in the two preceding paragraphs, asking him not to publish the charge just quoted. Professor Meyer persisted in publishing his charge, writing me that he could only pity me for having rejected Mr. Brand's statement on such meagre data. I was surprised at Professor Meyer's verdict, which could mean only one thing, to-wit, that Mr. Brand's position was sound beyond the possibility of argument.

HUGO R. MEYER

Malvern, Victoria, Australia, February 11.

[In view of the important new evidence Prof. Hugo R. Meyer has adduced in support of bis general criticism of the policy of the Prussian railways in adjusting rates on milk, we think that his original error in overstating the number of cows stabled in Berlin may well be forgotten. Our own criticism of his book has not been directed against his main argument in the unfortunate controversy over milk rates, and does not need modification.—THE REVIEWER.]

INTELLECTUAL CONDITIONS AT HARVARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 26 you say something about athletics at Harvard, and your position on the matter. You also quote President Hadley of Yale as saying that various things are "a more serious cause of interruption to college work than are most of the intercollegiate sports"; and that if sports keep the students together, more harm than good would be done by discouraging them. I think if you will look carefully into the matter you will find that President Hadley is justified in what he says, and I will try to make it clear.

There are at the present time about seven hundred men in the freshman class at Harvard. Of this number about two hundred men go there with no intention whatsoever to study. Their idea is to have a fine time and just get through their courses. The leaders in this set belong to the first families from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. There are about one hundred of them. The rest are the sons of the *nouveaux riches* from such cities as Chicago and Omaha, and they copy or try to copy the sons of the first families. In my class, which, of course, was much smaller than the present freshman class, there were about sixty of these men. I therefore maintain that athletic sports are a great benefit to Harvard both physically and morally, as a great many of these men go into athletic sports.

In answer to your question how the colleges got along before intercollegiate sports came to save them, I would add that in the old times there probably was no intellectual or moral discipline.

RICHARD SEARS,
Harvard, 1891.

Boston, March 30.

WORDS AND BONDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following note, suggested by the performance of "Twelfth Night" by students of Cornell University, is presented for what it is worth. In Act III., sc. 1, of that play the Clown says: "But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them,"—upon which Dr. Furness remarks: "I have given every explanation that I can find of this dark passage, and I confess that none of them affords me a ray of light."

Is not this "dark passage" clear enough if, following the suggestion in the antithesis between *words* and *bonds*, we suppose Shakespeare to have had in mind the expression (proverbial before his time): "An honest man's word is as good as his bond"? And is not the meaning simply that verbal contracts (*words*) are but slippery things since the more binding written contracts (*bonds*) superseded them? Of course, there is the usual play on words; *bonds* may be taken in the sense of fetters—and even, thirdly, in the sense noted by Hudson. But is not the obvious meaning the one I have suggested?

F. C. PRESCOTT.

Ithaca, March 23.

"PORTALA" IN BRET HARTE'S "ANGELUS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Bret Harte's beautiful poem on "The Angelus," as heard at Mission Dolores, San Francisco, occur the lines:

> Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
> Above the setting sun.

Can any of your readers inform me through your columns or directly, who was Portala? I can find no reference to him in our National Library here, either in biographical dictionaries or in works on Spanish-America.

ALFRED WEBB.

Rathgar, Dublin, March 21.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN EUROPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in Liège writes me as follows:

> I should like to learn why our booksellers find such difficulties in getting books from America. We ordered a complete set of —— —— from our London bookseller (—— ——) in December last, and in March we are still vainly waiting. It seems impossible to obtain the —— ——, which I ordered in 1907 through my Brussels bookseller, and as for American catalogues, they are as scarce as German catalogues are plentiful. You may find it advisable to inform your publishers of the situation, and I shall be grateful if you can help my pupils and myself with information that will allow us to buy American books.

I send this to you in the hope that our publishers may devise some way of coping with the difficulty. This is not the first time, by any means, that I have received similar complaints from the Continent.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, April 3.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have become incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, and will hereafter continue business under the name of Houghton Mifflin Company. Beginning with August 1, the *Atlantic Monthly* will be published by the Atlantic Monthly Company, of which Ellery Sedgwick, Waldo E. Forbes, MacGregor Jenkins, and Roger Pierce will be members, Houghton Mifflin Company retaining an important interest. The editorship will remain in the hands of Bliss Perry.

Meanwhile, under the old firm name will be published this week: "Leaf and Tendril," a new volume of essays by John Burroughs; "Home from Sea," by George S. Wasson, author of "Cap'n Simeon's Store"; Spenser's Complete Poetical Works in one volume, edited by Prof. R. E. Neil Dodge; "On the Training of Parents," by Ernest Hamlin Abbott, associate editor of the *Outlook*; "Lives of Great English Writers from Chaucer to Browning," by W. S.

Hinchman of Groton School and Prof. F. B. Gummere of Haverford College.

John Lane Company has arranged to publish translations of all the works of Anatole France, including the "Joan of Arc," the second volume of which has just appeared in Paris. The general editor of the series is Frederic Chapman.

Under the title "The King's General in the West" John Lane Company are about to issue an illustrated life of Sir Richard Granville (1600 to 1659), compiled from various sources by the Rev. Roger Granville, sub-dean of Exeter Cathedral. Sir Richard Granville was an adherent to the royal cause, and his character has been the subject of attack and vindication from the days of Clarendon on.

We are to have more about the life of her late Majesty. The King has authorized the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's "Queen Victoria as I Knew Her," and the book is to be issued next month.

Henry Holt & Co. will soon publish two new volumes of essays. One, "Over Against Green Peak," by Miss Zephine Humphrey, is described as a humorous and poetical record of American country life. The other, "The Comments of Bagshot," by J. A. Spender, editor of the London *Westminster Gazette*, contains a little of everything.

A new and revised edition of "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" (E. P. Dutton & Co., first published in 1899) brings to our attention one of the best of Arthur Symons's books. Without in the least subscribing to Mr. Symons's acceptance of symbolism as the consummate flower of literature, one may be glad to have so sympathetic and at times penetrating a study of Verlaine, Mallarmé, Huysmans, and their school. We name these three because Mr. Symons writes of them from personal knowledge; particularly his account of Mallarmé presiding over his "Tuesdays" is graphic and even amusing.

A revised edition of Bliss Perry's "Walt Whitman" comes to us from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The phraseology has been modified here and there, and some new material has been added in an appendix, but the work needed little correction, and is substantially the same as it was. Mr. Perry takes full responsibility for the statements attacked by Horace Traubel in the *Conservator*, and retracts none of them.

The third edition of Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal" has just been issued (Charles Scribner's Sons). There are nine maps and fifty-seven plans; and the material and arrangement are in the well-known style of Baedeker. As a handbook for the traveller and a work of reference in its field the volume is unsurpassed.

The third volume of the translation of Alexandre Dumas's "Memoirs" (The Macmillan Co.) covers the years from 1820 to 1830. As in the previous volumes, the author surveys mankind from China to Peru, including scores of pages upon Victor Hugo, some of them, such as the account of "Hernani," drawn literally from "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie." But there is much that is interesting about Dumas's own plays, particularly "Henri III.," told in his own exuberant way.

Thomas B. Mosher has issued a reprint of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" in one of his charming little pamphlets. That poem, perhaps the best known of the poet whom death has brought into common talk, is yet so little known that it may be worth while to quote the first stanza as an illustration of the whole:

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipited
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

It would be a pleasure to praise unreservedly H. H. Ballard's translation of "The Æneid," which is now completed by a second volume containing books vii. to xii. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is manifestly a conscientious piece of work, carried out *con amore*, and we are more than ready to welcome any attempt to woo readers to the classics. But the use of the English hexameter as an equivalent for the Latin must be regarded as a mistake. That metre is suitable for half-humorous idyls such as Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" or for fully sentimental idyls such as "Evangeline," but it cannot convey, or at least never yet has conveyed, the gravity and reflective pathos of Virgil. It is no accident, therefore, that Mr. Ballard's work is most successful in passages that have something of Longfellow's romantic tone, as, for example, in the beautiful lines of the eighth book:

Through murmuring waters
Glided the oiled fir keels, while the waves looked on them with wonder;
Wondered the groves at sight of the far-gleaming shields of the heroes
Floating along the stream, and the painted hulls of the galleys.
Onward by night and by day the sailors kept steadily rowing;
Now long windings they passed and by strange-looking trees were o'ershadowed,
Now green groves they cleft on the peaceful breast of the river.

That represents the mood of the original fairly well, and a considerable number of equally graceful passages might be cited. But a large part of the poem is, we must say frankly, far from Virgilian, and, what is even more important, hard reading in its present form.

"L'Année scientifique et industrielle," founded by Louis Figuier, and now in its fifty-first year, appears for 1907 under the editorship of Émile Gautier. Paul Fesch publishes "L'Année sociale et économique" from January 1 to December 31, 1907, for France and other countries as well.

"La Bibliographie française," covering the period from January 1, 1900, to December 31, 1904, is issued by H. Le Soudier, Paris, according to the classification unanimously adopted at the International Congress of Publishers held at Brussels in 1897. A single alphabetical list comprises names of authors, titles, and subjects by class-words; in all, there are nearly 100,000 titles and subdivisions. The price is 40 francs.

The "Almanach des gens de lettres" for 1908 catalogues the members of the French Academy and the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, and the prizes of which they dispose for literary work until 1910; the year's lectures at the Faculty of Letters at the Sorbonne and at the Collège de France; the Goncourt Academy, Société d'Histoire Littéraire de la France, and other similar societies of men of letters, with the *syndicats* for mutual protection of critics, authors, and composers. There are short separate sections for Belgium and Switzerland, where the French language is used; and a list of "la critique littéraire," giving ten pages of names and addresses of critics of journals and reviews.

Our chief quarrel with Douglas Sladen's "The Secrets of the Vatican" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) is its misleading title, for the book divulges none of the real secrets. We should like to know, for instance, who it is that gives the intensely political business of the Curia the pious dress in which it appears before the world; or who is the power behind the throne, and how he gets there, so that Leo XIII. was allowed to speak in non-Jesuit tones while Pius X. repeats what the Jesuits teach him. But these and similar matters one can learn only in Rome itself from the innermost Papal circles. What Mr. Sladen undertakes to do, and does very well in a somewhat diffuse, journalistic way, is to describe the daily life of the Pope; the personnel of the Papal Court; the various congregations (which correspond to the departments and bureaus of other governments), and the method of electing, crowning and burying a pope. Having covered the personal field, Mr. Sladen goes on to take his reader through "the parts of the Vatican not generally shown to the public," and here we find him a pleasant guide, neither too archæological nor too shallow. He has fed on Hare and on Hare's successors, and he seems to have absorbed the various familiar French works on his subject; but he mentions so few Italian authorities that we may doubt whether he knows them. To cite a typical instance, in his account of the conclave we see no reference to De Cesare or to Berthelet. Anybody, who wishes to study seriously any of the topics treated by Mr. Sladen will naturally go back to specialists for final information; but Mr. Sladen will give general readers much entertaining information. We do not see why he drags in the quarrel of the Vatican with France, which has nothing to do with his subject; or why, having dragged it in, he allows the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster to write an unusually partisan version of the rupture, instead of seeking to provide an account which, if not impartial, should at least seem to aim at telling the truth. But the real value of the book lies almost as much in the illustrations as in the text. They include many unusual pictures, besides maps and diagrams. And, rarer still in English books of this kind, there is an excellent index.

One of the tangible results of the founding of the Società della Storia del Risorgimento recently is the publication of a bi-monthly review, *Il Risorgimento Italiano*. Its editor is Prof. Beniamino Manzone, head of the *liceo* of Carmagnola, the competent scholar who edited the earlier review of similar title from 1896 to 1898. The first number contains an important document by Garibaldi concerning the expedition of the Thousand, and several other articles, besides bibliographies, reports from archives and museums, anecdotes, notes and queries, and other pertinent contributions.

Like its predecessor, it will be indispensable for students of this period. It is well printed, with facsimiles and illustrations, and costs yearly twenty-four lire post free to subscribers outside of Italy. Bocca Brothers, Turin, are the publishers.

The scope of "Die Lebenskräfte des Evangeliums," by Johann Warneck, since 1892 a missionary in Sumatra, is indicated by the sub-title, "Missionserfahrungen innerhalb des animistischen Heidentums" (Berlin: Martin Warneck). The volume contains much new data on the animistic type of religion, and is accordingly of scientific value, independent of its argument in favor of Christian missions.

Dr. Edwin Mayser of Stuttgart will soon publish the second and final volume of his monumental "Grammatik der griechischen Papyri aus der Ptolemäerzeit," which includes a discussion of the Ostraca finds and the Egyptian inscriptions of the same period (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner). The first volume, of 538 pages, which appeared some months ago, deals with etymology and forms, and the new volume will deal chiefly with syntactical problems. The book parallels and goes beyond the work of Karl Dieterich, Albert Thumb, and others.

A comparatively recent candidate for recognition as a lyric poet is Erna Ludwig, whose collection of "Gedichte," is published by R. Piper & Co., Munich. These poems, appearing chiefly in the *Süddeutsche Monatshefte,* had met with considerable favor. The author finds her themes in the daily experiences and problems of life, particularly in the family.

C. F. Amelang, Leipzig, recently issued the "Geschichte der althebräischen Literatur," by Prof. H. Budde of the University of Marburg, with an extensive supplement on the Apocrypha and the Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament, by Prof. Alfred Bertholet of the University of Basel. This work adopts the progressive critical and scientific views of the series of which it is Volume VII., Die Literaturen des Ostens. On the other hand, the recent "Einleitung in das Neue Testament," by Prof. Fritz Barth (Gütersloh: C. Bertelsmann), is an expression of conservative scholarship. It deals in detail with the origin of the different New Testament books, their collection into a canon, and the text of the New Testament. The work may be called a conservative counterpart to Jülicher's "Einleitung," which lately appeared, much enlarged, as one of the Mohr series, Grundriss der theologischen Wissenschaften.

Reports of adverse votes on the question of providing tax support for free libraries in this State, and of the discontinuance of such support where it had been voted in previous years, have become so frequent as to occasion some concern on the part of the Library Division of the New York State Education Department, and to prompt a word of warning in its official Bulletin. While the adverse votes are in many cases attributed to circumstances purely personal or local, it is pointed out that even here they are a sign that the library has failed to reach the majority of the voting population, and that to throw the blame for this, as is generally done, on the ignorance or unworthy motives of the voters is futile, and often obscures the real difficulty. The Bulletin says:

> Unpleasant as it may be to admit it, we venture to say that in a majority of cases, where public support is refused to a library, it is as much the fault of the library as of the public. To deserve a place on the tax list—that is, to be put in a position where every man and woman having property in the community is compelled to support it—the library must be something more than a mere agency for the free distribution of fiction or of providing entertainment for the idle part of the community. However small, it must be so supplied with serious literature and must be so organized and administered as to command the respect of the village or city.

The announcement has been widely published that Mr. Carnegie has given $5,000,000 more to the Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, with the proviso that the pension system be extended to the State universities. President H. S. Pritchett also announces a plan for the exchange of teachers between Prussia and the United States. In brief, the idea is "to effect a permanent arrangement by which teachers of the United States shall be assigned for a year or half-year to schools in Prussia, and vice versa." The circular continues:

> The instruction to be given in Prussia will be the teaching of English in a conversational way. It is not, however, necessary that the teacher should be a teacher of language in this country, but that he should be a cultured man, able to conduct such exercises in an interesting manner. . . . From the point of view of the young, ambitious American teacher, the opportunity to spend a year in Prussia is an attractive one, and should be considered in about the same way as a fellowship in a good American university. In either case the remuneration is slight. The American teacher who goes to Prussia for a year will receive from the Prussian government from 100 to 110 marks a month ($25 to $27.50). It is estimated that this is equivalent to about $40 to $45 a month in a small town in the United States, and that it will meet the actual living expenses of the teacher during the year. . . . In no case are teachers to take part in the formal instruction of the institution which they visit. They do not do the work, or even part of the work, of a regular teacher. This would impose too heavy a burden upon the visitors, and would render their relationship with the students too didactic. The plan is for the visiting teacher to teach conversation in his own language in an informal manner for not more than two hours each day, his classes being small groups of upper classmen who wish to perfect themselves in the language of the teacher. . . . The candidate for appointment to a position in Prussia should be a graduate of a college which requires for admission the usual four-year high school course. He must have been for at least one year a teacher, though not necessarily a teacher of languages, and must have reasonable facility in the German language. The teacher who goes to Prussia will enter a *gymnasium*, or a *real-gymnasium*.

The arrangements for bringing the German teachers to this country are similar in effect. The committee to consider applications and recommendations consists of President Pritchett; Prof. Julius Sachs, Teachers College, Columbia University; Prof. Calvin Thomas, Columbia; and James G. Croswell, head master of the Brearley School, New York.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Abbott, rector emeritus of St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church, Cambridge, Mass., a brother of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, died last Sunday at the Homœopathic Hospital in Boston. He was born in Farmington, Me., in 1841, the fourth son of Jacob Abbott, the author. He was graduated from New York University in 1860, and studied theology at Andover Theological Seminary. From 1869 to 1878 he was associate editor of the *Congregationalist*, and editor-in-chief of the *Literary World* from 1877 to 1888, and again from 1895 to 1903. Besides published sermons and frequent contributions to magazines and weeklies, Dr. Abbott was the author of many books on historical and religious subjects, as well as one volume of verse, "The Baby's Things." Among his books are "Conversations of Jesus" and "Phillips Brooks."

James Jeffrey Roche, United States consul at Berne, Switzerland, died April 3. He was born in Ireland in 1847, but his parents soon removed to Prince Edward Island. His education was obtained at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown. After seventeen years in business in Boston, he became, in 1883, assistant editor of the *Pilot*, under the late John Boyle O'Reilly. He succeeded to the editorship, but entered the consular service in 1904. His books are: "Songs and Satires" (1886), "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly" (1891), "The Story of the Filibusters" (1891), "Ballads of Blue Water" (1895), "Her Majesty the King" (1898), "By-Ways of War" 1904.

The death is announced of Major Arthur Griffiths in his seventieth year. He was a veteran of the Crimean war, but was perhaps better known for his work as inspector of prisons, and for the novels in which he made use of the knowledge thus gained. His most important publication is his book of memoirs called "Fifty Years of Public Service."

The Rev. Frederick Mayer Bird died at South Bethlehem, Pa., April 2. He was born in Philadelphia in 1838, and after graduation from the University of Pennsylvania attended the Union Theological Seminary in this city. Having served a few years as rector at Spotswood, N. J., he became chaplain and professor of psychology, Christian evidences, and rhetoric at Lehigh University. From 1893 to 1898 he was editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. He was author of "The Story of Our Christianity" (1893); he edited several collections of hymns and wrote on hymnology, and he was a frequent contributor to the *Nation*.

Sir James David Marwick, at one time town clerk of Edinburgh, and afterwards of Glasgow, has died at the age of eighty-one. Among his published works are "History of the High Constables of Edinburgh" (1865), "Extracts from the Records of the Burgh of Edinburgh" (1869-92), and "Extracts from the Records of the Burgh of Glasgow" (1876-1905). He also wrote an autobiographical "Retrospect," which brought the narrative of his life down to 1873.

The Right Rev. J. Mortimer Levering, president of the Moravian Elders Conference, and head of the Northern Province of the Moravian Church in America and Alaska, died April 4 at the age of fifty-eight. Bishop Levering was highly versed in Church law, and was the author of "A History of Bethlehem."

Franz Kielhorn, professor of Sanskrit at Göttingen, died very suddenly and without any premonitory sickness, March 19, in his sixty-eighth year. Like Bühler of Vienna, he was an Indianist whose rigorous European training in classical philology and Sanskrit was fructified by intimacy with the native pandits during a long residence in India. At the age of twenty-six he went to Poona as professor of Sanskrit at Deccan College, and to his Poona colleagues he dedicates one of his great tomes "in memory of sixteen happy years." His earlier works were devoted to the native systems of grammar, in which discipline, as is known, the Hindus far outrivalled the Alexandrines. His later years were occupied with Indian inscriptions and chronology, and his results, published in the *Indian Antiquary* and *Epigraphia Indica*, are and will long remain of fundamental importance for historians of India.

EXPLORATIONS IN CHINESE TURKESTAN.

Ancient Khotan: Detailed Report of Archæological Explorations in Chinese Turkestan carried out under orders of H. M. Indian Government by M. Aurel Stein. Vol. I. Text with descriptive lists of antiques by F. H. Andrews, 72 illustrations; pp. xxiv., 621. Vol. II. Plates of Photographs, Plans, Antiques and MSS., with a Map of the Territory of Khotan from original surveys. 119 plates; pp. vii. New York: Henry Frowde. $33.75.

Not so very long ago, the city of Khotan, on the southern edge of the Tarim basin, was not much more than a name to us. Its position varied a good deal on maps, until Russian explorers (Pjewtsow, Prshevalski) and the Swedish traveller Sven Hedin laid the foundation of our present map of this territory. Dr. Hedin's discovery of sand-buried cities in the neighborhood of Khotan was a revelation to the scientific world. But how much still remained to be done, chiefly from the archæological point of view, the present work will show. The interest attaching to archæological exploration of this region is chiefly due to the fact that it was in ancient times the meeting-ground of the most heterogeneous nations, all of whom left traces, partly hidden under the sand of deserts, in the shape of architectural works such as stupas, mounds, ruins of temple walls and dwelling houses, products of art and industry, and a variegated list of implements of daily use. Literature, too, is represented in the shape of wooden tablets, sgraffiti, and contracts and letters in several languages and scripts. The same forces of nature which in the shape of winds had created those sand dunes, the ruin of once flourishing seats of human life, have also become instrumental in preserving the relics to our days.

Dr. Stein is not the only explorer who has devoted himself to this work, but he is certainly, as far as publications go, the most successful from the archæological point of view. The publication of these volumes had been preceded by a "Preliminary Report on a Journey of Archæological and Topographical Exploration in Chinese Turkestan" (London, 1901), which excited the curiosity of the scientific world, and a more popular work, "Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan" (London, 1904). The journey, the full details of which are now before us in two large volumes, was performed in 1900 and 1901, at the instance of the Indian government, in whose educational service the author holds a high position. The attention of Indian scholars had been first drawn to Eastern Turkestan as a field of archæological research in 1890, when Col. Bower obtained the manuscript, written on birch-bark, now bearing his name, and deposited it in the Bodleian Library of Oxford. Other discoveries soon followed, not only of manuscripts on palm-leaf and paper, but also of xylographs, coins and seals, terra-cottas and pottery, figures of stone, metal, or wood, and miscellaneous objects. Dr. Stein started from Kashmir, crossed the plateau of Pamir, and in July, 1900, arrived at Kashgar. Having visited some ancient ruins in this neighborhood he went to Yarkand, and from there, after traversing part of the desert of Taklamakan, reached Khotan in October. The site of the ancient capital, Yotkan, was carefully searched with remarkable results in the discovery of ruins, coins, terra-cotta figures, and other antiquities. Towards the close of the year the traveller turned his attention to long-forgotten oases in the adjoining desert, chief among them those of Dandan-Uiliq and Endere. On the way from Khotan to these oases, as earlier on the way to Khotan, a number of other oases and old sites were searched with good results.

It is impossible to give in small compass even an approximate idea of the richness of that mine. But attention must be drawn to the excellence of Dr. Stein's method, both in research and publication. He has faithfully followed the principles laid down by Prof. Flinders Petrie, who in his "Methods and Aims in Archæology" says:

> To leave a site merely plundered, without any attempt to work out its history, to see the meaning of the remains found, or to publish what may serve future students of the place or the subject, is to throw away the opportunities which have been snatched from those who might have used them properly.

The second volume, with its plates and map, is a regular *orbis pictus* of the culture in ancient Khotan, and the first volume, giving full archæological information in a highly scientific manner, is the best illustration of Dr. Petrie's "Methods in Archæology." The interpretation of so many different kinds of relics required the coöperation of a number of specialists. In the appendices, therefore, Prof. Éd. Chavannes analyzes and translates Chinese manuscripts on paper and wooden slips from Dandan-Uiliq, Niya, and Endere; L. D. Barnett and A. H. Francke edit Tibetan manuscripts and sgraffiti; Dr. S. W. Bushell and Prof. E. J. Rapson contribute an inventory of coins found or purchased; Prof. D. S. Margoliouth discusses a Judæo-Persian document from Dandan-Uiliq; T. W. Thomas and Sylvain Lévi furnish notes on Tibetan subjects; A. H. Church, professor of chemistry, on specimens of ancient stucco from Khotan sites; and Prof. L. Lóczy, the Hungarian geologist of Central-Asiatic experience, on sand and loess specimens from the region of Khotan. Many other scholars, each of them an authority in his specialty, have contributed towards the success of this book.

Among the objects described and illustrated the manuscripts on paper, leather, wood, etc., are of the greatest interest. Among them are several Indian scripts and languages (Sanskrit, Brami, Kharoshthi), Tibetan, non-Sanskritic unknown languages, Judæo-Persian, and Chinese. Since Chinese literature in its standard histories and the accounts of Buddhist travellers (Fa-hién, Hüan-tsang, Sung Yün, etc.) furnish an historical framework, the few dates contained in Dr. Stein's manuscripts are of value as indicating the latest periods at which certain sites, since buried by the flying sands, may have been inhabited. In Dandan-Uiliq fragments of documents were dated as late as 790 A. D. and Chinese coins also as late as the eighth century. Among the antiquities at Endere a sgraffito is dated 719 A. D. These dates bear on the identification of a territory near Khotan, named Tu-huo-lo, described by the Buddhist traveller Hüan-tsang (645 A. D.) as "deserted." Dr. Stein's identification of Tu-huo-lo with the ruins at Endere will, in the face of the Chinese dated sgraffito, involve an anachronism, unless we assume that the site had been deserted before Hüan-tsang's time and resettled afterwards. This, from what Sven Hedin has told us about causes leading to the abandonment of sites, seems unlikely; and we must look further for clues.

The interest attaching to this problem is increased by the fact, overlooked in Dr. Stein's report, that members of a celebrated family of painters (probably related to the kings of Khotan), namely Weï-ch'ï Pa-chï-na and Weï-ch'ï I-shöng, are mentioned as natives of Tu-huo-lo. Both artists, father and son, had emigrated to China, and I-shöng had been received there with princely honors, in 627 A. D., while his younger brother, also a painter, had remained in his native country. I-shöng's style in art is described as quite different from that of the native Chinese artists of the T'ang dynasty; Chinese art historians stamp his work as decidedly "exotic." His subjects were mostly Buddhistic. It is highly probable that the wonderful specimens of local pictorial and sculptural art secured by Dr. Stein at Dandan-Uiliq and other sites, with their unmistakable Græco-Buddhist and Persian features, are representatives of the style cultivated by I-shöng; and since the manner introduced by him and his school into China can be shown to have been adopted by Korean artists, who again influenced the earliest development of art in Japan, we get sight of the channel through which Hellenistic elements, amalgamated with the religious art of northwestern India, wandered from there by way of the Khotan region to China, and thence partly through Korea, partly direct, to Japan.

To return to manuscripts: the discovery of Chinese documents seems a matter of course in a country that was a dependency of China during so many generations. Quite unexpected, however, was the great number of ancient Kharoshthi documents unearthed chiefly in the Niya site of ruins. Kharoshthi is an Indian script peculiar to the region of Takshasila, the Taxila of classical authors, according to Arrian "a large and wealthy city, and the most populous between the Indus and Hydaspes." The common use of the Kharoshthi script points to some relationship between the people of Khotan and its neighborhood with those of Taxila during the first centuries of our era. Evidence thus favors Dr. Stein's theory of Indian immigration, even before the introduction of Buddhism into Khotan, ascribed by Hüan-tsang to a legendary "ancestor king" (*sién-wang*). The Kharoshthi documents, the analysis and translation of which are in the hands of E. J. Rapson, professor of Sanskrit in London, have not all been deciphered yet, but they seem to contain no clues of historical value, though highly important from a cultural and linguistic point of view.

Dr. Stein made the interesting discovery that several public collections in Calcutta, London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and probably elsewhere, had been supplied with forged antiquities, and he devotes part of his book to "Islam Akhun and His Forgeries." This wily antiquarian, whose portrait with that of his colleague, the "Treasure-seeker" Turdi Khwaja, has been inserted in Dr. Stein's account, seems to have had a regular factory of "old books," especially those in "unknown characters," and the exposure of his frauds appears to us one of Dr. Stein's most important services.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Heart of a Child. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Co.

If the author were not insistent upon the point we should hardly have noticed that Sally Snape's heart was that of a child. From being that of a hard-headed waif intent on her daily bread, it slowly developed into a Diana-like organ, if one can fancy a Diana brought up in the slums and becoming by turns factory girl, dressmaker's "showgirl," chorus girl, dancer at a musical comedy theatre, and finally Lady Kidderminster. Through these chances and changes an "instinctive fierceness of virginity" was her shield—her buckler, a practical habit of attending strictly to business, and her chief charm a grateful disposition. Of heart or child we discern not much. If Sally often knew surprisingly little, considering how very much she knew, the responsibility seems to be with the author rather than with herself. We cannot make her quite coherent, though she is vivid by reason of her much-dwelt-upon red hair, green eyes, and slim figure. The things that made life hard for her are revealed in the fullest detail. And though Sally is pervasive the real topics of the book are the surroundings which shaped, threatened, and finally exalted her. It is impossible to escape the feeling that the novel was written for this detail work, which concerns itself with phases of life probably true and certainly unedifying. The sordid cataloguing is done with brisk touch and with affronting thoroughness, but it is an open question whether the goodness of Sally, the steadfastness of Kiddie, the wisdom of the district visitor and the saintliness of Kiddie's mother all put together make enough righteousness to save Sodom.

A Modern Prometheus. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Co.

Prometheus was a Jesuit priest, "whose chains were laid upon him by the grim, incontrovertible decree of Deity." Very hard he strove to bring into the Church the beautiful American Clare, whose luckless marriage to an Italian count had left her disillusioned, sad, bitter, and painfully engrossed with her own soul. First the Jesuit Father sets before her the duty of returning to her husband. Then, when the count has providentially been killed, he seeks to draw her into a sisterhood. Round her rally her mother, her girl cousin, and a faithful lover, who, scantily interested in what Gertie flippantly calls "a posthumous love affair," look upon a convent with agony. Assisi is the scene of the conflict. The background is like other Umbrian backgrounds of story, with its many touches of Italian life and its many figures of peasants, priests, and tourists, its incidental legends, art-histories, and church dogma, its landscape and birds, its fruits and flowers and stars. The story itself is not commonplace, and the interest holds to the end—indeed slips over the margin, since the last word leaves one guessing whether Clare, borne away from Assisi, in safety for the time being, will not some day return.

The repellant part of the matter is that Clare, whose plaint and moan are ever directed against lying, should still feel the sway of the priest even after she has learned that he has encouraged her to believe a false accusation against a faithful friend. Momentarily shocked into decision, she is left in the last paragraph still shilly-shallying with her immortal destinies, her faith in her spiritual guide unbroken. In truth, she is an exasperating heroine of the familiar type of the *précieuse* in emotions and self-pityings. The mother is an engaging figure of devotion and tact; the priest, a not unheroic figure, barring his one lie told for the winning of two souls; the faithful American lover has the virtues, the humor, and the horse-sense of his race, and the same is to be said of the gay little girl cousin.

The Politician. By Antonio Fogazzaro; translated by G. Mantellini. Boston: Luce & Co.

"Daniele Cortis," which now appears in English dress for the third time, as "The Politician," is probably familiar to many American readers, either through the translation published in this country in 1887, or through that published in London in 1890. No doubt we owe this third version to the interest awakened in America by Fogazzaro's great trilogy, recently translated by Mrs Prichard-Agnelli under the titles, "The Patriot," "The Sinner," and "The Saint." "Daniele Cortis," it will be remembered, was written in 1885, eleven years before "The Patriot," but, as we read it over with these later novels fresh in our minds, it still seems one of the best things Fogazzaro has done. Indeed, the American reader who happens to possess no special knowledge of the affairs of church and state in modern Italy may find it more readable than the novels of the trilogy.

When a foreign work has already been made accessible to us we naturally look to each succeeding translation for qualities which shall bring us nearer the original. In the present version, not only is the English thoroughly shiftless and awkward, nowhere rising to the plane of Fogazzaro's Italian, but the pages are sown thick with the most astonishing errors in translation. Six or seven sentences are brought off with a meaning directly opposite to that of the original, three or four, at least, with no meaning whatever, and shades of meaning are everywhere ignored or confused. In several passages speeches or portions of speeches, uttered by one character, are carelessly transferred to another—with particularly disastrous effect in one of the closing scenes, where Daniele's tonic "It is our duty" is given Elena to utter in the same breath with her failing cry of "O Daniele!"

The Magistrate's Own Case. By Baron Palle Rosenkrantz. New York: The McClure Co.

This book is unusual in that it is a detective story to all appearances quite uninfluenced by the masterpieces of that form of fiction. The close thread of narrative in the first person is absent. So is the preternatural power of the investigating protagonist. The magistrate who is assigned to collect evidence in a murder case involving persons close to him makes some surprising disclosures in the early stages of the inquiry. But when, for example, he displays knowledge of the contents of a certain will, it transpires directly that "analysis and deduction" had nothing to do with the case. The magistrate merely happened to have studied law years before in the office of the English solicitors who drew up the testament. In fact the story proceeds not so much in the magistrate's discovery of new facts relative to the mystery, as in his mentioning from time to time facts which he had really known all the time. It is not in the least surprising that the opposing advocate accused him of being the real murderer.

It may be that on the singular plan here applied a first-class story of mystery could be constructed. The effect of this one is to vindicate the contemporary writers who imitate Poe and Wilkie Collins.

British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765. By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It is strange, in view of the absorbing interest which Americans have in the history of the Revolution, that no adequate study has ever been made of the deeper causes of that event. Chamberlain, Woodburn, Egerton, Hertz, and Howard,* to name only the most conspicuous of recent writers, have each presented a solution or a group of solutions, but no one of these writers has done more than deal with the secondary issues, leaving the fundamental difficulty still untouched. Judge Chamberlain saw a conflict of principles, but conceived that conflict only in terms of parliamentary control. Professor Egerton and Mr. Hertz each in his own way deemed the combination of an iniquitous colonial policy and a blundering ministry a sufficient cause for colonial revolt; while Professor Howard, identifying British colonial policy with the navigation acts and restrictive measures, deemed these the primary cause. No one of these writers has made any pretence of a thorough examination of the evidence in the case and no one of them has convinced his readers that he has solved the problem.

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*Chamherlain, "The Revolution Impending" in Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History," Vol. VII., pp. 3-62; Woodhurn, "Causes of the American Revolution" in Johns Hopkins University Studies, Series X., No. 10; Egerton, "A Short History of British Colonial Policy," 1897; Hertz, "The Old Colonial System," 1905; Howard, "The Preliminaries of the Revolution," The American Nation Series, Vol. VIII., 1905.

Mr. Beer now comes before us with a new essay upon the subject. For some years he has been known as a student of England's commercial policy and a writer of marked ability in dealing with problems of this nature. For the writing of this essay, which is but the first part of a larger whole, he has made unusual preparations. No one before him has ever attempted to examine in detail or systematically the evidence which the British archives furnish. Even the Englishmen, Egerton and Hertz, are no exception; for Egerton dealt with manuscript material very sparingly, while Hertz neglected it altogether. Mr. Beer, on the other hand, has had the courage and patience to undertake a systematic search of the British departmental records, volume by volume, page by page, in the effort to discover exactly what "colonial policy" meant to those in whose hands lay its enforcement. The book before us contains, therefore, a digest of this material, so far as it concerns the years 1754 to 1765, and presents, not an *ex parte* statement of the British side of the case, for Mr. Beer holds no brief for either party, but a logical and convincing exposition of British imperial ideals and the methods employed to make those ideals real. If there still lingers in the mind of the American historical student any belief that Great Britain was consciously or intentionally oppressing the colonies during these years it will be dissipated by this thoroughly coherent and consistent account of the aims of British administrators and statesmen as represented not by their speeches but by their acts. That these acts were not always wise is a matter of secondary consideration; the important question is not how the British programme was carried out but what it was, and how far it represented an inevitable and normal tendency in the development of the British imperial system.

The truth is that Great Britain, as far as her relations with the colonies were concerned, was during this period on the horns of a dilemma, and Mr. Beer shows with a great wealth of facts and figures what this dilemma was. According to the accepted theory of colonial empire, Great Britain owed the colonies protection, while they in their turn owed the mother country obedience. In the execution of this policy Great Britain aided the colonies with troops, money, and presents to the Indians, and in 1754 attempted to organize them for purposes of defence in a union among themselves. The Albany plan failed, owing to the particularistic tendencies in America, and because of this unfortunate event Great Britain was forced to utilize the very unsatisfactory requisition system of obtaining provincial troops, and to bear not only the expense of the war with France, but the burden of gifts and compensations to the colonies for aid rendered. At the same time Great Britain was hampered in the struggle not only by the military lukewarmness of the colonies, but also by their trade with the enemy, whereby the French were supplied with provisions and naval stores. The British government endeavored to break up this "traitorous" practice by the use of her navy, by writs of assistance, and by the strengthening of her admiralty courts. When by the peace of 1763 the decision was reached to retain Canada instead of Guadeloupe, British policy was confronted by the necessity of reforming the system of imperial defence, if the Empire was to be held together; and a series of measures looking to that end was inaugurated. The first of these measures concerned the renewal and stiffening of the navigation acts and trade laws, and in themselves would probably never have led to revolt, because their object was to encourage and not to restrict colonial industry. The second group of measures aimed to reform the administration of the trade laws, and involved the suppression by means of the navy of contraband trade and smuggling. This move strengthened the hands of the imperial government at the expense of local or personal colonial profit, and provided a revenue to meet the increased expenditure necessitated by the vast territorial accessions to the empire. The third group of measures was designed to meet the all-important problem of colonial defence, which was no less exigent after 1763 than it had been before.

In the carrying out of these various measures, the government could obtain no coöperation on the part of the colonies; and at this point the divergent tendencies in the two countries became manifest. The tendency in America was particularistic and intensive; whatever interfered in any degree with self-government was resented by the colonists, and, despite the assertion of many writers, loyalty to British ideals was practically dead in America. On the other hand, the tendency in Great Britain was toward empire, uniformity, and centralization—a tendency manifestly destructive of local political independence such as the colonies demanded, and of the right which they claimed to control their own destinies. British statesmen, seeing only the imperial ideal and largely ignorant of affairs in America, sought for a solution of an insoluble problem. They abandoned one project and another that looked to greater coherence and efficiency, and finally were driven to the apparent necessity of establishing a standing army and of raising a revenue in America. All measures from 1763 to 1768 were but the logical result of events after 1754, and had their origin in the refusal of the colonies to coöperate in the furthering of an imperial organization, to which their history, traditions, and practices were unalterably opposed.

This was the dilemma that faced British statesmen of the period. Could wiser rulers have avoided it by employing means that would have reconciled these two opposing tendencies? Union among the colonies was impossible; representation of the colonies in Parliament was impracticable; the bearing of the entire burden of defence by Great Britain was unfair and unwise; to leave the empire unprotected was suicidal. Where lay the solution? Would the concession of a greater measure of self-government by a far-sighted minister and King have made for greater integration? At this point Mr. Beer is content to leave the problem. He has brushed aside all secondary considerations that obscure the main issue, and has presented in all its seeming hopelessness the one primary cause that made Revolution inevitable. He concludes:

> In its broader phase, the fundamental question at issue was the political independence of the American colonies. The struggle on the side of the colonies was only superficially concerned with increased civil and political liberty; it was essentially a movement for national independence. This movement came into violent conflict with British imperialism, whose aim was to increase the administrative efficiency of the empire. Both the British and the colonial ideals were justifiable from their respective viewpoints, each being in harmony with one of the two underlying tendencies in modern historical evolution.

Proceedings of the British Academy, 1905-6. Published for the Academy by Henry Frowde.

This, the second volume of Proceedings of the recently established British Academy, contains a little over four hundred and fifty pages, covering the meetings of two years. But the contributions, though mostly short, are in a number of cases noteworthy, and the Oxford Press has brought them out in handsome form.

A wide range of subjects is represented. The general purpose of academies is discussed, first in Lord Reay's address for 1905 (which contains, we may observe in passing, a welcome plea for classical education), and again in Shadworth H. Hodgson's paper on the "Inter-Relations of the Academical Sciences." Of the nature of memorial addresses are Thomas Hodgkins's account of Ernest Curtius and James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's contribution, "Cervantes in England." The latter, delivered in commemoration of the tercentenary of "Don Quixote," constitutes an interesting chapter in literary history. Pure philosophy is represented by Prof. George Frederick Stout's paper on "Things and Sensations" and by Prof. Bernard Bosanquet's restatement of the argument for a teleological, as opposed to a mechanical, interpretation of the world, or rather as including the mechanical interpretation in a higher synthesis. Only one article deals with a subject in physical science; Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson contributes a study of Petrus Peregrinus de Maricourt and his "Epistola de Magnete," a treatise, written in 1269, in which the invention of the mariner's compass was practically achieved. Urgent questions of international law are treated by Prof. T. E. Holland and Sir Edward Fry in papers on the rights and duties of neutrals in time of war, as illustrated by recent events; and a practical issue of a different sort is expounded by Prof. W. W. Skeat in his discussion of the problem of spelling reform.

These scattered essays, which illustrate the diversity of studies fostered by the Academy, occupy only about a third of the volume. The remaining contributions are all concerned in some fashion with early British history or Celtic antiquities. Two substantial articles by Sir John Rhŷs, entitled "Celtæ and Galli" and "The Celtic Inscriptions of France and Italy," have already been noticed in these columns. (See the *Nation* of July 5, 1906, p. 12; September 12, 1907, p. 254.)

A paper by Prof. William Ridgeway, "The Date of the First Shaping of the Cuchulainn Saga," brings archæological evidence to bear on one of the fundamental problems of Irish literary history. The method of investigation is practically the same as that employed, less thoroughly, several years ago by J. von Pflugk-Harttung in a contribution to the *Revue Celtique* (Vol.

XIII., pp. 170 ff.), but the results are very different. Whereas Mr. von Pflugk-Harttung assigned the Cuchulainn saga to about the tenth century, Professor Ridgeway would put it near the beginning of the Christian era, only a little later, in fact, than the age in which the events of the cycle, according to the saga chronology itself, purport to have taken place. Of the two dates, without doubt Professor Ridgeway's is the nearer right, though his article leaves many difficulties undisposed of. He succeeds in showing similarity between numerous features of the so-called La Tène civilization and those described in the Cuchulainn cycle. But he does not explain very satisfactorily the situation with regard to cremation; and his theory of the antiquity of writing among the Irish lacks positive evidence. Other details might be criticised on the side of literature and linguistics. His repeated references to the "Táin Bó Cúailnge" as a "poem" are strange, even if he knows the document only in translated form. But, on the whole, the significance of his observations can hardly be denied, and they make for the confirmation of native Irish tradition concerning the age of the substance of the heroic sagas.

F. J. Haverfield contributes an essay on "The Romanization of Roman Britain," a subject on which he speaks with acknowledged competence, though he appears to us in this instance to overstate his case. His thesis is that in the lowland area Britain was at least as thoroughly Romanized as northern Gaul. He makes use chiefly of archæological evidence, with incidental consideration of language and institutions.

The last article, by Prof. Alexander Souter, on "The Commentary of Pelagius on the Epistles of Paul," has as much interest for Celticists as for students of New Testament interpretation. For the famous heretic, whether Brythonic or Gaelic in origin, was a product of the Celtic Church, and his commentary appears to be the oldest surviving book by a native of Britain. Professor Souter's article gives a critical review of investigations on the subject since the publication of Zimmer's "Pelagius in Irland," and reports in particular the author's own discovery of what he believes to be a pure Pelagius manuscript in the Grand Ducal Library at Karlsruhe.

Sir George Grey: Pioneer of Empire in Southern Lands. By George C. Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

The life of a British colonial Governor, who was the autocrat of three important colonies for long terms and through critical periods, who shaped political and ecclesiastical constitutions, conducted protracted wars, moulded and reconciled aboriginal peoples, ruled without and with responsible ministers, conceived smaller and larger federations, and wound up an historic career by returning as a private citizen to a colony he had despotically ruled, sitting in the popular branch of its Legislature, like John Quincy Adams, and becoming its masterful Premier and the eloquent leader of the Opposition there, should be interesting to the American reader, had it no other claims on his attention. But if we add that this hero of colonization produced philological works that received the praise of Bunsen and Max Müller, of Lassen and Sayce; collected the legends and translated the mythology of a race; broached sociological theories that attracted McLennan and Lubbock; and founded libraries that place him, in the judgment of Max Müller, by the side of Sir Thomas Bodley, we may admit that the title "the great proconsul," first given him by his official biographer, is not unmerited.

The most important source of information about the Governor, and the best picture of the man, are still to be found in the biography referred to, "The Life and Times of Sir George Grey," by W. L. Rees; London, 1892. Mr. Rees had singular qualifications for writing the book. His relations with Sir George Grey in his later years were of the most intimate character; he was Grey's spokesman in the press. It was therefore natural that Grey should select Mr. Rees as biographer. To him Grey told the story of his life, and Mr. Rees, in many parts, has done little more than reproduce the narrative. It might be accepted almost as an *apologia pro vita sua*; but it has one defect: it is not impartial. In this fresh biography Professor Henderson has taken his task as seriously as if Grey had been an historic European statesman. He has slurred over the brief but eventful London episode in Grey's later life; but all else he has illuminated afresh and sometimes transformed.

During "the forty years' peace" there was little prospect of work or promotion in the British army, and Lieut. Grey volunteered to head one of those exploring expeditions whose distressing experiences in barren and tropical tracts form an interesting part of the history of Australia. In 1838-9 he made two journeys in northwestern and western Australia, where he discovered rivers, mountains, and plains. His travels and discoveries have been described by himself in a work that deserves to be republished, and they have been the battlefield of controversy. To the sociologist the interest of the journeys and his subsequent work as Resident in southwestern Australia lies in a greater discovery than any of his geographical finds. Grey first discerned those peculiar features of the Australian family relationships that have since been elaborated by Lorimer Fison and Howitt, by Gillen and Baldwin Spencer, and he believed that his statement of them started McLennan on the line of inquiry that has been so fruitful. He also first proved that the numerous Australian dialects are all varieties of a common tongue. Through his intercourse with the blacks Grey served his apprenticeship to colonial administration, and in 1840 he was appointed Governor of South Australia, where there was trouble with the natives. By the exercise of discretion, firmness, and a large humanitarianism, he temporarily solved the native problem there. The whole of Professor Henderson's contribution to this subject is new. The stern retrenchments and the administrative reconstructions by which Grey restored financial equilibrium to a bankrupt colony, and sent it forward on a career of stable prosperity have never before been so fully or clearly described.

Grey had earned his promotion to a more important sphere of labor, and in 1845 he was appointed Governor of New Zealand. His doings there have been narrated in minute detail by G. W. Rusden, in a "History of New Zealand." To this part of his subject Professor Henderson could have nothing of importance to add. He even takes something away. His account of the suppression by Sir George Grey of the Maori rebellion in the North is inadequate in many particulars. He does not mention that an English general, Sir Everard Home, was in command of the troops, and he incorrectly describes the incident that led to the capture of the chief Maori fortress. On the other hand, he raises afresh and suggestively discusses a question that will interest American readers: whether a conquering power can equitably seize the uncultivated lands of an indigenous people, and he decides in favor of Dr. Arnold and Earl Grey, who held that it could. Out of Grey's work as Governor rose a literary masterpiece that Professor Henderson makes no attempt to appraise. He describes the "Polynesian Mythology" as a "text-book," which it could not be. It is a first-hand collection of myths, legends, and traditions, which Grey himself took down from the mouths of priests and chiefs and translated with great elegance.

Grey was always in demand when a crisis had arisen in a colony, and from the islands in the western Pacific he was transferred in 1854 to South Africa, where he was appointed high commissioner and Governor of Cape Colony. There he had a great and agitated career. His autocratic spirit, which had made him rebel in New Zealand against the Secretary for the Colonies, had still fuller scope in South Africa, where his activity was one long war with the Colonial Office.

When the Indian Mutiny broke out, the Governor of Bombay appealed for aid to his nearest neighbor. Grey promptly answered the appeal. At the risk of being swept into the sea by a Kaffir or Zulu rising, he dispatched to India all the British troops at the Cape, horses (even his own carriage horses), stores, and specie. So far there is no dispute about his patriotism. But Grey asserted that he did much more. He used to relate, and Mr. Rees again tells the story, that when the troops destined to support Lord Elgin's mission to China in 1857 touched at the Cape, the high commissioner, stretching his powers, issued orders to the commanders of the regiments and the captains of the transports to divert their course from Singapore to Calcutta, and he claimed all the credit hitherto given to Lord Elgin for the timely aid that saved India. Professor Henderson accepts Grey's narrative, and assigns him all the glory; but Mr. Rees admits that he has found no acknowledgment in histories of the Mutiny of Grey's extraordinary act. There is none. The War Office, the Colonial Office, and the British government ignored it. All the praise has been given to Lord Elgin, as if his magnanimous renunciation (for it involved the failure or delay of the China mission) were solely in question. Yet Grey stood his ground. In 1890, in the New Zealand press, he reasserted his claims. He was then publicly told by an officer of the troops thus diverted to Calcutta that his "orders," given at the Cape, were not accepted and not obeyed. The transports were intercepted near Singapore and diverted by Lord Elgin's orders. Grey's belief seems a delusion deserving the attention of the Society for Psychical Research, and yet it cannot be decisively shown to be an hallucination. A second point relates to a Kaffir rising in the same year. Let the reader compare the narrative of the series of events given by Mr. Rees, inspired by Grey, with the narrative of the same events by Professor Henderson, and then ask himself whether Sir Robert Walpole was not right when he said that history was a tissue of falsehood. The two accounts have but one name, and hardly one incident in common.

Two years later Grey was recalled from the Cape after a succession of acts of insubordination that almost amounted to rebellion. The crowning offence consisted in the active steps he took to federate all the South African States, the two Dutch republics included. Professor Henderson believes that Grey was then at the point of accomplishing the federation of South Africa, and he cites a letter from President Reitz to Grey in 1893:

> Had British ministers in times past been wise enough to follow your advice there would undoubtedly be to-day a British dominion extending from Table Bay to the Zambesi.

It is probably a delusion. South Africa was not then ripe for federation. In any case, as Grey himself admitted in conversation, it would have been a federation in which the Boer element was in the ascendency. This danger the British government plainly saw, and therefore recalled him.

Letters and Literary Memorials of Samuel J. Tilden. Edited by John Bigelow. Two vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

There is less material of first-rate political importance in these volumes than one had hoped. They will stand as little more than an appendix to the "Speeches and Writings of Mr. Tilden," and to Bigelow's "Life." Tilden does not appear to have been a profuse letter-writer. Smith M. Weed wrote to him in 1885 that "M. [Daniel Manning] likes better to send messages than to write, although he probably *learned that from you.*" Be that as it may, few of Tilden's letters here printed throw new light upon the crises of his public life. There are swarms of appeals to him by others, suggestions, almost demands, but his answers are lacking. We find D. B. Hill bluntly asking Tilden to help him get the Democratic nomination for lieutenant-governor in 1882—"if you will speak a good word for me, it will settle the question"—but there is no hint of what the reply was, if any. At the time of the disputed Presidential election in 1876, and the Electoral Commission of 1877, politicians and private citizens of all sorts were writing to Tilden; so far as these records go, they got no writing from him.

Though these letters add but little to our knowledge of the man, they fall in perfectly with that conception of his character which those who have studied it most closely have slowly formed. His capacious mind early showed an extraordinary power of picking its way through the jungle of detail, and a wonderful command of lucid statement. The Tweed Ring and the Canal Ring afforded him room for the display of these abilities, now historic. In the same line, in a minor matter, is a letter to Jay Gould, now first printed. Gould had rather insolently written to Tilden reproaching him for taking a retainer against the Erie, on the alleged ground that Tilden had been paid $10,000 for conducting a certain litigation in behalf of that company. Tilden's reply (vol. I., p. 258-61) is a model of orderly exposition. It was a complete extinguisher to Gould's flaring impudence.

Politically, as we have said, the additions which the "Letters" make to known facts are slight. There is really more that is new about 1880, and subsequently, than the critical years 1876-7. It is made clear that Mr. Tilden never really favored the Electoral Commission, though he was willing to be consulted about its composition and powers, after the scheme had been decided upon. When the high hopes which the Democrats built upon it fell, he turned a deaf ear to every suggestion of a resort to force. His mind was too legal, and he was too good a patriot, for that. But he long nourished his hurt. If health had permitted, he would have been a candidate again in 1880. Even in 1884, some would have had him stand, among them no less a man than Lyman Trumbull, as we learn from from his letter (Vol. II., p. 642). Tilden's relations with Cleveland were apparently not very cordial. The candidate of 1876 did not expect the candidate of 1884 to be successful. He had been told by Charles A. Dana of "the desperate situation in which presumption and incompetence have involved the Democratic party." And President Cleveland was not so deferential or yielding to Tilden as it was thought he should and would be. There was evidently a certain coldness and some fault-finding. A letter of Tilden's to Daniel Manning, June 9, 1885, contains an implied criticism, which is really a tribute, and which, while throwing light upon Mr. Tilden's methods, has its sardonic bearing upon controversies which have lasted to the present. We can quote but two paragraphs:

> The importance of the little postmasters is very great. In many of the purely rural districts there is one to every hundred voters. They are centres of political activity. They act as agents and canvassers for the newspapers of their party, and as local organizers.
>
> The immense power of this influence is now wholly on the side of the Republicans. To allow this state of things to continue is infidelity to the principles and cause of the Administration.

The Builders of Florence. By J. Wood Brown; with 74 illustrations by Herbert Railton. New York; E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Here is a really valuable book on Florence. The author, with genuine modesty, declares that its purpose is limited, and that he simply wishes to present "some notions, more or less ordered, touching the complexity of the city's life at certain chief points." In truth, however, he has gone deep, and he displays a thorough knowledge of the essential structure of Florentine evolution. What he does is, briefly, to take the geographical and racial elements of Florence—to show how heredity and environment shaped the people in the city by the Arno—and then to trace their unfolding, through history, and their self-expression through the arts, from early days down to the practical extinction of the republic at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

This method gives some striking results. By pursuing it, for example, Mr. Brown approaches the typical buildings of Florence from the historical, social, political, or religious side, rather than from the architectural. So Santa Maria Novella, or the Duomo or the Bargello becomes the outward expression—the organ, so to speak—of certain dominant needs or ideals. Technically, of course, each represents the constructive genius of its designer; but behind the designer was the collective impulse, whether communal or ecclesiastical, which it was his business to satisfy. We must hasten to add, nevertheless, that Mr. Brown is a careful student of architecture, and that his criticisms and comparisons are weighty, delivered with the authority of an expert. Take, for instance, his analysis of superficial decoration, that Tuscan specialty; or of the construction of the Baptistery; or his rapid survey of the evolution of orders from the Gothic to the Flamboyant; or his identification of the Baroque with the rise of Jesuitry. A single quotation will bear witness to Mr. Brown's ability to interpret architecture by history. After stating that the Jesuits were the highest expression of the Latin revival in the Roman Church, after the Reformation, he says that they, "as devoted and skilful instructors of youth, had inherited a profound respect for classical studies." He adds:

> But the texts they prepared for their schools were freely treated, not merely expurgated—see their well-known edition of Martial—but modified in a Christian sense. This handling of the ancients might seem innocent, laudable even, were it not for two serious consequences which inevitably followed. The moral difference between Paganism and Christianity tended thus in Jesuit hands to disappear, and a habit of interference with standards was formed which ultimately came to be of fatal consequence. Paganism, in purged and, so far, falsified texts, had been lifted towards Christianity; it only remained that Christianity in its turn should be lowered, in a toleration of pagan and worldly ideals, and the syncresy would be complete. (P. 238).

The analogy between this state, and the Baroque Order—typified, for instance, by the Church of the Gesù, at Rome—Mr. Brown succeeds, we think, in demonstrating.

But not less valuable than his more elaborate studies are the stimulating thoughts he sprinkles over his pages. He has a gift of pregnant suggestion, and as he is familiar with the history and customs not less than with the literature and fine arts of Florence, he continually finds explanations in unexpected quarters. No reader will probably agree with him at every point, but there are few readers who can fail to be refreshed by his strongly individual and well-pondered opinions. With this conviction, we think it just to call attention, in our brief review, to the general worth of the work, rather than to combat subordinate statements with which we may differ. The illustrations by Mr. Railton are well chosen, mostly from pen-and-ink sketches in the architectural draftsman's manner. The substance of the book is so important and so interesting that we hope another edition of it may soon be issued, in small format with half-tone pictures, and at a price which would place it within reach of many readers.

Poland: the Knight Among Nations. By Louis E. Van Norman, with an introduction by Helena Modjeska. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

In what he calls his "foreword," Mr. Van Norman disarms us by frankly confessing that he has written as a journalist. His book is nothing more or less than a series of chapters, disconnected save that in each some phase of Polish life or history, past or present, forms the peg on which to hang the discourse. The narration, if there be one, thus travels back and forth, skips from subject to subject, from music (Chopin *et al.*) to astronomy (Copernicus, *solus*), from politics to women, from history to economics, and so on—a record of impressions formed by a year's residence and travel in Poland. Loosely written, and at times indifferent as to matters of fact, the book must not be taken too seriously. But if Mr. Van Norman's warm sympathy for his subject sometimes takes him too far, if his effort to make the most of it is often too visible, yet on the whole he has written an interesting and pleasant work. We may even go so far as to think portions of it valuable. Its merit is inevitably unequal; thus the chapters "What Poland owes to her Women" and "Polish Music and the Slav Temperament" have the quality of an article in a Sunday newspaper; while that entitled "Russia's Open Door," treating of the economic development of Russian Poland, must be ranked higher.

To us the political side of the book far outweighs the sentimental and artistic. Now, to hazard a metaphor, Poland historically was the Ireland of Central Europe. So long as Prussia was nothing but the mark of Brandenburg, Russia an inchoate mass, and Austria occupied to the east with the Turk, and later with the French to the west, Poland on the whole was seriously threatened by no external danger. No sooner, however, had her three great neighbors settled down into the entities that we recognize to-day, than the peculiar constitution of Poland offered food for thought. It must be admitted, we think, that the elective character of her monarchical system might prove a menace to her neighbors. And even if it did not, she had no definite national policy, was rent by ever-recurring internal dissensions, and might become, in short, a nuisance. We freely grant that these are not reasons why one country should possess itself violently of another's territory, and we have no wish to justify the various partitions; but we may well ask if Poland deserved to endure; or better, because more practical, whether she could expect to endure. Does not the survival of the fittest apply here as elsewhere? History has brutally answered these questions, and if we revive them here, it is merely to point out that historical evolution too is inexorable, and that Poland in wilfully ignoring all elements of national strength other than her own violent aristocracy, simply invited the disaster that ultimately overcame her. She lived to fight, and could never fight to live, because her people had never been allowed to develop any real strength. The middle classes have saved France, and have made England, but Poland neither had nor wanted a middle class. These conclusions force themselves upon the careful reader of Mr. Van Norman's book, even though he himself avoids any express discussion of the conditions leading to them. His text is well, but in a certain sense, unfortunately expressed by his subtitle; he is looking for the fine qualities that we poetically couple with knighthood, the truth being that most knights were brutes, and as they have disappeared, so has the "Knight among Nations" and perhaps for much the same reason.

Thus it is that we may seriously ask whether the present efforts to keep alive Polish national spirit can have any great practical result. Mr. Van Norman clearly proves the existence to-day, chiefly in Russian Poland, of a growing commercial spirit, or in other words, of an active modern middle class. But to the cool observer it would seem too late for this class to develop a Polish nationality.

The Princes of Achaia and the Chronicles of Morea: A Study of Greece in the Middle Ages. By Sir Rennell Rodd. 2 vols.; pp. xvi, 301; iv, 334. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

To most readers the vicissitudes of the states founded by the Crusaders in Greece constitute an unknown chapter of mediæval history. Shakespeare indeed knew that there had been dukes of Athens, and the modern traveller in Greece is constantly reminded of the Frankish occupation by the massive ruins which still survive, but the rest of us have been content, with Gibbon, not to "pursue the obscure and various dynasties that rose and fell on the Continent or in the isles." Various these dynasties certainly were, but many of them are in name at least far from obscure, and their fortunes form a curious chapter in the tangled relations between East and West in the later Middle Ages. Moreover, the Frankish conquest brought feudal institutions into sharp relief by throwing them against a classical background; and whatever a modern Grecian may think of the profanation of Hellas by troubadours and tournaments and knightly adventurers, there can be no question of the romantic flavor of the events which made a Lombard marquis warden of the pass of Thermopylæ, put a knight of Flanders over seven-gated Thebes, and sent the barons of Escorta to parliaments over the buried temples of Olympia.

The story begins, of course, with the Fourth Crusade, so cleverly diverted by the Venetians to commercial ends, and the partition which followed the conquest of the Eastern Empire in 1204. By that partition the region south of Salonike was divided into a number of fiefs, whose holders had the right to build castles, coin money, administer their own justice, and engage in private war with their neighbors. These lords were mostly French, and the Peloponnesus in particular became a sort of New France, where the barons prided themselves on marrying only in the best French families and speaking as good French as that of Paris. The founder of Frankish power in this region was Geoffrey de Villehardouin (nephew of the famous chronicler), who established himself as prince of Achaia, and whose descendants soon extended their power over the whole of the Morea and some of the neighboring islands. Their exploits form the theme of the principal literary monument of the Frankish invasion, the Chronicle of Morea, a romancing Greek poem also known through French and Catalan versions and recently made accessible in an excellent edition by an American scholar, Dr. John Schmitt. The romantic period in the story of Achaia comes to an end with the death of William Villehardouin in 1278; and the successive marriages of his daughter with princes of the houses of Anjou, Hainault, and Savoy prepared the way for the feudal anarchy which followed. The fourteenth century is, however, not without episodes of considerable interest, such as the exploits of the Catalan freebooters so vividly recounted in the vernacular by Ramon Muntaner, and the influence of high finance, as exemplified by the rule of the members of the great Florentine banking house of the Acciauoli. The last prince of Achaia, Centurione Zaccaria, of Genoese descent, was forced to give way to the Greek empire in 1430, and the Palæologi were soon replaced by the Turks.

As an historian of the Morea Sir Rennell Rodd has the advantage of long residence in Greece and a strong feeling for the country and its people, and he has labored through the principal sources as well as the great collection of Hopf. He writes clearly, and while specialists will find little that is new, his book will have interest for many visitors to the lands of which he speaks. The work lacks unity of plan, since it often wanders beyond the Morea without rising to the level of a general account of the Frankish states in Greece; and it hardly succeeds in making a connected account out of a number of episodes which are essentially personal and dynastic. An adequate treatment of the subject should be based upon a wider view of Eastern relations and a more thorough study of institutions. Sir Rennell is not sufficiently at home in the history of western Europe in the period of which he writes, and his unfamiliarity betrays itself most clearly when he has occasion to refer to western chronicles, which he still uses in the obsolete editions of DuCange and Hearn. He thus, for example, falls into the old error of making Philippe Mouskes a bishop of Tournai and depreciating the value of his chronicle by dating it a generation too late.

There are fifty pages of appendices containing notes, genealogical tables, and a discussion of the date and versions of the Chronicle of Morea. This is one of the books, of which far too many are now issued, which, to the convenience of the reader and his purse, should have been printed in one volume instead of two.

The Procedure of the House of Commons: A Study of Its History and Present Form. By Josef Redlich; translated from the German by A. Ernest Steinthal. 3 vols. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

This is a work of German thoroughness, in point of scholarly research, and of a lucidity and philosophic grasp which is, we will not say more than German, but uncommon in any language. It is no surprise to find Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Clerk of the House of Commons, speaking regretfully in his introduction of the fact that it had been left to an Austrian scholar to write a book which some competent Englishman ought long ago to have produced. The leading English treatises on the House of Commons are purely historical or statistical—compilations of its privileges and precedents. Professor Redlich has taken the same material and grouped it about its explanatory principle in most interesting and masterly fashion.

Apparently, this Austrian was prompted to his study by despairing contemplation of victorious obstruction in the Reichsrath. If the Austrian Parliament could not transact business, how had the English Parliament retained its power to do so? The difference was largely one of procedure. At first, it might seem that the mere rules governing the conduct of business could not be so vital; but as Dr. Redlich pushed his investigation to their origin and scrutinized them in their evolution, they began to reveal to him a whole system of political and governmental development. His skilful and convincing unfolding of this makes up the originality and fascination of his work.

We have space only to indicate his method as applied to the course of the nineteenth century. At its beginning, the mere procedure of the House had no vast importance, because there was no vast amount of business to get through. The Commons then were as indolent, and sat as short hours, as the Lords to-day. Even Mr. Gladstone could recall the time when "between six and seven o'clock the House, as a matter of course, had disposed of its business and was permitted to adjourn." No eleven o'clock rule, or midnight guillotine, in those days! But with the extension of the franchise, the ferment of democracy, the amplifying of the scope of government, an enormous pressure of bills, with demands for new legislation, came upon the Commons. The ancient forms were cracked to bursting. Merely to save themselves, Ministers and Parliamentarians had to devise new ones. Little by little the Government came to "lead the House" in the sense of deciding what bills it might pass, or even consider. With this enlarged and stiffening control, went on, *pari passu*, a heightening of party discipline, so that the Leader of the House could marshal his "fine brute majority" at will, since the members knew that, if they did not vote as they were bid, they would soon cease to be members at all. On top of all this, came the defiant and alarming system of obstruction invented by Parnell, and applied by him with such fertility and remorselessness that the Mother of Parliaments seemed for a time to be about to fall upon days as impotent as ignoble. But English political genius was equal to surmounting even that crisis, though the changes in the procedure of the House which resulted, and are still in process, were deep in significance and effect. We now see procedure knitting itself to the political facts. The Government of England is nothing but a committee of the House of Commons. That committee—called a Ministry for convenience—lays its hand upon the rules of the House, on the one side, and reaches out on the other to render political parties docile enough and solid enough to make the rules of the House work, and get the business of the nation done.

We are aware that this barely hints at the full and instructive inquiry of which Professor Redlich gives us the rich results. But his volumes themselves would have, in any event, to be turned to by one who would truly appreciate their merit. The first two are the more general and philosophic; the third is largely a setting forth of the rules of the House actually in force. The whole is fortified by wide reading, both historical, political, and biographical, and made vivid by contact and conference with men active to-day in English public life. Mr. Steinthal has put the work into flowing and idiomatic English. It can be heartily commended to student and general reader alike.

Science.

"The California Earthquake of 1906," edited by David Starr Jordan (San Francisco: A. M. Robertson) contains eight separate articles, by as many authors, each discussing the subject from a somewhat different point of view. The general scientific or, more properly, geological matters, are treated by President Jordan, Prof. J. C. Branner, G. K. Gilbert, and Dr. H. W. Fairbanks; the more strictly seismological aspects by Dr. F. Omori of the Imperial Earthquake Investigation Committee of Japan; the engineering and architectural lessons, by Prof. Charles Derleth, jr.; certain local details by Stephen Taber; and the human side of the sudden calamity, by Mrs. Mary Austin. The articles, with the exception of that of Professor Derleth, were collected from various magazines. They afford an interesting account of the catastrophe; but the advantage of presentation from different points of view is offset in part by the unavoidable repetitions incident to a compilation. Professor Derleth's advice as to minimizing damage to buildings, water supply, and business activities by future shocks, is perhaps the matter which will be of greatest value to people elsewhere, who live in dread of similar visitations. The book has abundant illustrations, but half-tones cannot be satisfactorily reproduced upon rough paper.

"The Copper Mines of the World," by Walter Harvey Weed (Hill Publishing Company) is a timely work. Applications in the service of electricity and the ever-increasing demand for brass have made copper second in importance to iron in industrial life. In the last ten years the production has almost doubled, the increase coming chiefly from North America. In recent times, the United States has contributed somewhat over half the world's supply, the yield in 1906 reaching 408,475 long tons in a total of 711,675. With the improvements in concentrating and smelting, lower and lower grade ores have become profitable, until now the miner eagerly utilizes what was the wall-rock of yesterday. The author of the present work seeks to meet the general interest in copper mines by a comprehensive treatment of the subject. He is exceptionally well-qualified for the task: to nearly twenty-five years on the United States Geological Survey, he has added a wide professional experience. His work opens with seven chapters of a general introductory character, discussing geographic distribution, production, mineralogy, geology, and the structure, genesis, and classification of the deposits. The treatment then becomes geographical, and we find in order chapters on the mines, present and prospective, in Europe, Africa, Asia, Japan, Australasia, South America, West Indies and Central America, Canada and Newfoundland, Mexico, and finally the United States. The descriptions are well written and are well illustrated. The author would do well, however, to go carefully over the figures and amplify their descriptive legends, since, as in the cases of Figs. 10, 12, 14c, 26, 43, and 97, the reader cannot interpret what he sees. In Fig. 92—a portion of Sonora bears the name New Mexico. But aside from slips of this kind, the work is well done, and the book is a valuable manual of reference.

"Mosquito Life," by Evelyn G. Mitchell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is not merely an entertaining (although loosely written) book about the subject in general, but also a memorial to Dr. J. W. Dupree, who died a couple of years ago at Baton Rouge after a busy life of much usefulness. Dr. Dupree made an extended and careful study of the mosquito, and a selection from his material is used in illustrating this work. Yet more is apparently to be utilized in a larger monograph which the Carnegie Institution will publish. Miss Mitchell includes also many drawings and observations made by her while working with Dupree. For the easier identification of adult forms as well as eggs and larvæ she appends several original keys which bid fair to be very useful to the student. Nearly sixty pages are devoted to notes on the commoner species. These are helpful, but would be much improved by a somewhat more systematic treatment.

At the Ninth International Geographical Congress, to be held at Geneva July 27 to August 6, the governments of eleven countries (France, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Switzerland, Rumania, Turkey, the United States, and Brazil) will be officially represented, and delegates are also expected from between eighty and ninety learned societies. For the purpose of the meetings, the field of geography has been divided into fourteen sections. Already over one hundred and eighty papers, reports, etc., have been received or promised. Among the contributors are Sir Clements Markham, Sir John Murray ("The Floor of the Ocean"), Dr. Hugh Robert Mill ("The Relation of Rainfall to the Configuration of the Land"), Capt. H. J. Lyons ("The Survey of Egypt"), Dr. G. Hellmann, president of the Berlin Geographical Society, Prof. Henri Lorin ("Native Labor in Equatorial Africa"), Capt. Roald Amundsen ("A Projected Expedition for the Exploration of the North Polar Basin"), Lieut.-Col. Delmé-Radcliffe, Prof. W. Libbey of Princeton, and Capt. E. de Vasconcellos.

The present year will be the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first Swedish polar expedition under Rolandsson Martin to Spitzbergen, the fiftieth of the first Spitzbergen expedition of Prof. Otto Torrell, and the twenty-fifth of the expedition of the Sophie under A. E. Nordenskiöld. The geographers of Sweden have accordingly decided to hold a memorial celebration, after the manner of the similar festivities of 1894, when about all the surviving participants of Swedish polar expeditions held a reunion. Torrell and Nordenskiöld are both dead, but prominent participants, such as Profs. Duner, Guennerstedt, and Thore Fries, survive.

Louis Houllevigue, in "L'Évolution des sciences," treats of more certain sciences and their reciprocal penetration in a higher unity. He sees in the new chemistry, in discoveries regarding the sun and the Milky Way, in speculations on the organization of matter, a majestic harmony solidly based on mathematics and physics—"the true scientific humanities which form the indispensable foundation of all study in whatever science." In somewhat different spirit, but with like high theory, Jean Taussat considers "Monisme et animisme" in their value as hypotheses for Transformism.

Sir John Eliot, K.C.I.E., has died suddenly in his sixty-ninth year. He had been director-general of Indian Observatories since 1899, and had published various books and papers on the meteorology of that country. His most important work was the "Climatological Atlas of India," for which he was preparing a handbook to serve as a companion volume. The manuscript of this book was not finished, but is left in such a condition that it can easily be prepared for the press by other hands.

Drama.

SWINBURNE'S NEW TRAGEDY.

"The Duke of Gandia" (Harper & Bros.) has one virtue that strikes the eyes. It is brief; and this, when one considers the unconscionable length of "The Queen-Mother" and "Bothwell," is no unimportant merit. It is, in fact, no full-grown play, but a single act divided into four rapid scenes—a hard, biting light flashed four times upon a group of evil characters, and then darkness, after as before. Francesco Borgia (Duke of Gandia) and Cæsar Borgia are revealed quarrelling; their father, Pope Alexander VI., their mother, Vannozza Catanei, and their sister, Lucrezia, enter and retire, pass for a moment through the fierce cold glare of Cæsar's jealousy and are seen no more; Cæsar has his brother murdered and thrown into the Tiber; the body is brought before the horror-stricken father, and there is an explanation between father and living son:

Caesar. God
Must needs forget—if God remember. Now
This thing thou hast loved, and I that swept him hence
Held never fit for hate of mine, is dead,
Wilt thou be one with me—one God? No less,
Lord Christ of Rome, thou wilt be.
Alexander. Ay? The Dove?
Caesar. What dove, though lovelier than the swan that lured
Leda to love of God on earth, might match Lucrezia?
Alexander. None. Thou art subtle of soul and strong.
I would thou hadst spared him—couldst have spared him.
Caesar. Sire,
I would so too. Our sire, his sire and mine,
I slew not him for lust of slaying, or hate,
Or ought less like thy wiser spirit and mine.
Alexander. Not for the dove's sake?
Caesar. Not for hate or love.
Death was the lot God bade him draw, if God
Be more than what we make him.
Alexander. Bread and wine
Could hardly turn so bitter. Canst thou sleep?
Caesar. Dost thou not? Flesh must sleep to live.
Am I no son of thine?
Alexander. I would I saw thine end,
And mine; and yet I would not.
Caesar. Sire, good-night.
[*Exeunt.*

And that is all.

Nor are these scenes more a play in substance than in length. There is no dramatic nodus, no conflict of moral characters, indeed, no sense of morality at all. We seem not to be present at the conclusion of some hideous human tragedy, but to be looking into a cage of untamed panthers, ready in the torture of their confinement to seize and rend one another. There is a certain feline grace and swiftness about the very language; if such a comparison were not too fanciful, one might say that the frequent use of a full stop after the first syllable of the verse has the effect of a sudden pause in the turning motion of such restless animals. To many readers, Mr. Swinburne's excessive use of Catholic symbol and phrase in the mouths of these inhuman creatures of blood and lust will be wantonly offensive. The court of Alexander VI. was not a place of innocence, we may suppose, but even the Borgias had the common emotions of mankind.

A text of Henrik Ibsen's "Brand" supplied with critical notes and an Introduction by Julius E. Olson, professor of Scandinavian languages and literature in the University of Wisconsin, is announced for early issue by the John Anderson Publishing Company of Chicago. This is the first critical and annotated edition of any of Ibsen's plays published for English students.

Charles Rann Kennedy's play of "The Servant in the House," now acting in New York, is to be brought out in book form by Harper & Bros. about May 1.

The scene of the three-act comedy, "The High Bid," which Henry James has written for Mr. Forbes-Robertson, is laid in the great hall of an old country mansion, mortgaged up to the hilt. The owner is a young man, and a Radical, who, tempted into unworthy ways, finds deliverance at the hands of a beautiful young American girl. It is her intervention which saves this ambitious politician for his lands and political creed, and awakens him to a better appreciation of his ancestral place. The piece is said to be very light in structure, but so ingeniously made that the actual and imaginary times of representation are identical.

Music.

Outlines of Music History. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Kleines Handbuch der Musikgeschichte. Von Hugo Riemann. New York: Breitkopf & Härtel. $1.35.

In commenting on the second series of "Studies in Musical Education History and Æsthetics," published by the Music Teachers' National Association, we alluded to the remarkable increase in the number of educational institutions that include courses in music. As practical musicians seldom read books, it is only with reference to those institutions that one can comprehend the great activity of the publishers in issuing new histories of music. The latest of these is by the professor of music at Wellesley College. It is intended primarily for class work, but also for the general reader. It has been the author's aim to survey the entire field of musical development in the light of recent research, and he has succeeded in making a volume commendably free from superfluous facts. There are numerous illustrations, including portraits of the leading composers. Surely Bizet deserved to be thus distinguished; he was the most original genius France has ever produced. Inasmuch as Grieg protested against the expression "effeminate Gade-Mendelssohnian Scandinavianism" being attributed to him, Professor Hamilton will do well to eliminate that line from his next edition. He should also remember that the plural of *leitmotiv* is not *leitmotiven* (p. 205), but *leitmotive.* Some readers will welcome the fifteen-page appendix, containing a chronological table of events in modern musical history, with contemporaneous historical events.

Of all writers of musical histories, Prof. Hugo Riemann of the University of Leipzig is the most industrious. A few years ago we had occasion to review his "Geschichte der Musik seit Beethoven," a magnificent survey of the nineteenth century, which should be translated, as it has no equivalent in the English language. It offers entirely new points of view, superseding the ludicrous classifications of composers in the books of Naumann and many other historians. A shorter treatise, covering the whole field of musical development, was published previously under the title of "Katechismus der Musikgeschichte." This has been Englished, and is on the whole the most thorough book on the subject in our language. But it is written on a very impractical plan, and the catechistic form of question and answer is out of place in so erudite and advanced a treatise. In recent years Professor Riemann has been at work on a "Handbuch der Musikgeschichte," which will comprise three or four volumes; the "Kleines Handbuch" under consideration in the present review being a compendium of that elaborate treatise. Its 292 pages comprise a vast deal of reliable information. As in all of Riemann's books, a somewhat disproportionate amount of space is given to the earlier centuries; but as he is one of the few living scholars who have made valuable original researches in the mediæval and ancient history of music, this is pardonable. He now gives us, if not the final, at any rate, the latest word on many disputed points in musical history. His treatment of the Hucbald organum (parallel fourths and fifths, pp. 43-4), illustrates this point. Unfortunately there is no index, but the abundant marginal notes are useful. Music in America is disposed of in fifteen lines, but Max Reger has seven lines! With all his erudition, Dr. Riemann does not seem to know that it was not Berlioz (see p. 265) but Weber who first made use of leading motives in a way that suggested Wagner's system. Weber's "Freischütz" has eleven such motives, which recur thirty-four times, and this opera was writen nine years before the Symphonie Fantastique of Berlioz, who was an ardent admirer and student of Weber.

New York's season of grand opera has not come to an end as yet. At the Academy of Music on Monday, April 13, the Italian Grand Opera Company, under the direction of Ivan Abramson, which has toured the Western cities and established a record of ten weeks in Chicago, will present six popular operas for one week—"Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Faust," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Aïda," and "La Traviata." Among the principals are Jennie Norelli, Virginia Novelli, Georgiana Straus, Virginia Colombati, Maddalena Bossi, Domenico Russo, Luigi Samoilov, Cesare Alessandroni, Eugenio Zara, Eugenio Bozzano. Angelini Fornari will conduct.

Next season the Saturday evening concerts of the New York Symphony Orchestra will be changed to Tuesday evenings, by expressed preference of a great majority of subscribers. The dates of the evening series are November 10, 24, December 8, January 5, February 2, March 2, 16, 30. The afternoon concerts will be given on Sundays, as usual. The Sunday series will open on November 1 and continue to March 7, omitting only three Sundays, December 20, and January 10 and 17, when the orchestra will be away on its annual winter tour.

One of the most interesting concerts of the season will be held here May 2. Sembrich and Paderewski will be heard. Mme. Johanna Gadski will sing at her annual New York recital at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon, April 10. At Carnegie Hall on April 18, Fritz Kreisler and Josef Hofmann will be heard together.

The Parisians are paying more and more attention to the works of Bach. Not only is there a Société J. S. Bach, which gives concerts at regular intervals, but this association also secures foreign aid. It has engaged the famous Dutch chorus De Toonkunst to give at the Trocadero, on April 14, the first complete performance ever heard in Paris of the "St. Matthew Passion." The orchestra will be the no less celebrated Concertgebouw-orkest of Amsterdam, under Willem Mengelberg.

Art.

The Santuario of the Madonna di Vico: Pantheon of Charles Emanuel I. of Savoy. By L. Melano Rossi. Forty illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

It required courage to write this big monograph, for English readers, on a monument begun only in 1596, completed in the eighteenth century, and virtually unknown. Signor Rossi, we presume, would hardly have undertaken this apparently unpromising task if he had not had a larger game to play. As a matter of fact, the Madonna di Vico is merely a text for a general plea for Neo-Roman architecture, and more particularly for a disquisition on domes. In fact, one would have welcomed fuller treatment of this remarkable church with its elliptical dome, 119 feet on the longer axis, 80 on the shorter, and swelling 52 feet above its drum.

When Charles Emanuel I. of Savoy, the shrewdest head of his time, wished to build a pantheon for his race, he characteristically chose the site of a miracle shrine, the Madonna of Vico in Piedmont. He had never declined to profit by the weaknesses he did not share. The elliptical plan was drawn by his military engineer, Capt. Ascanio Vitozzi, who lived to carry the walls nearly to the level of the drum. The sanctuary was conceived strictly as a support for the dome. Eight apertures between the massive piers gave space for the vestibule and choir; for two recesses which, from their position, may roughly be called transept; and for four mortuary chapels. Owing to ecclesiastical opposition and the pro-French sympathies of the people of Mondovi, the work suffered all sorts of delays. Charles Emanuel I. was buried there, but his descendants in disgust were driven to found their Walhalla at Superga. After more than a hundred years, during which both money and courage failed to complete Vitozzi's unexampled dome, the work was carried through in the five years between 1728 and 1733, by Francesco Gallo, military engineer of Victor Amadeus II. Within recent years the structure has been rightly declared a national monument.

For Signor Rossi this oval dome is the ideal. He regards it as a derivative from Santa Sophia, the cupola and longitudinal half-domes of that church being fused into a single elliptical shell. He emphasizes the honesty of its construction, the buttresses which plainly grasp it like great claws, the absence of iron ties or hidden support of any kind; finally, the sincerity of its single shell, alike within and without. With it, almost all domes are compared to their disadvantage, blame falling particularly upon Wren's ambitious cupola over St. Paul's. Especial advantages are claimed for the oval form; and, in fact, it affords a beautiful interior, being visible from all points of the church and offering a fascinating variety of curved perspective. We can imagine no more appropriate covering for a great concert hall; and in this connection it is strange that Signor Rossi, who is well read in all matters American, never mentions the extraordinary oval of the temple ceiling at Salt Lake City.

In the merits he claims for the interior of the dome at Mondovi, and for its decoration by Sebastiano Galeotti we thoroughly agree with the author. Most Renaissance domes sacrifice interior to exterior effect, become mere wells, and force upon the decorator impossible tasks. Indeed, the vaulted ceiling, which Signor Rossi so scorns, as we see it in innumerable baptisteries, is usually both more pleasing in interior effect and more suitable as a surface for decoration than any of the domes after Brunellesco. And this brings us to Signor Rossi's argument for sincerity, which seems to us beside the mark. Why condemn the double-shelled dome if there is a real conflict between its use as a ceiling and as an external crown? Why is the surmounting roof any more false than that of a Gothic church which dissimulates the real form of the vaults! Because, our author would say, the false dome seems to support the lantern, which is actually upheld by a concealed masonry cone. Very well, we would say, if it seems to support it, if there is no evident instability, nothing more is required of the architect *quâ* architect. As for the vaunted sincerity of the dome of the Madonna di Vico, it is won at a heavy cost. It is hard to imagine a construction more wastefully massive. The sum of the cross sections of the eight piers is actually within a little of the cross section of the dome itself. At this price one may always have honest construction. In general one may say that the exterior of this dome has been ruthlessly sacrificed to the interior—as will often happen with "honest construction." It is impressive, but not remarkable, as seen from the front; from the side it is clumsy in the extreme; and one can hardly imagine uglier proportions than those existing between the base, the lantern (unduly lifted by the buttresses), and the cupola.

When Signor Rossi passes from particulars to generals he is usually interesting. His constant interweaving of quotation becomes annoying in the end, and the monograph would gain from a judicious condensation. Yet his appreciation of Neo-Roman, including Baroque, architecture, is sound and timely. We do well to consider what energy and originality of design underlie the great structures executed with the Palladian forms. The lovableness of Gothic, the charm of the early Renaissance, have somewhat blunted our generation to the power of post-Bramantesque building. We want educating in it, just as we need education to feel the quality of a tragedy of Corneille or Racine. We are too much inclined to dismiss a whole period because of our own bad town halls. If Signor Rossi's book helps us to see that a great style must be judged by its great examples, not by its stupid perversions, it will do a good service. Professional architects have presumably known better than to join in this cheap condemnation, but laymen may well read of the "exuberant flights of Baroque" that they are "neither academic nor imitative, but although exaggerated and in bad taste, nevertheless true and genuine inventions, fully in harmony with an excited artistic feeling."

The failure of the Royal Academy to represent art and artists in England is an old story, and the societies started in opposition or reform have been without end. The latest is the Allied Artists' Association, which is to hold its first exhibition, with the Salon as model, in the Royal Albert Hall, London, this summer. Like many other societies in the past, it begins with ideals and regulations that are irreproachable in theory. It is to be no pleasant private club, it is to consist of no little narrow clique. The two objects it announces are, first, to enable artists to submit their work freely and without restriction to the judgment of the public, and, second, to unite, by adopting the principles of coöperation, in the defence and maintenance of their rights and properties. Of this second object nothing need be said. An artists' society, on the lines of the authors', would, no doubt, be an excellent thing. But the first object, the announcement goes on to state, is to be achieved by "an annual summer exhibition or Salon in the heart of London, to which each member of the Association will be entitled to send five works, all of which will be exhibited and grouped together, if desired. For this exhibition there will be no Selective Jury." Theoretically, nothing could be finer. But it needs only a moment's reflection to realize the disaster to which such a liberal policy is likely to lead. The Association does not even protect itself—as societies like the International and the New English Art Club have been careful to do—by making the quality of an artist's work a condition of membership. An artist becomes a member, not by election, but by, it seems, the easy process of paying the small subscription of one guinea a year. There are now in London many societies whose exhibitions suffer from the commonplace of amateurish work of members that the jury has not the courage to refuse. The International, in its best days, alone exercised the duty of rejection with distinction. The prospect of an immense place like the Albert Hall filled with the work of any and everybody who can afford to pay a guinea a year is appalling.

At Christie's, London, March 21 and 23 the following pictures from the collection of G. R. Buruett were sold: Drawings. Turner, Goarhausen and Katz Castle, £50; Bow-and-Arrow Castle, Isle of Portland, £105; Lulworth Castle, £220; H. Harpignies, A View over a River, with an angler in the foreground, £58; J. S. Cotman, A View in a French Town, with market figures, £71; W. Hunt, Primroses and Birds' Nests, £86; J. Israëls, Gathering Potatoes, £141; Pipering Food, £168. Pictures: F. Brangwyn, The Lord Mayor's Show in Olden Time, £126; Corot, A Woody Landscape, with a peasant woman and two cows on the bank of a river £157; A View Near the Coast, with buildings, a peasant seated in the foreground, £178, Allée dans le Parc de Cambri, £504; River Scene, with a figure in a punt, evening, £231; Ville d'Avray, £304; C. F. Daubigny, View on the Coast, £273; A Stormy Day on the Coast, £110; On the Oise, £157; A Landscape, with a stream, evening, £157; A Village on the Oise, £367; A Coast Scene, with a bather and sailing boats, £136; Gathering Seaweed, £199; H. Fantin-Latour, Portrait of the Artist's Sister, seated, reading, £105; H. Harpignies, A Landscape, with a lady and child under some trees, a river with boats in the background, £315; J. Israëls, Prayer, £123; An Old Fisherman, £157; An Old Woman, seated, sewing, £210; A Fisherman's Wife and Child, on the shore, £168; A Girl at a Window, £126; J. Maris, A Landscape with an old Bridge over a Canal, £168; A Coast Scene, with stranded boats and fishermen, £263; A Dutch Town on a Canal, $157; Near Marlotte, France, £126; A. Mauve, The Bank of a River, with horses and cart, £105; A. T. J. Monticelli, A Party of Ladies Embarking, £120; F. Ziem, Sunset, £241; J. B. Crome, A Woody Road Scene, with a cottage and peasant, £110.

At the National Arts Club in this city the spring exhibition of members' work will remain open till April 25. Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries are landscapes and cattle-paintings by G. Glenn Newell, at Powell's, till April 10; portraits by Piero Tozzi, Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's, April 11.

The exhibition of the National Sculpture Society is now open at Baltimore.

Benjamin Curtis Porter, the portrait painter, died in this city April 2. He was born in Melrose, Mass., in 1843, studied in Boston and opened a studio there; in 1882 he opened a studio in this city. In 1878 he was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design, and in 1880 an academician; among his other honors were medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the Buffalo Exposition, 1901, and the St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

Finance.

THE ERIE'S FLOATING DEBT.

In April of last year, half the railways of the country were anxious applicants in the money market. Their case was this: they had been planning extensive and costly improvements on their lines—new track, new cars, new locomotives, new tunnels, new stations. The need for this outlay seemed to be imperative at the time, towards the close of 1906, when James J. Hill gave out his estimate that $1,100,000,000 per annum must be spent in the next five years by American railways in order to keep up with the demands of traffic. Under these constant demands, it began, even before 1906, to grow difficult for railways to sell their stocks and bonds in the quantities desired. They had a preliminary notice in 1903, when the bond market shut down upon them so suddenly that $200,000,000 had to be borrowed on three-year notes at high rates of interest.

There were plenty of people, then, who warned the railways and the bankers that this was dangerous financiering, of a kind that got the railways into serious trouble in 1873 and 1893. But the companies came safely out of 1903, and refunded their maturing notes in bonds when the bond market again became practicable. This easy escape had the result of depreciating caution. The companies spent more than ever before, and when a ready sale of bonds or stock was not in sight, they borrowed from the banks. The short-term notes of the early months of 1907 were floated to take up these bank loans. Most of the notes, like those of 1903, were made to run three years, paid 5 or 6 per cent., and were sold at a slight discount from par. The Erie Railroad was a belated and not a very popular borrower. The best its banking friends would do for it was to discount at 7 per cent. its one-year notes for $5,500,000—that is, to say, they sold to the public at 93 Erie notes which were to pay no interest, but which were to be redeemed at par this month.

A week ago, nothing had been done by the bankers or the directors to provide for payment, and Wall Street suddenly took fright over the prospect that the company, on Wednesday of the present week, would be thrown again, as it was after the panics of 1893 and 1873 and 1857, into the hands of receivers. The directors showed amazing slowness to act; it was suspected that many of them had made up their minds for a receivership—especially when it was found that, in addition to the $5,500,000 one-year notes in the public's hands, the company now owed $5,000,000 more to banks and individuals. At last, on Saturday, it was announced by the company that a syndicate had agreed to underwrite a three-year loan to pay off this $5,000,000, but only on the express understanding that all holders of the one-year notes should forego their right to cash payment, and agree to accept new three-year 6 per cent. notes in exchange for their present holdings.

This was equivalent to saying that, unless every note-holder of 1907 assented, the Erie would be thrown into bankruptcy. That is what Wall Street calls a "club"; it caused much bitterness, especially since it was these very directors who, towards the close of 1905, increased the dividends on stock of this unstable property, and who last autumn were only prevented by the Public Service Commission from paying the same dividends in 4 per cent. ten-year notes.

A great many people have been asking, What is really the matter with the company? Many knew nothing more of Erie than that it paid out $2,500,000 in cash dividends during the fiscal year 1907, after appropriating $1,600,000 to improvements, and yet that it had $1,700,000 left over from the surplus earnings of the year. Its earnings had, of course, suffered since then, along with other railways; but how could such a margin have been wiped out so quickly? The company has reported in full on results of the seven months following that fiscal year. Between July 1, 1907, and January 31, 1908, gross earnings had increased by $36,756 over the same months a year before, but net receipts, after deducting operating charges, had fallen $3,348,894. The shrinkage was progressive. In November, December, and January, inclusive, net earnings were only $930,000; but fixed charges for the period were $3,000,000.

The three questions asked this week in connection with the episode have been: Why could not the Erie be helped along by an ordinary new bond issue; what would have been the effect on financial markets of a failure to pull it through, and what does the situation mean as regards the position of other railways? Erie could hardly float a loan with the general public; even the richer railways are not venturing to try the experiment just now. As to the effect on financial markets of a receivership, all that can now be said is, that such an event, under all conditions, would not be cheerfully accepted. But as for the bearing on other railways, these facts are to be remembered: First, the company is even now burdened with some relics of the plundering régime of the sixties and seventies. Second, Erie's reorganization from its insolvency of 1893 was imperfect in its lack of providing adequate working capital for building up the road. Its plan went through in 1895, when panic influences had not passed off, and capital was hard to raise. Union Pacific, reorganized as it was in the reviving prosperity of 1897, found the process vastly simpler.

This is one reason why Erie is far from being a type of the railway position generally. Nor is any such pressure imminent on other companies. The $6,000,000 Rock Island notes due April 1 were provided for weeks in advance, and the only other issue maturing in the next six months is the $15,000,000 Interborough Rapid Transit 4 per cent. loan due May 1. Plans for refunding those notes have already been announced. As to the other railway notes maturing six months or a year hence, that is a question of the future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, John. Sermons in Syntax. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Albanesi, Maria. The Forbidden Road. Cupples & Leon Co.
Anderson, Ada Woodruff. The Heart of the Red Firs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Anderson, William J. and R. Phené Spiers. The Architecture of Greece and Rome. Imported by Scribners. $7.50 net.
Arnold-Forster, H. O. English Socialism of To-day. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Aubert, Louis. Américains et Japonais. Paris: Armand Colin.
Austin, Mary. Santa Lucia. Harpers. $1.50.
Baedeker's Spain and Portugal. Imported by Scribners. $4.80 net.
Bargy, Henry. France d'Exil. Paris: Armand Colin.
Barnes, James. The Clutch of Circumstances. Appletons. $1.50.
Baum, Millicent. The Little Helper. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Baus, Tamayo Y. Lo Positivo. Edited by P. Harry and L. de Salvio. Boston: Heath. 45 cents.
Bazin, René. The Nun. Scribners. $1.
Begbie, Harold. The Vigil. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bennett, Robert Ames. Into the Primitive. Chicago: McClurg Co. $1.50.
Bennett, W. H. The Religion of the Post-Exilic Prophets. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Bergh, Louis de Coppet. Safe Building Construction. Macmillan. $5 net.
Bowen, Edwin W. Makers of American Literature. Neale Publishing Co. $2.50.
Boyce, Neith. The Bond. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. The Love Test and Other Sermons. Milwaukee, Wis.: Young Churchman Co.
Breck, Edward. The Way of the Woods. Putnams.
Burkhardt, Dr. Jacob. An Art Guide to Painting in Italy. Translated by Mrs. A. H. Clough. Imported by Scribners.
Calkins, Mary Whiton. The Present Problems of Philosophy. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Canada Year Book, 1906. Ottawa: S. E. Dawson.
Carrick, J. C. Wycliffe and the Lollards. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Cawein, Madison. An Ode. Louisville, Ky.: J. P. Morton & Co.
Chamberlin, Joseph Edgar. The Ifs of History. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.
Chesterton, G. K. The Man Who Was Thursday. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Cleveland, Frederick A. The Bank and the Treasury. Longmans. $2 net.
Collius, Varnum Lansing. The Continental Congress at Princeton. Princeton, N. J.: University Library.
Curle, Richard H. P. Aspects of George Meredith. Dutton. $2 net.
Davidson, Augusta M. Campbell. Present-Day Japan. Scribners.
Day, Holman. King Spruce. Harpers. $1.50.
Day, Lewis F. and Mary Buckle. Art in Needlework. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Der Weg Zum Glück. Edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt. Boston: Heath. 40 cts.
Diehl, Charles. Figures Byzantines. Paris: Armand Colin.
Dole, Nathan Haskell. A Teacher of Dante. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.75 net.
Economical and Social Progress of the Republic of Chile, 1906. Santiago de Chile.
Eginton, Libbie J. A First Practice Reader. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Ellis, Edward S. Low Twelve. F. R. Niglutsche. $1.50.
Elwell, J. B. Practical Bridge. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Engineering Index Annual for 1907. Engineering Magazine.
Essex Institute Historical Collection. Salem, Mass.
Fritsch, W. A. Aus Amerika. Lemcke & Büchner.
Ganghofer, Ludwig. Gesammelte Schriften. Zweite Serie. Lemcke & Büchner.
Goddard, Harold Clarke. Studies in New England Transcendentalism. Columbia University Press.
Hadow, G. E. Selections from Dryden. Henry Frowde. 60 cts.
Halsham, John. Idlehurst. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hartpence, Alansou. The Poisoned Lake and Other Poems. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.
Hird, Frank. Victoria, The Woman. Appletons. $2.50 net.
Irwin, Wallace. The Love Sonnets of a Càr Conductor. Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents net.
James, Henry. Vols. VII. and VIII.: The Tragic Muse. New York Edition. Scribners.
Kerr, Winfield S. John Sherman. 2 vols. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $4 net.
Kleiser, Grenville. Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Kreymborg, Alfred. Love and Life and Other Studies. Grafton Press. $1 net.
Lambert, M. B. Alltägliches. Boston: Heath. 75 cents.
Lees, Dorothy Neville. Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75 net.
Lillibridge, Will. The Dissolving Circle. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Manila, The Pearl of the Orient. Manila, P. I.: Merchants' Association.
Marivaux. Pages Choisies des Grands Écrivains. Paris: Armand Colin.
Meyers Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. 17. Lemcke & Buchner.
Mitchell, Wesley C. Gold, Prices, and Wages Under the Greenback Standard. Berkeley, Cal.: University Press.
Mackinnon, James. A History of Modern Liberty. Vol. III. Longmans.
Masson, Thomas L. The New Plato. Moffat, Yard & Co. 75 cents net.
Merrill, Lilburn. Winning the Boy. Revell. 75 cents net.
Motley's Dutch Nation. Edited by William Elliot Griffis. Harpers. $1.75.
Newell, William Wells. Isolt's Return.
Nicoll, M. J. Three Voyages of a Naturalist. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Ober, Frederick A. John and Sebastian Cabot. Harpers. $1 net.
Page, James Madison and M. J. Haley. The True Story of Andersonville Prison. Neale Publishing Company. $2.
Paulin, George. No Struggle for Existence, No Natural Selection. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Pennsylvania Society, Year Book of the, 1908. New York: Published by the Society.
Perry, Bliss. Walt Whitman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Perry, jr., Arthur C. The Management of a City School. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Police Captains' and Lieutenants' Catechism. Democracy and Civil Service News. 75 cents.
Russell, Charles Edward. Thomas Chatterton. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.
Sayler, H. L. Terrible Teddy and Peaceful Bill. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. 50 cents.
Scriven, George P. The Transmission of Military Information. Governor's Island, N. Y.
Sloper, Allie. Nannie Walters. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. 25 cts.
Smedley, Constance. The Daughter. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles. The Duke of Gandia. Harpers. $1.25 net.
Thomas, William Holcombe. The New South, an Inside View. Montgomery, Ala.: Paragon Press.
Tonnelat, E. L'Expansion Allemande Hors D'Europe. Paris: Armand Colin.
Tudor Facsimile Texts: The Castle of Perseverance.—Nice Wanton.—The Play of the Weather. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Viallate, Achille. L'Industrie Américaine. Paris: Felix Alcan.
Walter, Eugene. The Great Issue. C. H. Doscher & Co.
Watt, Hansard. Myths about Monarchs. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
White, William F. A Scrap-Book of Elementary Mathematics. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Wright, Henry B. A Life with a Purpose. Revell. $1.50 net.

READY SATURDAY

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908.

The Week.

While the Massachusetts Convention was technically a defeat for those friends of Secretary Taft who wanted a resolution of "preference" put through, it cannot be denied that the strength shown by his adherents was greater than had been expected, and must help his candidacy elsewhere. It was admitted even by Senator Crane that a majority of the delegates in the convention favored Taft's nomination. Nothing but the strong desire to avoid a contest prevented a pro-Taft plank from being offered; and, if it had been, it would probably have been adopted. This fact will be used, and properly enough, by those who maintain that the Secretary's votes at Chicago are not to come exclusively from the South and the West. Consequently, we shall now hear the "band-wagon" argument for Taft used more confidently than ever.

The passionate third-termer is bringing forward a new set of reasons why Mr. Roosevelt should accept the Republican nomination. Senator Bourne, for instance, has given no intimation hitherto that he questions the fitness of Secretary Taft for the Presidency. Only, the argument has been, if we can have the master mind, why have the follower; why take the good-enough fellow instead of the real thing? But now the third-termer is actually beginning to murmur his doubts of Mr. Taft's availability. The Secretary of War's chances, for instance, have been hurt by the growing hostility of the colored voters. With him at the head of the ticket, the defection of the negroes might give Indiana, Ohio, even Illinois, to the Democrats. Therefore President Roosevelt should run again. But why are the negro voters incensed against Mr. Taft? Because of his share in the Brownsville affair. What was the Secretary's part in the Brownsville affair? Standing by the President's summary action in that matter. If the negro voters of this country, therefore, are embittered against the Secretary of War, ought they not to be still more bitter against the President? They probably are. Then would not the same reasons hold against his candidacy as against Mr. Taft's? No, answers the third-termer, and correctly. The Secretary of War is merely human. The President is Mr. Roosevelt. Other men profit by their virtues and suffer by their vices, succeed through wise action, and fail through blundering. But nothing can hurt Mr. Roosevelt. From his vices and his virtues, his happy strokes and his failures, he coins the same pure metal of popularity.

In the pious belief that it has already done everything really worth while, Congress is preparing to adjourn as early as May 10. The passage by the Senate of an employers' liability bill, which Mr. Dolliver asserted to be purposely drawn to fail before the Supreme Court, gives, for instance, a sense of something attempted, something wrought to earn a summer's repose. Since there is to be no more general legislation, and the President is likely to acquiesce in letting Congress go home, it might just as well do so. The question may be raised however, whether we are not developing, as part of our political system, the tradition that there is only one period in four years when projects of general legislation have a chance. For twenty years past the sessions preceding Presidential elections, though classed as "long" sessions, have been growing shorter. That of 1888 lasted till October 20, that of 1892 till August 5, of 1896 till June 11, of 1900 till June 7, and of 1904 till April 28. The intermediate long sessions have shortened, too, but none in these two decades has adjourned more than a day before July 1. The disposition of the State Legislatures to do as little as possible and adjourn has been equally noticeable this year. The Presidential year becomes more and more an *annus non.*

"Love laughs at the locksmith, and the Trusts can well laugh at the Attorney-General." So said a Republican Congressman, Mr. Perkins of Rochester, in some remarks last week in the House on the International Paper Company and the tariff. That was before the Attorney-General had given his reply to the Cannon resolutions asking why the Paper Trust had not been prosecuted for violating the Sherman act. Mr. Bonaparte now reports, practically confirming the anticipatory gibe of Mr. Perkins. The Department of Justice has been "investigating," but has as yet found nothing criminal. It is, however, going to keep on investigating. If anything turns up, Congress will be duly informed—unless to inform it would defeat the ends of justice. So there we are left. Speaker Cannon will probably allege that there remains enough hope, though faint, in the activity of the Attorney-General, to prevent Congress from laying even a finger on the print-paper schedule of the sacred tariff. On the other hand, the President is for the immediate removal of the duty on wood-pulp, and for a corresponding reduction in the duty on paper made from it. With him stand a certain number of Republicans, and the entire Democratic membership of the House. John Sharp Williams is moving heaven and earth to get the House a chance to vote on this recommendation of the President's, but the Speaker and his fellow-oligarchs block the way. As Mr. Perkins said, a bill to reduce any part of the tariff, when referred to the Ways and Means Committee, even with the backing of the President, has about "the same prospects of a favorable report as a bill imposing a severe penalty on bigamy would have if introduced into a Congress of Mormons."

The calculated muddle into which this particular question of tariff reduction has been manœuvred ought not to blind any one to the facts in the case. Effort has been made, for example, to show that the Dingley tariff did not increase the duty on printing paper. Mr. Dalzell has asserted this; Mr Tirrell of Massachusetts attempted to prove it. His contention was that the Dingley tariff fixed a specific duty of $6 a ton, whereas the 15 per cent. ad valorem duty of the Wilson tariff, with paper at 2 cents a pound, came exactly to the same thing, $6. But all this showing of alleged facts was utterly demolished, in advance, by the speech which a newspaper man, who is also a member of the House, Mr. Hitchcock of Omaha, delivered in the debate of March 4. With a wealth of trade statistics and committee hearings at command, by the use of which he completely silenced Dalzell and Payne, he proved that the price of paper at the time the Dingley bill passed was less than 2 cents a pound. It really averaged about a cent and three-quarters. Warner Miller himself, who was advocating the paper duty before the Committee on Ways and Means, and who was shortly afterwards one of the organizers of the International Paper Company, testified:

> We are selling a much better article of paper—I dare not say how cheap, with Mr. Norris [of the New York *Times*] in the room—but less than 2 cents a pound.

At the most, therefore, the ad valorem duty on paper under the Wilson tariff was a little more than $5 a ton. The Dingley bill marked it up to $6, and increased the duty on wood-pulp about 33 per cent. Almost immediately thereafter the International Paper Company was formed, and to-day the price of paper is some 50 per cent. higher than it was when the Dingley tariff was framed. It would not be fair to deny that the greater cost of materials and labor has had something to do with this heightening of the price; but, so far as the tariff is concerned, the facts are as we have stated. And if our mills are hampered by our diminishing resources of wood-pulp, President Roosevelt's argument for opening our ports freely to foreign supplies is certainly strengthened. Despite his belated zeal for tariff-reform, however, we have not expected that this Congress would pay any heed to what Chairman Payne contemptuously calls a "piecemeal" recommendation.

Congressman Hobson's wild predictions of a coming world-war, and his appeals for more and more and yet more battleships, were effectively answered in the House on Saturday. Fortunately, Mr. Burton of Ohio was on hand to speak, as ever, for sanity, for civilization, and for the higher moral purposes of this nation, which were potent years before we dreamed of an invincible navy. When the movement for international peace is more promising than ever before, it is inexcusable for the United States to play the part of the swashbuckling patroller of the seas. As Mr. Burton pointed out, America's mission is that of peace, not of war, and it is no more her duty to enforce peace among the nations by being armed to the teeth than it would be for a clergyman to enforce the gospel at the point of a revolver.

The one obvious fact about the Aldrich bill is that it cannot possibly go through the House in the shape in which it left the Senate. Whether a sufficient number of votes can be mustered to pass it in some amended form, is a question which Speaker Cannon apparently means to test at once; for he has arranged for a party caucus this evening to consider a course of action. Indeed, late dispatches go so far as to intimate that the meeting may not in reality be a "caucus," but only a "conference." In the same cautious spirit, the Speaker is credited with having approved several amendments introduced by Representative Vreeland of New York, which considerably modify the bill. These alterations strike out the two extremely foolish provisions tacked upon the Aldrich bill in its last days in the Senate—the clause forbidding national banks to lend to a concern in which any of its directors are interested, and the clause which, after requiring "country banks" to keep more of their reserves at home, allows them to invest one-third of such home reserves in securities. The second of these provisions, considered as an application of the lessons of the recent panic, was merely laughable; the first, however worthy its general purpose, would have virtually put out of business many banks in the smaller towns. Mr. Vreeland next undertakes to graft on the Aldrich bill a clause authorizing "emergency currency" based on deposits of commercial paper approved by the clearing house of the district and by the Secretary of the Treasury. This provision, it appears, does not replace Mr. Aldrich's original plan of accepting State and municipal bonds for such collateral, but merely proposes this commercial paper as an additional facility. It therefore retains the fundamental vices of the Aldrich bill, and gives the banks the option of putting out emergency notes on a more scientific basis. We should say, therefore, that Mr. Vreeland's changes do not greatly improve that obnoxious measure. The truth is that the voice of practical business men, in the recent committee hearings, has been so overwhelmingly against the clumsy makeshift of the Senate, and in favor of a currency commission, that the sponsors of the measure have had to change their attitude. Had the Speaker persisted in his idea of "jamming through" the bill, he would have been compelling the business community to accept a "relief measure" which it did not want.

E. H. Harriman is the only person who comes creditably out of the recent muddle in the affairs of the Erie. The Erie was drifting into bankruptcy, and the persons responsible for its troubles were not lifting a hand to help it. These directors had been ready enough to increase dividends on the stock two years ago, when the propriety of paying any dividends on so ill-equipped a property was gravely questioned. They went so far, on the very eve of last October's panic, when further cash disbursements of the sort were impossible, as to declare dividends at the former rate, payable in ten-year notes bearing interest at 4 per cent. Only the decisive veto of the Public Service Commission stopped this inexcusable undertaking. But when it came to the serious question of meeting five millions of maturing indebtedness, which could be done only by outside help or by arrangement with the company's creditors, these same directors took no step whatever until four days before the hour of reckoning. To put forth under such circumstances, as they did last Saturday, a demand for extension of the notes in the hands of the public, was absurd. To avert receivership, not only must payment of the $5,500,000 one-year notes be provided for or deferred, but $5,000,000 more money must be procured. A syndicate was to look after this second requirement, but "upon the express condition, and not otherwise, that *all* of the said $5,500,000 unsecured notes maturing April 8" should be exchanged, deposited, and extended in the form of a three-year obligation. This proposal, which Wall Street promptly described as "clubbing-in the note-holders," was made when assenting notes held by foreign investors, or by distant home investors, could not possibly arrive in time. By Wednesday of last week it was evident that this belated plan had failed; and then it was that Mr. Harriman intervened with his offer to care for all of the obligations. In an affair of this sort we are not greatly concerned over ulterior motives. The plain fact is that somebody did not do his duty at a critical juncture, and that somebody else did. When a ship is laboring heavily, and the officers are preparing to leave it to founder with its passengers, any one who stops the leak and keeps the vessel afloat deserves credit. If he gets his salvage, also, he will have earned it.

"Gooding and Graft" is an expression which has elicited a three or four thousand-word opinion from the Supreme Court of the State of Idaho. Gooding is the Governor of the State, and "Gooding and graft have become so thoroughly known as synonymous terms," said the offending newspaper, "that the rank and file will have no more of it." The court looked at the question from all sides. Certainly, it thought, the defendant "did not intend to give Gooding a certificate of good character testifying to his honesty and integrity or apply to him an endearing term. The very reverse is disclosed." It was urged that, where a word is capable of two constructions, one actionable and the other not, it is the duty of the court to give such a word an innocent construction, if possible; but the court declared that it was unable to find any definition or general use of the word "graft" which would indicate an innocent act or motive on the part of a person designated as a grafter. "To charge one with being a grafter," it ruled, "has a tendency to impeach his honesty, integrity, and reputation." Various dictionaries were quoted, and the judges finally took the view with which any first-class "yeggman" brought before them would have agreed, that "to graft" was "to steal or to swindle." And so the case of the Governor and the newspaper was remanded for trial. Of course, seven-eighths of all the graft is not obtained by stealing, but by improper influence. As the Supreme Court of Minnesota defined it,

> Graft is commonly used to designate an advantage which one person, by reason of his peculiar position of superiority, influence, or trust, extracts from another.

It is in the extraction that the odium and the libel lurk. Hereafter the word cannot be lightly used as a synonym for any malefactor at the head of a corporation, or any political ringster.

Mr. Asquith's re-made Cabinet presents the minimum of change from Sir

Henry Campbell-Bannerman's. The promotion of Winston Churchill was expected, and fully earned, though it involved the risk of losing his seat in Manchester. He has, however, already thrown himself into the struggle for reëlection in a constituency which he wrested from the Conservatives three years ago, with a zeal and pugnacity worthy of the fighting son of a fighting father. If he wins, the triumph will be the greater because it is scarcely looked for. For Mr. Lloyd-George to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer, represents a great and rapid advancement. Yet no man in English public life has grown more swiftly in general esteem. His settlement of the great railway strike last year brought him much renown; and he is a skilled orator and first-class debater. The retirement of Lord Elgin from the Colonial Office makes room for Lord Crewe, who has made a name for himself as Liberal leader in the Lords. The change which will excite most comment, if not most surprise, is the elevation of Mr. Morley to the peerage. It is pretty well understood that there are somewhat pathetic personal reasons for his retaining the office of Secretary for India, though unequal longer to the work of the Commons. There may be flings at an old Radical becoming a peer, but whether as viscount or commoner, John Morley may be counted upon to maintain the same lofty views of the duties of government, and of inalienable human rights, with which his name has been long identified.

Premier Clemenceau continues to tread the middle path of moderation, and the country seems to be with him. The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 345 to 205, has adopted an important amendment to one of the laws dealing with the devolution of ecclesiastical property. The amendment provides that funds bequeathed for the celebration of masses shall be transferred to societies of aged priests, by whom the terms of the bequest shall be fulfilled. The government supported the amendment, and thereby removed one of the principal reasons on which charges of spoliation by the state have been based. Significant, however, was the vote itself. A majority of 140 is large, but not large as majorities have been going in the French Chamber when the question of church and state is up. Voting against the government there must have been a considerable section of the followers of M. Combes, who have been trying to overthrow the present Radical Ministry and reëstablish the old *bloc*, including the Socialists. In face of a double danger from Conservative and Radical extremists, the Premier has boldly held to his position, and more than once he has been able to make use of extremist against extremist. Thus, a few days ago, when, in the discussion of an amnesty bill, the Socialists insisted that recently convicted anti-militarists should be included in its provisions, M. Clemenceau sharply rejected the proposal, and was sustained by a vote of 460 against 73.

The progress of the Liberal cause in Russia has been attended with such frequent disillusionment that only the most confiding nature will cling with hope to this or that particular concession by a benevolent government. A few days ago the Duma was reported to have achieved a notable triumph in bringing about the dismissal of an assistant Cabinet Minister. The Budget Committee of the Duma was said to have made the disgrace of the unpopular official a condition for its acceptance of the government's financial proposals. Thus, it has been asserted, the principle of Ministerial responsibility for which the first Duma battled and came to grief, has been acknowledged, though in a quiet way. The obvious reply is, of course, that any concession from the government which comes as a favor, and not as a right, contributes little to the solution of Russia's problem. The Czar has taken away much; it pleases him now and then to give a little. Or, rather, it pleases Premier Stolypin. The latter has full right to regard his work with much complacency. His policy of strong-handed reform has succeeded for the moment. He has maintained his position against court cabals, and he has managed the Duma adroitly. But it has all been done at a cost of violated pledges and defeated Liberal hopes which the future must take into account.

The German Boerse bill which abolishes the official Boerse register, or speculators' list, and restores time trading in industrial and mining stocks, was passed by the Reichstag last week. Such action, coming as the result of a twelve years' experiment on the part of a country not given to over-hasty legislation, should be a lesson to us. Reckless financial methods and overspeculation ushered in, about 1890, a period of sharp decline in values, and gave rise to a popular demand for the restriction of stock-speculation and dealing in futures. Agrarian pressure carried the government farther than it intended to go, and in its final form the Boerse Law of 1896 not only established a register for speculators to whom trading on time was restricted, but prohibited dealing for monthly account in seven leading mining and industrial stocks, and also dealing in futures in grain. The Boerse register has proved a failure, in so far as it was intended to protect the outsider, and has directly encouraged dishonest speculation. Operations in industrial securities have been largely transferred from German to foreign exchanges. Industrial stocks have fluctuated more violently since the law than before. That Conservatives and Agrarians have recognized the necessity of a change indicates that the case was pressing.

To have had a distinguished career for 111 years, and then to become a weekly—this is the fate of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, long one of the most powerful newspapers of the Continent. For decades a great political factor, quoted as often in the foreign press as the *Kölnische* or the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, it has long been on the downward path. Liberal though not radical in its views, and ever a warm supporter of the Federation, it has found but little response in a country so dominated by church and church influences as Bavaria. Even though it has excellent art and musical and literary departments, it has lacked the ability to arouse enthusiasm or obtain for itself the advertising patronage which it has needed and which its rival, the *Neueste Nachrichten*, has so richly enjoyed. Indeed, it frankly confesses that in the last two years of its publication its deficits have amounted to no less than $175,000. In its new form as a weekly, the *Allgemeine* bears a strong resemblance to the *Nation*, and to English weeklies like the *Spectator* and the *Athenæum*. As it announces that it will be independent in politics and religious matters, it has entered a too long unoccupied field, in which it should exert important influence.

The famine in India is serious and growing worse. The weekly bulletins from the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India now tell of a population of more than one and a half millions which is in receipt of state relief in the form of employment on government works or of gratuitous aid. The distress is centred in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, in northern India, where, at the end of March, the number of men engaged on relief works was 957,000, and of those in receipt of free aid 378,000. The Viceroy's telegrams observe with official self-restraint that "there are some signs of deterioration in the general condition of the people, and crime is increasing." The price of grain is abnormally high. It is again the old story of a swarming population clinging to the very edge of subsistence when conditions are most favorable, and reduced by the slightest shortage of rain or a backward season to extreme distress. On an area of 107,000 square miles, 50,000,000 struggle for a living. The problem is tremendously difficult; yet public opinion, appalled by the regular recurrence of famine, is coming more and more to look to the suzerain power in India as charged with the duty of furnishing a solution.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND DEFICITS.

A "general alarm" has been sent out by the Republican managers in Washington on the subject of swollen appropriations and the increasing Treasury deficit. It was high time. At this date last year the Treasury had a surplus of receipts over expenditures of $52,000,000; whereas now there is a deficit of $41,000,000. That means that we are $93,000,000 worse off. By the end of the fiscal year, the deficit, which marches steadily along at about $8,000,000 a month, can scarcely be less than $55,000,000. This will have to be set over against a surplus of $72,000,000 in 1907. It is not surprising if Republicans feel that the contrast, showing, say, $125,000,000 to the bad in one year, will not be a powerful campaign argument for the party of supreme financial ability.

Senator Hale has done well to bear down hard on the fact that, in a period of shrunken revenues, it is the continuing appropriations which play the mischief with the Treasury. When economy is most called for, economy is impossible. We see how this is in the current government figures of receipts and expenditures. To date, the Treasury has paid out $57,000,000 more than a year ago, though at the same time its income has been $36,000,000 less. Why is this? Why cannot the Treasury, like a railroad or a factory, cut down expenses when receipts fall off? Because Congress votes the money out inexorably, by appropriation bills which have to be met whether the Treasury is in funds or not. This simply illustrates the old maxim in public finance that it is policy which makes extravagance. When a government embarks on lavish plans, lavish outlays are inevitable. Once assent to the plans, and the necessity of finding money to carry them out follows as the night the day.

The particular application of this truth which Senator Hale makes is in connection with our military policy. An army bill has just slipped through, practically without debate, carrying $98,000,000—or $20,000,000 more than that of a year ago. The naval bill has jumped up similarly $20,000,000, now having a total of $120,000,000; in a short time it will be $150,000,000. Even as the case stands to-day, this great peaceful and industrial nation is expending, Senator Hale showed, something like 70 per cent. of all its revenues for war purposes—including, of course, pensions. Yet on top of this, and with huge deficits in sight for both this year and next, schemes are afoot for doubling the army. Within a few days, the General Staff has, according to report, been at work on plans for increasing the army to 125,000. There is the usual preliminary talk of the ease with which Germany or France could land 100,000 men on our shores; and it is said that the President and Secretary Taft are horrified at the sudden discovery of our defenceless condition. For our part, we do not take all these yarns too literally. We do not believe that Mr. Taft is ready to commit himself to any ambitious plan of military aggrandizement. In fact, as Senator Hale has rather cruelly intimated, it is not probable that the Secretary knows very much nowadays about what is going on in the War Department. What is proposed is, we suppose, more work by military experts. They always magnify their office, and would, if possible, also magnify military expenditures. But it is the business of those who have the power of the purse, and who stand jealously for the historic control of the civil over the military authorities, to refuse to be drawn into the overweening and costly projects of the technical war-makers. Lord Salisbury once put the case neatly in writing to Lord Cromer in Egypt. "Do not," he said, "be misled by army experts. They would, if they could have their way, make us garrison Mars in order to prevent an invasion from the moon."

There is force in Senator Hale's complaint that the military appropriations are eating up all the funds, so that nothing is left this year for public buildings or river and harbor improvements. Political abuses in connection with the latter kind of public outlay have undoubtedly occurred, and will continue to occur. One thing, however, may be said about expenditure for court-houses, post-offices, deepening the channels of rivers and ports, building breakwaters, jetties, etc. That is generally a productive expenditure; while money spent on ships and guns is absolutely unproductive. Incidentally and temporarily, of course, employment is furnished to a certain number of men in ship-yards and elsewhere; but the great bulk of the money laid out in battleships and ordnance is so much capital made unremunerative. Other government appropriations yield at least some return on the money invested. Hence it is only a reasonable policy always to hold down the unproductive expenditure in favor of the productive, instead of exactly the reverse, as is proposed by the Administration this year. This is to omit mention of the most conclusive arguments against extravagance in military appropriations. We mean, of course, the moral ones.

CONDITIONS IN CUBA.

Gov. Magoon's removal of the six Cuban provincial governors has smacked of the sensational because it is in marked contrast to the policy of compromise pursued from the beginning of the present American intervention. The plan has been to placate and soothe wherever possible. True, actual plotters against the government, like Masso Parra and his fellow-conspirators, have been brought up with a round turn; but wherever the disaffected or dangerous have appeared, they have generally been met half way. Gov. Magoon's vigorous move and the circumstances which provoked it must, however, draw public attention to the grave conditions in the island. On February 1 next the President has decreed that the second Cuban republic be established. How will affairs stand then? What guarantees are there that the new Cuban government will last longer than the old? These questions become more serious when one considers the prevalent belief in official circles that, if the Cubans do not succeed this time, their chance will be gone forever. A bare hint to this effect appears in the official correspondence growing out of the intervention in 1906. But even if President Roosevelt's successor be disposed to follow his excellent policy of helping the Cubans to their feet again, there should still be some guarantee that the new republic will be inaugurated under happier prospects than the old.

It is now frankly admitted in Havana that the island was turned over to its people by Gen. Wood before a proper structure of government had been reared, or a proper set of laws enacted. As a staff correspondent of the New York *Tribune* recently phrased it, the failure to create such laws "was the chief cause of the downfall of the second Palma Administration and of the American intervention." The Spanish laws were framed for oppressing the island rather than for uplifting it, and Gen. Wood added to the legal confusion by the many military orders and the decrees which he engrafted upon the existing body of law—some of them of great value, like those which created the writ of habeas corpus and established justice in Cuba without charge to the suitor. But the administration of Gov. Magoon found no more pressing duty than the creation by Executive decree of a series of new laws. There was no sanitary code except that of the city of Paris, which President Palma had proclaimed by executive decree. More unfortunate still was the lack of any law governing the Executive, or prescribing the functions of the executive departments. Other statutes needed have been those relating to elections, municipalities and provinces, the judiciary, the armed forces, the civil service, and the diplomatic and consular corps. As if this were not enough, the abominable penal code has called for revision, and there is crying need of a new code of civil procedure, and of notarial, mortgage, and commercial laws. It is with this stupendous undertaking that the Magoon administration has been engrossed, while rehabilitating at the same time the various departments of the government.

Substantial progress in revising and

drafting the statutes has been made, thanks largely to the skill of Col. E. H. Crowder of the Judge-Advocate-General's Department of the army, who was formerly legal adviser to the military governor of the Philippines, and who has been commended for "exceptional legal ability and training" in Gov. Magoon's annual report. But though six of the new codes are either completed or in hand, but ten months remain for drafting and adopting all the others. It is doubtful whether an attempt can be made, for instance, to attack the mortgage law and the law of commerce. But even if they are put through with the others, the President's policy of withdrawal on February 1 next will throw on the new government, in addition to all its other difficulties, the task of administering this enormous mass of new law. If, as many believe, the lack of suitable laws would have got an Anglo-Saxon administration into bad trouble had one ruled Cuba in Palma's stead, certainly the sudden creation of all these new statutes will call for the highest statesmanship on the part of the Cuban government of 1909. In this field alone work which might well have been spread over ten or more years will have been crowded into two.

Similar haste has been necessary in rehabilitating the executive departments, all of which had been maladministered. For instance, the splendid public institutions, like the correctional and industrial schools and the insane asylum near Havana, built by Gen. Wood, were starved for lack of funds, or in a deplorable state from mismanagement, or else abandoned altogether. Yet the present policy calls for restoration, the installation of new methods, and the disciplining of employees within twenty-six months.

Inevitably, therefore, annexationists and anti-annexationists, Cubans and Americans alike, in Cuba, look forward with misgivings to the early withdrawal of the American government. Those Cubans who believe that they can eventually learn to govern themselves, complain that the United States will repeat its error of 1902 if it leaves in 1909 with its constructive work half done. All this, of course, is quite aside from the personality of the incoming government. But when the candidates now in sight are taken into account, the outlook for a successful Cuban government seems less hopeful. For the best Cubans, with rare exceptions, decline to participate in politics, and the candidates now in the field have no platforms and no policies save the desire for office and its emoluments. For this failure of the best Cubans to come forward, the United States is not, of course, responsible. But the situation it creates should make our government consider carefully whether in the interest of Cuba and in the United States it ought not to change its decision for a very early withdrawal; for to stay a while longer may be the best way of avoiding a third intervention. What is worth doing, in Cuba, as elsewhere, is worth doing well.

THE GOVERNOR'S FIGHT.

Gov. Hughes must be admitted even by his enemies to deserve the praise which Lincoln gave to Grant—"he fights." His public speeches on Saturday and Sunday are equivalent to a declaration that he means to fight out the battle against race-track gambling if it takes all summer. In this, there is no new departure for Gov. Hughes. From the first days of his term of office at Albany, he made it clear that his policy would be to seek from the Legislature the passage of needed laws, but, if this was refused, to go behind the Legislature and appeal directly to the people. He followed this plan last year, with the result that the obstinate Legislature finally crumpled up meekly before him. This year, with a much more clear and telling moral issue than he then had, he proposes to move immediately upon the gamblers' works.

It is a fair and honorable warfare upon which Gov. Hughes has set out. He is to fight as an honest gentleman, not as a crooked politician. As before, he spurns the suggestion that he should use the patronage of the Governorship in order to compel a surrender by his opponents. At this moment, the "boss" of Albany, against whom the church-going people of Albany have passed resolutions of strong condemnation, has in office a large number of his political mercenaries whom Gov. Hughes could throw upon the streets by a nod or a stroke of his pen. But he will not stoop to place-jobbing. He lets Boss Barnes and his underlings rail at him and vote against him, without one thought of reprisals. Their enmity he doubtless counts an aid in the moral crusade upon which he has entered. The Governor is no Odell, to get his way by hole-and-corner bargaining, log-rolling, or the vindictive use of the veto power. Neither will he compromise a moral question. He could have got the race-track bills through, amended so as to take effect September 1. But the mandate of the Constitution, like the behests of conscience, knows nothing of a time limit on absolute duty. A public vice which the Legislature is forbidden by the supreme law of the State to allow, ought not to be allowed for a month, or a day, longer than it takes to pass the appropriate legislation. It is the immediate and unescapable moral imperative, upon which Gov. Hughes stands, and will stand

That he means business, and knows how to go to work, was shown by the mass-meeting which he attended at Utica, on Sunday. It was made up of the best people of the city, who felt no qualms in coming out on Sunday to demonstrate their support of a moral cause; and resolutions were passed declaring that Senator Ackroyd had grossly misrepresented his constituents in voting with the gamblers. Moreover, a committee of prominent citizens was appointed to see the Senator in person, and convey to him in plain terms the moral sense of the community in which he lives and for which he is supposed to speak at Albany. In like manner, the church in Auburn of which Senator Wilcox is a member had a meeting in which he was called upon to cease affronting decent sentiment; and in Albany, clergymen and church-members openly denounced Senator Grattan for his course, and even had hard things to say of William Barnes, jr.

Now, this sort of campaign is one which Republicans in this State cannot afford to resist. Gov. Hughes knows how to appeal to the very bone and sinew of the party. He can address himself to the steady-going people in the country districts who still believe in "the party of moral ideas," and who give it its majorities. They may not be very rapid in their mental processes, but they can be depended upon to find out the real motives in the opposition to the Governor on this race-track issue, and to side with him, both because they think he is right, and because they believe that abhorrent political forces have been set in motion against him. An experienced observer up the State sounds a warning to Gov. Hughes's opponents, in the New York *Tribune*, when he says that, if the sober and long-headed Republicans in the rural regions "get the idea that the party leaders are devoting more time to killing the Governor's bills, in an effort to head him off from the Presidential nomination, than they are to furthering good legislation, then it'll be a sorry day for the Republican party in this State." When we add the power which Gov. Hughes has to rally the thinking and religious people of the cities, and see with what power of statement and moral earnestness he is setting forth to stir them, we begin to understand how formidable a fighter he may prove himself. Some people who professed admiration for his tenacity and courage in the insurance investigation may now have a chance to know what it is to have him, thoroughly roused, in action against themselves.

Even the politicians and gambling interests opposed to the Governor know that he is not a man to be "called off." If any one goes to whisper to him that his course will "hurt the party," Gov. Hughes will ask the question, in a loud voice, how the party can possibly be hurt by giving heed to the Constitution as it expresses the moral sentiment of the people. The argument of "regularity" will fall flat with a man who cares more for public justice than he does for the command of a caucus. So will selfish appeals with one who would rather satisfy his own conscience than promote his political chances. Let who will vote for the Governor at Chicago, or refuse to vote; he has enlisted for the whole war for a great moral cause. It is a fine and inspiriting attitude in a public servant, and the people of this State should hold up his hands.

THE EMOTIONAL RACES.

The frivolous Chinese nation is just now passing through a period of fervid anti-Japanese sentiment. The Chinese are not generally looked upon as frivolous or sentimental. But how else can we characterize behavior like that of the people of Canton, under the spur of the recent dispute with Japan over the seizure of the steamship Tatsu with arms intended for Chinese revolutionaries? The settlement of the controversy on terms regarded by the Cantonese as a betrayal of national interests has been followed by the proclamation of a boycott against Japanese products. That in itself shows a considerable amount of sentiment in the Chinese character, for even the sensitive West finds it hard to see why one should cut off his own profits just to hurt his enemy. But when supposedly staid Cantonese merchants meet in public assembly and listen to a twelve-year-old boy's recital of a dirge descriptive of China's wrongs, and thereupon tear their garments and weep and vow relentless warfare against the Japanese manufacturer, we seem to be in the presence of a new phase of Chinese character. Is Oriental stolidity not so elemental as the world has long supposed it? Do emotional stresses and conflicts find play beneath the impassive yellow and brown faces of the East? Such ebullitions as the present one at Canton or the boycott of three years ago directed against ourselves would seem to point towards that conclusion.

In the field of politics we have been receiving much enlightenment these last few years concerning the true nature of the unchanged and unchanging East. Asia no longer lifts her brooding eyes to watch the armed legions thunder by, and drops them again. Chinese stolidity, Hindu quietism, Persian supineness are fast being disproved by such supposedly Occidental circumstances as political agitation, revolution, constitutionalism, and parliamentarism. Mr. Kipling's "East is East and West is West" is being as vigorously assailed as it was warmly received only a few years ago. Is it true, then, that also in matters non-political the Asiatic stands much nearer to ourselves than we have believed, or been willing to believe? The capacity for emotion, for refined sensation, has been there in the Eastern soul; only we have been the victims of ignorance and faulty interpretation. We choose to look upon the ceremony of hara-kiri as an exemplification of physical impassivity; why not emphasize its character rather as one of the most striking manifestations of the sentimental? The devotees who cast themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut are to us the victims only of a religious mania; but H. W. Nevinson has finely said that this is because the Western mind finds it practically impossible to understand a longing for reunion with infinity so passionate as to impel towards self-destruction. And Mr. Nevinson goes on to state, perhaps too bitterly, his preference for the sentiment underlying the practice of widow-burning in India over the sentiment that explains the astonishing popularity of "The Merry Widow" in the West.

But why only Asia? In the West we have fallen into the habit of ranging the nations in a certain gamut of the emotions. There is at one extreme the Slav nature, the "temperament" *par excellence*, built up almost solid out of feeling. Then comes the Latin temperament, in which training tempers blood; and so on through Scandinavian mysticism, German sentimentalism, American dash, tinged with a trace of neurosis, and finally British—what shall we call it?—unemotionalism, rigidity, frigidity? In any case, that is, in broad lines, the accepted gradation. Yet as when drawing distinctions between West and East, we here are victims of the fallacy of generalizing on more or less superficial manners. Do Frenchmen always weep on the slightest provocation, and Englishmen never? Does the British temper always run to facts and figures, and the Celtic temper to fairy-lore? Mr. Chesterton has declared that Nelson's dying words, "Kiss me, Hardy," are typical of the English nature, and Mr. Bernard Shaw has used the same incident of Nelson and Hardy to point out the contrast between the poetic emotionalism of the average Englishman and the matter-of-fact Irish temperament. As between American high-tension and British self-control, we have the famous experience of "Mr. Dooley" at an international athletic meet in England. He had enjoined himself not to let his American exuberance put him to shame before a vast crowd of calm-faced Englishmen. He had watched one American athlete after another carry off the honors without emitting a cheer. And it was only when, in one of the close sprints, his British neighbor leaped into the air and smote him on the back and besought the English runner to give his lantern-jawed American competitor the elbow, that "Mr. Dooley" turned toward his neighbor and remarked: "If it were not for the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood and our common heritage, I'd paste you in the eye." Like most of us, "Mr. Dooley" had been too credulous of tradition.

Anglo-Saxon unemotionalism will be vindicated only when we have no Mafeking nights in London, no anti-Japanese window-breaking in San Francisco, no fisticuffs on the floor of Congress, no appeals to the Flag to justify robber-tariffs or subsidies, no surrender to the fear of sudden crime-waves, no foamings at the dangers of socialism and anarchism, no more new religions having for their basic principle the influence of altruistic love on the diaphragm, no vast alternations between hope and despair with the varying tone of Presidential messages. The lines of temperament between people are vanishing before a closer observation and sympathy. All peoples keep a check upon themselves, and all peoples are apt to go off their heads. The two most emotional rulers of nations to-day are an American and a German. Contrast Mr. Roosevelt and William II. with M. Fallières and Victor Emmanuel III., and the accepted perspective changes.

SHAKESPEAREAN MEMORIALS AND NATIONAL THEATRES.

Enthusiastic believers in the efficacy of a national or an endowed theatre as a cure for all the evils of the contemporary stage are conducting a lively agitation just now on both sides of the Atlantic. That an unearned income is the one thing essential to the establishment of the ideal theatre they are all agreed, but on most other points they are widely, not to say hopelessly, at variance. In England the excitement was started by the report of the special committee on the proposed World's Memorial to Shakespeare. These gentlemen, after months of deliberation, came to the conclusion that a magnificent monument of some sort, to which all the world—meaning chiefly the United States, outside of Great Britain and her colonies—might contribute, would best fulfil the purpose. They thought that if a vast sum of money were to be expended, it would be wisest to have something solid, permanent, and generally intelligible.

Their scheme was no sooner announced than it was attacked on all sides by persons who had plans of their own, or had hoped to benefit directly or indirectly by the subscriptions. The advocates of a national theatre, headed by John Hare, are loud in protest. Apparently, they had been regarding the memorial as a providential aid for their own pet project, and, in their disappointment, they eloquently denounce the folly of permitting some sculptor to disgrace London with another monstrosity. Others declare in favor of a theatre for Shakespearean or Elizabethan representations only. Several of them quote Milton to prove that Shakespeare needs no monument at all, without perceiving that the famous lines might apply to a theatre just as well as to a statue. A third party, with some dim glimmering of the necessities of the case, urges the establishment of an academy of dramatic arts.

It is not our purpose to discuss the merits of these rival memorials, but to point out one remarkable feature of the voluminous correspondence provoked by them. All the advocates of an endowed theatre confidently enumerate the advantages which, as they assume, must inevitably arise from it without showing any comprehension of the formidable preliminary difficulties which must be overcome before any theatre, justifying its endowment by its manifest superiority, can open its doors. They seem to imagine that nothing but money is required to produce an ideal theatre. most without exception they ignore the fact, patent enough to all experienced students of the stage, that the first, indispensable, and most onerous step in any such undertaking, if it is to have a chance of real success, is the creation of a body of new and competent players, able to acquit themselves without discredit in widely different types of drama. No such organization could found to-day, even if all the "stars" were pressed into service. It would be comparatively easy to find performers fairly efficient—according to their law of perpetual self-reproduction—in the modern social, realistic, or emotional play; but the English-speaking performers capable of satisfactory work in poetic romance or tragedy, or the older artificial comedy—in all those higher branches of the drama, in a word, which require eloquence, passion imagination, or style—may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Fifty years ago England had what was practically a national theatre. It was called Sadler's Wells, and was situated in Islington. In that poor suburb Samuel Phelps and his associates played the English classic drama—Shakespeare, Jonson, Congreve, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, and others—as it has never been played since, and drew all cultivated London for nearly twenty years. He had no subsidy, but he had actors.

Until these have been secured, a national or Shakespearean memorial theatre is but a dream. It would be more prudent to begin at the beginning and make sure of the company before building a costly theatre to put them in. And this is a consideration which the promoters of the New Theatre in this city might find it worth while to ponder. There are noble possibilities in the enterprise they are planning, if they will only realize that there are some things which no amount of money, but only patience, experiment, tact, and drill, can procure. It is understood that their aim, and expectation, is to furnish performances varying in character, each of which shall be thoroughly good of its kind. This is most praiseworthy. What they need for the purpose is malleable youth—such as F. R. Benson impresses into his service—and they cannot be to active in the search of it, or of the proper men to train it. The notion that there is an abundance of ready-made talent is a delusion which, if it exists, is likely to cost them dear. Their theatre will lose all significance if the performances do not from the first exhibit a degree of artistry superior to that of any rival.

There is something pathetic in the faith, here and in England, in the potency of endowment to foster art. No one doubts that the existing commercial syndicates have made the stage a by-word and a cause of hissing; yet, in their way, they have brought greater financial prosperity to the stage than it has ever known before. They have destroyed art, but they have multiplied theatres and given steady employment and assured salaries to thousands o performers, who, without them, woul have starved. Poverty and competitio are, and always have been, the hotbed of genius. The subsidized theatres of the European Continent, the Français and others, are good conservators of traditions, and therefore valuable as books of reference are. But even in traditions they no longer have any monopoly, while the greatest actors of modern times, Edmund Kean, Macready, Phelps, the Booths, Salvini, Duse, Bernhardt, Irving—not to mention others—profited by no protection, state or other. What our stage needs is not coddling, but a dose of wholesome adversity.

PARIS BOOKNOTES—CORRESPONDENCE AND BIOGRAPHY.

Paris, March 20.

The "Correspondance de Stendhal (1800-1842)" is published in three volumes by Ad. Paupe and P. A. Cheramy, with a preface by Maurice Barrès—an ingrained Stendhalian as are so many of the rising intellects of France. Stendhal was a true prophet in his own case; he foretold that the obscurity which so persistently hovered over his work during his lifetime was to lighten in the eighties. Within twenty-five years he has become a Doctor of Young France. Hence the interest of his letters, which also have value from the light thrown on the history of his time, of which he was most observant. More than 700 letters are given, of which 200 are published for the first time. The first volume comprises the years of apprenticeship (1800-1806), and of active life (1806-1814); the second shows the man of the world and *dilettante* (1815-1830); the third is from the state functionary and novelist (1830-1842). There are three portraits, and the index has more than 3,000 names of persons, literary works, journals, and the rest.

The second volume of Émile Zola's Correspondence dates from the end of the formation of his mind and character, where the first volume left him. In 400 pages it gives all his letters, which it has been decided to publish concerning letters and art. Its main interest is from the light which it sheds on the history of his work from 1864 until his death. During the first years, when he was making his way slowly and painfully, his chief correspondent was Antony Valabrègue, a Parnassian poet and art writer, who had studied with him at Aix. Curious passages show the growth of his final naturalism from an embryo theory of the art work as "a window opened on creation; and, framed in the window, there is a transparent screen through which we see objects more or less distorted, with changes depending on the nature of the screen." There is the classic screen, the romantic, and the "realist," which the young writer prefers while waiting to work out his full theory. In the course of time he feels called on to write to various friends and critics, such as Jules Lemaître and others whom Dreyfus politics later sundered from him, in defence of the ever increasing coarseness of his writings. Later still, when his "Débâcle" was cried out against as an insult to France, he used the one argument which he was to carry with him into the political fray that has won him burial in the Panthéon—"to tell the truth." He never seems to have doubted his own knowledge of the truth or have suspected that there was other truth which ought singularly to modify the relief in which he set his own limited human documents.

As Zola, in literary art, held from Flaubert, so Flaubert owed much to a now almost forgotten writer, Louis Bouilhet, whom friendships with a generation that was revolutionary in art should save from oblivion. Étienne Frère has written a volume on his environment and heredity and friendship with Flaubert, who called him "my literary *accoucheur*, my conscience and compass."

"Jules Verne (1828-1905)," by Charles Lemire, should have a welcome from many of the numberless readers who have nourished a youth sublime with his fairy tales of science. This modest biography of an uneventful existence, given over to correct living and unwearied labor in writing many books, portrays the man, the writer, traveller, and citizen, his work, and the memory and monuments he has left behind him.

Special readers will be interested in two biographical works from unpublished documents of the thirties, years of intellectual ebullition. The first, "Un Romantique sous Louis Philippe," by Adolphe Boschot, is devoted to Hector Berlioz's storm and stress from 1831 to 1842. The other is the second volume of Abbé Charles Boutard's "Lamennais," dealing with the not less stormy Liberal Catholicism in its beginnings from 1828 to 1834. Arvède Barine (Madame Vincent), in one of her entertaining volumes of popular higher literature, writes of sample authors of that erratic time under the title "Poètes et névrosés"—Hoffmann, De Quincey, Edgar Poe, and Gérard de Nerval. Dr. R. Gourg, a doctor of letters whose book was perhaps a university thesis, writes of an older man, whose influence cannot be easily estimated among all that youth drawing its inspiration from Shelley and Byron, most of all on the Continent—"William Godwin (1756-1836)." The same author publishes, along with a French translation, a study of the "Commonplace Book" of Berkeley, the philosopher.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the Pyser auction in this city a few weeks ago, there was sold a copy of the Second Series of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" with London imprint, dated 1865. The catalogue contained this note; "The very rare First edition antedating the first American issue by two years." Though three copies had previously turned up in Boston sales, this was the first to be offered publicly in New York. The Second Series of the Biglow papers was printed first in the *Atlantic Monthly* and collected into a volume published in Boston in the autumn of 1866, though the title is dated 1867. Meanwhile, from the types of the magazine a few "separates" were taken of "Mason and Slidell," the second of the series, but, so far as is known, not of any others. That there were earlier London editions is not generally known, but the various issues enumerated below show that the work was very popular in England. All were bound in fragile paper covers and are extremely rare. There is a nearly complete set in the British Museum, and the following descriptions are in part from those copies.

(1.) The | Biglow Papers. | By | James Russell Lowell. | Second Series. | Part I. Containing | 1. Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow. | 2. Mason and Slidell: a Yankee Idyll. | Authorized Edition. | London: | Trübner & Co., 60, Paternoster Row. | 1862.

Title, with imprint on the reverse and pages 3-52 of text, the imprint being repeated at the bottom of p. 52. Pink paper covers, the first page printed from the types of the title-page, but surrounded by a rule. Below the rule is "Price One Shilling."

(2.) Similar to Part I., but lines 6 to 8 read "Part II. Containing | 1. Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow. | 2. A Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session."

Title, with imprint on reverse, and pp. 53-90 of text, the imprint being repeated on p. 90. Issued in the same form as Part I., but above the rule on p. 1 of cover is found "Originally published in the Atlantic Monthly."

(3.) Similar to Parts I. and II., but lines 6 to 9 read "Part III. Containing | 1. Speech of Honourable Preserved Doe in | Secret Caucus. | 2. Suthin' in the Pastoral Line."

Title and imprint and pp. 91-120 of text; no imprint on p. 120. The cover is like that of Part II. These are all dated 1862 and the copies in the British Museum were received there on August 9 of that year. These three parts together form signatures A, B, and C, each 8 leaves; D, 2; E and F, each 8; G, 4; H and I, each 8. The three title-pages (those of Parts II. and III. not being included in the pagination) are A1, E1, and H1.

(4.) The | Biglow Papers. | By James Russell Lowell. | Second Series. | Authorized Edition. | London: | Trübner & Co. 60, Paternoster Row. | 1864.

Title, with imprint on reverse; Contents, reverse blank, and text, pp. 3-133; with imprint on pp. 52, 90, and 133. It is made up of the identical sheets of the three separate parts with additional leaves at the end. The titles, dated 1862, have been torn out, so that signatures A, E, and H each have seven leaves only; in place of A, the new title and contents are pasted on. In two copies examined the original stab-holes for Part II. are visible, showing that bound copies of that part had been used. The additional leaves are signatures I and K, each 8 leaves, K8 being blank and used as a pastedown. The front cover is printed from the types of the title-pages but surrounded by a rule.

(5.) Title, text, pagination, and signature marks are identical with the preceding (No. 4) and differing only by the absence of imprints on pages 52 and 90. The cover of this issue is of glazed paper; that of the earlier issues being unglazed. The British Museum copy was received November 2, 1864.

(6.) The | Biglow Papers | By | James Russell Lowell. | Second Series. | Authorized Edition. | London: | Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row. | 1865.

The paging is identical with the preceding, the text ending with page 133, with imprint at foot. The book was resignatured for more economical printing. The title is one leaf printed separately and pasted on The contents (A1) and text are signatures A to H, each 8 leaves, and I, 4, the last leaf blank, and pasted down on the back cover. In pink glazed paper. The copy sold in the Pyser sale was of this edition.

(7.) The | Biglow Papers. | By | James Russell Lowell. | Second Series. | Authorized People's Edition. | London: | Trübner & Co., 60 Paternoster Row. | 1865.

This edition, though printed from the same plates, shows slight variations. The title and cover now read "Authorized People's Edition," instead of "Authorized Edition," as in the earlier forms; there is no imprint on verso of title; a new chapter is added, filling pp. 134-141, and the table of contents has eight numbers instead of seven. The signatures are again rearranged, the book now consisting of signatures A to I, each 8 leaves, the title being A1. It was issued in green paper covers, with "Price one Shilling" at the top above the border.

Preston A. Perry, well known in the West as a lecturer on book collecting and allied subjects, carried with him a number of rare and interesting manuscripts, books, and bindings, to exhibit before his audiences. His collection is to be sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city April 21 Many unusual items are included, among them a Latin Bible in manuscript, in two volumes, with the date 1447; Wendelin of Speir's Lactantius, Venice, 1472; a large fragment of Jenson's Pliny, 1472; the Nuremburg Chronicle, 1492; Brandt's "Stultifera Navis," 1498; the Dante of 1481 with two plates by Botticelli; Fabyan's Chronicle, 1533; Fraunce's "Lawyer's Logike," 1588; More's "Utopia," 1556; an imperfect Fourth Folio Shakespeare; a "chained book"; a papyrus of the Book of the Dead said to have "come from a mummy probably about 2000 B. C."; and Persian, Hebrew, Arabic, Pali, and Japanese manuscripts. Included also are specimens of the works of the principal modern binders.

Correspondence.

PORTALA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Alfred Webb. in the *Nation* of April 9, asks about Portala, mentioned in Bret Harte's "Angelus." Portala was the first governor of California, 1767-1770. A fairly complete account of his administration may be found in Hittell's "History of California," Vol. I, pages 509-10. The cross mentioned in Bret Harte's poem is described in the same volume, page 328. In the histories, the name is usually spelled Portola.

Demarchus C. Brown, Librarian.

Indiana State Library, Indianapolis, April 11.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Portala, the subject of Mr. Webb's inquiry, was evidently Capt. Gaspar Portolá (known also as Gov. Portolá), who, in 1769, led an expedition by land from Lower California to the present site of San Francisco—of which expedition he gave an account in his "Diario del Viage á la California." "The swart commander in his leather jerkin," of the stanza preceding the lines quoted in the inquiry, stands presumably for him; and "the priest in stole of snow" of the next line for Padre Junípero Serra, who accompanied the expedition as head of the missionaries and figures as the "pious Padre *Serro*" in "The Miracle of Padre Junipero," likewise by Mr. Harte.

For a full account of the expedition your correspondent is referred to Chapter vi. of Vol. XIII. of Hubert Howe Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States of North America," which volume is the first of five devoted to California. Prof. Josiah Royce, who gives an abstract of this chapter in his volume on California in the American Commonwealth Series, follows Bancroft in his spelling of the Governor's name, Portolá. As regards Harte's version of the name, to which he adheres in the poem, "Friar Pedro's Ride," it appears that "The Angelus" was written in 1868, while Bancroft's history, based upon documents which Harte in all likelihood had never seen or heard of, was in process of publication in 1886. In Palou's biography of the padre, the Governor's name is given without the accent on the ultimate.

C. H. Coxe.

Philadelphia, April 11.

A BIOGRAPHY OF DR. RICHARD HODGSON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The friends of Dr. Richard Hodgson think it desirable to collect material for a biography of him and his work in psychical research, and I am desirous of securing correspondence with him that may be loaned to us for this object. All such correspondence will be copied and filed, and the original letters returned to the owners. The copies will be placed in the hands of a suitable biographer as soon as he has been selected. No public use of such material will be made except in the manner prescribed by his biographer. It would also be desirable to have the loan of any other material than correspondence that may be serviceable in the work, whether it be discussions, personal anecdote, or impressions of the man. Privacy in all these matters will be duly respected.

James H. Hyslop.

No. 519 West One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, New York, April 11.

Notes.

Fifty new titles are now added to Everyman's Library of E. P. Dutton & Co., bringing the total up to 318. And with the new books comes the announcement, of which the publishers excusably make some boast, that the price of the whole series has been reduced from fifty cents to thirty-five cents the volume.

"The Life and Correspondence of John Thadeus Delane," editor of the London *Times* from 1840 to 1876, has been compiled by his nephew, Arthur Irwin Dasent, and will be published this spring by Scribners. Those were the days when the *Times* was

England, and the memoirs ought to be interesting.

A new sketch of the lives of Bishop Ken and Izaak Walton, by Edward Marston, known as "The Amateur Angler," is said to make a considerable amount of material accessible for the first time.

The Cambridge University Press (Putnams) is about to issue the Latin text of St. Augustine's "Confessions," with English notes by Dr. John Gibb and William Montgomery.

In May we are to have from Doubleday, Page & Co. a new novel by Maurice Hewlett. His theme this time is the Spain of fifty years ago, and the title is "The Spanish Jade."

W. P. Ker's excellent essays on mediæval literature, called "Epic and Romance," have been added to the Eversley series of the Macmillan Company.

The January number (Vol. II., No. 1) of the *American Journal of International Law*, belated and just issued, may be regarded as a Hague Conference number. Dr. James Brown Scott, its managing editor, who was a delegate to the Conference, contributes the opening paper, discussing the work of that Conference; the articles that follow consider more in detail, and perhaps more technically, certain phases of the general subject. The results of the Conference, concerning which some skepticism has been expressed, are clearly summarized by Dr. Scott: provision for meeting in eight years for a third session; a convention for the non-forcible collection of contract debts, substituting arbitration for an appeal to arms; the establishment of a prize court to safeguard the rights of neutrals; laying the foundation of, if not putting the finishing stone to, a great court of arbitration. The Supplement, itself a pamphlet of 265 pages, contains a number of important documents connected with the Hague Conference, and is therefore very valuable for reference.

According to the English newspapers, the name of Dr. Stephen Paget, son of the famous Sir James Paget, surgeon to Queen Victoria and King Edward, ought to be on the title-page of the "Confessio Medici" published by the Macmillan Company. It is a pleasant book, whoever is the author. Like the "Religio Medici," which suggested half its name, it is the proclamation, by one compelled by his trade to "rake in the bowels of nature," of life's underlying mystery, and of his faith in the human soul. There is much talk of other things, by the way: here a fling at Christian Science ("I should like to collect and publish what our chief physicians and surgeons know of the works of Christian Science," he says; and we wish he would do it, and that the "healers" would then collect and publish what they know of doctors), here a few words about that gossiping soldier and physician Paré (famous for his saying "Je le pansay et Dieu le guarit"), and again an expression of the joys of hospital life which may not be so clear to the doctor's readers and patients.

The Cambridge Poets of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are now so well known that nothing need be said of the general form and appearance of the new "Spenser," edited by R. E. Neil Dodge. If anything, the type seems to be even clearer than in some of the earlier volumes, where, as here, much matter is crowded within single covers. In the case of Spenser, more than of almost any other poet, the accuracy of text is important. He was a deliberate archaizer and inventor; his forms and even his spelling are an integral part of his designed effect. We cannot say that we have compared the present text with the originals, but it is fair to believe that in this respect the most scrupulous care has been exercised. The printers' "copy," according to the editor's statement, was collated throughout with the original editions in the British Museum, and the proof-sheets were again, for the most part, compared with the same editions procured in this country. We think Mr. Dodge was right in retaining the spelling of the 1590 text of the first three books of "The Faerie Queene" rather than that of 1596. We are not sure that he has been justified in conforming the use of capitals to modern practice, but no one can object to the expansion of such contractions as "Lo," to Lord, or to the modernization of the punctuation. As for the editorial apparatus, we note one grave error, as it seems to us. Archaic and obscure phrases are explained in the Notes, or in the Glossary, or in both. Now the only really convenient method is to give such explanations at the foot of the page, or, as is done so admirably in the "Folio Shakespeare," on the side margins; it is annoying to have to turn from the page one is reading to some out-of-the-way place at the end of a book whenever a word is dark, and especially exasperating when there is a doubt as to which of two such places must be consulted. The plan of the Cambridge Poets may have vetoed the use of marginal interpretations, but at least all the obscure words might have been gathered into a single alphabetical glossary. For the rest, we have only commendation for Mr Dodge's work. The Biographical Sketch is based on full knowledge, and the various Introductions are critically sound. It is a pleasure to observe that Mr. Dodge does not attribute the *longueurs* (of which some unfit readers complain) of the poem to the allegory. "Indeed," he says, "this supposed domination of the poem by allegory, the allegory of abstractions, will hardly bear the test of simple reading." It is the high and aerial quality of the poem, and its corresponding lack of substantial passion, by which such readers are really repelled. Altogether, we may commend this as the best edition of a poet still warmly cherished by a select audience. So far as we have looked into the Notes, they are well-informed and useful.

Miss Dorothy Neville Lees has added a pleasant sequel to "Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany" in her "Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends," published in an attractive form by Dodd, Mead & Co. Here, as in her earlier book, she describes many phases of rural Tuscan life, which, living as governess in Florentine families who spent their summers among the hills of Tuscany, she has had exceptional opportunities for observing. Her descriptions of the life at a beautiful Italian villa, of the household servants, and the neighboring *contadini* are full of interest. With humor and vivacity she draws a delightful picture of certain Tuscan children—of the little Bianca Maria, her quaint and winning seven-year-old charge; of Pio, aged three, almost an ancient Roman in his solemnity and dignity; and of some of the *ragazzi* among the servants at the villa. Among the particularly good chapters are those giving an account of a Tuscan fair, of the funeral of a *contadina's* baby, of the exquisite Tuscan irises and the preparation of the orris-root perfume. All this and more is interesting, although it is interlarded with commonplace statements of well-known facts. The book has two irritating blemishes. Miss Lees is so stirred by Italy's fatal gift of beauty that she pauses continually to soliloquize in platitudes with exuberant sentimentality. It should be said, however, that she offends in this respect less than in "Scenes and Shrines." The other defect is her habit of translating the remarks of her Italian acquaintances literally from the Italian idiom and in the Italian order, and by this libellous method making the most graceful appear the most imbecile of tongues. Bianca Maria is climbing a hill; she exclaims, "Am hot . . . and I have need to repose myself; in this coat so thick I arrive never at the top." There are few errors apart from occasional misprints; but we must admit that Miss Lees appears to be strong in credulity, when she accepts the story of Dante's recall to Florence (in 1316), and weak in ethnology, when she says that the original home of the Pelasgi was near the Land of Uz.

"The Log of the Laura in Polar Seas," by Bettie Fleischmann Holmes (privately printed at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass.), is a rather elaborate diary, of a hunting cruise in the summer of 1906, to Spitzbergen, East Greenland, and the island of Jan Mayen. The style is pleasing and unaffected. The party encountered no musk-oxen or walrus, but found plenty of use for their guns, and secured numerous seal and a score of polar bears. Although both the flesh and skins of the specimens bagged were generally put to good use, the repeated accounts of the killing of wild creatures—such incidents as the shooting of one hundred auk "in a short time"—nevertheless form an unpleasant feature of the book. The scientific value of the cruise was small. It is as an example of fine bookmaking that the volume is chiefly noteworthy, and the best of taste on the part of the editor has saved it from all appearance of pretentiousness, in spite of the sumptuous Italian paper, the handsome Bodoni type and the numerous beautiful photographic reproductions. Unfortunately the book is without an index and is provided with an inadequate map.

"The Career of a Journalist," by William Salisbury (New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.) is a vulgarly written account of vulgar experiences. It is a book, nevertheless, to provoke disquieting reflections in those who look upon our newspapers as an important influence in shaping the tastes and opinions of American citizens. The author professes to have been engaged for nine years, chiefly as a reporter, on Western dailies. He relates his achievements with an appearance of entire frankness; and though he has obviously touched up the incidents somewhat in order to make them more interesting, he has told the unhappy truth only too often. With all allowance for smartness and exaggeration, the tale is in certain large essentials veracious; it is substantiated by the tone of the newspapers to which he says he contributed. He offers a convincing explanation of some of their most repulsive traits, namely their sensationalism and their subserviency to the advertiser.

"The English Reformation and Puritanism, with other Lectures and Addresses," by Eri B. Hulbert, a memorial edited by A. R. E. Wyant, has been issued by the University of Chicago Press. Dean Hulbert was a hard-working teacher and executive officer in the university, who, after several years in the ministry, had turned to the teaching of church history. This volume contains as Part I. a number of addresses, testimonials, and other tributes, to Dr. Hulbert, all of which, by an error in the table of contents, are credited to the editor. The second part consists of a dozen lectures on the English reformation and Puritanism, with seven occasional addresses. Among the latter are two of considerable interest to the general reader. One is an exposition of the English Education Act of 1902; the other, entitled "The Man and the Message for the Twentieth Century," contains this passage:

> I do not know whether man ascended from the lower animal kingdom or not. My personal knowledge on these abstruse topics is extremely limited. Candid and qualified men who have given their lives to the investigation pronounce an affirmative verdict. I am not prepared to say they are wrong. . . . The fundamental saving and ethical truths of Christianity remain the same.

The implication is added that any theological system being adapted to the age in which it flourishes is almost necessarily ephemeral. In general we may say that Dr. Hulbert's point of view is elevated, his horizon broad, and his purpose sincere. His lectures are therefore good history and not cramped by the immediate purpose for which they were prepared. We may differ from some of his judgments, his estimate of Elizabeth, for example; but in most cases, as in this, the difference is over an historical conundrum. Dr. Hulbert's modesty prevented his printing any considerable work during his life, so it is eminently proper that the best he has left behind him should be put into permanent form for the use of his friends and admirers.

"Jesus Christus für unsere Zeit" is a volume containing a series of lectures by Prof. J. Haussleiter of Griefswald, Prof. Wilhelm Walther of Rostock, Prof. Wilhelm Lütgert of Halle, Superintendent T. C. H. Kaftan of Kiel, and Prof. Erich Schaeder of Kiel, all men of the conservative school. Among the special topics are the Life of Jesus, the Personality of Jesus, the Teachings of Jesus, and the Uniqueness of Jesus and of His Purposes, (Hamburg: Gustav Schlovessmann).

A. Huck, pastor in Schiltigheim, whose excellent Greek synopsis of the gospels has recently been issued in its third edition, has now in the press of Mohr, Tübingen, a "Deutsche Evangelien-Synopse," containing, besides the parallel texts of the three Synoptic Gospels, extracts from John's Gospel and data from extra-canonical sources.

In a small work of less than a hundred and fifty pages, entitled "Loca Sancta," (Halle: Rudolf Haupt), Dr. P. Thomsen, furnishes a carefully selected and arranged list of all the places in Palestine mentioned in the writings of the first six Christian centuries. The work supplements the edition of Eusebius's "Onomasticon," issued about three years ago by Erich Klostermann, but carries the subject down to the rise of the Moslem power. An excellent index and a map make the book valuable in studying the geographical problems of the Old and the New Testament.

"Die religiöse Frage im Lichte der vergleichenden Religionsgeschichte," by Dr. G. Brunner (Munich: C. H. Beck), aims, by a comparison of the principles of Christianity with those of other religions, to prove the superiority of the former.

Dr. A. W. Hunziker of the University of Leipzig publishes an interesting investigation, in his brochure entitled "Der Glaube Luther's und das religionsgeschichtliche Christentum der Gegenwart" (Leipzig: Georg Böhme). He tries to prove that the current critical conception of Christianity does not derive from Luther and his teachings.

The commemoration of the centennial of the birth of Johann Hinrich Wichern, the father of that vast enterprise known as Inner Missions in Germany, occurs at Easter of the current year. The occasion will be marked by the appearance of a number of publications dealing with Wichern and his works. The most important is "Joh Hinr. Wichern's Lebenswerk in seiner Bedeutung für das deutsche Volk," by M. Hennig, director of Wichern's famous institution in Hamburg, known as Das Raue Haus, where this biography is published. This book is really a collection of six essays by specialists on the educational principles and social reform programme of Wichern. His movement has permanently modified practical church work in Germany.

Martin Schanz's first volume of the "Geschichte der römischen Literatur," bearing the special title "Die römische Literatur in der Zeit der Republik," has been issued in a third and thoroughly revised edition, more than doubled in size (Munich: C. H. Beck). It is one of the series known as Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft, edited by Iwan von Müller.

The new "Balladen-Buch," edited by Ferd. Avenarius (Munich: Callwey), is a complementary volume to the excellent "Hausbuch deutscher Lyrik," and reproduces the best modern German ballad poetry. The book contains portraits of Arnold Böcklin, J. V. Cissarz, Angelo Jank, Max Klinger, Moritz von Schwind, Hans Thoma, Albert Welti, and Ludwig von Zumbusch.

"Aus Mexiko," by Orla Holm, with *Beiträge* by Ralph Zürn (Berlin: Fontaine & Co.), is one of the better class of studies dealing with the peoples of a foreign country. Its contents are historical and descriptive, evidently based on more than a passing visit. Herr Zürn in his contribution has set forth the value of Mexico as a land for German colonization.

The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Company of Chicago announces as almost ready a college edition of the Swedish poet Tegnér's "Frithjofs Saga," with introduction and notes by Prof. George T. Flom of the University of Iowa. A special feature of this edition will be an account of all translations of the poem.

Two moderate volumes recently published in Paris offer compendious acquaintance with the writings of two authors of our time, who seem to have made successful appeal to posterity. "Les Plus Belles pages de Clemenceau" are chosen from the narrations, social philosophy, journalism and criticism, and eloquence of one whose distinguished literary talent has been somewhat obscured by a stormy political career. "Vingt-cinq années de vie littéraire" of Maurice Barrès is prefaced by the rising Clerical critic, Henri Bremond; the volume shows a talent soaring with age to higher accomplishment, beginning with the intensive culture of the Ego and ending seemingly in absorbing race passion, caught from indulging in politics as a sportive distraction. These two authors, one of the Revolution and the other of the counter-Revolution, alike belong to the noble classic tradition of French prose.

The publisher Emilio Treves of Milan has asked Prof. Dino Mantovani of the University of Turin to write a biography of Edmondo de Amicis, and has supplied a large amount of material, including letters and unpublished manuscripts.

An exhibition of text-books and of other means of instruction in modern languages will be held in connection with the meeting of the National German-American Teachers' Association at Milwaukee, Wis., June 30 to July 3.

The third meeting of the New England College Librarians will be held at Radcliffe College, April 27. Dr. John S. Billings of New York will deliver the address.

There is to be next September a grand celebration of Tolstoy's eightieth birthday in St. Petersburg or Moscow. A central committee has been formed in Russia to take charge of the proceedings, aided by branch associations in other countries. The following persons have already consented to serve on the British committee: George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, H. G. Wells, Henry James, the Hon. Maurice Baring, J. M. Barrie, J. Galsworthy, Prof. G. Murray, Bernard Shaw, Laurence Irving, Sir Donald M. Wallace, Aylmer Maude, Mrs. Garnett, H. W. Nevinson, A. Sutro, Lord Redesdale, the Earl of Lytton, Maurice Hewlett, and Prof. P. Vinogradoff. Edmund Gosse will act as president of the committee. Besides the international address to Tolstoy on the occasion, it is proposed to issue a cheap edition of his principal works in the leading languages of Europe. To this end contributions are solicited.

We have to announce the death of three distinguished Oriental scholars: Prof. Gustav Oppert of Berlin has died at the age of seventy-one. His first work of importance was done in the Bodleian Library, where he catalogued the collection of Hebrew manuscripts. He was then appointed sub-librarian at Windsor Castle, and in 1872 was made professor of Sanskrit at Madras. He returned to Europe in 1894, and the next year was appointed professor of the non-Aryan languages of India in the Berlin University. He has to his credit many works on the weapons, commerce, religion, and dialects of India. C. A. C. B. de Meynard, aged seventy-two, was at the time of his death professor of Persian and Arabic at the Collège de France. For a while he had been attached to the French legation in Persia. He is the author of a "Dictionnaire turc-français" and other books on Oriental subjects. Hartwig Derenbourg, who was born in 1844, died in Paris April 13. He was a chevalier of the Légion d'honneur, and distinguished otherwise by various titles and offices. In 1889-1900 he edited the fourth part of the "Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum," and he has also to his credit a long list of philological and biographical works dealing with Arabic subjects.

THE DYNASTS.

The Dynasts, a Drama of the Napoleonic Wars. In three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes. Part III. By Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Four years ago we gave a dazed and tentative notice to the first part of Mr. Hardy's huge closet drama. We were impressed by the fine martial stir of the piece,

> Clamorque virum clangorque tubarum,

by the startling stage directions whereby the reader was deified into a spectator sitting above the clouds, beholding Europe far below stretched out on the map like "a great tiger," by the marching and countermarching of vast armies, but as the creeping of insects, and by the ghastly vividness of certain other annotations wherein a blind, inanimate will is seen stretching its filaments through the destinies of millions of human puppets. Yet, as a whole, the first part seemed to us a *succès manqué*, a piece of imaginative incunabula, the characteristic product of a moody, or, as Mr. Hardy calls it, a "nervous and quizzical" age, a product which might some day, in an age of stronger artistic feeling, be made by another hand the basis of a masterpiece. On the appearance of the second part, two years later, we found ourselves still more deeply impressed with the things that were striking in the first part. We found, too, the philosophic adventure of the piece, the exhibition of the mutations of history as the operation of

> Unmaliced, unimpassioned, nescient Will,

enlisting along with our admiration a kind of anxious interest that gave the poem power not only over our "nervous and quizzical" intellects, but even over our hearts. We began to suspect that we had not done justice to the first part. Now, with the publication of the third and last part, that suspicion has become a certainty. We have read the final volume with the complete absorption of every faculty, and going back from it to read again the first and second parts, with the original preface wherein the plan of the whole was laid down, we have become aware of a work marked, despite its superficial uncouthness, by a colossal unity and a staggering significance—a fitting and in a way a triumphant climax to that long series of novels in which Mr. Hardy has embodied both his poignant knowledge of the world of men and his grim, undeluded philosophy.

The enterprise in "The Dynasts" is nothing less than a new justification of "the ways of God to man." For Mr. Hardy there was considerably more to justify than for Milton. The seemingly purposeless wars that made the rivers of Europe run red with blood and brought anguish to a million homes, were rather more stubborn facts to explain than a dim traditional "Fall." Napoleon, "The Christ of War," as Mr. Hardy audaciously calls him, was, too, a more vital and compelling figure than the fallen Prince of Darkness, while "The Great Foresightless" that he candidly substitutes for a benign anthropomorphic deity must be justified, if at all, not by the easy appeal to the age-old beliefs and devotions of the race, but only by the cooler, less persuasive methods of the pure reason. Yet in the end, though the justification is conditional and tentative, it lingers in the mind with an insistent and reassuring potency.

In this third part of "The Dynasts" the great panoramic spectacle of the Napoleonic wars draws splendidly to its tremendous close. In the first act, from our station in the clouds we observe the cautious warfare of Wellington in Spain, and the disastrous Russian campaign of Napoleon. The scene is set for colossal tragedy. Yet even more than in the preceding parts the action is humanized by the racy human talk of soldiers and camp followers, by the telling exhibition, not only of the horrors, but of the sordidness, the discomforts, the humors of war. Then in successive acts we have the battles of Vitoria and Leipzig presented with a union of imaginative vision and technical understanding that is an education in military tactics; the abdication, the sojourn in Elba, the return, and finally in the last two acts the great concluding catastrophe of Waterloo. From the beginning of the sixth act in the famous ballroom at Brussels to the final scene in the wood of Bossu where Napoleon broods over his defeat, Mr. Hardy is at his very best, and in this kind outside of the chronicle plays of Shakespeare there is none better. The passion of the battle as it is uttered in the nervous Anglo-Saxon profanities of the generals, or reflected in the comments of the Intelligences that speak from the clouds in verse forms ranging from sapphics to rondeaux, fairly takes the reader by the throat.

Whirled along by the spirit of war, the reader forgets for the moment the philosophic adventure in which he has engaged, but when the scene closes for the last time on the figure of the beaten and broken Napoleon weakly brooding on the edge of the bloody field, the questionings come thick, and in the "After Scene," which passes in "The Overworld," Mr. Hardy has prepared his most explicit answer, the final utterance of that virile philosophy that is the central force of his novels. The scene opens with the last of the panoramic stage directions, which have been throughout one of the most effective *poetic* factors of the work:

> Enter the Spirit and Chorus of the Years, the Spirit and Chorus of the Pities, the Shade of the Earth, the Spirits Sinister and Ironic with their Choruses, Rumors, Spirit-messengers, and Recording Angels.
>
> Europe has now sunk netherward to its far-off position as in the Fore Scene, and it is beheld again as a prone and emaciated figure of which the Alps form the vertebræ, and the branching mountain-chains the ribs, the Spanish Peninsula shaping the head of the *écorché*. The lowlands look like a gray-green garment half-thrown off, and the sea around like a disturbed bed on which the figure lies.

Then ensues a final trialogue between the Spirit of the Years, who voices, perhaps, Mr. Hardy's most characteristic mood, the Spirit Ironic, the expression of the intellect unswayed by any feeling save that of bitter amusement, and the Spirit of the Pities, which last, as he points out in his original preface, "approximates to the Universal Sympathy of human nature, the spectator idealized of the Greek chorus." First, the Spirit of the Years expresses his own conclusion of the whole matter:

> Thus doth the Great Foresightless mechanize
> In blank entrancement now as evermore
> Its ceaseless artistries in Circumstance
> Of curious stuff and braid, as just forthshown.
> Yet but one flimsy riband of Its web
> Have we here watched in waving—web Enorme,
> Whose furthest hem and selvage may extend
> To where the roars and plashings of the flames
> Of earth-invisible suns swell noisily,
> And onwards into ghastly gulfs of sky,
> Where hideous presences churn through the dark—
> Monsters of magnitude without a shape,
> Hanging amid deep wells of nothingness.
> Yet seems this vast and singular confection
> Wherein our scenery glints of scantest size,
> Inutile all—so far as reasonings tell.

To him replies the Spirit of the Pities, with a faltering, yet audacious question:

> Thou arguest still the Inadvertent Mind,—
> But, even so, shall blankness be for aye?
> Men gained cognition with the flux of time,
> And wherefore not the Force informing them,
> When far-ranged aions past all fathoming
> Shall have swung by, and stand as backward years?

The debate is then taken up in fine lyric measures by the Choruses and Semichoruses of the Years and of the Pities. To the concluding question of the former,

> To what tune danceth this Immense?

the Spirit Ironic puts in a characteristic word:

> For one I cannot answer. But I know
> 'Tis handsome of our Pities so to sing
> The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing
> That turns the handle of this idle Show!
>
> As once a Greek asked I would fain ask, too,
> Who knows if all the Spectacle be true,
> Or an illusion of the gods (the Will,
> To wit) some hocus-pocus to fulfil?

Here most readers of Mr. Hardy's novels would have expected the debate to end, leaving us in the temper of an ironic agnosticism. But the true lover of Hardy, who has pondered the eternally optimistic implications of human sympathy, even the kind of grim, untearful sympathy with the woes of mortals that lurks in "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," will not be surprised to find that the very last lines of the whole vast panorama of nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes are given, not to the Spirit Ironic, but to the Chorus of the Pities, and that in them the faltering questioning with which the after scene opened has become affirmation:

> But—a stirring thrills the air
> Like to sounds of joyance there
> That the rages
> Of the ages
> Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
> Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion all things fair!

It would be easy to debate the propriety of the monstrous form that Mr. Hardy has chosen, to point out technical flaws in its execution, but it would be beside the mark here. When all is said, the reader feels that the monstrous form befits the monstrous subject, and that in an age too "nervous and quizzical" for the epic it could scarcely have been other. As to infelicities of detail, they should no more disturb us than swallow nests should disturb us, *pace* Lowell, on the façade of the "awful past." The answer to technical criticism of "The Dynasts" is: There it is; a complete and powerfully moving whole, the characteristic and significant climax to the lifelong work of a richly endowed man of letters; one who, given by nature a poet's imagination, toiled long in prose lest luring fancy lead him astray from human life as it is, yet never in his novels lost sight of the wheeling of the eternal stars over the sordid human scene, who towards the end of his life coming to treat a vast, long-meditated theme involving in its implication the whole body of his thought, slipped off the restriction of prose to express, if with an ocasional unhabituated awkwardness, a vast poetic vision in a powerful and compelling poetic medium.

CURRENT FICTION.

Come and Find Me. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: The Century Co.

It is hard to imagine for what quality this tale was judged worthy of serial publication in a leading magazine. It is very long-winded, not much happens, and the people are hardly deserving of prolonged study for their own sakes. No doubt because it belongs to the order of purely artificial and commonplace, yet elaborate, fiction which seems to be popular just now—the school of Robert Hichens and Miss Ellen Glasgow. There is an affected preface; the whole thing breathes the complacency of the professional writer who has been purred over by editors and interviewers, and is blandly ready to turn out a new "superior article" whenever his public likes. The supposed action takes place partly in a California town and partly in the neighborhood of Nome. The object to be found is a stream full of gold nuggets which has been stumbled upon by a young surveyor years before the Klondike boom began. Himself physically disabled from going back into that difficult country to retrieve his find, he cannot convince anybody else that there is anything in his story. Disbelieved on every side, he almost comes to discredit his own memory, and remains a plodding bank-clerk, till his superannuation and the blaze of the Klondike discoveries send him back at last upon the old trail—just too late, as it chances. In a larger sense, perhaps, the thing to be found is the North Pole; and the trick is actually turned by another person of the story. He manages to get back alone to the borders of civilization, bringing with him marvellous records of what he has seen at the Pole. But he is satisfied to have won the game for himself, and, fantastically reluctant to rob other men of the same possible triumph, destroys, as he is about to die, the proofs of his achievement. This is all very well as material for fiction, but it would have to be felt far more simply and strongly than it has been here to compass any sort of serious effect. The two heroines involved have some degree of individual and complementary value as sketches; but with all the elaboration of their treatment they remain sketchy. The young scientist who discovers the Pole is an impossible prig and bore, and both heroines are naturally in love with him. One of them, however, finally falls to the lot of a very good young fellow, who, with the very good old fellow, her father, suggests through the verbal mist which obscures it all the quality of a very good story which might have been.

Arkinsaw Cousins: A Story of the Ozarks. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Current American fiction is prolific in attempts to wrest from local condition and color their marketable literary meaning. To "exploit" a new neighborhood or a new dialect has become a sort of game of which the grand prize is vaguely felt to be a something which shall challenge the world by its fresh power; a something, in short, in the direction of the "great American" novel. Doubtless, if such an achievement is to be hoped for, there is as good a chance in this direction as in any other. But not much of value can be expected to result from local studies undertaken in a spirit of biological zeal or amused exploration. In this respect Kipling has set a pretty bad example. In the beginning, like most men who succeed, he seized the world by the handle which was nearest; he does not cease to be the conquering Anglo-Indian, even when he treads the deck of a Gloucester schooner. "Arkinsaw Cousins" is striking among stories of its kind for its spontaneity, its zest born of affectionate intimacy with the subject. Consequently, though it is not without crudity of detail, the affair as a whole is unusually refreshing:

> In Core City, Arkinsaw, lived the Thornberrys. Of all the men in the county, Winthrop Thornberry was the richest; whereas Hodgins Thornberry, if not the poorest, was the most worthless. Old Timothy Thornberry and his grandson, Will, owned the grocery on the corner; another grandson, Peter, was cashier of the National Bank; while a third, Oscar, conducted a restaurant.

By such ingenuous and Austen-like means are our characters presented. There are other male Thornberrys, with females duly thereto appertaining; a group of kindly and amusing folk described, you feel, by one of themselves. The story of it does not particularly import, being quite irrelevant to the real matter. And it must be said that one or two of the characters, introduced as in one sense or other foils to the amiable company of the Thornberrys, do what they can to throw doubt upon the author's sincerity. But they cannot do much.

Flower o' the Orange. By Agnes and Edgerton Castle. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This volume contains seven stories—two Elizabethan, three of the eighteenth century, and two roughly of the early nineteenth—of varying length and pretty consistent charm. In these pages of chivalrous adventure there is a pleasant sense of color and breathing life, a smooth texture of romance, and a belief that "adventure comes to the adventurous, whether they seek with alert eyes the secret byways, or whether fate tarries for them on their unconscious threshold." As in few books of this kind History, instead of playing the school mistress to the reader (having instructed the writer), sets her easel to paint a background. The best of these stories are by far the first five, for in them the action is quicker and spicier, more youthful and fresher. The last pair of tales, one of the sick lord and dairymaid type, the other a "love match at sixty," are less successful. But all in all, "Flower o' the Orange" is a courtly book, and good for a fireside evening.

The Vermilion Pencil. By Homer Lea. New York: The McClure Co.

Mr. Lea is a voluminous writer, and submerges this slight story in a descriptive welter of typhoons, architectural detail, ornate heathen gods, and extraordinary ceremonial mysteries. The tale is of a Breton priest in China, who, sent to convert a viceroy's wife, gradually yields to her fascination and elopes. Before he makes this plunge, however, Fate—frequently encountered with the invariable large F—bestows on him the symbol of the Great Deluge Family, a socialistic brotherhood having branches in London, New York, and Paris. The runaways are caught, and the temptress is doomed to a horrible death. At the supreme moment, the mild priest, no longer a Christian, plays his trump and frees the lady, whose husband has conveniently just died. There are no characters in the swarm of natives, who, in costume, fill the stage. The Rev. Mr. Hook, a long-tongued treasure-hunting parson, comes nearest; but he is an accident. The atmosphere and a certain wealth of words and invention recall Hugo's wildest excursions. Nature is wrenched asunder and the dictionary deracinated. The following is typical: "the brilliant crepuscular rays from the Western sky, the darkness with its labyrinthian uncertainty, the mangling crunch of the wind, the conflagration of the heavens, the crucifix, chaos, then the calm sun of noonday," and so on.

"The Vermilion Pencil" is a lurid and grotesque impression of China.

Priest and Pagan. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Often as the contrast between the religious and the unmoral nature has been "said in rhyme" and fiction, Mr. Hopkins has given to his theme a new turn. To begin with, his pagan is introduced as a gazer at his own cenotaph, constructed while he idly let himself be considered at the bottom of the sea. The priest, too, is unusual in having a Jewish strain which impels him to leave the loved church of his founding and preach Christianity to the Jews. Further, the heroine is a girl with a talent for whistling and, unknown to her parents, exercises it on the vaudeville stage. And finally the action takes place in the Bronx, whose local color—how changed since Hopkinson Smith's revealings of the French restaurant!—still affords in artist hands ample room for the showing of beauty, crowded though beauty may be by rushing civilization. Of this chance Mr. Hopkins makes the utmost, setting the idyllic features of his picture against the impressive stone of church architecture, not slighting the trolleys and the huts, but dwelling appreciatively on meadow, river and wood.

The portrait of Berwyn, a "negation," "remote," "well-nigh inhuman," really portrays. In the case of Cresson, the priest, his phases and changes appear often abrupt to the point of incoherence, yet looked at backward from the last page he takes on a late distinctness which is perhaps at least as strong a proof of his reality as if he had been throughout unnaturally consistent. Meantime it is refreshing to read a story where the ultra-modern, the civic, the suburb, the slum, are the themes, yet where the undignified does not enter, and where morality and even religion are in good social standing.

The Call of the Deep. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

These "Further Adventures of Frank Brown," a sequel to an earlier volume, are good entertainment for boys. The writer professes to record incidents of actual sea life aboard British sailing vessels twenty-five years ago. The rise of the hero from common sailor to the rank of captain is the unifying element. The narrative contains the usual wicked commanders, outrageous mutinies, storms, and hair-breadth 'scapes, wherein our sense of security is rarely joggled, because the idea that fair play ultimately succeeds is early premised. The spirit of manliness, the healthy contempt for "girls and tea-parties," and the equally healthy love affair which crowns Frank's good fortunue, will compensate, in the youthful minds, for a decided lack of literary finish, and novelty of plot. The masters are challenged, but they may rest easy.

STUDIES OF PETRARCH.

Saggio Critico sul Petrarca, Di Francesco de Sanctis; nuova edizione a cura di Benedetto Croce. Pp. xx., 316. Naples: Morano.

The name of Francesco de Sanctis is virtually unknown to English readers. A few casual phrases in Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy," and a friendly but wholly inadequate notice in Saintsbury's "History of Criticism," are almost the sole references to his work in our language. But with his ideas English-speaking people are more familiar than they suspect; for from his pages much that is illuminating in Symonds's treatment of Italian literature (including many of the most personal "impressions") seems to have been directly transferred. In Italy itself he has of late lost ground, with the growth of those scientific and historical methods which the Italians, like ourselves, owe to Germany; but in the greatest of his disciples, Benedetto Croce, he has an advocate who will not willingly let his memory die. Again and again Signor Croce has returned to the defence of his master; and now, at the request of the publisher, Morano, he has edited De Sanctis's luminous and penetrating study of Petrarch's art and mind. "The name of Francesco de Sanctis," he tells us, "called to me with such an *affettuoso grido,* that I could not resist his appeal, so long as I lived; and—who knows?—if any one should offend his memory even after I am dead, I would leap from my grave, *den Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schützen.*"

De Sanctis was born in 1818; the patriot's inevitable exile was his for a while; he taught at Zurich, until he was called to occupy the new chair of comparative literature at the University of Naples; for a brief space he was minister of public instruction; he died in 1883. He was therefore the contemporary of Matthew Arnold, and of a generation that looked to Sainte-Beuve for its critical guidance. But though he owes something, even a great deal, to this school of Frenchmen, he drew his intellectual nourishment from the Germans; he is, in an historical sense, the Coleridge of Italy, but the Coleridge of a Latin race, keen to seize on pregnant ideas, and to use them for the purposes of literary discussion, but careful not to burden his mind and style with the whole weight of an *a priori* system. Hegel's "Aesthetik" was his most fruitful field; and it is marvellous to see how he has anticipated posterity in separating the chaff from the wheat, and in developing those ideas which could illumine the history of his own literature.

His chief work is, of course, his "History of Italian Literature," which Brunetière thought the most delightful as well as the most philosophic of all literary histories. It is really a history of Italian civilization; and the Italian soul, unfolding itself in books rather than in space and time, is interpreted in a series of acute and luminous studies. To call it a mere series of essays is, however, to mistake its purpose, or to be misled, as Signor Croce says, by the fact that the chapters bear such titles as "Dante," "Ariosto," "Machiavelli," or "Marino"; no work could possess greater unity of treatment and continuity of ideas. Recent scholarship has found fault with it for ignoring minor authors; and it is true that De Sanctis touches them but lightly in passing, and uses each of the great monuments of literature to interpret the whole of its own age. But as an expositor of the contents of these greater works, of their intrinsic power, and historical significance, he has had no equal in Italy; and English literature still awaits an historian with kindred powers of exposition and insight.

These talents De Sanctis focusses on the genius of a single author in his "Saggio critico sul Petrarca." Like Sainte-Beuve, he is anxious to find the secret of the man's mental life, but unlike Sainte-Beuve, only as the man has unfolded that mental life in his books. Signor Croce, as editor, contrasts the study of De Sanctis with that of a typical erudite historian, Adolfo Bartoli, who has devoted the seventh volume of his "History of Italian Literature" to the life and works of Petrarch. In nine chapters, Bartoli discusses the character of Petrarch, his mysticism, his relations with the Papacy and with Rienzi, with Italy and the Empire, with the Italian princes, with the Renaissance, with Laura, with his friends and children; the history of poetry itself is swamped by the interest in external detail. This is the reverse of the method of De Sanctis, who centres his attention on the poetry of Petrarch and the mind of which it is the expression; if he digresses at all, it is to follow out a train of ideas to their logical consequence, and to give them such precision and permanence as may make them tenable beyond the sphere of their sources in the original facts. Modern scholarship, with its hidebound empiricism, can find few better antidotes than the study of De Sanctis and of his disciple, Benedetto Croce. The former's "History of Italian Literature" and the latter's "History of Æsthetics" ought to be made accessible to English-speaking readers by immediate translation.

Petrarch: His Life and Times. By H. C. Hollway-Calthrop; 24 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Petrarch is surprisingly modern, in spite of his fourteenth-century dress. This is not only because he touched great interests which are still vital—interests of Church and State, interests of learning, patriotic interests for an Italian—but because he was personally so modern, of the gentleman-and-scholar type which does not grow old. The world remembers him now for his sonnets to Laura, but his letters, his life, his friendships, not to mention the important political affairs in which he took part, would serve to keep his career from oblivion. Mr. Hollway-Calthrop has endeavored to write in English a rather compact, straightforward biography of this many-sided personage. He bases his study upon the Italian sources—Fracassetti above all—but, as his purpose is narration and not critical examination of the material, he wisely refrains from long discussion of debatable questions, and thus he is able to produce a life-like, attractive, and most probable portrait. Being well acquainted with the historical environment in which Petrarch flourished, he succeeds in blending the individual career with the larger movements that swept through Christendom in that century.

But what we have most enjoyed is to see the way in which the inmost nature of the man emerges from his obsolete erudition and the antiqueness of his surroundings. What a sane poet he was! What a stanch friend! What a mellow scholar! That letter of his to Boccaccio, who was upset by Peter of Siena's dream, might well be laid to heart by the adepts of spiritism to-day; and his many exhortations in praise of scholarly industry, and his refusal to make old age an excuse for sloth, might be written by a modern as indefatigable as President Eliot. His calm, not to say friendly, attitude towards death is not less noble or less genuine than Whitman's. Mr. Hollway-Calthrop has so arranged his material as to bring out these qualities. He writes clearly, without mannerism or particular distinction, and he has put within reach of readers of English the best biography, so far as we are aware, of Petrarch.

Robert Owen. By Frank Podmore, 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $6 net.

The New Harmony Movement, by George B. Lockwood. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Robert Owen, described by Leslie Stephen as "one of those intolerable bores who are the salt of the earth," born in Wales in 1771, lived eighty-seven years, a bore to the last and the salt losing nothing of its savor. Though Owen's career has been several times described, the finding of new material gives excuse for Mr. Podmore's two ample volumes, a detailed record, sympathetic, but often sharply critical—by no means the work of a blind admirer. Perhaps there is no career of the nineteenth century more interesting to the sociologist than that of Robert Owen. Mr. Podmore denies to him the possession of business ability, ascribing to good luck his earlier success. This conclusion we think Mr. Podmore's own pages refute: though the poor boy married well, and came upon the stage when the cotton manufacture was prosperous, only industry, mechanical ingenuity, and practical sense could have brought about what Owen achieved. These qualities were combined with a fine spirit of humanity, to which the biographer does full justice. Of Owen's early years at New Lanark, during which, while making a large fortune for himself, he redeemed his work-people from wretchedness, and set an example which impressed profoundly the rough-shod world of those days, no reader of the story can entertain any sentiment other than admiration. He brought about a marvellous mitigation of the horrible conditions that affected the working classes of that time. His beneficence touched remarkably the hearts of men. While the masses turned toward him as a saviour from their many woes, those high in place seemed disposed to make of him a friend and guide. Lords and bishops studied his methods with a sympathy that did them credit; the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, became intimate with him; Nicholas of Russia, then a grand duke, a boy of nineteen, made a sojourn at Owen's home at New Lanark, and schemed to put him at the head of a colony in Russia. Visiting the Continent, Owen was warmly welcomed in France by Cuvier, La Place, and Madame de Staël; about Geneva he met Oberlin, Fellenberg, and Pestalozzi; while in Germany he discussed with Alexander von Humboldt his plans for reform. In America, he addressed in the Federal capitol an audience containing the President and both houses of Congress.

With years his schemes grew bolder. Mr. Podmore thinks that, self-made man as he was, he had no philosophy but what he had derived at second hand from Rousseau. Embarrassed by partners of sordid minds, independent in fortune, his heart growing ever warmer toward his fellow-man, he undertook boldly nothing else than to establish "the New Moral World," a reorganization of society. To carry out this idea, he bought 20,000 acres at New Harmony, Indiana. Here he established a famous community in which much was said and done that made the world look askance. In religion, Owen was a deist of the eighteenth-century type, and he denounced orthodoxy in unmeasured terms. Though austerely virtuous, he instituted a new sacrament of marriage, in which, since the feelings are not under the control of the will, no pledges of enduring love were to be exchanged by the contracting parties: the bond was not indissoluble. The family was denounced, inasmuch as the sympathies of men and women ought to be under no limitation, but broad as the human race; the children should be the "property of the community," and reared apart from their parents by teachers and guardians especially endowed and trained. Later in life Owen became an enthusiastic spiritualist. Putting himself thus at odds with his environment, Owen naturally met with failure. At New Harmony he sank £40,000, four-fifths of his fortune; nor were other schemes, a multitude of which he took up afterward in England, for bringing to pass the "New Moral World," more successful. His good heart and purpose were generally admitted. His wisdom, however, sometimes indeed his sanity, was questioned; and since he continued to advocate his reforms, sometimes wise, sometimes foolish, with all his old zeal and persistence, the society he so yearned to regenerate shunned him as "an intolerable bore," until he died discredited and neglected.

When all has been said against Robert Owen that can be said, it nevertheless remains plain that in his century he was a noteworthy benefactor in many fields. In the English speaking world he was the path-breaker for the kindergarten, for manual training, for industrial education in general; he led in movements to ameliorate child labor, unreasonable hours, starvation wages, and in the introduction of plans for coöperation and the betterment of working-men; he was a pioneer in the advocacy of international arbitration and a peaceful federation of nations. Though blind to important facts in human nature, obstinate, and unteachable, he was always brave, sweet-tempered, well-intentioned, and did a work which all students of sociology should ponder.

Mr. Lockwood's work, occupying itself especially with Owen's American enterprises, and containing interesting accounts of Owen's eminent sons, and the other noteworthy figures who gathered as helpers and disciples about the initiator, is a good supplement to the volumes of Mr. Podmore, the books together setting forth this important episode of nineteenth cenutry life as has not been done before.

Sidon: A Study in Oriental History. By Frederick Carl Eiselen. New York: The Columbia University Press.

This is the fourth volume in the Columbia University Oriental Series. It is furnished with an introduction by Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia, to whom, as his teacher, the author, now professor of Semitic languages and Old Testament exegesis in the Garritt Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., dedicates his work.

Dr. Eiselen's purpose is to study the history of Sidon "from the earliest times down to the present day" and to this end he has "gathered together the various references to Sidon upon Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, in Hebrew literature, in the classical authors, in the records of pilgrims, and in the historical works of Mohammedan writers." It is strange that the history of the Phœnician cities, which played such an important part in the old world, and which are relatively so accessible, should be involved in such obscurity. The very endeavor to bring together all that is known about Sidon makes plain our lack of material for a consecutive history.

The author gives disproportionate space to a speculative discussion as to the origin and early development of Sidon. We are in sympathy with his view, which he derives from the name itself, that the city probably existed in a pre-Phœnician and pre-Semitic period. The Semitic occupation of Phœnicia he assigns to about 4000 B. C., while the Semitic migration in which the Phœnicians had a part, the "Canaanitish-Phœnician," began, according to him, about 2800 B. C. This migration came from Babylonia, which, according to a tradition reported by Greek writers, was the original home of the Phœnicians. Dr. Eiselen seems to us, in the first place, to have placed the date of the Semitic occupation of Phœnicia about 1,000 years too early. In the second place, we do not believe that the "Canaanitish-Phœnician" stock came from Babylonia.

Successive floods of Semites, from the earliest known times down to the Moslem conquest, poured out of Arabia northward, splitting at the desert into two streams, one entering Babylonia, the other Syria and sometimes Egypt. At times these two streams formed independent nations; again, they remained in some sort of relation, the centre of influence lying now to the east, now to the west of the Syrian desert. That a racial connection existed between the occupants of Babylonia and Syria, including Phœnicia, before or after 2000 B. C., is made clear by the identity of divine and personal names in the two regions. At this period, also, as we learn from Babylonian sources, the centre of power was to the east of the desert. This does not mean, however, that the Canaanitish population came from Babylonia, but that both Babylonian and Canaanite were derived from the same stock. The tradition as to the Babylonian, or, to be more accurate, Persian Gulf origin of the Phœnicians (so far as there was such a tradition, for, as pointed out by Dr. Eiselen himself, the mythology of Sanchoniathon presupposes an autochthonous origin), is a late reflection of this early condition of the dependence of Phœnicia upon Babylonia politically, and in the sphere of civilization and religion. Apparently, however, the people who are commonly known as Phœnicians did not actually come into existence until a later date, and the Semitic inhabitants of Phœnicia about 2000 B. C. bore much the same relation to these later Phœnicians as the Anglo-Saxon to the English.

The first historical mention of Sidon occurs in the Tel el-Amarna tablets, about 1400 B. C. At that time Sidon, a dependency of Egypt, was fighting against invading foreigners. The proper names indicate that at least the governing element was Semitic, but, if we interpret history correctly, the city was not yet Phœnician. The invaders seem ultimately to have prevailed, and Sidon, with the rest of Phœnicia and Syria, was lost to Egypt. A great folk movement was then affecting all Syria, Asia Minor, the Ægean archipelago, and adjacent regions. The Phœnicians, like the Hebrews and the Philistines, whom they probably antedate slightly, were in some manner an outcome of that movement; but precisely how, or at what date, this people actually became Phœnicians, as we understand that name, we do not yet know.

In a later chapter and period, Dr. Eiselen discusses the dates of the Sidonian Kings, Esmunazar, Tabnit, etc. (p. 147);

including them among the "vassal Kings of Alexander and the Ptolemies," and placing Tahnit about 320 B. C. (p. 156). In this conclusion he has not, we think, attached sufficient importance to the facts connected with the discovery of Tabnit's tomb. An actual acquaintance with the site and conditions would probably have inclined him towards the earlier dates of Reinach or Porter. The Alexander sarcophagus and the other sarcophagi with it cannot be placed lower than *circa* 300 B. C. When the shaft was cut for this tomb, all knowledge of Tabnit's tomb had been lost, as is evident from the commencement in the side of that shaft of a tomb chamber which would have interfered with the Tabnit tomb. Before their work of cutting this tomb-chamber had proceeded far, the stonecutters ascertained from the sound of their instruments on the rock that they were about to break into another tomb. Accordingly the work was stopped, and the shaft sunk to an unusual depth to get beneath the Tahnit tomb and thus avoid interference. It seems difficult to suppose that all knowledge of the location of the tomb of a King like Tabnit could have been lost in less than a generation. Moreover, the conditions of interment in the two tombs are such as to suggest a considerable interval between them. The actual evidence of the excavations seems to us to favor a date for Tabnit a century or even two or three centuries earlier than that which Dr. Eiselen suggests; and, as he himself points out, in our present knowledge of the history of Sidon, to place the Esmunazar dynasty in the fifth or sixth century B. C. would certainly not interfere with or crowd any other dynasty. We may add that in general Dr. Eiselen's account of the antiquities of Sidon, and especially the funerary antiquities, leaves much to be desired.

The value of such a monograph lies largely in its completeness. One should be able to ascertain from it both the significant facts and the books from which detailed information can be obtained. For the latter purpose there should have been a full bibliography, instead of incomplete and scattered references in the foot-notes.

The Oxyrhynchus Papyri. Part V., edited by Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. London: The Egypt Exploration Fund.

The present volume, issued under the auspices of the Graeco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund, lacks something of the varied human interest that characterized the miscellaneous contents of the former volumes of the "Oxyrhynchus Papyri." It is distinctly a scholar's book, and it contains in its ample bulk but five documents. On January 13, 1906, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, digging in the rubbish heaps at Oxyrhynchus, had the good fortune to light upon a quantity of literary papyrus-rolls, torn up and thrown away in the third century after Christ. This waste paper of that far-off day introduces us in the present publication to extensive fragments of two previously unknown works of classical Greek literature, and to earlier authority than was hitherto known for the text of considerable parts of two familiar compositions. For good measure a single leaf of parchment is included, which was discovered in another mound a month earlier.

This leaf contains, on *recto* and *verso*, forty-five lines from an uncanonical gospel, detailing an interview in the Court of the Men in the Temple at Jerusalem between the Savior (as he is consistently called) and one of the chief priests, a Pharisee. The priest rebukes Jesus and his disciples for their presence in that sacred place without proper purification. In answer to the Savior's questions, he relates his own ceremonies of purification, and his interlocutor replies with the beginning of a stern homily upon the difference between such formal acts and the true purification of the soul. The writer of the account has so confused an idea of the topography and ceremonial of the Temple, as made known to us by trustworthy authorities, that the editors charge him with drawing heavily upon his own uninstructed imagination, and are inclined to attribute the composition of the document to a period not earlier than the middle of the second century. The sentiments of the homily are apparently a mere elaboration of the well-known utterances of Jesus on the cleansing of the outside of cup and platter, and on the worthlessness of the Pharisees as guides to righteousness.

The first of the four classical works was comprised in 380 separate fragments, painfully mutilated, but presenting precious remains of the lost Pæans of Pindar. This work had been written on the back of old papyrus, revamped and patched up for the purpose; but the valueless cursive document that had filled the more honorable *recto* served, at any rate, a useful purpose in helping the editors to determine the proper succession of certain of the Pindaric verses. Yet considerable doubt remains concerning portions of the text. Fragments of seven distinct pæans are thus preserved, together with other bits, and a considerable number of passages are sufficient in length and completeness to give a fair idea of the character of the whole work—truly Pindaric in metre, style, and imagery, if not measuring up in grandeur to the previously known work of the poet.

The second previously unknown document consists of some twenty-one columns of a history of Greece, composed on an elaborate scale. These fragments pertain to the years 396-5 B. C. The author is believed by Prof. E. Meyer and Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff to be Theopompus, of whose Hellenica, in continuation of Thucydides, only four fragments of more than a few words each have been otherwise preserved. Blass, on the other hand, was certain that the papyrus is to be ascribed to Cratippus. One thing is sure: the historian was of first-rate importance, and was well informed. He differs widely from Xenophon, but was certainly followed by Diodorus. The most valuable part of the work thus preserved is an account of the Constitution of Bœotia in 395 B. C., which furnishes much new and decisive information. Professor Meyer has written an elaborate commentary, which is soon to be published.

The two papyri of works previously known are of the Symposium of Plato, and the Panegyric of Isocrates. The Symposium is in the latter half of a papyrus-roll of about 200 A. D., and the text runs from 200B to the end. It is the largest literary papyrus found at Oxyrhynchus. The text agrees closely with no other manuscript, but appears to be eclectic, as does the text of so many other papyri. It also tends to establish the antiquity of readings challenged by modern critics, and in a few instances supplies new and excellent readings. The quality of text of the Panegyric is unfortunately poor, though the manuscript dates from the earlier part of the second century after Christ. The Codex Urbinas (Gamma) still retains its preeminence, unchallenged by this more ancient rival.

All the papyri are accompanied by ample introductions and commentary by the editors, whose diligence and learning are now so much taken for granted as to render praise, although not gratitude, superfluous. The seven facsimile plates are perfect examples of the art of reproduction.

The excavations at Oxyrhynchus are now at an end, though "the publication of the vast store of Greek papyri from [the site] will be the work of many years to come." The Graeco-Roman Branch lacks funds, and has suspended spade-work for the present season, but hopes to resume in fresh fields in the winter of 1908-09.

The Palaces of Crete, and Their Builders. By Angelo Mosso. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.25 net.

During the last eight years excavations in Crete have been so fruitful, and have opened so many fresh problems for archæologists, anthropologists, and philologists, that final publications of the new material have necessarily been slow to appear. The excavators have, indeed, published in various periodicals preliminary accounts of their work; but these reports, detailing the progress of each successive year, cannot give us a comprehensive picture of the whole. To collect the mass of material, to arrange it systematically, to study it from every point of view, and to see how it helps to solve the problems of this Mediterranean civilization, is the task which the Cretan excavators have now set themselves. The undertaking is so difficult and complicated that we may well be content to wait a little before each excavator presents us with the results of his work in this final form. In the meantime, we welcome handbooks written by outsiders. For though these will naturally not carry the authoritative weight of a publication by an excavator who has been in the field for many years, they at least give us a concise account of what has up to now been achieved.

R. M. Burrows's "Discoveries in Crete" (see the *Nation*, October 10, 1907, p. 329) was a work of that kind. The title, "Palaces of Crete, and Their Builders," leads us to expect another such attempt; but this is in no sense a scientific treatment. The author calls himself in the preface an amateur archæologist; and so, indeed, he is. What he has written may be much more appropriately styled "a journal, with impressions of travel in Crete." There is scarcely any system in the presentation of the facts. The author takes us from place to place, according to the route he travelled, and offers us his personal impressions on the excavations, the scenery, the people, or the sunset. Indeed, the personal element often becomes obtrusive. Moreover, there are many mistakes in the text, like the following: On p. 180 are figured two vases of the third Late Minoan period, which Mosso places at about 1500 B. C., a date manifestly too early; on p. 183 the famous lily vase from Knossos is put down as coming from Hagia Triada, again, p. 72, the author says that more than 2000 inscribed tablets have been discovered in Crete, whereas the actual number is over 6,000.

With all its faults, however, the volume has a pleasing freshness and spontaneity As we are taken over the various ruins, we are conscious that we have for our guide a man of intelligence and enthusiasm; and, even though his imagination often runs away with him, we pass our time in pleasant and even stimulating company. Besides relating his impressions of travel, the author, who is by profession an anthropologist, has tried to prove that the people of that primitive Mediterranean civilization were not Indo-Germans, but of an entirely different race. For this purpose, he has written several chapters on the religion, customs, and art of the Cretans. He upholds the theory which is now gaining ground, that the Cretans belonged to the "Mediterranean race," which did not come from the north, but was of southern origin, and that civilization spread *from* the basin of the Mediterranean, and *not* in the other direction.

Achtzehneinhalb Jahre hinter russischen Kerkermauern: Schlüsselburger Aufzeichnungen. Von M. W. Noworusski. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

Whoever still recalls George Kennan's vivid and fearful narrative of life in Siberian exile should follow with keenest sympathy the fate of Michail Wassiliewitsch Noworusski, torn from friends and books by an autocratic whirlwind, put through a mock trial, and hurried off to a dark, damp, and loathsome prison, to spend eighteen and a half years in servitude and solitude that might well reduce any one to bestiality and childishness. Noworusski, who was a student in St. Petersburg, preparing his university thesis, formed the chance acquaintance of several other students, and unwittingly allowed one of them, a revolutionist, to use his room in his absence during vacation. In that room, without Noworusski's knowledge, bombs were made, and later, when assassinations were attempted, Noworusski was arrested and charged with the crime. Under stress of confusion, he foolishly lied. The most damaging evidence against him was the possession of Lewes's "Physiology," together with a piece of green paper like that used in sealing a bomb; but this was enough to sentence him to death. He went through the agony of the death watch, but at the last minute was reprieved and resentenced to imprisonment for life. A few hours later he found himself in Schlüsselburg fortress, within a narrow earth-floored cell, his home for the best part of his remaining life, into which the friendly sunshine came but half an hour each day.

Much of the book naturally deals with Noworusski's wearisome months under the iron heel of Slavic bureaucracy. In the beginning each prisoner was held in solitary confinement, with scarcely enough furniture and clothing to keep well, with nothing to occupy the mind or body, save an hour's exercise each day between two pacing soldiers when no other prisoner was in sight. Under such rigid surveillance it was nearly fifteen years before Noworusski learned that in the court, almost under his very window, three comrades had been executed two or three days after their arrival with him in Schlüsselburg. According to the changes of political weather in St. Petersburg, the barometer rose and fell in the distant prison: after a while, a milder régime permitted two, and then three, prisoners to walk and talk together for a couple of hours each day; sandy spots were turned into vegetable and fruit gardens—frequently plundered, it is true, by the unfeeling soldiers—trades and workshops were introduced, a library was established (numbering in all some 3,000 volumes), and periodicals, including well-known English journals, were distributed. Board partitions were almost razed, and opportunity was given the unfortunate men to vie with each other in showing attention to the one woman of the prison, Vera Nikolajewna Figner, kept there under special privations for twenty-one years. The presence of this representative of the weaker sex, Noworusski says, mentioning Bret Harte, awakened in every man, whatever his character, much the same reverence that the American author describes in his narratives of pioneer life in California. Suddenly, on orders from the Russian capital, the library was closed and many of its books, particularly a history of the French Revolution, were removed; fence partitions in the court yards were rebuilt, workshops closed, and the periodicals stopped. Only the official church paper and the *Chemical News*, both considerably scissored, found their way into the darkened walls. As a protest, all the prisoners fasted for nine days, reducing themselves to fevered skin and bones, and Vera Figner refused food for ten days. The sacrifice availed little, for it was about three years before the books came back from St. Petersburg. Notwithstanding all these ups and downs, however, several of the prisoners managed to advance in self-culture, to assist in improving the prison, and even to contribute toward the making up of valuable scientific collections for the Natural History Museum of St. Petersburg. One herbarium secured special recognition at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

One thing that strikes the reader of Noworusski's narrative is the way in which the prisoners, like the shipwrecked and isolated Robinson Crusoe, set about helping themselves. Denied communication with others, so that they knew practically nothing of the war with Japan, and "were as men on a distant planet," tired of their own voices and small talk, and glad even to count and recount the knots in boards, their minds inevitably turned to reflecting, divining, inventing. One of the most ingenious of their contrivances was a system of telegraphy by means of knocks on the walls—a sort of Morse alphabet—by which they talked with each other.

Noworusski gives a number of incidents of significance to the psychologist. For example, when, after spending nearly twenty years within high walls, Noworusski saw a mass of flowing water again, it appeared to him black, as it had appeared the year before to Vera Figner, when she was released. This peculiar impression he ascribes to the fact that the idea of water had been kept before him chiefly through black illustrations in books and papers. Moreover, as if he had fallen back into childhood, he continually hesitated to venture alone, fearing he should be unable to reach the street or house he was making for; he found immediate stimulation in the presence of a friend, as the child is stimulated by the guiding hand of the nurse. He was often compelled to abandon church service, on account of the effect on his nerves of singing; and he was unable, for a long time, to listen with composure to instrumental music.

Noworusski's style—possibly polished a little by Luise Flachs-Fokschaneanu, who has translated the work from the Russian manuscript—is clear and pleasing; his sense of humor never fails him, and he is capable also of painting tragedy. Such brief descriptions as that of the execution of the youth—the solemn procession with the condemned past his cell in the dusk, the return, half an hour later, of the soldiers alone, silently crossing themselves—reveal the power to feel and move others to deep feeling. So, too, there is the lighter side of life in his description of the chaos reigning when pardon suddenly came to the prisoners. Most remarkable of all is the temperate spirit of the author who, while not hesitating to criticise those whom he holds responsible for his misfortune, advocates no more violent means of reform than the ballot, and wastes no time in idle regrets, rejoicing indeed, if only his lost years have furthered the cause of freedom in Russia. The several portraits in the volume, particularly that of the sweet-faced Vera Figner, with her firm-set mouth, must suggest the monumental folly in maiming the powers and arresting the development of such sons and daughters who, if properly guided and encouraged, could be of inestimable service to any country and any age.

The Gospel of St. John in West-Saxon, 1904; *The Gospel of St. Matthew in West-Saxon,* 1904; *The Gospel of St. Mark in West-Saxon,* 1905; *The Gospel of St. Luke in West-Saxon,* 1906—all edited by James Wilson Bright. *The West-Saxon Psalms,* being the prose portion, or the "first fifty," of the so-called Paris Psalter, edited by James Wilson Bright, Catherine Donovan, and Robert Lee Ramsay, 1907. Belles-Lettres Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

It is a singular circumstance, considering the place always held by the Bible in the life of the English race, that both in England and America the interest in the English versions which antedate the Reformation should have been limited to so small a circle of scholars. In the case of the Anglo-Saxon versions especially, apart from the difficulty of language, there has been the additional obstacle that the principal texts have not hitherto been accessible in scholarly editions of moderate price. This obstacle has now been removed by the publication of the excellent series named above.

While profiting, of course, from the labors of his eminent predecessors Thorpe and Skeat, Professor Bright offers us, nevertheless, entirely independent editions—among the best we have of any Anglo-Saxon prose—which give us a complete record of all manuscript readings down to the minutest detail, and so, in that respect, are likely to prove definitive. The authoritative manuscript in Corpus Christi College (Cambridge) forms the basis of the text of all four gospels, but the variants of the other manuscripts are printed at the bottom of the page. In the volume devoted to the Gospel of St. John, we have a general Introduction to the series, in which the editor discusses such subjects as vernacular scripture in Anglo-Saxon times (including Bede's lost version of St. John), the manuscripts and their relation to the archetype, and the relation of this archetype to its Latin source. There are also notes, a bibliography, and a glossary. In the case of the other gospels we have merely the texts with the record of variant readings. It may be remarked that Professor Bright is inclined to ascribe to one hand the translation of all four gospels. The Latin original was, of course, the Vulgate, but in an impure text, containing many readings which are found commonly in manuscripts of the Irish type.

The volume containing the prose Psalms in the so-called Paris Psalter gives the text of the Paris manuscript, with variant readings for the introductions from a new text discovered by the editors in a British Museum manuscript of the Cotton collection. It also gives the Latin rubrics and *argumenta* (for the whole Psalter) which supplied the material for the rubrics and introductions to the individual psalms in the Anglo-Saxon version. Finally, it contains an excellent bibliography—analytically arranged—of both the prose and verse psalms in the Paris manuscript. The editors expect to publish later a critical introduction which will review all preceding study of the subject and offer a fresh discussion of some of its problems. The Anglo-Saxon introductions especially are worthy of attention, since it has been proved that they are ultimately derived from the heretical commentary of Theodore of Mopsuestia, a man of genius who anticipated by about fifteen hundred years some of the most interesting results of modern historical criticism of the Old Testament. In the preparation of their critical introduction the editors would do well to consider, among others, two matters relating to the Paris manuscript: first, the prominence which is given to St. Martial in the litanies at the end of the volume—a circumstance which may contain a hint as to the English monastery where the work was composed; secondly, the fact that the Paris manuscript was written for a woman—or women. Was this true of the translation itself as of the fragmentary fourteenth century version of the New Testament published by Miss Paues? It was doubtless for nunneries that such versions were most often made in the Middle Ages.

In conclusion, we recommend these volumes to the attention not merely of specialists in early English literature, but of all serious students of the history of the English Bible.

Pekin to Paris: An Account of Prince Borghese's Journey Across Two Continents in a Motor-Car. By Luigi Barzini; translated by L. P. De Castelvecchio; with an introduction by Prince Borghese. 100 illustrations. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $5 net.

This vivacious account of a ride on a motor-car from Pekin to Paris last summer appeals first, of course, to the automobilist, as the record of the most perfect test to which this new means of transport has been subjected. He will find in it many helpful suggestions for his comfort and safety in a long tour, and he cannot fail to be impressed with the vitally important part which the chauffeur played. Prince Borghese unhesitatingly attributes his success in winning the prize offered by the Paris *Matin* to the skill and unremitting devotion of his driver. And the book closes with his name, the climax of a plea for the establishment of regular schools to train thoroughly reliable men.

There is much of general interest, however, in Signor Barzini's narrative, which is a compendium of the telegrams which he sent almost daily, for the automobile followed the telegraph line across both continents. True, the volume contains much wearisome detail of rescues from swamps and broken bridges, and there are frequent poetic digressions which might well have been omitted. But the attitude of the people was always entertaining. In the purely Chinese villages there was absolute indifference, as if hundreds of motor-cars were passing daily. The Tartars, on the other hand, were devoured with curiosity and examined the machine carefully to find the imprisoned beast, though the most widely spread conviction was that the car was dragged by an invisible winged horse. In China and Siberia the travellers were treated with unfailing courtesy by the peasants, but in European Russia they were received with silent hostility in many places, for "the idea has obtained that motor-cars are vehicles exclusively used by the enemies of religion and the Czar." Perhaps the incident most significant of the changing conditions in Asia was the finding of a telegraph station at a well in the Gobi desert in Mongolia, almost 200 miles from the nearest town. Here lived a Chinaman whose solitude was supported by two joys, his little daughter, and the telegraph.

> For long hours he is wrapped in the tick-tack of keys and receivers, listening in them to the voices of the far-off world—voices from St. Petersburg, from London, from Tokio. He merely transmits the messages, the news passes him—orders, mysterious diplomatic communications, passionate words go by. When the great conversation of the continents is over, the telegraphist takes advantage of the clear line himself, and then a less important conversation commences. The operators in the desert greet one another, tell one another the small news of the day, their trials, their hopes. These conversations take the place of the daily paper for those hermits.

The race began, it may be added at Pekin on June 10, and Paris was reached August 10. The automobile traversed the nearly 10,000 miles, 7,500 of which were without a track, without serious mishap, and, except in about 120 miles, when crossing the mountains in China, unaided. While the contest has conclusively demonstrated the strength of the motor-car, it has also proved the possibility of the substitution of it on the great Asiatic plains for the camel caravan, and the consequent development, commercial and agricultural, of the continent. The work of Signor De Castelvecchio is so well done that it is difficult to realize that the book is a translation. The illustrations are attractive reproductions of photographs of scenes in Asia, as well as portraits of the three travellers. There is also an excellent map.

Science.

Henry Holt & Co. have now ready the fifth volume of their American Nature Series, "American Insects," by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg. It is a revision, with some additions, of a book of the same name hitherto published without connection with this series.

Like several other books of the series to which it belongs, the New Library of Medicine, "The Care of the Body," by F. Cavanagh (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is exceedingly suggestive. In some seventeen chapters the author discusses a wide variety of topics: sleep, baths, exercise and fatigue, clothing, hair, eyes, ears, and many other things. Incidentally he touches numerous matters of interest, for example: the unwise restraint of children, the relation of original sin to the reflexes, the justification of the matutinal yawn, the soporific value of meditation, alkaline dust as the cause of the nasality of American speech, the question of subsidizing the physician, the unsanitary character of much of our clothing with comments on the lining of gloves, the harmfulness of pockets, and the desirability of washable overalls. Everywhere the discussion is illuminating, often enlivened by a gentle sarcasm and an irony of such mildness that it never cuts severely. Dr. Cavanagh's views are in the main rational and sound, and his statements of fact are fairly accurate except in the assertion, which he makes twice in the course of some twenty pages, that the tiny sweat orifices have altogether an area of ten thousand square feet! The general criticism may be made that there is often a lack of explicitness as to the remedy for the evils which the reader is asked to recognize; in fact, the book appeals to a rather well-bred and somewhat limited class of readers who, to be sure, need enlightenment hardly less than the great rabble to whom the proper care of the body is a good deal of a mystery.

Of the "Treatise on Chemistry," by H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer, the second volume, on the metals, has been issued in a new edition, completely revised by Sir H. E. Roscoe and Dr. A. Harden (The Macmillan Co.). Roscoe and Schorlemmer's "Chemistry" has maintained its position for thirty years as the most comprehensive, systematic treatise on the subject in the English language. It is characterized by the completeness of its descriptions of the elements and their compounds, and by the unusual attention it pays to the history of the science. Most of this matter has remained, of course, substantially unchanged by the revolutions that have taken place in the fundamental conceptions of chemistry; and in the present edition the new knowledge of the last decade has been incorporated or added without altering the familiar framework and style. To none of the other volumes have recent discoveries contributed so much that is novel and revolutionary as to this one on the metals. When the work was last revised inorganic chemistry was regarded as an exhausted field and the young men searching for a profitable *Arbeit* were adding volumes of new carbon compounds. Now they are studying the laws of chemical equilibrium, the genesis and disintegration of radium, the vibrations of the corpuscles inside the atom, the theory of solutions, the significance of valence, and the behavior of bodies at the temperature of liquid air and of boiling carbon. All this will ultimately necessitate a radical rearrangement of the science, for which, however, the time has not yet come. Perhaps, when the next decennial edition of Roscoe and Schorlemmer is issued the old facts will be fitted into the new theories.

E. Boirac, rector of the University of Dijon, offers a volume of investigation and philosophy which may serve as an introduction, not before written, to "La Psychologie inconnue," to wit, the experimental study of psychical sciences. The author thus explains his aim:

> All these phenomena were formerly called occult—suggestion, hypnotism, animal magnetism, telepathy, spiritism. It is to be regretted that they have been so long left to be worked by charlatans and more or less given over to empirics and dreamers, whereas they might be scientifically cleared up by a systematic application of the experimental method of Claude Bernard and Pasteur.

In the series Die Vegetation der Erde (Leipzig: W. Engelmann), the eighth volume has appeared, "Grundzüge der Pflanzenverbreitung in Chile," by Karl Reiche. There are 374 pages, 55 drawings in the text, 33 tables, and 2 charts. Since 1896 the author has been engaged in research in Chile.

Prof. J. B. Woodworth of Harvard will go to Brazil in June in charge of the Shaler Memorial Expedition to South America. The object will be to study the highlands of southeastern Brazil for evidence bearing on the question of glaciation in the carboniferous period. On the completion of the work in Brazil, Professor Woodworth will proceed to the coast of Chile south of Valparaiso for the purpose of investigating the shore-line changes and the nature of the rock movements in the recent epoch.

The Fourth American Scientific Congress, will be held in Santiago, Chile, December 25, 1908, under the auspices of the Chilian government.

The dates announced by the University of Cambridge for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin, and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the "Origin of Species," are June 22, 23, and 24, 1909. It is proposed to invite representatives of universities and other learned bodies, together with distinguished individuals, to visit the university on the occasion. A programme of the celebration will soon be issued.

Drama.

TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS.

With two folio and ten quarto volumes now before us it is possible to form an opinion as to the value of the Tudor Facsimile Texts, edited by John S. Farmer and issued for subscribers by T. C. & E. C. Jack of Edinburgh and London. These collotypes are almost exact reproductions of the originals, and will serve every purpose of the most minute student. In one case, that of Massinger's "Believe as Ye List," the reproduction has been compared in detail with the original manuscript by J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum), and we quote his report as indicative of the correctness of the photographic copies in general. He calls the work "a faithful reproduction," with only the following "very slight flaws":

> (1) Page 6v, line 1, " 'em"; the dash over the *e* in the manuscript to indicate the apostrophe is clear. (2) Page 8v, last line, the "y" of "they" is somewhat plainer than the photo. (3) Page 9v, line 2, "better" is clearer in original. (4) Page 14r, line 1, the edge of leaf is frayed and crumpled, and so practically impossible to flatten out for photographing; the first word seems to be "fellowe"; the second word "despatched." (5) Page 18r, line 2, "Antiochus" is faint in manuscript as here, but slightly more legible. (6) Page 18r, line 3, the first two words slightly plainer in MS. are "borne dumbe." (7) Page 20, last line, the last two words, also rather fainter in photo than in originnal, are "personall appearance."

All the volumes are interleaved with good vellum paper both to keep the plates from rubbing and to serve for private annotations.

The publications so far may be divided into three groups. Four of the plays come from the collection of Cox Macro, an antiquary of the eighteenth century, and are now in the possession of J. H. Gurney of Keswick Hall. These are "Mankind," from a manuscript supposedly of the year 1475; "Wisdom, or Wind, Will, and Understanding," of 1460; "The Castle of Perseverance," of c. 1440, and "Respublica," of 1553. These had all been reprinted by the Early English Text Society. A second group comes from the "Irish find of 1906," bought at Sotheby's by the British Museum. It includes three plays hitherto lost: "Wealth and Health," from an edition of c. 1557-8; "Impatient Poverty," of 1560; and "John the Evangelist," printed some time between 1546 and 1586. There are also four plays from editions hitherto unknown: "Nice Wanton," from a text of c. 1565, the earliest edition being 1560; John Heywood's "Play of the Weather," 1565(?), earliest known edition 1533; Richard Wever's "Lusty Juventus," from the first and hitherto unknown edition of 1540; and "King Darius," from a hitherto unknown edition, an earlier and presumably first printing being of 1565. The facsimile of Massinger's "Believe As Ye List" may stand alone. It is endorsed: "This Play . . . may be acted this 6 of May 1631, Henry Herbert," and is in the actual handwriting of Massinger. It is, with the exception of Ben Jonson's two masques, the only play by an Elizabethan dramatist preserved in the manuscript of the author, and has thus a unique and great interest.

As for the value of these expensive facsimiles some regretful doubt may be expressed. In the case of the greatest dramatists no trouble and expense may be regarded as too great to preserve and render accessible the exact text, but all, or nearly all, of these plays have only historical interest, and it should seem that a careful transcription would serve every purpose. Only a trained scholar can read these black-letter texts with ease, or the manuscripts at all, and the price of such facsimiles is prohibitive to any but the richest libraries. Still the Massinger play was bought by the British Museum in 1900 for £69, and would have cost much more if it had been generally known as a holograph. The facsimile, which has practically all the value of the original save that of sentiment, costs only £2 2s., and may be reckoned cheap in comparison. There is, for those who can afford it, a certain inspiration in handling so exact a reproduction of what has upon it the difficult sanctity of age, and we can hope that a sufficient number of subscribers may be attracted to guarantee the continuation of the series. Some fifty plays are already promised, and more will be added if the funds are forthcoming. The working value of such a series, it may be added, increases in direct ratio to the number of reproductions.

A new play by Eugene Walter is to be produced in the Bijou Theatre in this city Saturday night, and there will be a certain curiosity to see whether it is an improvement upon his promising but crude "Paid in Full." It is called "The Wolf," and is a melodrama of the Canadian Hudson Bay territory. The principal characters are played by Ida Conquest and William Courtenay.

"The Luck of McGregor" will be produced in the Garden Theatre on April 20. This is a romantic drama of the colonial period, written by Edward Vroom, who will play the part of the hero himself. Many years have elapsed since Mr. Vroom was last seen in this neighborhood. Older playgoers will remember his appearance in an English version of Coppée's "Pour la couronne," in which he proved himself a romantic actor of uncommon grace, vigor, and skill. Since that time he has acted with success in England. Mr. Vroom, in his younger days, supported Edwin Booth and other famous actors, and has had that training in the romantic drama of which most of our contemporary players are so much in need.

The success of the revival of "The Admirable Crichton" at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London, has necessitated the postponement of the production of the new comedy written by J. M. Barrie, until September. The scenes of Mr. Barrie's play are laid partly in Scotland and partly in England, and the general tone is said to resemble that of "Quality Street." As in the "Little Minister," the humorous element is largely due to the presence of several Scotch characters.

A. E. W. Mason's first play, "Marjory Strode," which has just been produced by Cyril Maude in his London theatre, The Playhouse, has been received with a good deal of critical favor. The hero is a gallant young French officer, a prisoner on parole, who falls in love with the daughter of the English squire, who is responsible for his safekeeping.

A short time ago there was produced in Paris, at the Théâtre Antoine, a four-act comedy, entitled "Les Jumeaux de Brighton," by Tristan Bernard, who took Plautus's "Menæchmi" as his model, and followed it pretty closely. The piece has been acquired by Charles Frohman, who will produce it in an English version by John N. Raphael.

The death of Mrs. Henry Thornton Craven (Eliza Nelson), in England, at the age of eighty-one, removes one of the last remaining links with the stage of Macready. She was twenty-four years old when, after having fulfilled certain engagements under that great actor, she took part in his farewell performance, in which her husband also appeared. After that her success was chiefly in the "domestic drama" then popular, of which her husband, Mr. Craven, the author of "Milky White," "The Post Boy," "Meg's Diversion," and other once successful plays, was a prolific producer. With her husband she played for some years in Australia.

The death of Willie Edouin, one of the most comical of English low comedians, was reported in a cable dispatch from London April 14. He was born in 1841, and he was one of the few remaining representatives of a school which in its day contributed many accomplished actors to the more serious drama. Occasionally he himself made excursions in that direction, but he was most potent with the cap and bells.

Music.

Programme Music in the Last Four Centuries. By Frederick Niecks. New York: H. W. Gray Co.

When Charpentier introduced imitations of the street cries of Paris in the score of his opera "Louise" he was hailed by many as a daring realist and innovator. He was, however, anticipated four centuries ago by Clément Jannequin, who wrote a descriptive piece called "Les Cris de Paris," in which he introduced a great number of these cries, among them "Red and hot wine," "Hot pies," "Delicious tartlets," "Fresh herrings," and "Old shoes." He also wrote programme music on other favorite subjects, including war, hunting, and imitations of animal voices, particularly bird voices. Battle pieces were specially liked in the sixteenth century. "The record of all the battle and hunting pieces alone would fill a goodly volume," says Professor Niecks. Indeed, the author of this book has found so much to take up his space (548 pages) in the last four centuries that he does not, even in a footnote, mention the fact that the ancient Greeks already had music intended to call up such incidents as the contest of Apollo with the serpent Python.

Such pieces, to be sure, are, in the words of Ernest Newman, not real programme music, but merely "the rawest part of the raw material out of which programme music is made." Some of the greatest composers, among them Haydn and Beethoven, did indeed on a few occasions imitate the song of birds, but they did it in an apologetic manner. Until the middle of the nineteenth century there was a decided prejudice against programme music of any kind; it was not regarded as quite respectable, and this attitude had some strange results. As Professor Niecks remarks:

> It used to be very common with composers to conceal their programmes. They were either afraid of the prejudiced critics, and kept their secret, like Weber in the "Concertstück"; or were themselves affected by the prevailing prejudice, and tried, like Schumann, to excuse their practice by explanations intended to allay their own doubts as well as the wrath of others.

Even Beethoven, who was usually a law unto himself, when he had embodied in his Pastoral Symphony what our author pronounces "the most magnificent picture of a storm, whether color- or tone-picture, that so far has been given to the world," apologized for his rashness, declaring that this composition was "more the expression of feeling than painting." Fortunately his deed made a deeper impression than his words, and others were encouraged to follow in his footsteps; among them was Mendelssohn, whose most original works, as everybody now can see, are precisely those in which he allowed his creative power to be fertilized by poetic subjects, as in the "Hebrides" Overture, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." Programme music had by this time become an infinitely more refined art than it was in the days of bird and battle pieces by Jannequin and others. It was now and thenceforth concerned with soul-painting as well as with body painting.

Professor Niecks traces its development and gradual transformation with much acumen and erudition; his book is the most elaborate and valuable treatise on the subject in any language. He rightly maintains that the programme need not be verbal, but may also be pantomimic or pictorial, and he therefore gives a chapter to Wagner who, though avowedly opposed to programme music, contributed in his operas countless examples of tone-painting. The works of Berlioz and Liszt are analyzed in detail and the author observes justly that "important as Berlioz is in the development of programme music, Liszt is far more so. Indeed, he is the most important of all." Of the Americans, the author considers in detail only MacDowell.

Professor Niecks confesses that the results of his inquiry modified to some extent his previous notions and judgments. He found there was a great deal more of programme music in the world than he had supposed, even apart from the fact that in reality such songs as Schubert's and operas like Wagner's may be included in it. The arguments by which he includes Bach, Schubert (in his instrumental works), Chopin, and Brahms in his book are somewhat flimsy, unless indeed we bear in mind that programme music, as he understands it, "is so comprehensive that a history of it goes far towards being a History of Musical Expression." To him it is clear and certain that "all good music has a programme, taking the term in its very widest significance," and that, rightly understood, we may therefore say that "programme music is the only high-class music."

Lawrence Gilman is preparing a life of Edward MacDowell, to be published this autumn by John Lane Company. He will be grateful for the loan of letters or other material bearing on the subject. His address is No. 227 East Seventy-second Street.

A new musical league has been founded in England, similar to Germany's Tonkünstler-Verein, the object of which is an annual festival, at which are performed new works by contemporary composers and older works that are undeservedly neglected. The president of the Musical League is Elgar, the vice-president is Delius, and among the members of the committee are Granville Bantock and Percy Pitt.

Puccini has been invited by President Diaz to write an opera for the opening, five years hence, of the $5,000,000 opera house to be built in Mexico City.

Art.

The History of Sculpture. By Ernest H. Short. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

This book is readable and suggestive. Mr. Short has carried out in a vivid and familiar style his central idea of coördinating sculpture with contemporary life. He disclaims utterly the text-book idea, and in this way is able to get rid not only of biographical and bibliographical details irrelevant to his purpose, but even of any mention of sculptors who, in his eyes, are lacking in prime importance. The book is, therefore, quite simple in its lines and lacking in detail, even in its treatment of the sculptors who are regarded as of sufficient significance to be discussed. The material is further reduced by Mr. Short's decision to limit himself to those periods of sculpture that have a message for our twentieth century. Greek sculpture before the fifth century, late Roman, mediæval, and even Gothic work, as well as several phases of the post-Renaissance period, are passed over with a few words as not sufficiently "human," that is, realistic.

The treatment of the broad lines of developed Greek sculpture, of Hellenistic and early Roman work, of the Italian Renaissance, and of the modern French and English schools is graphic, though we should prefer greater fulness in the description of the mass of sculptured material and the exclusion of irrelevant historic reflections. The political and social conditions of the times, the character of the patrons of art, the current forces that moulded and developed the personality, and the themes of the sculptor are the ideas on which the author constantly dwells. This mode of presentation certainly adds human interest; but it is also a mode of extreme difficulty. To keep within bounds presupposes encyclopædic historic knowledge and deep insight. To judge the book and not be led astray by it a reader must really know more than the author and sit in judgment on his historic interpretations, which seem often quite unjustified. To say, for example, that the psychological turn given to the Florentine sculpture of the Renaissance by Donatello and his contemporaries was due to the increasing strength of the democratic movement in Florence in the fifteenth century as compared to the previous age, is to talk nonsense. The effect of political conditions on this aspect of sculpture would be hard enough to trace at best; and as a matter of fact the golden age of the democracy was then closed and liberty was doomed. The Renaissance was the age of despots. When as a second cause of the same humanizing of sculpture Mr. Short gives the passing of education from the exclusive control of the clergy into the hands of the humanistic philosophers, he seems to forget the great lay universities of Padua, Bologna, and the rest, whose golden age was previous to the Renaissance, and to attribute an impossibly widespread influence to the small coterie of humanists in the early fifteen century.

With these and innumerable kindred reservations the book is stimulating. But it is not really a history of sculpture. It is rather a collection of readable essays for leisure hours.

Two recent volumes of John Lane Co.'s Spanish Series deal with painters: Goya, by Albert F. Calvert, the general editor of the series, and Velazquez, by Mr. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley. It cannot be said of either book that its text offers anything new or important. The principal value of these works will be found in the almost unprecedented fulness of illustration, there being 136 reproductions in the Velazquez, and 612 in the Goya. The grouping of these illustrations at the end of the volumes has its convenience for future reference, but the entire absence of plate numbers makes consultation while reading extremely difficult. At first one is inclined to regret the presence, in the Velazquez, of a number of reproductions of manifestly spurious pictures, but the demonstration of their spuriousness by their confrontation with genuine works, has its value also. Of the many works of Goya illustrated very few go far to justify the exaggerated reputation that has recently been made for that painter. Most of the portraits are stiff and badly drawn, while the compositions are not only fantastic but slovenly and the horror generally misses fire.

The latest issues to reach us of the Newnes-Scribner series of Drawings of the Great Masters and Great Etchers are devoted respectively to Michelangelo and Rembrandt. E. Borrough Johnson writes of the drawings of Michelangelo with real enthusiasm, if without much critical insight. His selection of material for illustration, is, however, extremely faulty. Leaving out of the question the drawings attributed by Berenson to Sebastiano del Piombo, about which there may be a reasonable difference of opinion, there are a number of things here reproduced that are manifestly not by the artist. The Night and the Morning are drawings after the statues, not studies for them, and are probably seventeenth century work. Much the same thing may be said of Plates 22, 36, and 38, of figures in the Sistine Chapel. Plate 40, labelled Studies of Men for the Last Judgment, has nothing to do with that picture, and has been attributed to Raphael. On grounds of style we should ourselves be inclined to question, also, Plates 4, 13, 21, 28, 39, 41, 43, and perhaps two or three others. Certainly many of these might have been advantageously replaced by undoubted and magnificent examples. A. M. Hind's text to the Rembrandt is what the text of these volumes seldom is, an original and important contribution to the subject, giving us not only a critical account of Rembrandt's etchings, but an entirely new list of such works as the author accepts as authentic, 293 in number, arranged and numbered as nearly as possible in chronological order. The sixty-one plates are well selected, and, for the most part, admirably reproduced.

To the Newnes Art Library (imported by F. Warne & Co.), is added a volume on Raeburn, which contains a brief biography by R. G. Clouston and forty-nine reproductions of portraits by the sturdy painter of men.

A paper read before the Rhode Island Historical Society by Prof. William Carey Poland of Brown University, and now printed as a pamphlet, gives some account of "Robert Feke, the Early Newport Portrait Painter." Professor Poland begins his study with Gustavus Hesselius (1682-1755), a Swede by birth, who is the earliest painter in North America of whom we possess any record, and then passes to his particular subject. Feke, he shows, was of English, not of Dutch descent, and was born at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He discusses the various portraits attributed to the artist, and in conclusion begs that any one who has further knowledge of Feke or Feke's works will communicate with the author at No. 53 Lloyd Avenue, Providence, R. I.

The sixth volume has appeared of the important Catalogue of the Collection of French and Foreign Portraits kept in the Print Department of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. This collection, which is the largest in existence, contains 200,000 different pieces. The Catalogue was begun by Georges Duplessis, and is continued by P. A. Lemoine. The present volume goes from "Lafayette" to "Louis Philippe I." The entire Catalogue will take eight volumes, with text in two columns. Only 150 copies are offered for sale, at twenty francs a volume.

Salomon Reinach continues his series of museum works by a "Répertoire" of the paintings of the Middle Ages and Renaissance in two volumes: the first contains 1,046 engravings, the second 1,200; and there are three indexes.

Prof. D. G. Lyon, curator of the Harvard Semitic Museum, has been given leave of absence from April 25, through part of the next academic year, to supervise excavations at Samaria. The site is one of the largest, and one of the most important in Palestine. On the surface are remains of buildings erected by Herod in the first century B. C. Beneath these there may be remains of Hebrew palaces and of the homes of the people; still lower, perhaps, relics of Canaanite occupation. Tombs hewn in the rock are also sure to be found. The village in its name, Sebastie, perpetuates the Greek name Sebaste, which was given by Herod. The only mosque in the village was formerly a church of the Crusaders.

The ancient Circus Maximus in Rome is to be reconstructed as it was in the time of the Emperor Trajan and used as of old for athletic contests. It is expected that the work will be completed by 1911.

Paintings belonging to T. J. Blakeslee were sold in this city at auction April 9 and 10. The ascriptions were in some cases doubtful. The following were among the higher prices: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Hutchinson, $2,250; Mrs. Thomas Orby Hunter, $2,100; Little Girl with a Kitten, $1,150; Romney, Lady Clanricarde, $3,500; Mrs. Hugh Scott, $3,800; David Garrick and Mrs. Siddons as Romeo and Juliet, $1,500; Mrs. Wright, $2,600; Captain Beauchamp, $1,025; Léon Richet, After the Storm, $1,375; Nicolas de Largillière, The Duc de Penthièvre, $1,550; Sir Thomas Lawrence, The Hon. Maria Liddell, $5,300; Lady Ogilvie, $3,950; Sir William Beechey, Miss Lennox, $3,600; Mrs. Marshall, $3,200; Francis Cotes, Lady Hertford, $1,825; Pierre Mignard, Mme. de Graffigny, $1,950; Jakob van Ruysdael, Mountains in Norway, $4,300; Sir Henry Raeburn, Lord Glenlee, $2,100; George Joseph Bell, $2,300; Master Cathcart, $1,950; J. Hoppner, Dr. Woods, $1,100; George Henry Harlow, Portrait of a Lady, $1,125; Gainsborough, Lady Knighton, $3,250; Cornelius de Vos, Three Dutch Children, $1,125; Botticelli (doubtful ascription), Virgin and Child, $2,300; Franz Pourbus, Anne of Austria, $1,100; Caneletto, Grand Canal Opera House, $1,000; P. F. Mola, Venus Rising from the Waves, $1,200; Lely, Countess of Exeter, $1,800; Daniel Mytens, Charles I., $1,200.

The paintings of Fishel, Adler & Schwarz, art dealers in this city, were offered at auction April 8, 9, and 10. The following prices were paid: Detaille, Twenty-third Dragoons, $2,400; Israel, The Philosopher, $1,125; Neuhuys, Family Happiness, $2,950; Industrious Granny, $2,550; Ziem, On the Lagoon, $1,225; Rosa Bonheur, Tiger, $1,050; Mauve, Plowing, $3,200; Daubigny, Approaching Storm, $3,200.

At an auction at Christie's, London, March 28, the following pictures were sold: Drawings: D. Gardner, Lady Fawkener, with Her Daughter and Grandchild, £1,312; Three Children of the Hon Edward Bouverie, £525; O. Humphrey, Lady Barbara Ashley, £210; J. Downman, Mrs. Rawlinson, £210; J. Russell, Mrs. Sarah Bell, £336. Paintings: Romney, Mrs. Dorothea Morley, £2,887; James Morley, £315; Mrs. Anne Poulter, £1,575; Edmund Poulter, £420; J. Hoppner, Lady Caroline Ponsonby, £220; Landseer, The Return from the Warren, £346; Lawrence, Lady Caroline Lamb, £325; H. de Bles, St. Catherine and St. Barbara, £735; Bernardino Luini, St. Anne, £210; J. van Huysum, Flowers and Bird's Nest, £220; J. Crome, A Woody Landscape, £215; Morland, Blind Man's Bluff, £1,050; B. E. Murillo, A Woody Landscape, £262; G. B. Tiepolo, The Immaculate Conception, £430.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are portraits by Paul K. M. Thomas, at Clausen's, till April 18; paintings by Alethea Hill Platt, G. M. Glaenzer & Co.'s, April 18; portraits by J. Mortimer Lichtenauer, M. Knoedler & Co.'s, April 18; drawings by Henri Matisse, Photo-Secession Galleries, April 25; etchings, wood-cuts, and original sketches, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, May 9.

The National Academy of Design has

elected the following associates: Architects, John M. Carrère and Rutherford B. Mead; sculptor, Chester Beach; painters, J. J. Sbannon, Cullen Yates, Ernest Lawson, W. Granville Smith, Colin Campbell Cooper, Edward F. Rook, Charles W. Hawthorne, Miss Lillian Genth, Robert David Gauley, Gifford Beal.

Dr. Johannes Sieveking, keeper of the cast Museum at Munich, has been appointed head of the Munich Antiquarium, which also comprises the vase collection placed in the Pinakothek. The post has been vacant since the death of Prof. A. Furtwängler.

Paul Placecanton, pupil of Cormon and Dameron, and member of the Société des Artistes Français, has died in his forty-sixth year. His work was chiefly landscapes and marine views of the Midi.

Another French artist, Joseph Le Pan de Ligny, of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, has died at the age of forty. He was a native of Guignen, and devoted himself largely to painting Breton scenery and interiors.

Finance.

KEEPING UP PRICES.

Since the sudden and violent trade reaction which followed the panic of last October, two of our larger industries have followed diametrically opposite paths. The dry goods business, at the opening of the year, was practically at a standstill; buyers from the interior were not even visiting New York to look at samples. The experienced manufacturers and agents, first at Chicago, then at New York, promptly cut prices some 25 per cent. The New England mills followed by a 10 per cent. cut in wages and a 25 to 50 per cent. curtailment of production. When the trade had thus adjusted itself to the new conditions, business began to move forward on safe lines, and consumption at the more attractive level of prices, though naturally not so large as a year ago, proceeded in orderly fashion.

When the volume of the steel trade, between last October and last December, was more than cut in half, people expected similar action. Such a policy had been pursued, as recently as the financial setback of 1903—a much less formidable affair than that of 1907. Steel billets were then reduced, from $30 per ton to $19.50. The average price in the year before the panic of 1893, was $23.63; in the year after, $16.58. Steel rails, in 1873, averaged $120.50 per ton; in 1874, only $94.25; and they went much lower afterward.

It was not believed that prices would now fall so far as in these earlier periods; first, because the great combinations in the trade had placed it under better control and had obviated the necessity of forced sales to protect the credit of manufacturers; second, because the United States Steel Corporation's policy of the past half-dozen years had been to prevent such violent advances, in an "industrial boom," as occurred in the seventies and eighties. Still, some concession to the smaller demand and impaired resources of consumers was looked for. Such concession, however, has been flatly refused, on grounds quite new to political economy. Chairman E. H. Gary of the Steel Corporation's board gave out last Thursday the following statement:

> From all the information at hand, I do not hesitate to say that no reductions in the prevailing prices of steel are contemplated. Certainly that is our position. . . . Prices should at all times be reasonable and fair. The mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply—that the necessities of the purchaser are great—does not justify an increase in price; nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply furnish an argument for lowering the price. In neither case would the quantity bought and sold be more or less. What the manufacturers and purchasers both, as a rule, desire, is stability of prices—the avoidance of violent and sudden fluctuations. . . .
>
> If the question of reducing or increasing prices shall be raised at any time during the next few months there will be deliberate and orderly consideration.

Judge Gary's doctrine that excess of demand over supply does not justify a rise in prices, nor excess of supply over demand justify a decline, is an interesting novelty. Most people will ask, What, then, will justify reduction of prices? Decline in the cost of raw materials might be accepted as doing so; and as a matter of fact prices of pig iron, the raw material of the steel trade, have declined, within a year, from $23 to $15 per ton. It is true that the Steel Corporation makes its own pig iron and holds title to its own ore fields, and thus is not affected. so far as its own use of raw materials is concerned, by the rise or fall of prices as fixed by independent foundries. But this consideration, so far as the argument against lower steel prices is concerned, involves the assumption that the Corporation is keeping up the price exacted by its own iron foundries from its steel plants, at a time when outside iron foundries are reducing their prices. Raw material which the company can use is to be had at the lower cost. Conceivably, Judge Gary may have meant that appreciation or depreciation of gold would be recognized as a factor in changing prices of steel as of other commodities. But that would be to beg the question, because the only way in which even an unprecedented production of gold could affect the price of commodities would be through increasing the demand for them—which would bring the issue back to the influence which Judge Gary repudiates.

In short, the more the problem is examined, the more baseless Judge Gary's theory must appear. His most solid argument seems to be that the Steel Corporation is so powerful that it will not reduce prices, whatever happens, and that it will not suffer the usual consequences of defying the inherent laws of trade. But the greater probability is, that Judge Gary has confused the maintenance of a conservative and judicious policy in fixing prices—something which can be heartily approved—with the maintenance of a policy that is purely arbitrary. Even a billion-dollar corporation, with an unexampled surplus fund, is not strong enough for that.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Ernest Hamlin. On the Training of Parents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Adams, Joseph H. Harper's Indoor Book for Boys. Harpers. $1.75.
Albert, Jobn C. Roosevelt and the Money Power. Sudwarth Printing Co. 10 cts.
Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. Supplement by T. Northcote Toller. Part I. Henry Frowde.
Avenel, G. d'. Aux États-Unis. Paris: Armand Colin.
Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A: Cuneiform, Texts. Vol. VIII., Part I.: Legal and Commercial Transactions. By Albert T. Clay. Philadelphia: Published by the University.
Barber, Eli. Home Memories. Boston: Badger.
Björnson, Björnstjerne. The Heritage of the Kurts. Vols. XI. and XII. Macmillan. $2.50.
Bosch, Mrs. Hermann. Bridget. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Bowen, Marjorie. The Sword Decides. McClure Co.
Burroughs, John. Leaf and Tendril. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Butler, Ellis Parker. The Cheerful Smugglers. Century Co. $1.
Carr, Clark E. My Day and Generation. Cbicago: McClurg.
Chapman, J. Wilbur. Another Mile and Other Addresses. Revell. 75 cts. net.
Cipperly, John A. Labor Laws and Decisions, 1908. Albany: Banks & Co.
Clouston, R. S. Sir Thomas Lawrence. Newnes' Art Library. F. Warne & Co. $1.25 net.
Cody, H. A. An Apostle of the North: Memoirs of Bishop W. C. Bompas. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Colautti, Arturo. Il Terzo Peccato. Milan. Ulrico Hoepli.
Coleridge's Literary Criticism. With an introduction by J. W. Mackail. Henry Frowde.
Crooker, Joseph Henry. The Church of Today. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Desmond, H. W., and H. W. Frohne. Building a Home. Baker & Taylor Co.
Dickens's Pickwick Papers. — Barnaoy Rudge. Henry Frowde.
Futrelle, Jacques. The Simple Case of Susan. Appletons. $1.25.
Gutiérrez's El Trovador. Edited by H. H. Vaughan. Boston: Heath. 40 cts.
Dawbarn, Robert H. M. An Aid to Materia Medica. Fourth edition, enlarged and revised by E. V. Delphey. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Halévy's Un Mariage d'Amour. Edited by R. L. Hawkins. Boston: Heath.
Hinchman, Walter S., and Francis B. Gummere. Lives of Great English Writers. Boston: Hougbton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Hough, Romeyn Beck. Handbook of the Trees. Harpers.
Howe, M. A. DeWolfe. The Life and Letters of George Bancroft. 2 vols. Scribners. $4 net.
Humphrey, Zephine. Over Against Green Peak. Holt.
Hunter, Alexander. The Huntsman in the South. Vol. I. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hunter, Robert. Socialists at Work. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Jäger Oskar. The Teaching of History. Translated by H. J. Chaytor. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Financial.

Letters of Credit

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1908.

The Week.

The fate of the demand for four battleships but foreshadows the doom of nearly all the rest of Mr. Roosevelt's programme, despite his numerous special messages. Congress will not adjourn until the middle of May, but until then it will busy itself largely with the appropriation bills. A model child-labor law for the District of Columbia, and perhaps some kind of abbreviated currency bill, may slip through. There will be no legislation concerning injunctions in labor disputes, no amendments to the interstate-commerce law in favor of labor unions, the tariff on wood-pulp will not be touched, or the tax on art removed. The victory of the "stand-patters" is to be complete. And the President consents, of course. That final break with Congress, so long prophesied, is not to take place. There will be no split in the Republican party. The spokesmen of the organization next autumn will dwell on the wisdom displayed by the last Republican Congress, on its glorious demonstration of the truth that Republicans alone can do great constructive work.

If New York Democrats were notorious as heavily respectable statesmen —silkstockings, to use the opprobrious epithet so common a few years since—they might justly feel that a free fight in convention and the election of a Murphy as delegate to Denver are necessary to prove that Democratic hearts still warm toward the plain people. But the Democratic party being what it is in this State, such an extreme course was hardly called for. With Hearst as its last candidate for Governor, with Jackson as its Attorney-General, "Fingy" Conners of Buffalo as State Chairman, Charles F. Murphy boss of New York city, Pat McCarren the leader in Brooklyn, and Senator Tom Grady spokesman at Albany, the Democrats are not likely to be regarded, even in the Bowery dives, as offensively high-toned. A generation ago, in many parts of rural New York, it was a familiar saying that, though all Democrats were not horse-thieves, all horse-thieves were Democrats. But the Administration of Cleveland and the Republican revolt against Blaine brought so many honest Democrats out of hiding that, in these parts, the word almost ceased to be a term of reproach. In recent years, however, the managers of the party have been doing their best to alienate intelligence and character. To that end David B. Hill contributed his generous share. In this city, Croker and then Murphy have been indefatigable. Hearst has helped mightily. Bryan, with his flighty proposals, has perhaps accomplished as much as all the rest put together. Yet in spite of all blunders and iniquities the Democrats had a fair hope of carrying New York in the coming Presidential election. A few weeks ago the outlook seemed uncommonly flattering, especially should President Roosevelt force Taft upon the Republicans; for neither the President nor his policies are just now popular in the great Democratic strongholds of this State. But the proceedings of the Democratic Convention make this chance of success dim and remote. Conners, Murphy, McCarren, and the rest of them have grossly affronted decent sentiment. Murphy is honored by being chosen a delegate-at-large. It would be more exact to say that he chose himself; for he controlled the convention. Evidently, he is bent on making the organization in Brooklyn, and indeed in the whole State, a mere cog in the Tammany machine. In practical politics, we grant, men must sometimes have strong stomachs; but we fancy that a good many citizens of New York will be made queasy by Bryan as candidate for the Presidency and Murphy and Conners as the local chieftains. If this combination does not spell disaster, then the Democracy of New York bears a charmed life.

No marked advance towards the ideal of international peace is to be found in the arbitration treaty between this government and Great Britain, now awaiting ratification in the Senate. But progress to a certain extent it undoubtedly represents when it systematizes the mode of procedure. Probably the most significant change is contained in the provision that the British government reserves the right, "before concluding a special agreement in any matter affecting the interests of a self-governing dominion of the British Empire, to obtain the concurrence therein of the government of that dominion." This is a concession to colonial pride and self-interest which should go far towards avoiding such heartburnings as were aroused in Canada by the outcome of the Alaskan boundary dispute, or more recently in Newfoundland over the fisheries question. That a Liberal government, the party of "Little Englanders. should make so important a contribution to the fortunes of the Empire by reducing the possibilities of strife between the mother country and her colonies, must disturb Conservative complacency in England.

Mr. Gompers, at the great meeting in this city Sunday night, described in plain language the "serious situation" which confronts laboring men and labor unions. It is that they find themselves in the same boat, legally, with millionaires and Trusts. This is appalling. There has been, it is true, a cherished tradition of Anglo-Saxon democracy that the law must be no respecter of persons. From the time of the Judicious Hooker to the day of the not too judicious Roosevelt, we have been accustomed to praises of law as containing equal sanctions and the same penalties for the high and the lowly; baron and villein, magnate and labor leader, alike enjoying its protection and submitting to its sway. But we have been gradually changing all that. The conception has crept in of law as the enshrining of special privilege—in the Dingley Tariff, for example, and in labor legislation—so that Mr. Gompers naturally and innocently steps forward as one entitled to cry aloud because the Supreme Court has held that he is not immune from the law which is binding upon all others. We have, in short, come to the fearful pass when gross injustice consists in even-handed justice. It was not put quite so bluntly by Mr. Gompers, yet that was really the burden of his complaint. To him, long nourished on the idea that organized labor is a favored class, it seems shocking and intolerable that, when a labor union conspires to restrain trade, it should be visited with the penalty laid down by the law for all such restraint; and that. when it erects itself into a tyrannous monopoly, it should be adjudged worthy of the punishment of all monopolists. It is impossible for Mr. Gompers, or any one else, to state the grievances of organized labor without letting it appear that what they desire is exemption from the common operation of the common law. This is what they proclaim their intention of fighting for with their ballots. They propose to "hold strictly accountable" every member of Congress, and every Presidential candidate, who refuses to assent to labor's demand that it be made a privileged class. There is, of course, no objection to laboring men, or any other body of citizens, going into politics to make their wishes known and their power felt. That is the democratic way. But it is consonant neither with democracy nor with elementary fair play, for one set of Americans to try to remove themselves from the scope of laws that are made for the government and peace and well-being of all. Let Mr. Gompers lead his followers into the battle of the ballots by all means, but let him not hope to conceal the fact that he is asserting himself as greater than the law.

In Senator Foraker's speech on the Brownsville affair the eloquence of fact reinforced the eloquence of rhetoric when Mr. Foraker declared that, "the vilest horse-thief, the most dangerous burglar, or the bloodiest murderer would not be required either to prove his innocence or to submit to a trial before a judge who had in even the most casual way expressed the opinion that the defendant was guilty." And the Senator was still stating substantial fact when he declared that it was a question of a judge "who has already prejudged their case, not once, or twice, or three times, and casually, but repeatedly and officially, and each time with a manifestation of the most unqualified conviction that not only some of the men discharged did the shooting, but that many, if not all of them, had knowledge of the perpetrators, which, through a conspiracy of silence, they have refused to divulge." We say substantial fact because we find in the President's words on Brownsville a certain modification of tone which would argue that, if his convictions had not changed, the expediency of milder expression was present to his mind. In December, 1906, he speaks of men "implicated in the raid on Brownsville, Tex." In March of the present year these men became a "class whose discharge was deemed necessary in order to maintain the discipline and morale of the army." At the present moment the "raid" has become an "affray." Whether such milder speech indicates softened wrath or a mind prudential, is hard to tell.

A gentleman who knew all about the "plot" to bring on a panic was before the Banking Committee of the House of Representatives last Thursday. His evidence was, however, very like that of Mr. Cable's Creole: he was absolutely sure of it; he would make oath to it; in fact, he thought so. Some one had told him so; hence it must be so. Indeed, a "prominent financier," whose name he would not give, had predicted the panic, and how could it be doubted that what was thus predicted had been wickedly brought about? This is very much of a piece with Senator La Follette's "proof" that because a certain number of men might have cornered the money supply, and brought loss and misery on themselves with others, therefore they did it. As for predictions of a panic, they were publicly made by the dozen, months before it came. Predictions of a new panic are already made. Chairman Fowler, of the very committee before which this horrid plot was laid bare, predicted in a speech at Chicago that, if the currency were not reformed, the country would have a panic compared with which the crash of 1907 would seem child's play. Consequently, and by the severest canons of this "plot" logic, Mr. Fowler will be the author of the next terrible panic.

The enactment, by the Legislature at Albany, of the bills to reform the trust-company law of this State, has attracted comparatively little comment. These measures, however, embody a more imperative reform, and are a much more practical application of the lessons of the recent panic, than any or all of the proposed currency legislation at Washington. That the national currency system, directly or indirectly, was a cause of last autumn's disturbances and of the portentous phenomena which accompanied them, it would be difficult to prove. But that the very defective laws regulating reserves and investments of the trust companies of New York State did play a great part, there is no doubt whatever. The panic of 1907 might have occurred without the precarious conditions created by this so-called trust-company finance; but it was that which brought it to a head with such amazing violence, which converged on New York city the worst of the shock, and which reproduced, in the financial centre of the nation, a scene of terror and demoralization such as has not been witnessed in this city since 1857. No one who studies the careful analysis, in such treatises as Prof. W. G. Sumner's "American Currency," of the unsound banking, inadequate maintenance of reserves, and rash investment of demand deposits, by the State institutions of half a century ago, will doubt the large responsibility of that system for the financial collapse of the period. But a comparison of those earlier State-bank practices with the recent placing of demand deposit funds, running with some institutions up to $40,000,000, in slow investments not permitted to the banks, and with a cash reserve ranging only from 5 to 10 per cent., will show how closely we had been imitating 1857. Hereafter, 15 per cent. of trust-company demand deposits in the cities must be kept on hand in cash; and in a second bill, careful restrictions on the investment of such deposits, drawn up by the Banking Superintendent, are imposed. These reforms will, we presume, be imitated in other States where trust-company laws suffer from similar defects. Thus at least one result of the highest value for the future may be achieved through the hardships of last autumn.

The most interesting session of the Eleventh Conference for Education in the South, which began at Memphis yesterday, is probably that devoted to discussion of compulsory attendance. Tennessee, where the Conference meets, affords an excellent example of the need of such a compulsory law as is to be found in every Northern State, and in Missouri and Kentucky as well. The enrolment in its public schools in 1905 was 507,000 children, besides 30,000 in private institutions; but as the total population of school age in that year was 762,894, it is evident that some 225,000 children were not even enrolled. This is a bad enough showing in all conscience for an enlightened State in the twentieth century; it becomes much worse when the figures of attendance are examined. The average in 1905 was only 348,000; that is, less than half of the children of Tennessee are getting any schooling whatever. Even those whose parents compel them to report to their teachers receive only 116 days of instruction. More shocking than all is the fact that the number of illiterate white voters in Tennessee has *increased* from 37,173 in 1870 to 52,418 in 1900. If democratic institutions are safe only when they rest upon an informed public sentiment, they are obviously in danger in this State, with its 159,000 white illiterates, to say nothing of the ignorant blacks. These and other data of similar import were published recently in the Sewanee *Review* by George F. Milton, editor of the Knoxville *Sentinel*, who is one of the speakers at the Memphis Conference. If Germany, he asks, with less than one-half of 1 per cent. of her population illiterate, requires a ten months' school course for all children, how can Tennessee ever reduce its appalling illiteracy to the same figure, with only 116 days, and less than one-half its children in school? Unfortunately, a reform in this matter cannot be brought about quickly. The cost must be considered. If the 762,894 children should appear to-morrow demanding instruction, there would not be sitting enough or teachers enough. Tennessee is now spending $3,400,000 a year on its schools, and if this seems a small sum to wealthier States, it is a large sum for a State of Tennessee's resources. Among other obstacles is the attitude of employers of child-labor. Compulsory attendance at school-houses for children would be nearly as effective a way of keeping them out of the mills in the day-time as would a direct law to that effect. Hence the mill men always have grave doubts as to the advisability of education for the masses. And, finally, there is the complication of providing schools for the negro as well as the white. That plan rouses much opposition; yet if the negroes are a menace, if they are lazy, shiftless, and unstable, it is largely because of their ignorance.

Italy's "war" with Turkey has been settled in a way that should please the most pacific. The Turkish government has assured the Italian foreign minister that Italy will be accorded the same treatment with regard to post offices as that enjoyed by other Powers. The

Italian armada, therefore, will not sail. That is the manner in which conflicts between the Porte and a Western Power have been decided of late. The offended Power's fleet occupies an island or custom house in Asia Minor, and the Ottoman government yields. There can be little doubt that Italy's contemplated action in the Levant was with the sanction of her partners in the Triple Alliance. Indeed, Prince von Bülow's arrival in Rome a week ago would preclude any other hypothesis. Italy's activities in the near Orient have shown, in general, a marked increase during the last two years. There are, of course, the old-abiding hopes with regard to Dalmatia and a Greater Italy across the Adriatic, and also with regard to Tripoli. But fresh zeal has come to Italian aspirations as a direct result of the ecclesiastical controversy in France. As a logical outcome of the Separation Law, France has been abandoning her historic rôle of protector of Catholics in the East, and Italy has been stepping into her place. Religious orders, with their affiliated missions, schools, and hospitals, have been transferring their formal adherence from the French to the Italian government, and the latter has thus been acquiring in Turkey's Asiatic and African dominions a degree of authority not at all commensurate with the importance of its material interests in those regions. Tripoli alone is the exception; for that, as we have said, Italy has long regarded as set apart for her own ultimate inheritance. How the nation will rise to its new responsibilities time must show. Up to the present, Italy's colonial adventures have ranged from unmitigated disaster to just ordinary failure. Abyssinia has recently shown, in the raid by the Ogades tribesmen on Lugh, that the hard experience of thirteen years ago must still be borne in mind by a cautious government. Italy peoples, with her vast overflow, the western continent and the colonies of other nations, like those of France in North Africa; but she has not yet shown capacity for managing colonies of her own.

Macedonia is one of the subjects which have taken Chancellor von Bülow on a journey to Vienna, and subsequently to Rome, where he arrived last week. His mission, according to his own statement, is to aid in the selection of a middle course between the proposals brought forward by Great Britain and by Russia for the amelioration of conditions in Macedonia. The British scheme proposes in substance an autonomous Macedonia under a governor appointed for ten years by the Porte and removable only with the consent of the Powers. Russia's proposals are far more moderate. The inspector-general of the three Macedonian vilayets, Hilmi Pasha, who is accused of being an instrument of the Sultan, is to be retained as a concession to that sovereign. The powers at present vested in the Russian and Austrian civil agents, of reporting to their governments on the state of Macedonia and offering suggestions for reform, are to be conferred on the members of al the six great Powers now sitting in the International Financial Commission. These members shall be taken into the Turkish service. The general of the present *gendarmerie* corps shall participate in the deliberations of the Financial Commission, to which is assigned the administration of justice in accordance with a scheme of reform prepared by the Powers. Russia's proposals are tantamount, therefore, to an abandonment of the dual Austro-Russian agency in Macedonia under the Mürzsteg programme, and the erection of some such system as was instituted in Egypt after the revolution of Arabi Pasha. The Porte finds even the Russian scheme objectionable. In the conflict and reconciliation of so many diverse views, Macedonia promises to occupy a foremost position in the coming diplomatic season.

Mr. Redmond's challenge to the new British Ministry, involved in the statement that the reconstruction of the Cabinet has necessitated a change in the attitude of Ireland towards the government, needs to be read in the light of general Nationalist tactics. Before this we have had violent Irish denunciation of ultimate government policy coupled with a readiness to coöperate with the authorities for the attainment of minor ends. Thus the Nationalist leader was consulted in the drafting of last year's Irish Council Bill, which, up to the last moment, was supposed to have his approval. Yet its rejection by the Nationalist convention at Dublin was brought about on his own motion. That performance, again, did not prevent recent coöperation on the Irish University Bill, or the expression of more or less sympathetic opinions in the course of the late debates on Home Rule and the cost of Irish administration. After Mr. Birrell's explicit declarations in favor of Home Rule, and his courageous action in refusing to resort to exceptional police regulations demanded by the Ulster members for the suppression of cattle-driving, it is hard on the genial Irish Secretary that he should be lumped with Mr. Asquith as an object of Mr. Redmond's hostility. And even with regard to the new Premier, there is no apparent reason why the Nationalists should grow suddenly restless. Mr. Asquith, it is true, is not a Home Ruler. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was. But, in practice, both statesmen stand on the same platform—namely, that the present Parliament has no mandate for dealing with the question of Home Rule.

Persia's anxiety with regard to the activity of Russian troops on her northwestern frontier is not altogether without reason. The specific explanation of the entry of Russian troops into Persian territory—the pursuit and punishment of Kurdish raiders—may be valid enough, but it is a matter of recent record that Russia has been searching for some reason or other to justify her throwing troops across the frontier into Azerbaijan. A few months ago it was Turkey's aggression that threatened to turn that corner of Persia into a field for Russian campaigning, and now it is the depredations of the Kurdish tribesmen. The occasion and beginning of Russian activity in the Persian Caucasus are thus much like the opening events of the Manchurian business—an attack on Russian positions by rebel bands, followed by a Russian invasion and occupation. The Persian government, however, is acting more wisely than the Chinese government did. It has sent a force of its own to coöperate with the Russian troops against the Kurds. Under such circumstances, Russia's designs, if they are real, will have to proceed with more boldness than she may care to display.

The growth of alcoholism in France is arousing no more attention than it should, if the figures one finds in the French press do not exaggerate conditions. One such account maintains that the consumption of liquor is increasing faster in France than in either Austria or Belgium—which share with France the doubtful honor of being the only countries where there is increase at all. Russia ought probably to go into this class, but our account does not take it into consideration. In the British Isles the annual consumption of distilled liquors per head of the population was 4.4 litres in 1840 (the litre equals 1.056 quarts), 6 in 1871-80; 5.1 in 1881-90, and 5 in 1891-1900. In Denmark there has been a decline from 18.6 in 1875-80 to 14.2 in 1891-1900; in Norway, from 16 in 1833 to 3.2 in 1881-90 and 3.1 in 1891-1900; in Sweden from 22 in 1850 to 7.3 in 1891-1900. Switzerland has sunk from 9.2 in 1881-85 to 4.9 in 1896-1900. Germany has been standing still for thirty years at about 8.5 litres. But Austria-Hungary has risen from 6.4 in 1865-69 to 9.6 in 1891-1900, Belgium from 6.9 in 1831-40 to 9.3 in 1891-1900, and France from 2.4 in 1831-40 to 8.7 in 1891-1900. The increase in France in seventy years is nearly 400 per cent. It has been pointed out that the three countries in which alcoholism thrives are those in which practically nothing has hitherto been done to combat the evil. Where intelligent effort has been made, there have been corresponding results, as in the striking case of the Scandinavian countries, once the classic home of drunkenness.

THE CONTROVERSY OVER THE BATTLESHIPS.

We cannot credit the report that the President intends to send another special message demanding four battleships, this time to the Senate. According to one dispatch, he is willing to risk an even worse rebuff than he has received, because he believes the "people" are with him. On this point Mr. Roosevelt would, we are convinced, be undeceived if he could but get at the sound moral sentiment of the mass of intelligent and reflecting citizens. The clergy are speaking out more and more clearly, and petitions, important because of the names they bear, have been laid before House and Senate in large numbers.

When the House took action last week, not the combined efforts of Nicholas Longworth, Richmond P. Hobson, and Bourke Cockran, nor even the reported threat of a Presidential veto of the Public Buildings bill, could muster sufficient support for Mr. Roosevelt's plan. Mr. Longworth insisted that, since many members were elected to support Mr. Roosevelt, they were in honor bound to vote for four ships, but this argument overlooked the fact that when these Representatives were chosen the President was heart and soul a one-battleship man. Altogether, the debate was a brilliant one, with Mr. Burton and Mr. Tawney carrying off the honors for sanity, patriotism, and courage. If the President is to-day bitterly disappointed, one explanation must be that he was deceived by promises of many votes that failed him. The outcome of the debate indicates, as we have already said, that the sober part of this nation is not inclined to the reckless policy of building enormous fleets.

One of the unhappiest features of President Roosevelt's sudden demand for four battleships was the circulation of a private letter from him. It was shown to the Speaker. It was read in confidence by leading members of the House. Though it is not yet published—and perhaps it may never be—its drift is nevertheless known. This was to the effect that the President feared complications with some foreign Power, and wished the country to be more strongly armed. The same idea was expressed by many in the House debate. Here was the Commander-in-Chief, responsible for the safety of the nation; and if he said that more ships are imperatively needed, it was not for Congress to reason why. There must be some danger against which the President desired to guard, though the ordinary Congressman knew nothing about it; and the "patriotic" course was to vote the ships in a blind confidence. These hints of foreign machinations to be headed off are rather an old story. At the time of the lawless seizure of Panama, we had the same herring drawn across the trail. The wicked foreigner was also worked hard when the question of intervention in Santo Domingo came up. Gen. Grant had forty years before seen similar visions of being forestalled by Europeans in Samana Bay. It is a familiar device. In the present case, however, it failed of effect. Yet the impression was made, and inevitably, that all is not well in our foreign relations. The President's message was all about peacemaking, but the inference that war was expected, and was being prepared for, could not but be drawn. We may be sure that it was drawn by every Foreign Office, quite without reference to any hints the President may privately have given. His public appeal was bound to create suspicion and uneasiness where none existed before. On this point Mr. Burton bore down hard.

It is generally understood that Japan is the country against whose aggressions the President had it in mind to strengthen himself. This was plainly intimated in the House debate. The farseeing Hobson, who appeared as the spokesman for the President's policy, made out a Japanese armada at sea, more powerful than anything we could bring against it. It was fear of a swift stroke from Japan that made Bourke Cockran gyrate once more. Several other speakers dwelt upon the same peril. Now, we know and Congress knows of no evidence anywhere that Japan contemplates anything but a course of peaceful development. She has burdens at home heavy enough to stagger under, in all conscience. But even granting that the dire imaginings of Hobson have some foundation in fact, and that we must make ready for war with Japan, even that would not be a valid argument for four more battleships. The German military expert, Col. Gädke, has an article in a recent issue of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, in which he makes a detailed comparison of our battleship squadron, now in the Pacific, with the Japanese strength at sea. His summing up is that the American fleet musters 416,000 tons, against 287,000 for Japan; while we have 192 heavy guns, and 396 of smaller calibre, as compared with 117 and 286, respectively, on the Japanese ships. Col. Gädke's conclusion is that, "in homogeneity, armament, modernness, and speed, the American fleet in the Pacific far surpasses the Japanese." It would be hard to twist out of this an argument for four more battleships.

Say what big-navy advocates will about their desire to keep the peace of the world by arming to the teeth, the whole thing is necessarily hollow. They talk of defence, but their thoughts are really of aggression. This crops out inevitably in the President's message. The thing which obviously counts more with him than anything else is the determination to "repel insult." It is really in that spirit that the rival and insensate programmes of battleship-building are entered upon by the great Powers. It is not that each hopes to outstrip the other as a peacemaker, but that each hopes to be in readiness to "smash" the other. The exact truth was stated by Congressman Burton, when he said:

> I have listened oftentimes to the talk of our becoming peacemakers by building a navy. How absurd that is! The increase of navies is to increase the might and the prestige of the countries which build them, and for each enlargement in our naval programme the whole world will look with an added degree of suspicion upon us, thinking that our designs are not for peace, but for empire and for the enlargement of our dominion.

DELIBERATIVE CONVENTIONS.

The movement among sober Democrats to make the Denver Convention something more than a ratification meeting, seems to be gaining force. There will be at least a respectable minority to ask the delegates to reason together, instead of merely hurrahing. Judge Parker's consent to go as a delegate-at-large from New York certainly implies that he expects to work with men from New England, Pennsylvania, and the South, in the hope of inducing the party to face its large opportunity in a large way. This notion of the duty of the Convention is, of course, held by Mr. Bryan to be hostile to him. To deliberate, he is aware, is to oppose his candidacy; hence he is for ironclad instructions, and for making the delegates mere automata. In 1904, at St. Louis, it is true, he appealed for the broader view; and after the defeat in that year he announced that party reorganization should be undertaken with the sole aim of selecting the most available leader. But now, with his grip on the Democratic machine assuring him control of the convention, the plea for a free conference, looking to the best line of policy and the choice of a winning candidate, he rejects with scorn.

The original theory of national conventions was that they should be deliberative. More broadly based than the Congressional caucus which they superseded, they were yet to adhere to the old custom of looking the field over and deciding what was best to be done at the time. The change simply meant that hundreds of delegates sent by the people should act on the same principle that had guided the handful of Congressmen who had before named for the Presidency the most eligible leader of the party. So many recent national conventions have been cut-and-dried affairs as to lead to forgetfulness of their intended functions. Surely, no one can give a good reason why men, met to consult for the party, should not act as reasonable beings.

In the Republican party, too, there is an effort making, as a need undoubtedly exists, for keeping the Chicago Convention free to confer and to decide. This is the avowed purpose of Senator Crane in Massachusetts. With him are associated influential Republicans in other States. They oppose hard-and-fast instructions for any candidate, because they argue that the judgment of February and March and April may not prove to be the wiser judgment of June. This movement in favor of deliberation is taken to be anti-Taft, just as the corresponding attempt in the Democratic party is said to be anti-Bryan; but it is not necessarily so. It may be that a calm survey of all the conditions and all the candidates would lead the delegates at Chicago to decide, irrespective of pledges or instructions, that Secretary Taft is the best man for the party to nominate. If so, no friend of his has any ground for dreading frank discussion and free decision. But if not, then no friend of the Republican party can fail to dread a convention tied up to an inferior candidate.

It is clearly better coolly to face the facts before nomination than to have them thrust forward embarrassingly afterwards. And that there must be grave doubts about Mr. Taft's success, this year, many sagacious Republicans, including good friends of his, freely concede. The circumstances of his being pushed for the nomination, by executive decree, and by a use of Federal officeholders quite unconcealed and unscrupulous, cannot fail to be a handicap. No candidate has ever been under such an enormous personal obligation to another man as Secretary Taft would be under to President Roosevelt. It must be said also, that the Secretary's public addresses have been commonplace; they have set prudent people wondering how he could hold his own in a campaign against the versatile and rhetorical and sensational Bryan. We find in the Portland *Oregonian* of April 11 an article which, while forecasting Mr. Taft's nomination, goes over judicially the arguments against his vote-winning powers, and concludes as follows:

> It may be that Mr. Taft's best hope of compensating the losses which he must expect among the negroes and workingmen lies in a huge secession from the Democratic party which may follow the nomination of Mr. Bryan. But this secession is problematical. The chances are that it will not be very extensive, and it may not take place at all. If it does not, how can Mr. Taft be elected?

The fact that such questions are asked in good faith reinforces the demand that the Chicago Convention look before and after, when nominating a candidate. As Gen. Woodford said in his speech before the Taft Club at Chicago on Monday, what is wanted is a convention which will nominate with its head. We have not yet had a statesman to thank God that the national convention of his party had ceased to be a deliberative body.

SONS OF THE ARGONAUTS.

Two years after the earthquake and fire, San Francisco has been pausing for a moment from the chorus of pneumatic hammers and the dazzle of red-hot rivets to take stock. There has been a little introspection, too. Californians have read President David Starr Jordan's analysis:

> The essential source of Californianism lies in heredity. The Argonauts of '49 were buoyant, self-reliant, adequate, reckless, thoroughly individualistic, capable of all adjustments, careless of conventions.

They have also read:

> Its cosmopolitanism was conspicuous as a cause of bad government, wasted revenues, and vile environment of its children, rather than in its more romantic aspects. The San Francisco we all loved was ours in spite of this, not because of it.

Looking at the city from the other side of the continent, however, it is the iron spirit of the pioneer which gradually fills the eye, for the purely physical achievements of the past twenty months have been wholly admirable.

New buildings have gone up to the value of $100,000,000; and only a small 4 per cent. of this great sum has been borrowed in the East. Insurance paid after the fire amounted to about $180,000,000, but much of it went directly to savings banks which held policies as security for loans, and was applied to the reduction of mortgages. There have been extremely few foreclosures of mortgages since the big fire, and San Francisco to-day claims a lower percentage of debt of this kind than any large city in the country. Savings bank deposits were little less last year than before the disaster, and greater than in 1904. What is more, the city has a lower percentage of municipal debt than any considerable town in the United States.

Turning to the work of reconstruction, we find that nearly 30,000 buildings were destroyed, covering nearly five square miles. Yet the city, at its heart, begins to look like a city again. Further out are blackened tracts, but these, it is believed, will be covered more rapidly, as business demands homes; for a wooden dwelling is not such a complicated undertaking as a steel block when the site of the latter is 3,000 miles west of the blast furnaces. Looking down the streets in a series of photographs presented in the *Sunset Magazine*, one sees still the bare plots and waste spaces, even in the business district, but these are overshadowed by scores of tall buildings and steel skeletons. A new Chinatown has arisen, too, cleaner and loftier, with pagoda roofs here and there—a touch of Oriental persistence. Street cars are plenty, and sidewalks appear busy, for the population, which dropped by almost a quarter after April, 1906, is now back again to its old figure, a little less than that of Baltimore. But in these Western cities the resources of the country are often out of all proportion to population; hence their astonishing development. For instance, from the State last year were shipped fruit and salmon and wine to a value above $70,000,000, the sale of 90 per cent. of which is credited to San Francisco houses and their branches.

The task set for the municipality was enormous. Replacement of streets, sewers, and municipal buildings called for an expenditure of more than $25,000,000, and necessitated a bond issue which is now under way. A system of salt-water hill-top reservoirs is to be ready to flood any future fire. A city hall is to cost $5,000,000; a courthouse another million. Ten new school buildings are now going up, and thirty-five more are projected to replace those burned. Moreover, a new city hospital must not be left to the last.

It may be that, with the upbuilding of the visible city, there will also be a permanent renovation of the inner and invisible San Francisco. Certainly, the sons of the Argonauts have suffered much—earthquake, fire, thieves, both the ordinary kind and the political; Dick Turpins of union labor, famines of material, and, last of all, plague. All these troubles have been fought, some with and others without much outside help. Recently the moral spirit of the city seemed to lag in its struggle with grafters in high places. The motives of prosecutors have been assailed and the issues befogged. There was grumbling in the clubs that "interests" were being injured, that "business" would suffer. New York knows how powerfully this kind of undercurrent may be felt. Possibly, the much-delayed bringing of "Abe" Ruef before a jury will clear the air there and make plainer the target which must be hit. At any rate, there has been a fight, and the people in at least one election have stood pretty solidly on the right side.

So, all in all, after two years, San Francisco is entitled to congratulations. The life of the city seems moving as of old. The plague has been stamped out by means of an expenditure of $150,000 which had been subscribed to exterminate rats. A fund of $60,000 has been raised for the entertainment of the sailors of the fleet. These figures speak for themselves, when one remembers the picture of the homeless and hungry thousands in Golden Gate Park, dazed, and temporarily ruined, staring at the smoke and flames in the distance, and cut off from even the reports of wide-opened hearts and purses in every city of the Union.

THE SLANG OF THE SPECIALIST.

The French government, looking about for something to reform, recently decided that the language of judicial procedure stands in need of renovation.

France is a country where "stamped paper" plays as important a part as anywhere in Europe, which means a part far more important than among us. Among a people where almost every conceivable step, even down to the report of the latest fashionable and innocuous duel, must be attended by the drawing up of an *acte* or the rendering of a *compte rendu*, the notary is almost as exalted a personage as the lawyer. Under such circumstances, the turgidity of the legal rhetoric is felt as one of the considerable vexations of the dismal land of red tape. Most of the legal forms, so at least a writer in the *Figaro* charges, date from the time of Colbert, so that a Parisian of 1908 in suing another Parisian for the recovery of the price of an automobile or an aeroplane, is obliged to indite his plea in the same terms that a coach and harness maker of 1673 might have employed in suing Molière's Trissotin for the price of the beautiful *carrosse* on which so much embossed gold revealed itself to the glory of his lady-love. In England, that would be an argument in favor of sticking to the old forms for a couple of hundred years more. Not so in doctrinaire France under a radical-progressive Ministry.

Any move in the direction attempted by the French government is bound to arouse sympathetic interest everywhere. The professional pedant and his diction have been the subject of immemorial satire; and there can be little doubt that the pedantry of the law has been more often laughed at and denounced than all other forms of technical preciosity taken together. More than the windy philosopher, or even the quack doctor, the man of law traditionally holds the world enmeshed in his network of obscurities, redundancies, and obsolescences. And the bulk of humble opinion throughout the world, and throughout the ages, has been that the lawyer has developed and clings to his dialect solely with a view to his own profit. The common mind fails to see any sufficient reason for saying, "give, cede, deed, bequeath, and assign," when what the client intends is, like the testator in the story, that "Sally shall have it all." We may not all of us be Jack Cades, but to a greater or less extent most of us feel a responsive echo to Cade's complaint:

> Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld ore, should undoe a man. Some say the Bee stings, but I say, 'tis the Bees waxe; for I did but seale once to a thing, and I was never my own man since.

And yet, with all the failings of legal jargon, we should deplore a certain loss if the axe should rudely cleave into it and let in the light of every-day speech. There is a poetry of technical speech which is by no means peculiar to the terminology of the law. Medicine, the natural sciences, and even the historical sciences, have their own vocabulary, no less than law or sport. Such scientific vocabularies have been called the "slang of the specialist"; but if they have the limited range of appeal which attaches to slang, they have also much of the savor and color of slang, without its temporary grasp on existence. The acme of the weariness of prose is embodied in the notary's enumeration of "said" William Joneses and Jack Robinsons, and parties of the first and second part. But there is charm in a phrase like "ancient lights" or "innocent conveyance," and there is a fine ring about "chose in action," "cestui que trust," "trover," and even our old friend, "livery of seizin."

One service our specialized terminologies render us is in keeping fresh or suggesting the original etymological meaning of words. The lawyer does this when he speaks of engrossing. The physician does the same when he speaks of essential anæmia, or a superior vein, or the primitive jugular. Examining a patient's chest by the method of palpating, or tapping with the finger, is not only conducive to a sound diagnosis, but should bring delight to any one with a touch of the philologian in him. The common language which is constantly slurring the meaning of words into broad and vague connotations, thus finds a constant corrective in technical usage. At a time when "proposition" may mean a proposal of marriage, or a gold mine, or a difficulty, or a growling customer, or a balky automobile, it is good that we should be occasionally reminded by the geometer of his "proposition" and by the lawyer of his "proponent."

All this is aside from the actual poetic spirit that persists in much of our technical vocabulary. When the zoölogist speaks of a vermin-infested animal as the "host" and of the parasite as his "guest," he almost beautifies the ugly, or at least gives the matter an aspect as broad as the law of evolution itself. "Railroad" is parvenu and undistinguished beside "common carrier." No singer of songs speaks of hotel-keepers and railroads and employees; but when an ordinary person uses the lawyer's terms "innkeeper" or "master and servant," he casts a glow of fancy over his every-day discourse. The language of heraldry contains in itself a whole wealth of poetry. The bird which feeds its young on its own heart's blood and is described as a "pelican in her piety," endows that hackneyed last term with splendid meaning. Surely, such a phrase is as deserving of preservation as the statement that O'Brien, after knocking up a fly, "died on second," or that at the end of the fifth round Casey was "about all in."

THE ROMANS IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.*—II.

THE EARLY COLONIES AND THEIR RUINS.

While Augustus was fortifying and enlarging Salona (See the *Nation* of December 5, 1907, p. 511), he was also, during the years just before and after 30 B. C., establishing a continuous line of new colonies along the coast from Tergeste (Trieste) to Narona, near Montenegro, and surrounding them with fortifications. His troops had only recently reconquered Dalmatia, and he was still enthusiastic to carry out Cæsar's scheme for making this region the starting-point for the concerted advance on the valley of the Danube. I shall describe what is left of three of the most important of these colonies, now represented by the modern cities of Trieste, Pola, and Zara.

Ancient Tergeste is now the modern busy seaport of Trieste, main outlet of the Austrian Empire on the Adriatic, seat of the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Company. It is so absolutely modern that it seems almost hopeless to attempt to trace any of its Roman life. And yet what we do find that is ancient is peculiarly precious, because so much of it dates from the time of the foundation by Augustus. It is possible that Tergeste was colonized as early as 41 B. C., when the great distributions of land to veterans after Philippi took place; but the city walls came a few years later. What their date was appears from an inscription, part of which is preserved in the Lapidary Museum, reading: "Imp. Cæsar Cos. desig. tert, III. vir. R. I. C. iter. murum turresque fecit." This statement, on one of the early city gates, shows that the walls, towers, and gates were built by Augustus and completed at the close of his Second Consulship, after he had been nominated for a third term. This gives the date 32 B. C., making it the earliest dated civic Augustan inscription. What has become of these gates and walls? Even the location of the two main gateways—Prætoria and Decumana—is unknown. They were probably pierced with two or three arcades, as in other Augustan cities of medium or small size.

But I believe I have identified one of the minor Augustan gates, one of the outlets of the Cardo, the main cross street, in the so-called Arco di Riccardo, which still stands on the descending slope facing the port. One of its ends is hidden in the wall of a modern house, and its piers are half-buried under the present street pavement, so that its proportions are terribly dwarfed and its effectiveness quite lost; but its pure and simple solidity, the Corinthian order of its façade, the style of its mouldings, and the size of its constructive units, are all indications of its early age. That it was a gate in the city walls, and not a free-standing arch, is evident from the unfinished state of its exposed end; and excavations would doubtless bring to light the base of the city walls on a line with it. Its single arcade is framed by a pair of Corinthian half-columns supporting a frieze and attic, both of which had plain, uninscribed surfaces. Had this been one of the principal gates it would certainly have had a dedicatory inscription. For all

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*Other articles in this series have appeared in the issues of the *Nation* for May 30, August 8, September 5, and December 5, 1907.

its simplicity, it would repay excavation. I recommend it to the care of the Central Archæological Commission in Vienna. I hardly think that they appreciate its early date or historic importance, for, except by Graef, it has never been ascribed, so far as I am aware, to the time of Augustus.

Are there also possibly in Trieste any traces of the Colony Arch which was the indispensable concomitant of the foundation of a Roman city, or any further records of the city gates? When the cathedral of the converted city was built in the fifth century, and when it was added to in subsequent centuries, the site of the old Capitolium, or main temple of the Roman Tergeste, was used, and its ruins were built into the church. Parts of other ancient monuments came into use as building material when the bell tower was put up, and the main portal of the church was formed out of an antique sepulchral monument. In this farrago, and among the many fragments in the neighboring Museo Lapidario, I was delighted to discover parts of both the main Augustan gates and the Colony Arch. To the Arch I attribute two sections of a narrow frieze with a decoration of arms and armor in low relief above a double architrave. It belongs to the same type as the friezes that still remain in place in the other early Augustan arches of Pola and S. Remy (Southern France), built in the same decade. To the same arch may belong a section of cornice with an early form of egg-and-dart, dentil and anthemion decoration, a bit of frieze with foliated scroll-work, and some slabs with arms and armor and further frieze fragments, built into the campanile. On the other hand, to the gates, which were always of simpler design than the arch, belonged two colossal heads, in very bold projection, of guardian deities of the city, one a form of Jupiter Ammon, with rams' horns, the other a Medusa-like genius with snakes decorating its cheeks. They can be compared to the heads (Jupiter and Juno?) on the keystones of the Augustan arches of Rimini, Fano, and other city gates in Italy, and to the heads on the Augustan gates at Pola and on the recently discovered memorial gate of Trajan at Asseria, in Dalmatia itself, which I shall describe later. These heads have never been identified, but I believe my suggestion is the only tenable explanation.

An interesting and also unrecognized Augustan monument in Trieste (restored between 50 and 60, A. D.) is the principal temple, which was used for the earliest cathedral basilica. It had a double pronaos, with pilaster responds, which formed the primitive portico of this basilica, and which in the Middle Ages was used for the foundations of the campanile which projects beyond one end of the church façade. Hidden within the lower, hollow part of this campanile we can study what still remains of the columns and pilasters of pure early workmanship. It certainly was the Capitolium of the Augustan colony.

But it is in Pola that we find the most spectacular group of Roman monuments. To any one who has stood on the hillside behind the great amphitheatre and watched the golden glint on the bay at sunset through its arcades, or who has seen it at the same hour from the water, rising luminous and ethereal, there is no amphitheatre in the Roman world, even the Coliseum, that gives as keen a thrill of artistic delight. The very barbarous gutting of its interior by the mediæval Venetians, to use its blocks of famous Istrian marble for building material in Venice, has heightened its unique beauty by turning the arcades of the inclosure, which are in perfect preservation, into as many symmetrical picture-frames. One cannot, however, claim an Augustan date for this amphitheatre, as for that of Salona; the attribution to the time of Antoninus Pius is in harmony with its style.

But the rest of the Roman architecture of Pola is almost certainly of the early Augustan era; the city gates, the Colony Arch, and the Capitolium, or Temple of Rome and Augustus, all bear the marks of this time. To me the most interesting was, of course, the Arch, called Porta Aurea, or Arch of the Sergii. It has been more than once referred to in these letters. It fulfilled my ideal of a triumphal arch of the exquisitely simple type, where both figured and decorative sculpture were quite subservient to architectural line and composition. It is as representative of this type as that of Orange is of the rather barbaric luxuriant sculptured type, devoid of linear distinctiveness; as that of Aosta is of the grand, Puritanical, purely architectural type; and as that of Beneventum is of the Hellenic type, where symmetry of line and richness of sculpture are perfectly blended. Certainly no local artist could have designed this arch of Pola, but one of the foremost Hellenic artists in Roman employ. The early Augustan date of this arch is not understood; neither has it been recognized by any critic as a colony arch; but both of these facts are certain, and the first is vouched for by its inscriptions, which prove that it was built out of funds given by Salvia Postuma of the family of the Sergii, and was surmounted by statues of the men of this family, who were the first magistrates of the new colony. In the centre of the attic stood the statue of Sergius Lepidus, who is described as ædile and military tribune of the Twenty-ninth Legion, and on either side were those of the brothers L. Sergius and Cn. Sergius, both ædiles and duumvirs of the city. The mere fact that Sergius Lepidus was tribune of the Twenty-ninth Legion is enough to prove the Augustan date of the arch, because this legion was disbanded about 30 B. C., after the battle of Actium, and went forever out of existence, together with many other legions, which were no longer needed after the close of the civil war with Marc Antony.

From other sources the date of the raising of Pola to the rank of a colony can be fixed as at any rate earlier than 27 B. C., and probably than 29 B. C., because its official name was Colonia Pietas Iulia. It is known that all the Augustan colonies founded during and after 27 B. C. were named Augusta, while the earlier ones, founded under the Triumvirs (43-30 B. C.), were named, as this one is, Julia, in memory of the great Julius. Further, the emphasis given to the memorial character of the foundation by the addition of the prefix *pietas*, might indicate, for the foundation of the city, the earlier part of this period, near to Cæsar's death, perhaps the years just after 42 to 39 B. C., when Asinius Pollio was reconquering the country for Augustus. It may be then, *i. e.*, in the disbanding after Philippi, that Sergius brought here the veterans of the Twenty-ninth Legion rather than after the battle of Actium, and became chief magistrate of the new *colonia deducta*. As for the *exact* date of the arch, it is a well known fact that shortly after 27 B. C., when Augustus had worked out a permanent constitution for the empire, making him absolute ruler, the statecraft of the new régime required the recognition of the divine transcendency of the Emperor, and the dedication to him alone of all public monuments, especially such records of the establishment of Roman civic rule as these arches. After this time no dedications of public buildings to private individuals were permitted by law: such arches as those of the Sergii at Pola, the Gavii at Verona, the Julii at S. Remy, and the Campani at Aix-les-Bains, are therefore all earlier in date. History and politics are the indispensable illuminators of archæology. For these reasons Graef's ascription of this Pola arch to the age of Trajan is a simple impossibility. Even artistically be proved to be wrong, for the exquisite scroll-decoration of the inside pilasters is purely Augustan, as is every other feature.

For some reason which we cannot now understand this arch was placed not outside the walls, on the *pomœrium* line, but inside the main city gate, the triple arched, so-called Porta Minervia. It may have been moved here from outside the walls to preserve it, at the time of some barbarian invasion. It was made to form the inner face of the court of this gateway. Only from old lithographs and prints can we understand this arrangement, for the ignorant "archæologist," who undertook the early restorations at Pola, in 1826, thought the Augustan city gate was mediæval and tore it down. It must have been the Porta Prætoria of the original colony, and its keystone had the bust of the protecting goddess of the city, whom the local archæologists dubbed Minerva. Fortunately, several other primitive city gates remain: the simple, single-arched Porta Herculea, with the youthful, heroic head and greaves on the keystone; the more architectural, double-arched Porta Gemina, and a small gateway leading to the Forum, or Capitolium, of the Augustan city. The Porta Herculea is built with so extraordinary a diagonal archway that it is quite evident the road, the limits, and shape of the city had been determined before its construction, as was the case, for instance, with one of the gates at Pompeii. In the interesting congeries of fragments inside and around the temple of Augustus, which has been transformed into a Roman museum, there are several sections of friezes that belonged to architectural monuments of a triumphal character. One series hints at another arch like that of the Sergii, with its frieze of arms and armor, its vessel's prow and oar, pointing in the same fashion as it does to both naval and military victories, such as were those of Augustus over Antony. Another section of frieze, divided into triglyphs and metopes, has in each metope a group of arms or armor, some of Gallic character.

All this accentuates the military character of the city's founders.

The temple itself, dedicated to Rome and Augustus, is still a splendid specimen of Augustan art. Originally it was a double temple of the type familiar from monuments of a later date, in different colonies of the Roman world. The two stood side by side in a sacred inclosure, with a space between them, and represented the imperial equivalent of the Roman Capitolium, the worship of Dea Roma, and of Augustus, the viceroy of Jupiter Optimus Maximus. Old prints show how much more remained over a century ago. One of the façades is still superbly intact, with four very high Corinthian columns supporting the gable, and two others at the ends, in front of the *antæ*, forming the customary deep Roman portico. If so much still remains of Pola, it is because, when the engineers of Napoleon I. visited it and pronounced it the greatest military harbor of the Adriatic, it was practically an abandoned town, with a few hundred inhabitants, and had been so since the close of the Middle Ages. Whatever devastation has been wrought has been in about a century.

Pola was at the tip end of the Istrian Peninsula. If we pass eastward, we find at the point where Istria melts into the long line of the Dalmatian coast, Fiume, which occupies, at the head of Quarnero Bay, a corresponding place to that taken by Trieste on the other (western) edge of the peninsula. That it was a port and a colony in Augustan times, would appear from the only standing relic of the ancient city, a much mutilated arch facing the bay, which in its lines speaks of an Augustan origin, as the city gate facing the port, though not the colony arch.

Passing southward along the Dalmatian coast, we come to Zara, about half-way between Fiume and Salona. The Roman city here was called Iader. At present the mediæval city, with its unique Byzantine domical church of S. Donato and its florid Romanesque cathedral, rather overpowers the Roman remains, but I was able to find enough data to reconstitute some part of the Augustan Iader. Long before the time of Augustus there had been here a considerable settlement of Italian traders. Augustus gave it city rights and built its walls, with the towers and gates. At each of the main gates was the following inscription: "Imp. Cæsar. Divi. f. Augustus parens. coloniæ murum (et) turres dedit." Several points in this inscription indicate a very early date: the absence of tribunician and consular notations, and the title of *parens coloniæ*, "patron of the city." One of these inscriptions was carried away from Zara some centuries ago; strayed to Venice in 1721, was bought by the famous Maffei, and is now in his collection in the Museum of Verona. A second one is in the museum of S. Donato, in Zara itself. The gates themselves have disappeared, and only false hopes are excited by a so-called Roman arch called Arch of Bassus, a bubble I am forced to prick, for it is a medley of pieces put together in the Renaissance, the old inscription belonging to the entrance of the market-place built out of funds left by Melia Anniana, and in honor of her husband, Sergius Bassus.

I am glad to be able, quite unexpectedly, to resurrect the real Colony Arch of the Augustan City, with the help of information furnished me by Prof. Smirich, who was present when its ruins were excavated in 1884, but who did not realize the significance of the arch. It stood, facing toward the northeast, on the landward side of the city, in a little square near the present Church of S. Simone, close to the ruins of a temple. The excavations were not carried down so far as the original level, which is eight or nine feet below the present street level, but far enough to show the plan and style of the arch, part of which was, however, hidden under the wall of a house. After drawings had been made, and a few architectural fragments removed, the excavation was filled in. The arch was triple, the two central piers being decorated with two engaged shafts, while the two outer piers had but a single shaft in the centre of a very narrow face of masonry. The central piers, with their two shafts so closely spaced as to make any sculpture between them impossible, are almost exactly of the proportions of the arch of the Sergii at Pola. The main central arch was surmounted by a gable, as is so commonly the case in other Augustan arches, and the crowning cornice was both rich and exquisite. All the ear-marks are Augustan; the masonry, of very fine local Meleda stone, is extremely careful and close jointed. In the Constantinian era the fortifications of Zara were renovated, as were those of Salona, with the use of the typical wedge-shaped towers, and the arch was then brought into connection with the fortifications, if not before. It would be interesting to reopen the trench, make a careful survey, and extract more of the architecture. The pieces now in the museum of S. Donato are of excellent workmanship.

This is not the only Augustan work at Zara. The Byzantine church of S. Donato, now the museum, was built on a mass of ruins, probably of the Forum and its Capitolium. Some of them are Augustan in character, including a famous inscription to Livia as Juno, but there is nothing left *in situ* above ground. We can only conjecture that to these buildings belonged a couple of columns still standing in the town squares.

Other sites probably would yield Augustan remains—Narona, Burnum, Andetrium, Corinium, Delminium, Epitaurum, Emona. But there has been no activity on the part of the Austrian Government in uncovering their ruins. Only in one case, I believe, at Asseria, were regular excavations of any importance begun, and of these I shall speak in my next article.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, N. J.

Correspondence.

BURGUNDIAN RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a matter of common knowledge that some of the Germanic tribes—the Goths, the Scandinavians, the Frisians, and the English—made use of letters called runes, before they adopted the Roman letters. There have also been found in Germany and the country to the east a number of runic inscriptions, mostly on pieces of jewelry; but the attempts that have been made to read German on them have been anything but successful. As I had reason to disbelieve the usual supposition that the runic alphabet was a common possession of the Germanic race, a possession which had gradually spread northward through the territory of the South German tribes, I found it necessary to explain the so-called German runic inscriptions. These fall into two classes. To the first belong those on a spearhead, a gold ring, and several gold bracteates (ornaments resembling coins) found in North Germany at different points not far from the Baltic. These are all obviously Scandinavian in workmanship and speech, and may be dismissed at once. The remaining objects that concern us consist of a dozen fibulas, or brooches, found at various places in western Hungary, southern Germany, and eastern France.

As most of these fibulas show a remarkable resemblance in form and ornament, reflecting Northern traditions, and as the runes employed have certain peculiarities in common, I concluded that they must have been introduced by one of the Northern tribes during the great migrations. I therefore mapped out the places where the finds were made. Drawing a line through these, I observed that it coincided with the route taken by the Burgundians in their successive migrations from near the Baltic into France. We first come upon the Burgundians settled, roughly speaking, in what is now Posen and eastern Brandenburg, with the Goths and the Vandals to the east and the south of them. By the third century of our era, the Burgundians had migrated to the middle Danube. Toward the end of the century they ascended the stream and settled in the territory northwest of a line drawn through Augsburg and Regensburg. At the opening of the fifth century they passed down the Main and established the famous but short-lived kingdom that had Worms as its capital. After the destruction of Worms by the Huns in 437, some of the Burgundians remained, and were gradually absorbed by their West Germanic neighbors; but portions of the tribe passed west and south into France, where they gradually gave up their Germanic speech, and, as the nucleus of successive Burgundian realms, played an important part in the history of Europe. The objects upon which the runes are inscribed were found in the following localities: (1) Bezenye, near Pressburg, east of Vienna; (2) Nordendorf, north of Augsburg; (3) Osthofen, north of Worms; Freilaubersheim, between Osthofen and Kreuznach; Friedberg, north of Frankfort; Ems, east of Coblenz; Engers, north of Coblenz; (4) Charnay, in Burgundy. There is also an isolated fibula, resembling the one from Osthofen, that was found at Balingen, near the source of the Danube. The fibula found in Burgundy has generally been supposed to be of Burgundian origin. Considering the geographical position of the other finds and the various evidences they betray of common origin, I came to the conclusion that all the inscriptions were Burgundian and were deposited in the graves, in which they were later discovered, when the Burgundians dwelt in these four localities. This fits exactly and makes more specific the results of Salin's recent study of the fibulas from the point of view of form and ornament. For Salin decides that they betray Northern influence, and comes to the conclusion that the same movement that introduced Northern craftsmanship into southern Germany also introduced the runes into those parts.

I confided my theory at the time (five or six years ago) to various scholars, but it was not until recently that I found leisure to test it. It then turned out that the evidence corroborated the theory. While the inscriptions could not be successfully read as German, that idea once abandoned it was comparatively easy to read those that are not severely mutilated. The language in which they are written is Germanic, but it is not any one of the Germanic languages thus far known, as I shall show in detail in philological journals, with the aid of facsimiles provided by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Here it will suffice for me to point out the value of the inscriptions. Hitherto our ideas of Burgundian speech have been based almost entirely on what could be inferred from Burgundian proper names, which have come down to us in doubtful and misleading spelling, always open to the suspicion of Latin, Gothic, or German influence. We now have a small number of brief inscriptions giving real sentences. From these it has been possible to get such a picture of Burgundian speech as enables us to understand its relation to other Germanic languages. We know that the Burgundians were regarded as closely akin to the Vandals and the Goths. We have therefore classed them all as East Germanic, though we have known the language of the Goths only. It is now clear that this grouping must be abandoned. For, while Burgundian does resemble Gothic, it betrays more decided affinity with North Germanic (or Scandinavian) on the one hand, and with West Germanic (English, Frisian, Dutch, and German) on the other. The details I need not cite here. Moreover, not only in the language itself, but also in the forms of the runes, does Burgundian show affinity with Anglo-Frisian. For example, it harmonizes with the latter group in preserving the old Greek doubly crossed *H*, which those scholars that regard the runes as derived from some Latin or Greek alphabet of the second or third century of our era have tried to explain away as a late modification of the simpler form. The relation of Burgundian to the other Germanic languages seems therefore to have been a central one, which may be represented in some such way as this:

North Germanic.
West Germanic   Burgundian   East Germanic

These facts are best understood if we suppose that the Burgundians, who are reputed to have come to Germany from the island of Bornholm, lying between Sweden and Germany, at one time lived still nearer the Anglo-Frisians, for example, on one or more of the other Danish islands, or in Jutland itself.

The Burgundian inscriptions throw new light on still other questions. Taking as a basis of judgment the character of the other objects found in the graves, it has been customary to date the finds too late. For example, those made at Nordendorf, north of Augsburg, are classed as Merovingian, and so put down as of the sixth to the eighth century, and this in the face of the fact that the latest coins unearthed are those of Valentinianus, Valens, and Gratianus, who died in 375, 378, 383 respectively. While it is true that we must be cautious in using coins as the basis of a latest date, there is here no reason to ignore a remarkable agreement between archæological and historical evidence. The sudden cessation of Roman coins is explained by the fact that the Burgundians left this district a few years later. It is therefore clear that there is an error of some magnitude in the dating of archæological finds of the character involved, which will be corrected now that we know that those made at Nordendorf cannot be later than the very beginning of the fifth century. It is not improbable that the Burgundians were the very agents that introduced into western Europe some of those elements that we later recognize under the name of Merovingian.

Questions of Germanic mythology are also involved. One of the Nordendorf fibulas contains the name of the god *Thonar*, with the dative *Thore*. The latter form was not recognized, as it could not be made into German. But the former was explained as an early form of German *Donner* and this was greeted as proof of the worship of this god by the South Germans, of which we have no other record. The discovery of the Burgundian origin of the fibula invalidates even this supposed evidence. Moreover, as there could be no possibility of ascribing the worship of Loki to the Germans, the form *Loga* was not understood as the dative of *Logo*, Icelandic *Logi*. The spelling with *g*, rather than *k*, is of importance, as it settles in the affirmative the dispute as to whether this god was originally a god of fire, later differentiated into two, Logi and Loki. Here Logo, Thonar, and Wothan, or, with Icelandic forms, Loki, Thonar or Thor, and Othin, appear in their well-known function of gods of the lower world. The inscriptions are mostly on gifts, some made during the lifetime of the recipient, some as offerings to the dead. Taken all in all, they furnish glimpses of the thoughts and feelings of this early Germanic people that appeal to our common human sympathies in an unexpected way. GEORGE HEMPL.

Stanford University, March 20.

MODERN ITALIAN CRITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With increasing impatience do I observe the attitude of indifference that borders upon contempt on the part of later-day critics who have occasion to speak of modern Italian literature. It is particularly noticeable in academic circles that praise is lavished with greater or less indiscriminate generosity upon the literary work of nearly all contemporary writers save those of Italy. For this reason it gratifies an enthusiastic student of this relatively unexplored, almost despised field, to read in your issue of April 16 your reviewer's comments upon Benedetto Croce's new edition of De Sanctis's work on Petrarch. All that the reviewer says is distinctly apposite. And yet one ought not to be set down as a regionalistic hero-worshipper if he suggests that a word more may profitably be added to your reviewer's summary.

Illuminating and sound as are the pages which De Sanctis devoted to the great humanist, one cannot help calling attention to a few of the other volumes which serve to give Italy a legitimate standing among lovers of modern literature and of pertinent criticism. De Sanctis was, first of all, a man and a patriot, whose good fortune it was to live in an atmosphere so charged with chivalrous efforts and accomplishments that, as the late Prof. F. J. Child once remarked, had the Risorgimento revolutionists lived two thousand years ago their names and deeds would have become no less immortal and proverbial than those of the heroes of Thermopylæ and Marathon. De Sanctis was endowed with the qualities of a true critic. Common sense, an unflinching adherence to lofty ideals, coupled with a rare shrewdness of judgment, the sensitive taste and delicate perceptions instinctive in scholars of Latin countries—these traits are evidenced throughout the large volume of his writings. One grows to overlook his dogmatic tone because of the compelling sincerity of the man and his marked and refreshing freedom from the fetters of technical cant. Chock-full of healthy, robust sentiment, he is a scathing enemy of the sentimentalizing with which some of his fellow critics can justly be charged. Roughshod, he advances without preamble into the very heart of his subject, with a force and intensity and sureness which convince the reader. And the same vigor of mind which we find at work in his voluminous studies of Italian nineteenth century literature we see perpetuated in such of his pupils as Benedetto Croce and the Dante scholar, Prof. Francesco Torraca. Besides the very positive value which his writings possess for us, we ought not to forget that both directly and indirectly his influence has been and will continue to be felt longer and more potently than that of any of the other scholar-patriots, among whom meridional Italy proudly numbers the two Poerios and Settembrini the elder. T. D. B.

Ithaca, N. Y., April 17.

"MOUSSE" IN THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are so accustomed to the plenitude and exactitude of the great Oxford Dictionary that any shortcoming, however slight, disconcerts us. My attention has been called to the article "Mousse," in the part for April, just received. Here we get half-a-dozen quotations, but no definition of the word. Most of us, fortunately, know the thing when we see and taste it. Yet Dr. Bradley should have enlightened the unenlightened. "Mousse" is merely a variety of "ice cream," with this difference: whereas in the ordinary "ice cream" the cream is frozen in its normal liquid state, in "mousse" it is first whipped. J. M. H.

Ithaca, April 11.

GOVERNMENTAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The true inwardness of our political, or, at any rate, financial, methods is revealed in a report which comes from Washington. It is that the President has intimated to Congress that unless it gives him the money for four battleships, he will veto the bill for public buildings, twenty millions, about the equivalent amount, thus depriving members of the means of bribing their local constituents. The whole system may be expressed in one word—"trading." It is not based upon the public interest, but upon a combination of private and party interests playing for support into each other's hands.

It follows from this that expenditure is not calculated with reference to income, but independently of it. Thus far the tariff has been so enormously productive that unlimited extravagance, both of Executive and Congress, could hardly keep up with it. In fact, the protected interests are applying the spur in this direction also. Any serious attempt at tariff reform might furnish some fresh illustrations. The result of this reckless method of appropriation may be well shown in a statement written some ten years ago by Henry J. Ford in "Rise and Growth of American Politics":

> In its final development the committee system has completely destroyed the control of the houses over the national finances. Down to the year 1865 something of the nature of a budget existed, from the fact that all revenue and all appropriation bills were referred to the Ways and Means Committee. All the great revenue measures and all the vast appropriations required by the civil war were reported by that committee. But in 1865 the Committee on Appropriations was created, and that branch of legislative business was transferred to it from the Ways and Means Committee. In 1885 the wholesale distribution of the powers of the Appropriations Committee among other committees took place. But six of the fourteen great annual appropriation bills remained in charge of the Committee on Appropriations, the remaining appropriation bills, eight in number, being turned over to seven other committees. Mr. Randall, who was chairman of the Appropriations Committee when its powers were thus mutilated, told the House at the time: "You will enter upon a path of extravagance you cannot foresee the length of or the depth of, until we find the treasury of the country bankrupt." In ten years his prediction was fulfilled. The distribution of the appropriations made just so many additional points upon which local interests could mass their demands. The total appropriations (exclusive of pensions) for the decade 1887-96, as compared with the decade 1877-1886, show an increase of $688,489,376. All sense of proportion between income and expenditure has been lost. The Fifty-third Congress, though well aware that the revenues of the government were inadequate to meet such an expenditure, voted appropriations amounting to $989,239,205. The Fifty-fourth Congress, without having done anything to increase the revenue, increased the appropriations to over one billion of dollars.

It seems probable that the Sixtieth Congress will come very near that amount in a single session.

It is a very striking fact that the same conditions, in effect, prevail in every State and every city in the Union. The uniformity of the symptoms of disease point to a uniformity of remedy. There is one, and one only, adequate to the case: that in each instance the finances, as a whole, shall be placed in the hands of a single head of department, appointed by the Chief Executive, President, Governor, or Mayor; that he shall make up a budget at the beginning of the year, taking account first of revenue, and adjusting to it the different branches of expenditure; that he shall explain it in open session of the Legislature, subject to criticism and discussion, but leaving to that body no power of increasing any appropriations without his formal assent.

It may be said that cannot be done. Then we must be prepared to meet the only other alternative. In private affairs, progressive disorder in finance leads to bankruptcy, in public affairs to revolution. It needs no great foresight to point out that the broad road on which we are now advancing leads, if not to destruction, at least to serious disaster.

G. BRADFORD.

Boston, April 13.

MR. TAFT'S DUTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can you kindly inform a matter-of-fact person, who has a Puritan's notion that every man, whether public or private, ought to give an equivalent for his wages, how much time a Cabinet officer may properly devote to his private affairs? I ask the question because I have got the impression, no doubt erroneous, that our present Secretary of War, Mr. Taft, is absent from Washington a great part of the year. Except Buffalo Bill, in the most peripatetic period of the Wild West Show, I doubt whether any American of our generation has trotted the globe so assiduously as Mr. Taft. Occasionally, some government excuse is suggested; as when he went to Manila last autumn, but even that could hardly justify his return through Asia and Europe at an unnecessary increase of expense for travel and of time off from his desk. During the last month or so he has been continually on the go, in pursuit of delegates to vote for him at the Republican Convention.

Do you know, Mr. Editor, whether he returns to the government part of his salary, pro rata, for the weeks and months when he is gadding about on his private business? He was hired, on President Roosevelt's recommendation, to do certain work for Uncle Sam. Plain people, like my neighbors and myself, do not quite see that he is living up to his part of the contract. Nor do we see how, if he skimps and shirks and malingers on this job, he is proving himself fit for the much bigger job of President. The Good Book, which is still read and believed down here, tells us that we should be faithful over a few things if we would be promoted to the management of many things. Of course, every secretary ought to have a vacation, but there must be some limit to its length. If a man's own sense of propriety doesn't suggest to him that he is taking too much, the President or Congress might make some rule. Possibly Mr. Taft quiets his conscience—which, I am told, is a very rare appendage among Ohio office-holders—by reflecting that his services are worth much more than the paltry $12,000 a year which Uncle Sam pays him for them; and that therefore he feels justified in spending three-fourths of his time electioneering for himself. But this is a very dangerous sort of reasoning. Secretary Root, it has been said, could make $300,000 a year as counsel for the predatory corporations in New York; this would be about a thousand dollars a day for working days. Now, if he had the idea that he was hired by Uncle Sam at his New York rates, he need sit at his desk in the State Department only twelve days a year. Mr. Root certainly has done much better than that, even in the season when he undertook his hippodroming junket round Cape Horn.

The voters at Plymouth Rock Crossroads have heard so much about Mr. Taft's virtues that they are puzzled to see him running away from his job most of the time. Last fall, in the cranberry season, Deacon Alden hired a man to pick for a week; but from Monday morning till Saturday noon he didn't turn up. Then he explained he had been away trying to get himself elected hog-reeve; but he claimed a full week's pay. The deacon didn't pay him, but Uncle Sam does pay Mr. Taft, although we old fogeys here can't see any great difference between his case and that of our would-be hog-reeve. Will you please enlighten us?

PEREGRINE MULLINS.

Plymouth Rock Crossroads, April 19.

"THE CAMPAIGN OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The review of my "Campaign of Santiago de Cuba" in your issue of February 27 has greatly disappointed me, and is, in my opinion, very unfair. Unfair because the reviewer tortures the text of the history into meaning what it does not mean, and what a careful reading will show it was never intended to mean; and because, with reference to certain matters in the text, he makes statements that are erroneous.

The reviewer says:

> The judicial spirit of the historian is lacking. Thus, in his survey of the causes leading up to the struggle, he boldly assumes not only that the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war, but that "the American people and their representatives in Congress believed that Spanish officials were responsible for the destruction of the Maine, and they were determined that Spain should atone for the act and that her rule in Cuba should end." Even those who think our war in Cuba a holy crusade should protest against this attributing to the bulk of the people that moblike thirst for blood, that low spirit of revenge, which was actually confined to a few yellow journals and hysterical persons.

In the first place, I do not say, nor do I believe, that "the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war." After describing the unsatisfactory situation in Cuba and the strained relations between the United States and Spain, I follow with this paragraph:

> Such, in brief, was the situation when, on the night of February 15, 1898, the blowing up of the United States battleship Maine in Havana harbor suddenly brought matters to a crisis. This act meant war between the United States and Spain. It meant the destruction of Spanish power in the West India Islands. It meant, for the Cuban people, the dawn of a new era and the realization of hopes long deferred.

Now, in this paragraph, I simply glance into the future; knowing actualities, I state them as a sort of prophecy. I do not mean to state, and do not state, that "the blowing up of the Maine necessitated the war." To substitute the word "necessitate" for "meant," as the reviewer has done, gives an erroneous impression of my opinion.

As to the statement that "the American people and their representatives in Congress believed that Spanish officials were responsible for the destruction of the Maine, and they were determined that Spain should atone for the act and that her rule in Cuba should end," the very course of matters proves that the statement is true. But I submit that to censure the writer for "attributing to the bulk of the people that moblike thirst for blood, that low spirit of revenge, which was actually confined to a few yellow journals and hysterical persons" because of this statement is eminently unfair. I would add that there cannot be found a line or a word in my history which would indicate that I believe that the Spaniards blew up the Maine, nor can there be found a line or a word in it which would indicate that I thought the United States was justified in making war upon Spain. These matters I did not, could not, discuss. Yet to read the review in the *Nation*, ninety-nine men out of a hundred who had not read my book would get the impression that I was one of those who think "our war in Cuba was a holy crusade."

Again, the reviewer says:

> Nevertheless, many of Capt. Sargent's professional comments, which follow each chapter, are admirable, as, for instance, his pointing out the mistakes of the Spanish commanders in their efforts to end the Cuban revolution from 1896 on. But when we find no comment whatever on Gen. Shafter's famous and inexcusable dispatch of July 3, "I am seriously considering withdrawing about five miles," our faith in Capt. Sargent's desire to write in a really non-partisan spirit is much shaken.

Now, I clearly pointed out that Gen. Shafter did not withdraw, even though he stated he was seriously considering withdrawal. In Vol. II., p. 134, I state that Shafter, after receiving the dispatch of the Secretary of War, suggesting that it would be much better to hold his present position, if possible, replied: "I shall hold my present position." Surely an unprejudiced reviewer should not expect an unprejudiced historian to criticise and censure the commander of an army for simply contemplating the doing of a wrong thing, when, after due consideration, he went ahead and did the right thing. It seems to me that it would have been more in accordance with justice, and more to the credit of the reviewer, had he praised Gen. Shafter for doing the right thing, and especially so since he did it against the advice of several very able officers.

In reply to the statement of the reviewer that "we find no comment whatever on Gen. Shafter's famous and inexcusable dispatch of July 3," I cite pp. 160 and 161 of Vol. II., where there will be found more than a page of comment on this very point. It is in part as follows:

> Gen. Shafter, in finally deciding to maintain his position on San Juan Heights, after being strongly urged by a number of high-ranking officers to withdraw his troops to the high ground between San Juan River and Siboney, on account of the thinness of his lines, and the difficulty of sending provisions to the front, showed excellent judgment. First, because it was very improbable that the Spaniards would take the offensive, since from time immemorial they have been wedded to defensive fighting, and have seldom had the enterprise and energy to assume the offensive either tactically or strategically. . . . Secondly, because the American line, though it looked to be weak, could have held its position on the defensive against any force the Spanish commander could have brought against it; for, had he taken the offensive with all the troops at Santiago, and been reinforced by Escario's column, which arrived on July 3, his attacking forces would not even then have outnumbered the defenders.

The reviewer also says:

> In treating the details of the battle before Santiago, Capt. Sargent holds that the raising of the American balloon, and moving it along the road which the American troops were following to San Juan, was a costly blunder. In support of this he cites the opinion of that eminent military critic, Richard Harding Davis, and of the chief of the Signal Corps, Gen. A. W. Greely. To be just to Lieut.-Col. Derby, the able engineer, and officer responsible for the raising of the balloon, a really scientific historian would have presented this side.

The answer to this criticism is that nowhere in my history do I hold Lieut.-Col. Derby responsible for this blunder. On the contrary, I distinctly hold Gen. Shafter resonsible, and so state on pages 152 and 158 of Vol. II., in these plain and unmistakable words:

> It has already been pointed out that Gen. Shafter's faulty plan of battle was the cause of misunderstanding and delay at San Juan, and compelled him to fight the battle with less than two-thirds the number of troops he had originally intended to bring on the battlefield. But this was not the only tactical error that he made at San Juan. It was a serious and costly mistake to move the balloon down the road along which the troops were advancing; for this movement not only revealed the precise line of American advance, but attracted a heavy fire, which caused much loss.

And, furthermore, not only do I not hold Lieut.-Col. Derby responsible, but I clearly point out, on page 113, of Vol. II., the valuable discovery made from the balloon by him of the trail "which, from a point of the main road just opposite the mouth of Las Guamas Creek, leads to the left and crosses the San Juan River, just below the mouth of the Aguadores."

As to my judgment of the efficiency and ability of Gens. Corbin and Shafter, I have given the facts in the text upon which the judgment was based. These facts speak for themselves. I admit that when I began the study of the campaign, some seven years ago, I, too, like the reviewer, had not a high opinion of Gen. Shafter's ability; but the deeper I studied the campaign the more convinced I became that he was deserving of much greater praise than had been accorded him. Being a very large man, and being sick on the day of battle, he could not ride a horse about the battlefield, consequently, he was unable to find out and see for himself many things which he ought to have found out, and seen. But notwithstanding all this, he accomplished, under the most unfavorable conditions, exactly what he was sent to do. Men must be judged largely by the results accomplished, not by the blunders made.

H. H. SARGENT,
Capt. Second Cavalry.

Fort Des Moines, Ia., March 31.

"PARAGUAY ON SHANNON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the notice (*Nation* of March 19) of "Paraguay on Shannon," by F. H. O'Donnell, you refer to "the unparalleled increase of the clerical population" in Ireland, and the monopoly by the priesthood "of every post and profession in public and private life to which an emolument is attached and from which a layman can be excluded." The latter statement is unmeaning, for the Catholic clergy hold no public salaried posts, except as chaplains to workhouses and such institutions, and are not eligible for any.

With regard to the number of Catholic clergy in Ireland it is implied that they are excessive. What standard should be taken as to the number required? We can only compare their numbers with those of the clergy of other denominations. In Ireland—though not in England—the census records the religion of the people as well as their occupations, etc. Taking the Episcopal Church as a standard, there is a parson to every 359 Episcopalians, while the proportion of Catholic clergy, parish priests and curates is 1 to 891. Among the Presbyterians, Methodists, and other denominations the proportion of ministers is 1 to 509. According to the theories of these different religions the Catholics should require a larger proportion of clergy, as they are more dependent on the services of their clergy than others, especially in the matter of "sick calls," which must be strictly attended to by Catholic priests, involving frequent night journeys and travelling long distances in wild and mountainous districts. The comparison made with the numbers of priests and bishops in Belgium is also quite misleading. Belgium is one-third the size of Ireland, and the means of communication are quite three times those available in Ireland. There are 2,350 Catholic churches in Ireland, 5,970 in Belgium.

Your note also refers to the "Ribbon" organization being controlled by the priests. There is no such organization in Ireland. The Ribbon Society was a secret organization now extinct. It was under the severest ban of the Catholic Church, as were all secret societies. Mr. O'Donnell's nickname for the United Irish League, practically the trade union of Irish farmers, seems to be given for the purpose of disparaging a movement about which there is no secrecy whatever, which some bishops and priests support, while others do not. It is entirely a lay managed society.

MURROUGH O'BRIEN.

Killiney, March 27.

[Mr. O'Brien's quarrel is with the author of the book, not with our note. As with many volumes of this kind, we attempted nothing more than the briefest possible statement of the contents of the work and its general aim. The phrase about the monopoly of posts and professions was quoted directly.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Prof. Charles W. Colby has prepared a series of lectures on "Canadian Types of the Old Régime," in anticipation of the Chamberlain celebration in July. They will be published in book form by Henry Holt & Co. at an early date.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately a collection of addresses and editorials, called "People and Problems," by Dr. Fabian Franklin. The work marks the termination of Dr. Franklin's editorial control of the Baltimore *News*, which he assumed in 1895.

George W. Jacobs & Co. will soon bring out two sporting books, one, "The Complete Lawn Tennis Player," by A. Wallis Myers, the other, "Advanced Golf," by James Braid.

James Fitzmaurice-Kelly will enlarge his lectures on Spanish literature recently delivered in this country, and publish them in book form.

At last Sir Walter Besant's great work is finished—one wonders how and by whom. This spring the Macmillan Company will issue the sixth volume of his "Survey of London," which deals with the city of Roman, Saxon, and Norman times.

The first two volumes of Frowde's eighteen-pence edition of Dickens's works contain the "Pickwick Papers" and "Barnaby Rudge." The original illustrations are reproduced, and the edition generally will find favor with those who do not object to thin paper.

Volumes VII. and VIII. of the New York Edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" (Charles Scribner's Sons) contain "The Tragic Muse." The preface, in which Mr. James criticises his own work, is somewhat less interesting than the earlier prefaces in this edition. The idea of the book, he tells us, was to present "a picture of some of the personal consequences of the art-appetite raised to intensity, swollen to voracity." Stevenson, as Mr. James confesses, wrote to him "precisely on the occasion of 'The Tragic Muse,' that he was at a loss to conceive how one could find an interest in anything so vulgar or pretend to gather fruit in so scrubby an orchard." As for the characterization of Miriam Rooth, Mr. James also confesses that Anatole France "has 'done the actress,' as well as the actor, done above all the mountebank, the mummer, and the *cabotin*, and mixed them up with the queer theatric air, in a manner that practically warns all other hands off the material forever."

Volumes XI. and XII. of Björnson's Novels, edited by Edmund Gosse and published by the Macmillan Company, contain "The Heritage of the Kurts." The translator is Cecil Fairfax.

A second edition of Prof. J. E. Spingarn's "History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance" is now isued by the Columbia University Press. All specific inaccuracies brought to the author's notice have been corrected, and a concluding chapter is added, taken in part from his "Origins of Modern Criticism" first published in *Modern Philology* for April, 1904.

"Limbo and Other Essays," by Vernon Lee, first issued in 1897, now appears in a new edition by John Lane Co., with the addition of "Ariadne in Mantua." This is a little play in which the forces of Tradition, Discipline, and Civilization "triumph over the mere forces of Nature." It is a closet drama, and the action is improbable; nevertheless it rises to a moving, even pathetic, climax.

Nietzsche's "Human, All Too Human," translated by Alexander Harvey, is issued in the Socialist library of Charles H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago. One wonders what the Superman is doing in that dovecote of brotherly love. Other recent volumes in that library are Arthur M. Lewis's "Evolution, Social and Organic," and a fourth printing of Wilhelm Liebknecht's "Karl Marx, Biographical Memoirs," translated by Ernest Untermann.

"Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" for 1908 comes to us from The Scientific Press, Limited, of London, with its usual lists and its analysis of the ways and fluctuations of charitable giving. Dr. S. S. Goldwater was unable this year to contribute a chapter on hospital affairs in this country.

Dr. Henry Bradley—already responsible for part of the third (D-E), the whole of the fourth (F-G), and the letter L in the sixth volume of the "New English Dictionary"—has contributed punctually on April 1 the penultimate section of M in the same volume (Henry Frowde.) Dr. Bradley's next issue, announced for the first of July, will finish M, and bring to a conclusion the whole sixth volume (L—N), since Dr. Craigie, having finished N six months ago, has long been at work on the eighth volume (Q-S), of which a double section from him is announced for the first of next October. Meanwhile Dr. Murray, the editor-in-chief, is laboring toward the conclusion of volume VII. (O-P.) The present instalment of M, Monopoly to Movement, includes 1,347 main words, under which 500 special combinations and 786 subordinate entries range themselves. Nearly one-fifth of the main words are obsolete and rather more than one-tenth are either alien or not fully naturalized. Dr. Bradley here gives 11,808 illustrative quotations against 710 in the corresponding portion of Richardson. In contrast to the sections of P, recently issued by Dr. Murray, this section of M abounds in words of long standing and very frequent use. Hence their astonishing variety of senses and multitudinous derivatives and combinations. A very large proportion are either English or Romanic words. Greek derivatives are not numerous, being chiefly those beginning with Mono- and Morpho-, while American languages contribute only Moonack and Moose. New etymological evidence abounds especially under Mother sb^{2}, Mope vb., Motley. In the last case several interesting suggestions are made, but no definite derivation is established.

The story of Empress Eugénie, as told by Phil. W. Sergeant in "The Last Empress of the French" (J. B. Lippincott Company), belongs to the class of biographies of which it is customary to say that they read like novels. In the case of the truly romantic career of this woman, no word can be more appropriate. Born in Granada on the day of an earthquake (May 5, 1826), the daughter a Spanish nobleman and of a mother of Scottish extraction, Eugénie de Montijo enjoyed a short and brilliant career as an international beauty, and then married, against all rules and precedents, a full-fledged sovereign, who carried his taste for *coups d'état* into affairs of the heart. For seventeen years she held her own on one of the most conspicuous and difficult thrones of Europe. Then, on a September afternoon, in 1870, she fled from the Tuileries through a back door, and, with the complicity of an American dentist and an English gentleman, went to England, where she has lived ever since, in exile and mourning. This dramatic story, in twenty chapters, with fourteen illustrations and an index, takes the ex-Empress to her eightieth birthday. It is written by a man who, without having a personal acquaintance with his heroine, seems to have read the essential literature on the subject, the Memoirs of Hohenlohe, the Letters of Queen Victoria, as well as the recollections of all the friends of the late Empress, including her reader and her dentist. The tone, while apologetic, is not partisan. With the documents at hand the reader may be, if he pleases, more severe than the biographer. He will recognize that Eugénie, with all her limitations, faults, and responsibilities, had some endearing qualities that have appealed to men and women whose opinion is worth while. At any rate, the biographer seems to us to have disposed of the legend of her personal responsibility in a war for which Bismarck and Grammont ought to share evenly the burden. There are few errors in this sensible and well-informed book. "Nantes" twice printed for "Mantes" is an unfortunate slip on page 376. As to the flippant reference to Mérimée on page 366, it has no excuse from one who has so thoroughly read Filon's work on that perfect gentleman of letters.

"The Battle of Gettysburg," by Frank Aretas Haskell, First Lieutenant of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry, aide to Brig.-Gen. Gibbon, and colonel of the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Infantry, U. S. V., has been published in Boston under the auspices of the Commandery of the State of Massachusetts, Military Order of the Loyal Legion. The book is an account written a few days after the battle by one who, though only a staff officer, took so prominent a part that he was promoted from a lieutenancy to a colonelcy for his bravery. On the third day of the conflict he happened to be the only mounted man in the field, and, says Gen. F. A. Walker, "rode between the two lines, then swaying backward and forward under each other's fire, calling upon the men of the Second Division to follow him, and setting an example of valor and self-devotion, never forgotten by any man of the thousands who witnessed it." He is a master of good English, and his pictures of the scenes, tragic and at times humorous, of the three days' conflict and of the leading generals are very graphic. Particularly interesting is the description of the council of war held by Gen. Meade in the bedroom of a little farmhouse; and it would be difficult to find a more thrilling narrative than his account of the repulse of the final assault. Col. Haskell was killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, and about fifteen years later, this story, written for his brother, was printed for private circulation. In 1898 it was reprinted in the history of the class of 1854, Dartmouth, of which he was a member. These editions were so small that they attracted little attention. It is now printed again "as an incentive to patriotic thought." It is a pamphlet of a hundred pages, with a portrait of the author and his plan of the position on the battlefield at noon July 2.

Many interesting glimpses into our past history are given in the fourth volume of the Bostonian Society Publications. In the paper on the New England Guards we have the account of an organization formed in 1812, according to its constitution, "to facilitate the performance of the duty we owe to our country, of adding to our character as citizens some portion of the skill of the soldier." So strong was this sense of duty that the company "died from patriotism," practically all of its active members having enlisted in the civil war. An interesting character who appears in this volume is Robert Orchard, apprenticed to a feltmaker in 1655. A photogravure of his indenture is given, in which he binds himself not to contract matrimony or "play at Cards, Dice, Tables, or any other únlawful games . . . nor haunt Tavernes or Play-houses." The account of his chequered career contains an incident showing the hatred of the Dutch of New Amsterdam for the English.

English historical students are gradually becoming rather deeply indebted to America for monographs on English institutions and phases of economic development. Among recent books of this class is Dr. George Randall Lewis's "The Stannaries: A Study of the English Tin Mines." in the Harvard Economic Studies (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Much well-directed research has gone into Dr. Lewis's work, and the subject is worthy of it; for, excepting agriculture and fishing, no British industry is older than tin mining in Devon and Cornwall, and none has a more interesting political, economic, and social history Its political history céntres about the connection of tin mining and tin smelting with the Crown—a connection that resulted near the end of the twelfth century in the appointment of a royal warden of the Stannaries, and a charter for the industry out of which grew the stannary courts and the Tinners' Parliaments. The economic history goes even further back. Dr. Lewis has concerned himself with every phase of the industry, and has carried the history down to the present time. His treatment of economic and social conditions in the tin mining counties is a distinct contribution to the social history of England—in some sections worthy of Green; while his book as a whole must for a long time to come be ranked as the standard work of reference in its field. The bibliography is especially commendable for its inclusiveness.

Prof. Arthur Lloyd of Tokio University reprints from the *Japan Mail*, as a little pamphlet entitled "My Burnt Book," a summary of his manuscript just destroyed by fire at the printer's. It was concerned with the Buddhism of China and Japan, the Mahâ-yâna, or Buddhism of the Greater Vehicle. The split into the Greater and Lesser Vehicle, he declares, began on the very day of the death of Buddha, whose long life (560-480 B. C.) was in part synchronous with the Jewish exile. It was the Northern Buddhists who were under foreign influences, and, from the time of Alexander (say 326), continuously so. Lloyd thinks that even Buddha himself may have drawn some of his ideas from the teachings of Hebrew prophets of the Captivity; and that Hellenistic influences are distinctly traceable in the Mahâ-yâna scriptures of the Hannya (Prajna or Wisdom) class. While so much is being claimed as to the indebtedness of Christianity to Buddhism, it is interesting to see the question attacked from a new point of view. The recent finds in Chinese Turkestan show to what very remote parts of Central Asia Greek influence extended. Lloyd has satisfied himself that Irenæus and Origen and other Greek Fathers were well acquainted with important aspects of Mahâ-yâna thought. It is to be hoped that the author will have the courage and strength to rewrite the essential parts of his burnt book.

We may add a noteworthy instance of accurate knowledge of Mahâ-yâna legend as shown in the patristic literature. In the Mahâ-yâna account of Buddha's birth (in the Lalita-vistara: not in the Southern account), it is said that he issued forth from his mother's right side; and, in entire agreement therewith, the miracle is represented time and again in the Greco-Buddhist sculptures of Gandhâra precisely as the Mahâ-yâna tells it. Now that learned Orientalist, St. Jerome, in his tractate against Jovinian, says that the Gymnosophists of India have a tradition that Buddas, the founder of their doctrine, was born from the side of a virgin. It is to be wished that some scholar who combines a competent knowledge of the Indian and the classical literatures may undertake a systematic study of them with reference to just such questions as the early relations of Buddhism and Christianity.

A second edition of the Gould Prize Essays, "Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared," edited by Dean M. W. Jacobus of Hartford Theological Seminary (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), includes elaborate appendices by the authors of the three essays, and also a composite bibliography covering the literature of the various versions and translations of the Old and New Testament and including works of introduction to the subject. The authors of the essays were somewhat overwhelmed by the mass of facts which they were supposed to include in a brief popular presentation of the subject, and their accounts are bewildering to the reader who is not at home in the history of Biblical translation. The large number of notes included in this edition do not serve to make the matter clearer, although they supply a considerable amount of interesting and important information. The bibliography, however, compiled by Dr. William John Chapman of the Case Memorial Library, from material supplied by the authors of the essays, is a valuable piece of work.

The proceedings of the Fourth International Council of Religious Liberals held at Boston last September have been published under the title "Freedom and Fellowship in Religion" (Boston: The International Council). This volume, of over 600 pages, has been edited by Charles W. Wendte. It contains some noteworthy addresses, especially by delegates from European countries, of whom there were a large number. Papers by several distinguished scholars and religious leaders who could not be present, including Dr. Rudolf Eucken, are included, and the volume is a useful source of information as to the progress of religious thought and toleration throughout the world.

"Katholizismus und Protestantismus in Geschichte, Religion, Politik, und Kultur" is a comparative estimate, just published for Prof. Karl Sell of the University of Bonn, by Quelle & Meyer of Leipzig. It is a timely volume, particularly in view of the controversy over Modernism. The work closes with interesting supplements on the psychology of the two confessions, and on the future of Christianity.

Quelle & Meyer, Leipzig, have just issued a critical study by Prof. J. Meinhold of Bonn, entitled "Die Weisheit Israels in Spruch, Sage, und Dichtung." The first part deals with the character, time, and the specific religious thoughts of Proverbs, Job, Ecclesiastes, and Ecclesiasticus; the second half discusses the beginnings and the development of this wisdom literature, particularly in its relation to prophecy and to Christianity.

During the past winter a course of lectures was delivered in Munich to large audiences on the problems of Christianity. These lectures have now been published by Quelle & Meyer, Leipzig, under the title "Das Christentum, 5 Vorträge," by Prof. C. Cornill (Breslau), Prof. E. von Dobschütz (Strassburg), Prof. W. Herrmann (Marburg), Privatdozent W. Staeck (Jena), and Prof. E. Troeltsch (Heidelberg). The special subjects are "Israelitische Volksreligion und die Propheten," "Griechentum und Christentum," "Judentum und Hellenismus," "Luther und die moderne Welt," and "Die Religiöse Frage der Gegenwart."

Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen, announces as soon to be published a "Volkständiges Griechisch-deutsches Handwörterbuch zu den Schriften des Neuen Testaments und der urchristlichen Literatur," by Dr. Erwin Preuschen, one of the ablest pupils of Prof. Adolf Harnack. It is the author's purpose to enlarge the lexicon so as to include also the so-called New Testament Apocrypha, the Apostolic Fathers, and the remnants of the extra-canonical gospels, but not to include references to secular Greek literature or to the Greek of later church fathers; for such data belong rather to a thesaurus of vulgar Greek. The amount of new material in this field has been so much increased in the last decade or two, that not only Grimm's "Clavis" of thirty years ago, but even Thayer's excellent enlargement of his work in English, now leaves very much to be desired. The work of Preuschen will appear in instalments of 70 to 80 pages, large octavo. As the manuscript is practically all ready the publisher promises to complete the undertaking before the close of 1909.

"Das letzte Passamahl Christi und der Tag seines Todes," by Prof. D. A. Chvolson of St. Petersburg, a work which originally appeared in 1892 in defence of the agreement of John and the Synoptic gospels with reference to the day of the death of Christ, has now been issued (Leipzig: H. Haessel) in a new and thoroughly revised edition, with three new appendices.

Prof. Ludwig Ihmels of the theological faculty in Leipzig has added to his former popular pamphlets on Biblical problems a brochure, "Die Auferstehung Jesu Christi." Ihmels's larger work, "Die christliche Wahrheitsgewissheit," written from a conservative point of view, is to appear soon in a revised edition published by A. Deichert, Leipzig.

A new addition to the series published by

C. F. Amelang, Leipzig, Litteraturen des Ostens, is the "Geschichte der indischen Litteratur," by Dr. M. Winternitz of the German University of Prague. The subjects of the first volume are "Der Veda" and "Die volkstümlichen Epen und die Puranas." The second volume is to appear within a twelvemonth. Another recent contribution to the series is the "Geschichte der christlichen Litteraturen des Orients," devoted to Syrian and Christian Arabian literature, by Prof. C. Brockelmann; Armenian literature, by Dr. Franz Nikolaus Finck; Coptic literature, by Dr. Johannes Leipoldt; and Ethiopic literature, by Prof. Enno Littmann.

In Bologna a commission has been organized to prepare a history of the venerable university at that place. The work will begin with a series of pamphlets issued periodically under the title Studi e memorie per la storia dell' università di Bologna. There will also be a volume called "Chartularium Universitatis Boloniensis."

By what has proved good fortune for students of the history of Italian unification, Alessandro Luzio spent several years of exile in Austria during his early career. That experience gave him an acquaintance with Austrian archives such as no other foreign student of this subject has had; and it enabled him to get Austrian records and the Austrian point of view, which he has made excellent use of in subsequent monographs. In old times the Hapsburg government never allowed the private documents concerning its proceedings in Lombardy and Venetia to be made public; and latterly it has destroyed many papers rather than risk having their contents divulged. It is particularly fortunate, therefore, that Signor Luzio in preparing his "I Martiri di Belfiore" (Milan: Cogliati) was able to consult sources which cannot now be recovered. His recent work, which is a *rifacimento* and completion of the first edition issued three years ago, gives what is likely to be the last word on one of the most tragic episodes of the Italian Risorgimento. He has overlooked no detail. He shows us the methods of some six score Mazzinian conspirators, their fortitude in prison, and the heroism of the eleven who died on the gallows; and he describes with convincing testimony the cruelty of Austria to her political prisoners, the mockery of her trials, and the delight in inflicting barbarous suffering which characterized so many of her officials. The Mantua Trials and the executions of 1853 would have roused the sympathy and horror of the world, if any of the prisoners who survived had had the literary skill of Silvio Pellico. But now this history lives in Signor Luzio's work, which is enriched by many letters, journals, and official documents. He has at last succeeded in establishing, apparently beyond all doubt, that Castellazzo betrayed his fellow conspirators. For fifty years Castellazzo's treachery has been hotly debated in Italy. Indeed, the discussion became national, and divided parties and Parliament into two irreconcilable camps; for Castellazzo changed his name, fought under Garibaldi, was elected a deputy, and passed for a radical patriot. In proving his guilt, Signor Luzio has performed a hard but salutary task.

The examination of Carducci's books and papers preliminary to their transfer to the library of Bologna, for which Queen Margherita purchased them, has just been completed. Among them is a large but incomplete collection of his verse. As might have been expected, the unpublished poems are found chiefly among his earlier work. There are differing versions of many of his more famous odes, many prose translations of Horace and Tibullus, and a few renderings of English and German poets. There are also preliminary studies of periods and authors, and entire courses of university lectures. The manuscript of the first lecture, which he gave in the University of Bologna (November 22, 1860) and which bears marks of his severe self-criticism, has peculiar interest. The letters include copies and drafts of his own letters, with autograph notes of biographical importance jotted down here and there, and a large correspondence with many illustrious men.

The Italian Geographical Society, whose headquarters are at Rome, offers a prize of $1,000 for the best original work on economic geography, or the relations between geography and commerce, industry, emigration, colonization, and social economics, especially Italian. Manuscripts must be submitted before the end of March, 1909, to a committee chosen by the Italian government, the Italian Geographical Society, and the Union of Chambers of Commerce.

The Royal Academy of Sciences in Turin has divided the large Vallauri prize for the best critical work in Latin literature that appeared from the beginning of 1903 to the close of 1906 equally between Prof. Martin Schanz of the University of Würzburg and Prof. Paul Monceaux of Paris.

The Conrad Seipp memorial prizes, offered by Mrs. Catherine Seipp of Chicago for the three best monographs upon the subject, "The German Element in the United States, with Special Reference to Its Political, Moral, Social, and Educational Influence," have been awarded as follows: The first prize, $3,000, to Albert Bernhardt Faust, assistant professor of German literature at Cornell University; the second, $2,000, to Rudolph Cronau of New York; and the third, $1,000, to George von Bosse of Philadelphia.

On April 29 and 30 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the library of Henry Loomis Nelson, at one time editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and afterwards professor at Williams. First editions of W. D. Howells, Henry James, "Mark Twain," and other modern authors, some with autograph letters inserted, are the items most likely to interest collectors. The Anderson Company's sale of May 1 includes first editions of Thoreau, John Burroughs, Richard Jefferies, Henry James, Andrew Lang, W. B. Yeats, Oscar Wilde, Lafcadio Hearn, and other modern writers.

A special committee of the California Library Association, appointed about a year ago, reports, from data furnished by fifty-five public libraries, that the librarian is the poorest paid public official. In comparison even with minor city and village officers, such as assessors, collectors, city clerks, or school teachers, both in compensation and hours of service, the librarian is at a disadvantage. In one city the poundmaster was rated above the librarian. As a remedy the committee advocates an official standard for librarianship, a more aggressive claim on the part of the library for proper recognition, and the increasing of a sense of responsibility on the part of library trustees.

Trinity College, Dublin, has acquired a hall of residence for women, who are admitted to all lectures and obtain degrees on the same terms as men.

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Chatterton, the Marvelous Boy. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.50 net.

There is growing up a whole school of ill-digested books about the romantic movement of the eighteenth century, not the least exasperating of which is this life of Chatterton. They follow a regular formula: a swollen self-complacency as if the writer were miraculously bringing to light truths long concealed by some conspiracy of society, a jumble of loose and ignorant statements, a shrill clamor of undistinguishing praise. As for the work of the present biographer, some notion of his method may be obtained from a characteristic passage such as this:

> The truth is that Walpole is the sole authority for the idea that Chatterton was dissolute. You will find it advanced without proof, without reason, by his every biographer, but there is extant not one particle of evidence to support it and through all its reappearances it can be traced back, link by link, in an unfailing chain until we come to Walpole's letter of defence, and there we can put finger upon the source of all the slanders. Walpole asserts them; the first man echoes Walpole, the second man parrots the first, and so on from tome to tome the falsehood flies and gathers bulk. . . . I have patiently searched out every line, etc.

As a matter of simple fact, there is other evidence. Chatterton himself, in a letter to a friend, boasts of being "not a few times victorious," and the niece of Mrs. Walmsley, at whose house he lived in London, told Sir Herbert Croft, as may be read in that author's "Love and Madness," that Chatterton "was a sad rake, and terribly fond of women." We do not repeat these phrases in the desire of blackening Chatterton's character, for, on the contrary, we rather distrust the evidence, but simply to show the looseness of the biographer's method. Again, Mr. Russell's words can only imply that the charge made by Walpole has been repeated without contradiction "by his every biographer," as if the poor poet were the victim of some conspiracy of ignorance or malice. The statement is preposterous. Chatterton has never lacked defenders. To go no further afield, Willcox's Life (1842), as reprinted in the popular edition of Chatterton in this country, denies more than once the story of his dissoluteness, saying explicitly that "he lived purely and virtuously." Mr. Russell boasts of the "fourteen years [that] have passed since this inquiry began"—he has had time to forget much.

Nor is Mr. Russell more trustworthy in matters literary than in those biographical. "The first definite suggestion that poetry is on one side a kind of painting" was Chatterton's, he says. The schoolboy ought to know that *ut pictura poesis* was the acknowledged canon of poetics until Lessing published his "Laokoön" in 1766. Again, "The song to Birtha in 'Aella' . . . is the first attempt after Milton's 'L'Allegro' to make a word melody directly accordant with the sense"; Mr. Russell would no doubt scorn to accept Dryden as a poet at all, yet "Alexander's Feast" has sometimes been regarded as an attempt to make word melody and sense accord; and if Dryden and his school are debarred, at least Mr. Russell should not have forgotten "The Ode to the Passions" and the "Evening" of Collins. But then Mr. Russell has his own notions of rhythm. Melody he seems to think had been unknown in England before Elizabeth; the trochaic measure is for him practically a discovery of Chatterton's, although Philips, Dyer, and who knows how many others in the early eighteenth century had been using the seven-syllable verse which he calls trochaic; and elsewhere he has an extraordinary statement about amphibrachs.

These errors may seem unworthy of attention; they have significance as showing the general extravagance of the book, and of its class. Mr. Russell has gone out to slay his Goliath, and any weapon will suffice. He is not so much seeking the truth about Chatterton as aiming at some phantom vampire of society which ruined Chatterton's life, and then ruined his reputation. As a personification of that society he takes poor Horace Walpole (whom he calls Earl of Orford somewhat prematurely; he must have a Lord!), and utterly perverts the story of his dealings with the poet. As a matter of fact any sensible man would have done as Walpole did when he learned that the Rowley manuscripts came to him from an apprentice lad in Bristol; he sent the papers to Gray and Mason for verification, and, having learnt that they were spurious, he naturally advised the boy to follow his trade and not meddle with letters. To see in this any monstrous social wrong, is merely to rant. But Walpole is not the only scapegoat. The book has been much advertised as a discovery that Chatterton was not really responsible for the Rowley forgeries, but was the innocent tool of another. It turns out that Mr. Russell has nothing but the vaguest surmises that Dr. Barrett, to whom many of the supposititious manuscripts were sold for a history of Bristol, was not entirely ignorant of their character. There is not the slightest proof given of Barrett's complicity. He translated Latin phrases for Chatterton in the false Burgum genealogy, but this would rather imply that he took the document for genuine. He drafted one or two of Chatterton's letters to Walpole, and is therefore a "silent, stealthy figure," and "the cloaked director of the visible moves"; why not suppose he was trying to help the boy in what he regarded as an honest undertaking? At any rate, whether Barrett was ignorant or guilty, what matter? It is only another effort to create some social monster of which this melodious young singer of liberty was the victim. "Mankind," says the biographer sapiently, "provides the conditions that make wrong-doing inevitable, and is then pleased to be much amazed that any one should do wrong." For our part we are inclined to look upon Chatterton as the victim of his own imagination, rather than of any mysterious aristocratic conspiracy. It is doubtful if it ever occurred to him that there was anything wrong in falsifying history and mystifying readers with these Rowley poems; Rowley and Canynge and their works were more real to him than the living people of Bristol, and why should not the world have the profit of them as well as he? It is probable enough, as Byron and others have thought, that an element of something close to insanity entered into his mental composition.

But Mr. Russell has no doubts. Chatterton belongs to the band of radical poets, Marlowe, Milton, Shelley, and Swinburne ("always the poets have been mighty on the side of democracy," he says, ignoring such slight exceptions as Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare); and as such cannot be criticised. His is "the most extraordinary body of verse in our language"; there was nothing comparable to "Aella" between Milton and Shelley; Rowley can far surpass Gray's "Elegy"; and "of all the poets that have sung in English, Shakespeare alone excepted, this had the greatest gifts and surest inspiration"—all which, we submit, is mere madness. As a prodigy Chatterton is unique; one is lost in amazement at the variety and excellence of his achievements. But judging him absolutely, no sane critic can now place him in the front rank of poets. He had his great vogue, due to the same causes that carried Ossian over Europe; he exercised considerable influence on his followers, as Ossian did; he has passages that even now touch the reader with their beauty and harmony; but it is useless to deny that most of his work shows that peculiar lack of experience or bottom which is the mark of the precocious mind. After all Johnson, in his downright way, said the true thing about him: "It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things." To any balanced judgment the extravagances and perversions and the bad taste of the present biography will tend only to obscure for a moment the profound pathos of Chatterton's life and his due reward as one of the inheritors of unfulfilled renown.

Coke of Norfolk and His Friends: The Life of Thomas William Coke, First Earl of Leicester, of Holkham, Containing an Account of His Ancestry, Surroundings, Public Services, and Private Friendships, and Including Many Unpublished Letters from Noted Men of His Day, English and American. By A. M. W. Stirling; 2 Vols. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

Many readers upon this side of the water might be pardoned were they frankly to confess that they did not know that such a person as Thomas William Coke ever existed. Yet Thomas William, a descendant of Sir Edward Coke, figures in the "Dictionary of National Biography" to the extent of a column or two. He sat for a long while in the House of Commons, revolutionized agriculture in his part of the country, was a great friend of Charles James Fox, and, dying in 1842, at the age of eighty-eight, was sincerely mourned by a host of devoted friends. He was known and admired as "Coke of Norfolk." His country seat at Holkham (near the ocean) could boast of the finest architecture in England. His library contained many rare volumes, while works of art told of the refined taste of its occupant. Coke rode to the hounds, and lived the life of a country gentleman. Warm-hearted, energetic, a lover of his country, and of his neighbors, a stout Whig, he went somewhat against his will into Parliament, and by repeated elections became at last the "Father of the House." Coke did not talk much in the Commons. He opposed the war that George the Third and Lord North undertook to carry on against America. After the Revolution visitors that managed to cross the Atlantic from the United States had Holkham in mind as a good place to visit, and not a few Americans received a warm welcome there. They found in Coke a sensible, generous host—a fine specimen of the landed gentry, who did his duty to the King without obsequiousness, and saw to it that his tenants paid their rent and kept their families in comfort. The author of this work does well to add to the title the words, "And his friends." You read for a while, and you yourself become a friend of Thomas William Coke. The story of what he was is told in a simple, straightforward way, with no attempt at literary effect. The result, as we view it, is both pleasing and profitable.

Thomas William Coke was not a creative statesman, nor the author of any speech or saying of distinction. He was an active, useful gentleman, who served his country faithfully. Fox, Burke, Lord Nelson, Keppel, Windham, and many others of note came into his life—some of them his intimates—and his biographer has much to say of these eminent personages. Indeed, there is very little text of Coke's own utterances; but there are many letters written to him by friends of note—not remarkable letters at all, but every day epistles that help to "tell the story."

Viewed as a contribution to history, in its lighter aspect, this book is of considerable worth. It will prove very interesting to those who like biography that goes into details. The critic who believes in preserving nothing from the wreck of time that is not valuable on its face, might complain that the material ought to have been cut down at least one-half. But the book was not prepared in order to meet so exacting a standard. The numerous illustrations are excellent, both as to subject and execution. The printing is all that could be wished. Altogether, the book may well engage the attention of him who wants to see English life of a century ago; and he will not fail to enjoy the character here revealed of what we, with a certain touch of fondness, are wont to style "a gentleman of the old school."

CURRENT FICTION.

Princess Nadine. By Christian Reid. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The princess-heroine continues to be an important figure in news-stand literature. Seemingly there is no kind of lady more eligible as companion for the jaded or jadable traveller. The Princess Nadine is a trifle more robust than her type; she yields less quickly to the appeal, or rather command, of the democratic and Western wooer, who is, in the nature of things, destined to put his royal rival for her hand out of the running. In this case it is a Central American dictator of North American birth, a person with square jaw, keen steady dark eyes, and a "supreme, almost arrogant" composure of bearing.

The princess is three-fourths Russian, but her maternal grandfather was a California miner, so that she is enabled to withstand the tyranny which awards her for political reasons to a certain Prince Maximilian, destined to become titular King of "Serabia," but in effect a mere tool of the higher powers. She is inclined to like him rather better than the dictator, but he turns out to be designing and cold-blooded, while his American rival loves her for herself. The game of intrigue, which brings about her defiance of the Czar's government, is played light-heartedly enough, hero and heroine holding the usual marked cards. The possession of certain compromising revolutionary documents is involved, and brings the princess to her moment of greatest peril. She is threatened with the extreme penalties which Russia reserves for the unfaithful among her elect. The dictator, however, has a joker up his sleeve in the form of a palatial private yacht which snatches the princess from peril, and enables her to become his partner in the building up of a great empire in Latin America. And there you have the whole affair.

A Shepherd of the Stars. By Frances Campbell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

An amiable maiden lady, who is, or is supposed to be, the author of the narrative, with two young and lovely female charges, makes off alone to Morocco, by doctor's orders, and against everybody's advice. On the way they meet several people of interest, notably a red-headed young Irishman to be known as Mac, who plays a chief part in the youthful romance intended to serve as wings, no doubt, for what would otherwise be a pedestrian account of travel and observation. The Oriental scenes and episodes thus presented are painted with a good deal of brilliancy, and one has again to register the regret that the sugar-coating of fiction should have been deemed necessary. The characters are not, however, without interest to the student of British manners, being intensely insular in their attitude. When they do not domineer, they patronize; at best the marvel of the South amuses them, at worst it discommodes them. The author seems to be unaware of the absurdity of her two figures of romance. The boy is simply an Hibernian Hercules, fatuously in love. He is, to be sure, a duke travelling incognito—a fact which, when finally divulged, casts a rosy light over his previous performance. The girl is simply a supremely silly young person of an old-fashioned type, fainting readily at the sight of blood, and driven into hysterics by the presence of a spider on her counterpane. For its unconscious humor, its ingenuous amateurishness, the book has a value not to be ignored in this day of sophisticated accomplishment.

The Man of Yesterday. By Mary Holland Kinkaid. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

This "Romance of a Vanishing Race" deals with conditions in Indian Territory in the last decade of the nineteenth century, "more than half a century too late," says the proud old halfbreed Beaumont to his white visitor, "to behold us of the Five Nations in our barbaric state. The misionaries helped to civilize us Chickasaws and Choctaws long before we left Mississippi." To which his wife adds: "I liked the missionary work here in the Territory so well that I decided to devote my entire life to one Indian." The story goes on to tell of the political and social complications existing in a mixed population; of the complex effects of conflict between races, of land allotments to the Indians continually reduced by tricky means, of syndicates and land-grabbers and elections. "Indians are natural politicians," declares The Man Looking for the Sun—the young hero who half resents the drop of white blood in his veins, and fiercely longs to right his people's wrongs. Interest of another sort is provided in the love passage between the white man and the girl of Indian descent, their marriage, his desertion of her, and the blood vengeance wreaked by her kinsman.

The passionate race pride of the Indian, his fortitude, his scorn of promise-breaking, are strongly pictured. In Pakali, with her Indian blood and her white woman's training, lives a heroine fair and tender and brave as heart of romance reader could wish. A close acquaintance with Indian character and customs is apparent throughout, and with the acquaintance goes an intense sympathy for their passing—a passing whose pathos is heightened in the story by the melancholy acquiescence of the better element.

Santa Lucia: a Common Story. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Bros.

The scene is that with which Mrs. Austin has made us familiar in earlier stories—California. Santa Lucia is a place not far from San Francisco, containing a small denominational college. The hero is the new professor of biology, a young man, "not quite thirty," scholarly, reserved, cool. He falls in love with the most beautiful girl in town, and naturally endows her with all the mental and moral qualities which such a woman should possess. She is, as a matter of fact, selfish, shallow, and indifferent to his work; but, taken with the idea of marrying a man of distinction in the learned world, she casts off a more commonplace but passionate lover and accepts the professor. The end of it all, in the last chapter, is substantially what the neighbors feared. Bound up with this tale is that of a young married couple. The wife, a graduate of Wellesley, has a strong intellectual sympathy with the mismated Professor Stairs, but in the end she finds out the worth of her own husband. For good measure, Mrs. Austin gives us the love affair of the village doctor's daughter, who has two lovers, but chooses the right one, and is happily married in the end.

Mrs. Austin is fond of describing California scenery, and she indulges her taste so freely at the beginning that for the first few chapters the story moves slowly; but once we are fairly started, the pace is swift enough. That is not to say, however, that Mrs. Austin conforms to the strict canons which some of our pundits prescribe for the novel. She is not afraid of a little leisure and an occasional stroll from the straight and narrow path. She aims to present a fairly complete picture of life in this set of Santa Lucia society; and to do this she does not hesitate to introduce as many subordinate characters as she pleases. They are all distinct and well drawn—Dr. Caldwell and his assistant, Mrs. Bixby of the W. F. M. S. and the W. C. T. U., and Lew Sing, the Chinese cook. The novel, as a whole, is decidedly above the average.

The Man Who Was Thursday: a Nightmare. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

For the ancestry of this sprightly tale the reader is respectfully referred to Stevenson's "Dynamiter," and "The Wrong Box." The hero, a Scotland Yard detective, gets himself elected a member of the Central Anarchist Council—seven men named for the days of the week. That is the beginning of a series of fantastic adventures, in the course of which Thursday discovers that each of the other six members, including even Sunday, the leader, is also a detective who is trying to penetrate to the innermost secrets of the anarchist organization. The adventures of the first half of the book are so coherent as to be almost plausible; but through the last half the action becomes wilder and more farcical, till at last it exceeds all bounds, even of burlesque. The closing chapters are allegory, pure and simple; and, what is worse, the point of this allegory is not wholly clear.

Although the work is negligible as a piece of fiction, it has the interest of Mr. Chesterton's essays—a vivacious and clever style that glitters with paradox, sometimes almost silly, and sometimes shrewd and suggestive.

La Trompette de Marengo. Par Samuel Cornut. Lausanne: Payot & Co.

M. Cornut, whose "Trompette de Marengo" is achieving great success, is one of the leading novelists of French Switzerland. This last novel, the ninth that he has written, gives a highly colored and vivid picture of the canton de Vaud during the period of the Revolution and the Empire, when it rid itself of the last vestiges of the feudal régime. The life of these Swiss villages on the shores of Lake Leman, the customs of the nobles and the peasants before the invasion of the cosmopolitan hostelries, are here described with a charm that few French novels of to-day can boast. The students of language will find also many curious examples of obsolete French still preserved outside of France.

FRENCH HISTORY.

Histoire socialiste. Sous la direction de Jean Jaurès. Vol. X. Le Second Empire. Par A. Thomas. Paris: Rouff.

L'Empire libéral. Par E. Ollivier. Vol. XII. Paris: Garnier.

L'Avénement de Bonaparte. Par le Comte Vandal. 2 vols. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.

Quarante-huit. Par Robert Dreyfus. Paris: Cahiers de la Quinzaine.

The "Histoire socialiste" of Jean Jaurès is a sign of the times, not lightly to be dismissed by the historian because of its class appeal and pamphleteering tendency, nor impatiently to be avoided by the general reader alarmed by its socialistic title and revolutionary red cover; it is a work of great importance, emphasizing certain aspects of history with which we are none too well acquainted, and addressed to an audience of great mental and political activity. The scope of the work embraces the history of France from a socialist point of view from the time of the French Revolution to the present day; the volume now under review covers the period of Napoleon III. Attention is concentrated throughout on the working class of France, and especially of Paris, a class under heavy economic pressure, but wonderfully intelligent in its political reasoning and chronically inclined to translate its opinions into revolutionary action. How dangerous that class appeared to the newly established Second Empire is apparent from the statistics here collected. The Coup d'État of December 2 was followed by wholesale proscriptions. In the department of the Hérault alone no fewer than 60,000 persons came under police observation; in France 20,000 were transported or imprisoned. The judicial records cited are amazing, and show that countless individuals, working men and peasants, guiltless and in many cases incapable of political action, were visited with penal condemnations. For a time the Labor party, as well as the Republican party, was completely suppressed.

Then came the fat years of economic expansion, that, ably fostered by Napoleon III., marked the first half of his reign—the period of Haussmann, and Morny, and railway construction. Employment was plentiful and wages rose; but the working man, at first satisfied with improved material conditions, soon found prices rising as fast as his wage, and at the same time became conscious of his growing importance and latent power. At this point it was, say about the year 1857, that the conflict became once more inevitable. The policy of the government towards labor was essentially false. It sought to satisfy labor by a progressive economic policy, by embarking on public works and by attempting to regulate food prices favorably; but alongside of this, being at heart more than distrustful of the laboring class, it attempted to keep it in a state of complete subjection by police regulations and factory laws of the most galling character. Factory regulations, such as those set out in the "Histoire socialiste," could have only one effect. They welded together into one loose secret society the working men of France, keenly alive to the injustice and hostility of the system. It was the struggle for betterment of a great class, that marked the closing years of the empire, a struggle which helped to shape the opportunity which the leaders of the Orleanist and bourgeois parties seized for erecting their Third Republic. Labor found leaders of real ability, but they took little direct part in the political evolution of 1870 because their aim was more social than political.

And the labor leaders of the early sixties—the fact is clear whether in France or in England—showed a political insight and sense of justice not always to be found outside their ranks. Their great cry was for freedom of association and freedom of opinion; while the working men of France, notwithstanding the sufferings they endured from the stoppage of cotton, sympathized with the Northern democracy in its struggle against the Confederacy. From the agitation and economic disturbance of the early sixties sprang the International, the origin of which is here dealt with at length, and with a good deal of added information on the French side; the "Histoire socialiste" makes no attempt to exaggerate the importance of the part played by this famous society. From 1864 to 1870 there is only space to note that, as middle class French liberalism raised its head in press and parliament, fixing its aspirations on a new régime fast rising in the shadow of Napoleon, so the more moderate leaders of labor saw themselves gradually displaced by the more violent; Tolain made way for Blanqui, and the rectification of social disabilities became uninteresting, with revolution looming on the horizon.

The last few months of Napoleon's tottering régime are dramatically told, though *ex-parte*, by Émile Ollivier in his twelfth volume. Conversations, letters, scraps of debate in the Corps Legislatif, not elsewhere to be found, give point and vivacity to the narrative. Towards the close of 1869 freedom of speech had been more than won; in the tribune Rochefort was permitted to hold forth as follows:

> Le ministre a cherché à ridiculiser le projet de loi qui vous a été présenté hier par le citoyen Raspail et moi. Je tiens à constater qu'il ne fait que continuer le système inauguré par le chef de l'État. À l'ouverture de la session le chef de l'État a cru devoir ricaner et m'insulter (c'était faux). Si ridicule que je puisse être, je ne me suis jamais promené sur une plage avec un aigle sur l'épaule et du lard dans mon chapeau.

How the Empire survived into 1870 was little less than miraculous. Ollivier's ministry, as he never realized, and as he will not yet admit, might prolong the agony, but could not avert the catastrophe. Gambetta saw more clearly when he declared "Vous n'êtes qu'un pont entre la République de 1848 et la République à venir, et nous passerons le pont." Two important points that the volume brings out are: the nature of the manœuvres that paved the way for the Hohenzollern candidacy of 1870; the fact that Ollivier was not the master of his own Cabinet, as he had declared he must be, but that he depended absolutely on the support of the Orleanists Buffet and Daru.

No more brilliant book than Count Vandal's has been written on the Napoleonic period. From whatever point of view it is approached, from that of exact erudition, of minuteness of detail, of breadth of intelligence, of felicity of style, of illuminative power, there is nothing but praise. Even the historian who has made a special study of the period will rise from its perusal with a deeper and a clearer view of Bonaparte and his work.

The period covered is short in point of time, less than twelve months, but long by the measure of historical evolution. For in it were crowded the military disasters of the Directoire, Bonaparte's return from Egypt, the revolution of Brumaire, the founding of the Napoleonic institutions, and the coping stone of Marengo. It is through these intense weeks that Count Vandal guides us, following inch by inch the bold footsteps of the extraordinary man who worked out of them results that still dominate the institutions of continental Europe. And although the author rarely relaxes an austerity of method that excludes from his narrative the alluring generalities that other French historians have ventured on in this connection, yet there is always felt behind the closest detail an informed outlook and sense of perspective. If there is a thesis to be discovered in these pages, it is perhaps this: that France in 1789 did not demand democratic liberty, but administrative organization; and that this was the work which Bonaparte actually accomplished in 1800; he did not so much organize the Revolution as organize the ***ancien régime***. On this point one of the most interesting of the unpublished documents here produced is a minute of a meeting of the Council of State whereby it would appear that Bonaparte declared:

> If the ancient administration of France perished—and I do not fear to say it was the most perfect that ever existed—it was on the financial side.

Much space might be taken up giving some impression of the brilliant aspects of the book. The descriptions of the scenes at St. Cloud on the 19th of Brumaire are vivid in their photographic precision; while those of the political and especially social conditions of Paris are frequently marked by delicate literary quality.

In his little book on 1848, Dreyfus offers many good appreciations on the questions of the press of public opinion, of education, and of religion for the years immediately preceding the second Empire.

Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet. By John Masson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

It would be hard to write a dull book on one who came nearer than any other man of the world to uniting science and poetry and—we dare use the word, however strange it may sound when applied to Lucretius—religion. Certainly Dr. Masson, who by his magazine articles and earlier book on the atomic theory has made the Lucretian field his own, could not well treat the subject without giving much valuable material. The best chapters of the present volume are those in which he discusses the scientific theory of the "De Rerum Natura." Here his method is orderly and his illustrations apt. Particularly interesting to our mind is the analysis of the famous discussion on materialism between Tyndall and Martineau, with its by-play, as throwing light on the same questions which in different form were agitating the old classical world. "The atomic theory of Democritus [and of Lucretius] was a guess, and no more than a guess," said W. K. Clifford, the fighting bigot of science. Dr. Masson has done good work in showing that this principle of the Epicureans was more properly an hypothesis than a guess, although he does not bring out emphatically enough the part played by modern mathematics in extending the hypothesis and lifting it into the sphere of metaphysics.

For his clear exposition of the atomic theory and of the hints of evolution also in Lucretius, full praise must be accorded Dr. Masson. And there are other sections of the book to be commended, notably the pages summing up the philosophy of Epicurus, and some of the paragraphs on the poetical powers of Lucretius. But as a whole, the work is irritating and unsatisfactory. There may be some difference of opinion in regard to his treatment of Jerome's all-too-brief biographical note. Dr. Masson brings together all the latest views on those startling sentences. He believes in the love philtre and supports his belief by evidence showing the wide use of such poisonous decoctions at the time. Our own feeling is that such an argument points the other way. If philtres had not been commonly used, the tradition that Lucretius had been thrown into madness by one would by its very strangeness be more credible. It is just in the ages when poisoning is common that every sudden death is attributed to such means, and that every tradition of murder must be most carefully scrutinized. Thus it seems to us that, while the story of the philtre may be true, it is more likely a popular attempt to explain a state of unbalanced nervous excitement. Opinions here may differ, but at other points Dr. Masson's work is open to more unquestionable censure. His lack of construction is glaring. The same arguments reappear again and again throughout the book in the most haphazard fashion; quotations are needlessly repeated, and the whole book would be more effective if reduced in length by a quarter. When Dr. Masson adds his own reflections, they are naïve to a degree barely escaping the ludicrous; you feel yourself in the presence of a Scotch parson surveying the world from his manse windows. Hearken to these profound reflections on the famous *Suave mari magno:*

> It does, indeed, stir the imagination to behold danger from a place of safety far away; but it is only a cowardly, sentimental soul that can actually enjoy the sight of danger that it would not face itself, etc.

At times this naïveté falls into amusing self-contradictions. Thus on page 419, read: "He had found the world living, if not with One Great Life, yet with many lower lives, and he left it dead, 'utterly dead', and cold." Three pages over it is said: "In short, Lucretius, like the writers of the Psalms, makes us feel that there is a spiritual element in Nature." Where, one asks, is the spiritual element in a Nature left cold and dead? This is not an exception, but a fair example of his confusion of mind.

The fact is, Dr. Masson's work suffers fundamentally from lack of reflection. He possesses, indeed, abundance of reading both in ancient and modern literature, but he has no power of associating his erudition with life, as may be seen whenever he touches on history. Thus, because Cæsar stands for the democratic uprising against the Senate, he is

The noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

The author would appear to have no understanding of the Cæsarian and Napoleonic temperament which is led on by the sheer necessity of acting and dominating. His self-contradictions spring in part from this inability to understand the motives of human nature and in part also from the want of any central controlling idea in his criticism. At one time he dwells on Lucretius's conception of scientific law ruling through all phenomena, at another he speaks of the world as thrown together by chance. As a matter of fact, there is no real contradiction in the poet, however it may appear in Dr. Masson's treatise. Lucretius started from a particular human and moral attitude toward life, from the horror, to use Cæsar's words, of *fortuna cujus libido gentibus moderatur.* From this conception of moral chance and of a wanton individualism in human affairs springs his physical theory of the atoms whirled together fortuitously, each governed by its arbitrary faculty of "declination" representing the final chance and individualism of nature. In the vast course of time these haphazard conglomerations fall together into the form of the present world, beautiful in part, but in general bearing all the marks of a ruthless unmeaning accident. From the intricate play upon one another of these multitudinous atoms arises what seems for a while to be a law of nature; but at bottom this is a mere deception, and chance reigns hideously supreme. Reverence to the gods places them in a region outside of the world; pity for mankind calls upon men to withdraw to the same sphere of calm, even though that sphere, be *mors immortalis mors æterna.* It is this moral and human conception at the base of Lucretius's system that has made him one of the leaders of life; for, as Pascal saw, and stated so clearly, Epicureanism and Stoicism are not of one age, but are marks of an irreconcilable, ever-present division in the temperaments and thoughts of mankind. By slighting this central idea Dr. Masson has failed to make of his essay a vital criticism of life.

And in this failure, as in his strength, he is an illuminating example of the work done by our classical scholars in general. Like him, they often have abundant erudition; they sometimes have the same familiarity with modern literature, enabling them to season their writing with unexpected illustrations. But almost without exception they lack that fundamental thought or philosophy which would convert their learning into living literature. Our classical schools are losing their hold because in them the classics are so seldom brought to bear on the unchangeable problems of life. And there is here an enormous and enticing field. The number of books in English which deal with Greek and Latin, not philologically or even æsthetically, but critically, as criticism was understood by Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière, can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand; the harvest is ripe, but where are the reapers?

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, Vol. IV., 1761-1765, Edited by John Pendelton Kennedy; Vol. V., 1758-1761, Edited by H. R. McElwaine, Richmond, Va.

The preceding volumes of the "Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia" were noticed in the *Nation* of August 17, 1905, and June 6, 1907. A brief bibliography of these Journals, as far as copies are known to the editor, is given in the preface of Vol. IV., dated June, 1907. This bibliography was apparently prepared too early to include certain additions suggested in the *Nation* of June 6, 1907. We note also that, speaking of the Journal of 1764, the editor says: "So far as is known there is not a complete printed copy of this Journal extant," the copies in the Virginia State Library, and in the Library of Congress both being imperfect. As a matter of fact, however, the copy in the library of the Maryland Historical Society is complete, beginning on p. 3 and ending on p. 98, and the pagination is continuous with that of the following session of May 1, 1765, beginning on p. 99. A copy of the original Journal in the British Record Office in London was procured to print from. The Maryland copy also confirms the statement of the editor that there was but one session of the Assembly in 1765, as against the view of Hening and Stanard.

A valuable Introduction of some seventy-five pages notices the most important transactions of this Assembly, in which account the Bancroft Transcripts in the Library of Congress are frequently drawn upon. Among the topics were Indian affairs, the issue of paper money, the question of payment of the clergy, and the resulting "Two-Penny Act" regulating the price of tobacco, the only currency of the colony. The ensuing dispute brought on the celebrated "Parsons' Case," in which the oratory of Patrick Henry made such an impression on the jury. But the most important matters during the latter part of the period covered by the Journals in this volume, were those resulting from the passage of the Stamp Act. An address to his Majesty, and memorials to the Lords and Commons, and to the agent of the Colony, were adopted on December 18, 1764. The ground taken by the Burgesses was that "freedom could not exist where taxes were laid upon a people without their consent." Finally, Patrick Henry, jr., then in his first session, offered his celebrated resolutions. He tells us himself, in his own handwriting on the back of a copy of the resolutions—which serve as a frontispiece in facsimile to this volume:

> Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law-book, wrote the within.*

The Assembly treated in the fifth volume, 1758-1761, held seven sessions. The Journals for the first, second, third, fifth, and seventh sessions follow transcripts of the originals in the Public Record Office, London; for the fourth session, a printed copy in the Library of Congress; and for the seventh session, a printed copy in private hands in Williamsburg, Va., the only copy known. Valuable illustrative extracts have been made from the Draper manuscripts owned by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and from the Bancroft Transcripts. These are printed in the appendix, but the former method of printing such extracts in the Preface, in their chronological order near the matter illustrated, seems to be more convenient. A list of the names of the Burgesses for the whole Assembly is prefixed, with notes showing changes during the several sessions, and this seems preferable to repeating the names for each session.

In his message to the Assembly at the opening of the session of March 4, 1760, Gov. Fanquier urged the renewal of the appropriation for the support of the Virginia regiment, reminding the Assembly of what Great Britain was doing, and adding:

> As a further motive to induce you to pursue this salutary measure, consider the present declining state of France; her trade ruined, her navy destroyed, her treasury

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*See William Wirt Henry's "Life of Henry," Vol. I., p. 80.

> bankrupt, and the spirits of her people so entirely broke that she is become rather an object of pity than of resentment. From these circumstances, it is most probable that the blessings of peace will soon attend us; will you not then persevere to the last? Will you tarnish the honor and reputation you have justly acquired by withdrawing yourselves at the close of the day? I cannot suppose it.

The eloquence of the Governor so wrought upon the feelings of the Assembly that it continued the regiment in the service of the Colony until the first day of November next, and three hundred men of it to the first day of April following, "if it shall be thought necessary by the Governor or Commander-in-Chief of this Colony."

These volumes are handsomely printed by the Colonial Press of the Everett Waddey Company in Richmond, in a limited edition of five hundred copies. The proofreading is better, but it is not yet perfect.

Science.

"The Tree Doctor: the Care of Trees and Plants," by John Davey (Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co.), is an extremely entertaining volume. It purports to give the results of long and devoted study of the diseases of our cultivated trees, and of methods of treatment. From first to last, the author presents the whole matter just as an enthusiastic tree-doctor might talk to a sympathetic audience. When he wishes to impart his information in verse, he does so, and it is not very bad verse, either; and when he gives his views about those whom he regards as unwise advisers, he expresses himself without reserve in words which hit hard, and hurt. At the outset, one might think that the volume is composed of odds and ends thrown together in a hap-hazard manner, but on careful reading it is seen to be the work of some one who knows how to get at his hearers in homely speech. Of editing, strictly speaking, there is none; but there is a telling management of blunt phrases. For the most part the advice is judicious, and in not a few instances the phraseology is felicitous. The trifling errors are not likely to mislead any one who makes use of the book in an earnest attempt to improve the condition of trees in orchard, park, or forest. But we must express regret that so good a book should be without index or even table of contents. Even the two hundred photographic reproductions, most of them good and well-chosen, cannot make up for this unnecessary defect.

Dr. Étienne Burnet of the Institut Pasteur, and head of the vaccination service of the city of Paris, explains the present state of "La Lutte contre les microbes" (Colin), particularly in cancer, tuberculosis, sleeping sickness, tetanus, enteritis, smallpox, and vaccine, and the entire work of Jenner up to date.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences in Vienna, in coöperation with the University, the Royal Museum of Natural Sciences, and the Society for the Scientific Investigation of the Orient, will unite in sending an expedition to Mesopotamia in the autumn. The field to be covered includes archæology, geography, botany, zoölogy, and kindred lines of research. Among the chief participants are Dr. Ernst Blaschke of the Royal Museum, Othmar Reiser of the Museum in Seràjevo, and Dr. Friedrich Vierhapper of the Botanical Institute in Vienna.

The American Association of Pathologists and Bacteriologists began its eighth annual meeting at Ann Arbor April 17. The following officers were chosen: President, Dr. H. E. Ernst, Harvard; vice-president, Dr. T. H. Hiss, Columbia; secretary, Dr. F. B. Mallory, Harvard; treasurer, Dr. E. H. Williams, University of Buffalo. A committee was appointed to raise a relief fund for the widow of Major Carroll, the United States army surgeon, who died from the effects of his experiments while studying the theory that yellow fever is spread by mosquitos; and also for the widow of Dr. Lazear, who was connected with Major Carroll in these experiments.

The death is announced of Dr. William Edward Wilson at the age of fifty-six. In 1871 Dr. Wilson established a private observatory and laboratory at Daramona, County Westmeath, Ireland, where excellent work on light and heat was carried out.

Drama.

In his representation of François Coppée's fine play, "Pour la couronne," a number of years ago, Edward Vroom showed himself a romantic actor of uncommon skill and power. This impression he confirmed by his performance in his own play, "The Luck of Macgregor," which was presented in the Garden Theatre on Monday evening. Unfortunately, the play itself is a poor patchwork—military, patriotic, sensational, comic, pathetic, and wholly theatrical—which has no claim upon serious consideration. But Mr. Vroom's impersonation of the central character, an adventurous young Irishman, of the Harry Lorrequer type, was one that could be matched by very few living actors. Exuberant in spirit and charged with audacious vivacity, it was yet perfectly simple and natural. Constantly picturesque in pose and gesture, it was also entirely free from theatrical affectation. Its temperament was delightfully Hibernian, merry, ardent, and tender by turns, with occasional outbursts of genuine passion and touches of manly pathos. Mr. Vroom's artistic proficiency was displayed in the rapidity, lightness, and certainty of his execution, in the significance and grace of his movement, and in the refinement, variety, and melody of his vocal tones. Such good elocution as his is seldom heard upon the stage nowadays. That he is an artist of high and varied accomplishment is certain. His full powers as an actor can only be tested in a play of higher intellectual and imaginative quality.

The success of Eugene Walters's "Paid in Full"—attributable to certain audacities of realism rather than to actual literary or dramatic merit—attracted attention to a new play by the same author, "The Wolf," presented in the Bijou Theatre. This proved to be a melodrama of the Canadian backwoods, with a sensational scene showing, for chief attraction, a duel in the forest, by night, between the villain and the virtuous lover. It is a crude piece, in which youthful exaggeration, imitativeness, and inexperience are all manifest; but which exhibits occasional flashes of vigor and fancy, and a sense of picturesque contrast which contain promise of future achievement. The best thing in it is the character of the hero—a French Canadian—which, in its combination of vivacious good-humor, simple courtesy, and essential virility, is fresh and exceedingly effective, especially as it is interpreted by William Courtenay, who has never done anything better, or so good.

Next month Putnams will have ready Prof. Curtis Hidden Page's translation of Molière in the series of French Classics for English Readers. The work will be in two volumes and will include seven of the best plays, those in verse being rendered here for the first time into English verse.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "Marriage," will be produced in the London Haymarket Theatre, probably in two or three months, under the management of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker.

The committee in charge of the Bauernfeld endowment funds in Vienna has awarded to Karl Schoenherr of Vienna the *Ehrengabe* of 4,000 kronen, in recognition of his drama "Erde."

Music.

The Commonplaces of Vocal Art. By Louis Arthur Russell. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Songs from the Operas. Edited by H. E. Krehbiel. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

There are teachers of singing in New York who make over $25,000 a year. Naturally, a vocation which offers such prizes has many followers throughout the country, and the majority of them, one comes to think, write books, most of which set forth a personal method "possessed and known only by the author." The theories and practices of these teachers, which often remind one of the occult arts of the Indian medicine man, doubtless confer an oracular power over students. There are exceptions, and Mr. Russell is one of them; he does not assert that he has discovered the only true method of teaching the art of singing, but he simply attempts, in his little volume of seventy-four pages, to bring together a number of useful hints regarding breath management, effort in singing, distinctness of utterance, head voice, the legato style, lip shaping, phrasing, and so on. Some of the admonitions, like "Power must never be sought at the cost of purity of tone," seem superfluous, but as a matter of fact there are very few singers, especially on the operatic stage, who do not need to have such elementary truths impressed on them.

Carl Armbruster edited collections of lyric numbers from the Wagner operas for The Musicians' Library, and now Mr. Krehbiel follows with a volume of songs from other operas, mostly preceding Wagner's. He goes back as far as Caccini, one of the originators of Italian opera, and his list includes Campra, Bononcini, Rameau, Pergolesi, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, David, Thomas, Verdi, Gounod, Delibes, Bizet; these names being arranged in the order of the composer's birth. The editor provides a brief sketch of the career of each of these nineteen masters with remarks on the opera from which the selection is taken, and this work is well done, although one may object, in view of "Aïda," to the assertion that the culmination of Verdi's creative powers is marked by "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and "Rigoletto"; or to the statement that Bizet "lived to enjoy his triumphs only three months," for the success of "Carmen" did not come till after his death. A valuable feature of this edition is the printing of the old arias exactly as they were sung when they were written, the appoggiaturas, mordents, and other antique signs being translated into the modern notes which represent the original manner. Mr. Krehbiel has also added variants in the embellishments as introduced by certain singers; for instance, Mme. Sembrich's version of "Ah! non credea mirarti" from "La Sonnambula."

In "Kling, Klang, Gloria, Deutsche Volks- und Kinderlieder," W. Lahler has published (Leipzig: G. Freytag) forty-six of the popular juvenile songs of the Germans and has set them to music. The book is beautifully illustrated, in part in colors.

When the new German Theatre, at Fifty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, is opened next autumn, the manager, Hermann Klein, will begin a series of thirty Sunday afternoon popular concerts. The programmes will be drawn from the masterpieces of the classical composers, beautiful chamber works undeservedly neglected here, and brilliant instrumental solos, intermingled with famous *Lieder* and modern lyric compositions by the best European and American writers. A special feature is to be made of songs in English.

Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, sailed on Saturday for Canada, where he will deliver lectures on the cathedral music of England, from the days of Tallis and Orlando Gibbons to the present time. His tour opens on April 27, at Montreal.

Art.

MR. ABBEY'S DECORATIONS FOR HARRISBURG.

LONDON, April 7.

Edwin A. Abbey is showing at the University of London his series of decorations for the Harrisburg Capitol. The series consists of four lunettes to go under the collar of the dome, and four circular designs for the pendentives between. The State of Pennsylvania, its history and industries, have given Mr. Abbey his principal themes. The first in order chronologically, if not in the order of their exhibition, is The Spirit of Religious Liberty, Accompanied by Faith and Hope, Guiding the Ships of the Early Settlers to the New World. The other three, Science, The Spirit of Light, and The Spirit of Vulcan, preside over the mines and oil wells and iron works that to-day make Pennsylvania more famous than the spiritual prosperity Penn hoped and planned for it. The allegorical figures of Law, Religion, Science, and Art, each with an appropriate quotation, are to fill the four pendentives.

In treating the subjects in the lunettes, Mr. Abbey has profited by the opportunity to present on a large scale modern life and modern scenes. The workmen of the present generation, without the glamour of mediæval trappings, descend into the mines to which Science points; spirits, bringing light to the world, float upward across an arrangement of very real derricks; Vulcan is enthroned over a blast furnace that, in its modernity, must come as a surprise to the pagan god. And Mr. Abbey has made the most, realistically, of these themes, finding as much in them for his purpose as in the old songs and the Shakespeare plays he has been more used to illustrate. It is true that he has mingled allegory with realism; into each of the huge lunettes he has introduced one or more allegorical figures, with what success I hesitate for the moment to say. Certainly, as the decorations are now seen, the most successful is the one in which there is none of this realism, The Spirit of Religious Liberty, who, with Faith and Hope, in rose-flushed draperies, guides the early settlers across the sea. Here the ships, with red sails unfurled, are the ships of other days. Mr. Abbey has carried them out even more conventionally than the conventional figures, and the result is more decorative than in the lunettes where realism and allegory meet and clash.

There is nothing more difficult than to reconcile realism and allegory to convention in decoration. Mr. Furze made for Liverpool some arrangements of navvies at work that, in line and the spacing of his masses, were most decorative. John Lavery never did anything of any kind finer than his big decoration representing modern industrial Glasgow. He and Mr. Furze both relied on actual life, without dragging in allegory as Mr. Abbey has done. Even so fine an artist as Saint-Gaudens came perilously near failure in the attempt, as you may see in one of the most beautiful of all his statues, his General Sherman; for, though the conditions may differ, the same holds true of sculpture as of painting. There is no question, therefore, of the difficulty Mr. Abbey has so bravely accepted and met.

The first chance to see the series has been given to London, but, really, the first chance to judge will not come until every lunette is in its proper place at Harrisburg. The one thing certain is that Mr. Abbey has made an interesting and new departure in his subjects; that these are more powerful in their appeal than the Sir Galahad series at Boston—the present generation being much more immediately concerned with oil and iron and coal than with the Holy Grail; and that he has shown ingenuity in carrying out his modern themes.

N. N.

The transformation which has doubled the attractiveness and almost the area of the Naples Museum has worked very slowly in the department of painting. For the best part of eight years the galleries have been frequently closed or accessible only by special permission. But the picture galleries are again open; even if such conveniences as catalogues and labels are for the future. We understand that all the attributions, many of them glaringly bad, are to be carefully revised. The effort, in the overhauling of the Museum, has been to gain space. Originally the pictures were crowded several files deep in a suite of small galleries, toplighted and facing the court. Only the rooms named after Raphael and Titian were tolerably hung. The galleries were well adapted for the purpose, the crowding was the real evil. Accordingly reform could be got either by adding galleries or by withdrawing many of the bigger and poorer pictures. In a collection rarely high in quality and rather ill assorted there were many good reasons for preferring the latter course. What induced the management to stand by the many seventeenth-century "machines" it possesses was presumably, first, that many of these were produced by Neapolitans; next that they perfectly represent the taste of the town; and, finally, that there was available a series of galleries almost ideally adapted for the exhibition of the eclectics and realists. Outside the small galleries runs a suite of palatial halls, rather dimly lighted from windows, and decorated ornately in sombre tones. Theoretically worse galleries could hardly be imagined, yet the Romans, Bolognese, and Neapolitans of the decline painted with an aggressiveness to defy bad lighting and trying backgrounds, and they are really seen to advantage in these halls built in their times, and decorated when the baroque was still living and admired. And since these painters, many of them masters of composition, have generally been sent wholesale to museum storerooms, we feel that the Naples management did well to follow rather a liberal than a puristic course. By using the big, dim galleries for late painting, it has been possible to display that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries under generous conditions of space and light. On the whole, Prof. Del Buono and his colleagues have made a very satisfactory redistribution of the difficult material at their disposal. The Naples picture gallery can probably never be one of the great shrines of æsthetic resort in Italy; at least it has ceased to be negligible. It is still unfortunate in possessing few ensembles of an attractive kind, but its fine examples of Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Giambellino, Masaccio, Masolino, Correggio, and Raphael, and Claude (now all well hung) give it a strong claim upon the serious lover of art.

For two years past the work of Giotto has been vigorously discussed. With Sirèn's iconoclastic revision of the traditional list, appeared Venturi's circumstantial redistribution of many of the frescoes of Assisi and Padua to supposititious helpers. Now it is understood that Venturi finds practically nothing of the master at Assisi. Into this debate Bernhard Berenson, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for March, enters as a kind of moderator. He has greatly modified the view expressed in the handbook of Florentine paintings, which was based on the acceptance of the Stefaneschi altarpiece. Now he regards that picture as not earlier than 1320, and, perhaps, as a product of Bernardo Daddi's youth. To a similar date are relegated the four allegories in the central vaults of the Lower Church at Assisi. By the same unknown artist as these are the frescoes concerning St. Francis as well as the Annunciation and Crucifixion in the adjoining right transept; and to him, it is suggested, we may owe the Baroncelli altarpiece of Sta. Croce. Yet another hand must be held responsible for the frescoes of the Childhood of Christ in the same transept. Mr. Berenson characterizes this painter "as one of the most fascinating story tellers that ever held brush," and thinks that this charming ignoto may have painted the Paradise with the Dante portrait in the Bargello. Constructively, Mr. Berenson admits as Giotto's authentic list the St. Francis stories in the Upper Church, Nos. ii-xix, and the general schemes of Nos. i. and xx.-xxv. These were executed by the "Cecily Master," who did Nos. xxvi.-xxviii. from his own designs. Of the much discussed frescoes in the Maddalena chapel, in the Lower Church, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the Feast in the House of Simon, and the portrait of the Donor with the Magdalen (in part) seem surely to be by Giotto himself. None of the various panels ascribed to Giotto, except the great Virgin of the Florence Academy and the Crucifixion in the Arena Chapel, Padua, now strike Mr. Berenson as beyond cavil, though he still entertains a tenderness for the Circumcision in the Gardner Collection, Boston, and believes that the Last Supper at Munich is in part from the master's brush. Naturally no doubt attaches to the frescoes in Sta. Croce, and, in view of recent mystifications, it is heartening to read:

> The most important source for the study of Giotto remains the Arena Chapel where, excepting the paintings in the little tribune which no serious critic has attributed to him, everything is his, saving merely some of the small heads in the decorative strips, and a few small passages in the upper part of the Last Judgment.

For numerous details we must refer the reader to the *Rassegna*, only quoting a passage which suggests the import of Mr. Berenson's change of front. He writes of Giotto's earliest works, the St. Francis series, Nos. ii.-xix.:

> These reveal everywhere the faithful follower of Cavallini, not yet as advanced as his predecessors on these walls, but endowed with extraordinary dramatic qualities and with a great capacity for expressing substance and reality.

If we must believe, with Venturi, that Cimabue also developed under the influence of Cavallini, that Roman painter must be regarded as the real founder of the modern manner in Italy.

J. T. Evans's new volume, "Church-Plate of Carmarthenshire" (London: Henry Gray), does not yield in point of interest to either of those which preceded it. The introduction offers the student results of the later research into the history of church vessels, not in this region only, but in the rest of England and Wales. In comparison with some other districts, the county of Carmarthen is found to come off badly in respect of the number of its specimens. It possesses only one pre-Reformation example, and an indifferent one at that, the plain silver plate at Llanddeusant, which T. M. Fallows dates about 1525. Of Elizabethan pieces, excluding the Llanstephan cocoanut cup and the doubtful Egremont chalice, it has thirty-three; of seventeenth century examples, it owns twenty-nine; and of eighteenth century, twenty-one. If, however, its specimens do not bulk large, they show considerable variety and artistic interest. Special store is set by the Llanstephan cup of 1569, already mentioned, which is believed to be the only hall-marked cocoanut vessel in existence used for the celebration of the Eucharist.

In "Edwin Davis French: a Memorial," Ira H. Brainerd has done an admirable piece of work. Mr. French was easily the best book-plate engraver we have had in America, and all collectors of these "unconsidered trifles" cherish everything that came from his hands. A book that deals so authoritatively with his life and work is certain, therefore, of an enthusiastic reception. The selection of biographical material has been painstaking and discriminating; the plates used as illustrations cover a wide range. The check list of the French plates, as published by Paul Lemperly in 1899, has been continued, and the series brought to a finish. A supplementary list of designs and engravings other than book-plates has been included. The edition is limited to 475 copies, of which 425 are on handmade paper and 50 are on imperial Japanese vellum; the printing was done by the De Vinne Press.

"Karten von Leukas, Beiträge zur Frage Leukas-Ithaka," by Walther von Marées (Berlin: Berliner lithographisches Institut Julius Moser), contains forty pages of text, seven illustrations, and six charts dealing with Ithacan problems. In 1904 Emperor William sent Capt. von Marées and Lieut. Nonne to make detailed topographical measurements on the island of Leucas. The results of their investigation are here given; in general their findings confirm Professor Dörpfeld's views.

The latest issue of the official Jahreshefte contains a report of research in Ephesus by Austrian scholars under leadership of Prof. Rudolf Heberdey. He is assisted by the archæologists W. Wilberg and J. Klein and the geologist A. Grund. These excavations, east of the ruins of the library, have laid bare an eight-cornered building, erected between 54 and 59 A. D., and ornamented with beautiful relief plates. Next to this is a long hall, one end of which connects with the theatre. This hall, it appears from the inscriptions, was used down to the Byzantine period. Remnants of the old and beautiful Hellenistic rotunda belonging to the time of King Lysimachus have been exposed by removal of a superstructure dating from the period of the Roman empire. Adjoining the remains of St. Mary's Church, the largest Christian structure unearthed in Ephesus, is found a smaller church planned in the same style.

At the auction at Christie's, London, on April 4, the following prices were paid for drawings by Turner: Bodiham Castle, £504; Pevensey Castle, £420; The Vale of Ashburnham, an open landscape, £441; Hurstmonceaux Castle, £451; Beauport, near Bexhill, £220; Battle Abbey, £357; The Vale of Ashburnham, wooded foreground, £640; The Vale of Heathfield, £735; The Vale of Pevensey from Rose Hill Park, £682; Rose Hill Park, £577; Pevensey Bay from Crowhurst Park, £546; and Rose Hill, £357. Among the other drawings sold were these: D. Cox, Cross-Roads, £262; C. Fielding, Snowdon, £241. The paintings included: Turner, Beach at Hastings, £6,300; J. Israëls, La Fête de Jeanne, £1,680; J. Linnell, sen., A Forest Road, £1,344; Millais, The Sound of Many Waters, £1,155; The Fringe of the Moor, £1,155; Murthly Water, £366; Wilkie, The Cotter's Saturday Night, £1,155; Vicat Cole, Cookham-on-Thames, £220; Summer Showers, £294; P. Graham, Highland Landscape, £262; A Highland Ford, £294; J. C. Hook, Yo, Heave, Ho! £294; J. Pettie, At Bay, £336; Briton Rivière, Comala, £252; Hoppner, Portrait of a Young Girl, £420; Opie, Mrs. Macdonald, £441; Reynolds, Edwin, from Beattie's "Minstrel," £262; Heads of Angels, £399; Keeley Halswelle, An Essex Lock, £210; J. Holland, The Piazzetta of St. Mark's, Venice, £262; Alma Tadema, At the Close of a Joyful Day, £966; C. Fielding, Pembroke Castle, £325.

An exhibition of the complete etched work of D. Y. Cameron will be held at the Grolier Club in this city April 25 to May 16.

The death is announced from Versailles of Prince Bojidar Karageorgevich, the brother of King Peter of Servia, in his forty-seventh year. He was not only a distinguished patron of art, but was himself a sculptor of note, exhibiting frequently at the Salon and the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, of which he was an associate.

Charles Busson, a pupil of Rémond and Français, and a landscape painter of long-established reputation, has died at the age of eighty-five. He obtained a medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1855, and had from that time on been a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Two of his works are in the Luxembourg.

Finance.

Money and Credit Instruments in Their Relation to General Prices. Vol. I. of Cornell Studies in History and Political Science. By Edwin Walter Kemmerer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

This little volume is in many ways the best thing that has appeared in monetary investigation for some years past, and quite puts to the blush several rather pretentious works which have recently undertaken to read the burial service over the so-called quantity theory of money. Begun as a college thesis and eventually serving as the basis of a doctoral dissertation, it serves as a model both of close-knit *à priori* argument and effective statistical verification. The author's experience in the Philippines as a monetary expert enlarged his vision and strengthened his grip of fact, without shaking his faith in the carefully sifted deductive theory of money as it came from the hands of the abler classical economists. The book is divided into two parts: The first, theoretical; and the second, statistical. In the first part the quantity theory is presented in a series of frankly hypothetical societies, reminiscent of Nicholson's treatment of the same problem. Misconceptions and misrepresentations of the quantity theory are duly exposed and set aside; and, as the complexities of credit are finally superposed on the simpler hypothetical monetary society, the author emerges triumphant with the well-fortified conclusion:

> The quantity theory, in spite of all the complexities of the modern industrial régime, still holds true as a general principle; and general prices, *other things being equal*, vary proportionately and in the same direction with variations in the money supply (p. 87).

If Professor Kemmerer had stopped here we should have been his debtors, but to nothing the same extent as we are in view of his brilliant supplement. Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin has contended that "taking the available data at hand for the United States, one would have no hesitation in saying that in no single case examined has there been any proportion whatever between the movements of prices and the quantity of the circulation." If "circulation" includes deposit currency, this dictum certainly will need revision in the light of Professor Kemmerer's demonstration of the close correspondence between the relative circulation and general prices between 1879 and 1904.

A minor criticism may be suggested regarding an infelicity in presentation, not substance of doctrine. Chart II. (p. 142), based on index numbers, seems at first glance to represent the bank reserves as constantly greater than the money in circulation *inclusive of the bank reserves.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, Charles M. British Committees, Commissions and Councils of Trade and Plantations, 1622-1675. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

Bielschowsky, Albert. The Life of Goethe. Translated by William A. Cooper. Vol. III. Putnams. $3.50 net.

Bradford, jr., Gamaliel. Matthew Porter. Boston: Page.

Braid, James. The Ladies' Field Golf Book. Imported by Scribners. 40 cts. net.

Browning's Strafford. Edited by Hereford B. George. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.

Bruner, James D. Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.

Byford, Henry T. To Panama and Back. Chicago: W. B. Conkey Co.

Carpenter, Edward. Sketches from Life in Town and Country. Macmillan. $1.50.

Chamberlain, Arthur Henry. The Condition and Tendencies of Technical Education in Germany. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Chase, George H. The Loeb Collection of Arretine Pottery. New York.

Chester, George Randolph. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. $1.50.

Clegg, Thomas Bailey. The Bishop's Scapegoat. Lane. $1.50.

Clerke, Agnes M. A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century. Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Compayré, Gabriel. Montaigne and Education of the Judgment. Translated by J. E. Mansion. Crowell. 90 cents net.

Cooke, Marjorie Benton. More Modern Monologues. Chicago: Dramatic Publishing Co.

Crawford, F. Marion. The Primadonna. Macmillan. $1.50.

Death in the Kiss. Broadway Publishing Co.

Deeping, Warwick. Bertrand of Brittany. Harpers. $1.50.

Deledda, Grazia. Ashes. Translated by Helen H. Colvill. Lane. $1.50.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1908.

The Week.

Considerably more than half of the delegates to the Chicago Convention have now been chosen. The full roll, as fixed by the National Committee, will be 980—491 to nominate. Secretary Taft has a far larger number than any other candidate. His total is variously stated; but a reasonable estimate would be that he has now at least 280 upon whom he can absolutely depend. With so great an acquired momentum, it is not surprising that his nomination is regarded as highly probable. Yet it has often happened that the leading candidate has been beaten by a combination of his rivals. This was so in the Republican Conventions of 1860, 1876, 1880, and 1888. The question now chiefly in debate is whether Taft will be able to pick up enough votes to secure the nomination on the first ballot. Where will he get the 220 additional delegates that he needs? New England has distinctly disappointed his managers. They confidently predicted that Taft would have at least 52 out of the 82 New England delegates; but it will apparently stand at about 34 for Taft to 48 against him. Turning to the other Republican or doubtful States, we find that Secretary Taft is likely to fall considerably short of a nomination on the first ballot, without support from the Southern States. To succeed, he will have to secure and hold the delegations from States like Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama, where there is no Republican vote, and no Republican party except office-holders.

The fact that the Illinois Democratic Convention has voted instructions for Bryan is not so important as the way in which that result was brought about. Roger Sullivan dominated the convention, and himself heads the list of Bryan delegates at large. Now, he is the man whom Bryan denounced at St. Louis in 1904 as no better than a highwayman. Nor can people have forgotten Bryan's attack on Sullivan two years ago, when he tried to read the Illinois boss out of the party, and declared that no self-respecting and honest Democrat could have anything to do with so corrupt a politician. To-day, however, this same political highwayman and corruptionist is holding his State for Bryan. The spectacle cannot fail to disturb those who have believed that Mr. Bryan, with all his vagaries, was morally sound and sincere and would not stoop to a sacrifice of principle in order to profit personally. He, of course, will have his retort ready. He will point to Boss Cox, now a Taft delegate, after being excoriated by Taft. He may even point to "Lou" Payn as a district delegate for Hughes. In the latter case, however, nobody can allege that there was anything approaching conference or agreement. Gov. Hughes has kept his hands off wholly; and if district conventions chose disreputable men, that was their affair. But in Illinois, Bryan came to an understanding with Sullivan, put his interests in the hands of the boss, and, on the plea of "harmony," urged his friends to acquiesce in a coalition with a man whom he had affirmed to be an unmitigated scoundrel. This can but imperil one of Mr. Bryan's best assets. People have thought him a fanatic, but have believed him straight. Can they believe him so after his striking hands with Sullivan?

The President's friends are just now introducing us to a new conception of his character. After long holding him up as the most simple and direct of men, they to-day picture him as a statesman who goes to his goal by the most circuitous of routes. He urgently asked Congress for four battleships, and set all his faithful servants to working for them night and day; but he did not really want them. He was actually after only two, which Congress was all along prepared to give him. Hence, his apparent rebuff is truly a triumph. He is fairly "exuberant" with joy, the New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent tells us, at having been voted down in the House by 199 to 83, and in the Senate by 50 to 23. This is exactly what he was working for. A similar explanation is made of Mr. Roosevelt's latest special message to Congress, enumerating again the things he wishes done before adjournment. In sober fact, we are told, he has not the slightest expectation that they will be done; indeed, he does not really want them done. He is not thinking of Congress. His thoughts are as far away from the present scene as those of the dying gladiator. This "special-extra" message is designed for some veiled and distant purpose—perhaps for the Republican platform; possibly, for a Roosevelt campaign in 1912. This is uncertain; the only certain thing is that the message has not the aim that it pretends to have. The hunter is not shooting where he looks. One part of this new theory of the President as a man who gains his ends by indirection, it is, of course, easy to understand. He never loses. That is a fixed point. It is inconceivable that he should not have his way. Therefore, if he appears not to get it, this only shows that his real objective has not been understood. His bullet always goes home. Foolish people may think that he was intending to bring down four battleships, but the result shows that he never had a thought of bagging more than two. This we can readily understand. It is a necessary part of that logic about Roosevelt, which, like that celebrated by old Thomas Fuller, whatever the premises, always brings out praise and glory in the conclusion.

We must say, however, that it involves something of a wrench to break away from our fond idea of the President as one all spontaneity and straightforwardness. Americans have taken deep satisfaction in his bluntness, his openness, his advertising of his purposes, his whole-hearted fashion of seeing what he wants and going after it without qualm or hesitation. The thought of slyness is absolutely contradictory to current thought of Mr. Roosevelt. That he should ever come to think that a zig-zag is the shortest line between two points, one would have said to be incredible. But since his closest friends now insist upon clothing him in craft as with a garment, we must do our best to adjust ourselves to the new version of his nature. Evidently, this makes it hard to comment intelligently upon what he says or demands, because, according to this latter-day theory of President Roosevelt, he means and desires something quite different. His special message crying aloud for four battleships was thus all a blind. When he wrote to Congressman Humphrey "I am unable to understand objection to building these four battleships by any good American," he did it with a wink. Then, too, if special messages are not what they seem, it is rather futile to try either to criticise or to commend them. When the President leaves out, in his list of the measures which he desired to see "enacted into law," the removal of the duty on wood pulp, and the reduction of the rates on printing paper, that may be only his way of laying fresh emphasis upon that subject. When once you accept the view that the President is roundabout and furtive, as his friends proudly assert, troubles of interpretation thicken upon you. For our part even though it be taken as an unfriendly attitude, we cannot go over to this notion of a "devilish sly" Roosevelt. We must go on thinking of him as one who talks straight and hits out from the shoulder. This implies, of course, that he sometimes makes mistakes, and sometimes gets beaten. This is hard for flatterers to admit, but better that than to set up the doctrine that the frank and forthright Roosevelt is two-faced and two-tongued. It ought not to be considered praise of anybody but a Turkish statesman, that the only safe inference to make from his words is that they do not mean what they say.

> When you consider for a moment that this $500,000 which was contributed by a single corporation in this city was more than we were able to raise in either of the campaigns in which I was a candidate from more than 6,000,000 voters, you get a fair idea of the tremendous influence, one way or another, that the corporations can exert if they want to.

In these words Mr. Bryan comments on the revelation that the street railways of New York city had contributed within a few years a half-million or more to politics. This fact, brought out by Thomas F. Ryan's testimony before the grand jury, is, as Mr. Bryan says, not exactly news; "it merely gives us some details we did not know before." Since the last Presidential election the evidence has poured upon us in a torrent. The echoes of Mr. Roosevelt's impassioned denial of Judge Parker's charge as to campaign contributions from the corporations had hardly died away, when the flood-gates were opened. First came the admission that each of the three large life insurance companies had paid $50,000 to help elect Mr. Roosevelt; and behind this display of patriotism loomed the whole vast system, managed by Andrew Hamilton, for accelerating or stopping the passage of laws. Then the letters between E. H. Harriman and President Roosevelt were published—"You and I are practical men"—showing that the President had persuaded Mr. Harriman to raise $260,000 late in October, 1904, for the obvious purpose of buying votes in this State. "The result," said Mr. Harriman, was "that at least 50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone." And now comes this last addition to the list—the Metropolitan Street Railway. It backed any party from which it could secure a *quid pro quo*. The managers of this traction company robbed their stockholders in order to oppose Mr. Bryan; robbed them in order to purchase support of Democrats and Republicans at Albany; robbed them in order to fatten Tammany under Charles F. Murphy. It was an orgy of political debauchery. But people are stirred as never before about the relations between corporations and politics In the coming election it will go hard with any party which is believed to draw support from the treasuries of railways, lighting companies, protected manufacturers, and Trusts. If Mr. Bryan runs for President, that adroit speaker will make terrible onslaughts upon the Republicans, against whom the evidence relating to the use of corporation money in former elections is already overwhelming. Then, should Congress refuse to pass Representative McCall's bill providing for publicity of campaign contributions, the argument can be used with double force. Fervent protests of injured innocence, either from Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Taft, will fall on dull ears.

When party leaders frantically urge Congress to "do something," in an intricate matter like currency legislation, there is danger ahead. The burden of the news from Washington is that the President, the Speaker, and Senator Aldrich are convinced that "something" must be done. What it is, they do not know and cannot agree; but they assert that the country was promised a law of some kind, and that at all hazards, some kind of hugger-mugger bill must be whipped through. The present plan appears to be to get the whole matter into conference between the House and Senate. Speaker Cannon is to drive a mutilated measure through the House; when it gets to the Senate, Aldrich is to amend it by substituting his own bill; and then everything will be left to a conference committee. Tariffs have been made in that way, so why not currency laws? It is expected that Congress will be jaded in the flurry of the closing session, and that the Aldrich bill can thus be snatched from defeat at the last moment. Not only is such procedure highly objectionable, but the results, if the plan succeeds, will be not at all what is predicted. Instead of Republicans being able to point to a currency bill which keeps the party's promise and satisfies the country, they will be on the defensive. The party will be charged with passing a law which the banking opinion and expert economists of the country almost unanimously condemned. Another charge, difficult of denial, will be that the Aldrich bill was forced through by a speculative clique, with its own ends to serve. The West would resound with the cry of a Wall Street job behind Aldrich. Furthermore, a makeshift measure would distract attention from the need of thorough reform. From every point of view, therefore, the scheme to pass a vicious currency bill on the plea of political exigency ought to be fought without truce by all clear-headed and patriotic members of Congress. The Aldrich bill has been fairly beaten by open argument. It should not now be allowed to succeed by a deal in conference committee or a parliamentary trick.

The representatives of 774 newspapers assembled in this city at their annual convention unanimously asked that Congress and President grant them "immediate relief from the exactions of combinations of paper-makers." At the same time, in Washington, one man was thwarting all prospects of aid at this session of Congress. Speaker Cannon was bringing about the adoption of a resolution for a special committee to investigate conditions in the paper trade. The obedient Republican majority voted as he wished, thereby putting an end to all hopes of change in the tariff at this session. The "stand-patters" have won all along the line; the President, the great body of revisionists, the newspapers of the country have appealed in vain. The press may as well acknowledge its defeat cheerfully. It is mightier than the sword, but less powerful than the Speaker of the House —and those interests whose will he obeys.

The decision of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives that the bills for the purchase of the Appalachian and White Mountain forests are unconstitutional is accompanied by an important opinion. The committee held that the Federal government has no power to acquire lands within a State solely for forest reserves, but that under its Constitutional power over navigation Congress may purchase lands and forest reserves in a State, provided it is clear that such reserves have a "direct and substantial connection with the conservation and improvement of the navigability of a river, actually navigable either in whole or in part, and any appropriation made therefor is limited to that purpose." While this is, on its face, a defeat for those who have been backing the existing bills, it really means that a road to certain success has been pointed out. A new bill complying with the requirements of the committee will be before Congress in a day or two, and if it does not pass at this session, it will be pushed with greater energy at the next, with the question of Constitutionality wholly out of the way. More than this, the committee's decision is of vast importance as opening the way to that most desirable end —the preservation of the headwaters of all our great rivers. Hence, the forest enthusiasts and the Bureau of Forestry are reported to be in high spirits over the prospects of the immediate and the distant future.

Why did the Legislature of the State of New York adjourn with open insults to the Governor? Had any member a grievance against him which could be publicly stated? The most embittered Assemblyman could not allege that Gov. Hughes has not been absolutely honest. The most drunken Tammany Senator could not assert that he has not been unusually laborious, conscientious to a degree, patient and courteous; nor that he has brought to his work great ability and lofty personal standards. He has not attempted to cheat the Legislature. He has neither bargained nor logrolled; has not used his veto power, or the threat of it, to terrorize legislators, nor has he trafficked in patronage to buy their votes. Furthermore, it is admitted by all impartial observers, outside the State as well as in it, that Gov. Hughes has won a reputation and conquered an admiration not equalled any Governor of New York since Tilden and Cleveland. What, then, is the explanation of the strong dislike? Putting minor reasons one side, the chief one is that the Governor has endeavored to hold the Legislature to its duty. He has sought to make it in fact, what it is in theory, truly representative of the whole people. What he had to face was a set of men too many of whom were "owned" by bosses like Barnes of Albany. To such legislators broad and sound public policy meant little compared with the exigent demands of politicians whom they feared, or powerful men whom they courted. And the secret of their rage at the Governor is that he has not only stood for the people in general, but has gone out into the districts and proved that many legislators were misrepresenting their particular constituencies. Wherever you find any kind of association of God-fearing and right-living citizens, there you find cordial and admiring support of Gov. Hughes. In flouting him, the Legislature is but flouting the most respectable and weighty sentiment of the State. Now, we would ask if the Republican party in New York can afford to see a man like this thwarted by crawling politicians? Can New York Republicans sit by unmoved and see this Governor frustrated by such creatures as Barnes and Woodruff, in alliance with McCarren and Grady? Above all, can they contemplate without dismay the spectacle of the plain mandate of the people, as written in the Constitution, nullified by politicians making themselves tools of men who would coin money out of public vice? If Gov. Hughes's sincere and determined effort to get the people's will against licensed gambling enacted into law be defeated by partisan schemers and underground intriguers, what is going to be the effect on the political party responsible for the grievous failure?

The celebration of the centenary of the Catholic diocese of New York this week is an event to appeal strongly even to those not of the Catholic faith. Note, for example, how much the steady ongoing of Catholic activity has done to extinguish, or at least silence, ancient prejudices. Remembering the old and bitter anti-Catholic feeling, we mark a great transformation in saying that today the Protestant churches would look upon the extinction or withdrawal of the Catholic churches as a great calamity. This does not imply that religious or even theological conviction has broken down; but that tolerance has broadened and that eyes have been opened to see the facts. We are certain that Protestant denominations would be appalled if they were asked to take over the work of the Catholic Church in New York. They could not begin to do it. Even if they had the physical resources—the men and money and buildings—they would have neither the mental nor moral ability. For long years now, the Catholic Church in this great port has been receiving and controlling and assimilating one influx of foreign peoples after another. It has held them for religion, and it has held them for citizenship. No one can soberly reflect upon this vast labor of education and restraint without becoming convinced that it has been an indispensable force in our public life. The Protestant churches have been and are now more than ever unfitted, whether by temperament or methods, to attack so gigantic a problem. They lack the authority—the compelling force of supernatural fears, if one insists. Nothing but a venerable and universal institution, always the same yet always changing, could have taken her incoming children—the raw material of Americans—and done for them what the Catholic Church in this city has done during the memorable century now rolled past. Even those who cannot pretend to speak of Catholic dogma with entire sympathy, must confess that some of its moral results have been admirable. The firm stand of the Church in the matter of marriage and divorce, for example, seems more and more a blessing as the laxness of law and of custom, in that respect, goes on increasing. The testimony which the Church has borne to the ideal of the Christian family is something which cannot be overlooked when those who are not sons of the Church are reckoning up their debt to her. We may be grateful for every steady and powerful teacher of goodness, like the Catholic Church. More and more is the world coming over to the position of George Eliot's dear woman who said that if there was any good to be got in this world, mercy knew we were in need of it.

As Winston Churchill himself admits, his defeat for reëlection in the northwest division of Manchester is a serious blow to the new Ministry. And yet it must not be overlooked that this is normally a Conservative constituency consistently held by the Conservatives by large majorities until 1906. It was, therefore, known that the contest would be a serious one for the Liberals. Mr. Churchill showed himself an excellent campaigner, keen, vigorous, and energetic besides being quite imperturbable when under fire. At one of his meetings, a man in the gallery called out "Rot." "The gentleman who says rot," responded Mr. Churchill instantly, "no doubt expresses very well what is in his head." When the speaker said that he felt confident of success, the gallery disturber replied: "I don't." "Well," said Churchill, "I have fought four elections, which is more than the gentleman in the gallery has." When Churchill asked what would be the consequence of his defeat, the gallery hecklers responded: "Beer." "That," answered Churchill, "might be the cause. I am talking of the consequences." But his readiness and good temper have now availed him not at all, and though, as he has declared, his defeat will not cause the resignation of the government, it is plain that this fresh blow to the Liberals is to be made much of by the Conservatives as a victory for protection. Free trade in England is fortunately not dependent upon one bye-election or ten; and it is open to much question whether the old-age pension policy of the government and other acts are not as much responsible for Mr. Churchill's defeat as any desire for protective duties. At any rate, it is a plain warning to the new Prime Minister to set his house in order.

Political discussion in Europe turns for the moment from Macedonia and the Baltic to the North Sea and the succession to the Dutch throne. Queen Wilhelmina's narrow escape from a carriage accident a few weeks ago has helped to bring forward in the public mind the possibility of a sudden change of dynasty, if not of régime. The old German spectre has loomed up again. The nearest legal heir, in case of the Queen's dying without issue, is a Prince Henry of Reuss, and it is assumed that the succession of a German prince would mean the hastening of the absorption of Holland by the German Empire. The way out is by a change in the Constitution which should vest in the Dutch Parliament, sitting as a convention, the power of selecting a successor to Queen Wilhelmina or of transforming the monarchy into a republic. A revision of the Constitution was first broached in 1905, but two years later, when the Queen outlined the scope of the commission's work, the articles dealing with the succession to the throne were omitted. The powerful conservative element headed by ex-Premier Kuijper is sharply opposed to the suggestion of a republic, and the chances are that nothing radical will be done in the way of Constitutional changes. Why it should be taken for granted that a German prince, when placed on the Dutch throne, would lend himself to Pan-Germanic ambitions, is not quite apparent. Human nature and experience would argue that such a ruler would give his first care to retaining for himself and his successors an independent throne that is well worth occupying.

THE ARBITRATION TREATIES.

Too little attention has been given by press or public to the ratification by the Senate of the arbitration treaties with Great Britain, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, and France. Only two weeks ago it was thought that the convention with England would fail because of Irish opposition; yet it went through with no trouble whatever, to the great credit of the Senate. Indeed, those who are inclined to find fault with that body for its sins of omission, ought to write this action large on the credit side. The ratification of these treaties is not only in itself a reason for national pride, but is another long step in the direction of international peace.

In 1905 general treaties of arbitration with the same countries were signed and laid before the Senate. Those treaties undertook to specify the main classes of international differences to be submitted to arbitration after a special agreement between the two nations. The Senate then held that there could not be a general agreement, but that there must be a treaty to cover each specific case, the treaty to be laid, of course, before the Senate. When the Senate enforced this view by its amendments, the State Department declined to accept the treaties, and they perished. So far as the British treaty of 1905 was concerned, the Senate really set out to destroy it because of the Irish agitation against it. In all fairness to the Senate, it should, however, be added that Mr. Roosevelt, by his sweeping proposal that he should have complete discretion as to an agreement with San Domingo, gave the Senate the very excuse it was looking for to put an end to the arbitration treaties.

The Senate's kindlier disposition towards the treaties of 1908 is due primarily to the recession of the Executive from its previous position. In the English treaty, for instance, it is now expressly stipulated that special agreements for arbitration are to be made by the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate"; while Ambassador Bryce obtained for England the right to refer to any self-governing dominion of the British Empire for its concurrence a special agreement affecting its interests in any manner. In so far as this admission of the Senate as a party to the procedure weakens the arbitration, it is to be regretted. On the other hand, if reference of an arbitration agreement to the Senate for approval introduces, beyond dispute, some clumsy machinery and causes delay, it nevertheless gives another opportunity to bring to public attention the facts in each particular case and to build up a sound opinion. It is evident that both Secretary Root and Mr. Roosevelt have come to recognize that even with this reference of each case to the Senate, the treaties are of such great value that the point may properly be conceded. The general public will, we think, concur. After the failure of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1897, as well as that of 1905, it marks distinct progress, not only to have the treaty go through, but to have it ratified without the usual accompaniment of threats and insinuations that behind the treaty lies an intention to steal Cuba or the Philippines, or what not. We may add that a similar treaty with Germany is now being drafted. Japan, also, we hope, will not be overlooked.

Since all questions adopted for arbitration are to go to the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague, the importance of that body is demonstrated anew; and it is therefore particularly fitting that the Senate should deal generously with the conventions signed by the American delegation to the last Hague Conference. Of the ten signed, all but one have been favorably reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations; and also one of the three not signed by our representatives.

Of course, the new treaties do not mean that each nation binds itself to submit every question to arbitration and to abide by the result. The subjects to be arbitrated do not affect the "vital interests, independence, or the honor of the contracting states"—and the last term may cover anything in the eyes of a jingo. None the less, the habit of arbitrating disputes is what lovers of peace wish their governments to acquire, and the more questions are arbitrated the easier will it be to submit others to the decision of a third person or of an international tribunal; the more difficult it will be to stir up a feeling that this country is going to be forever humiliated by a failure to win its point in a fisheries or a boundary dispute. Eighteen years ago international arbitration was little more than a hope; to-day it is an accepted policy; and since this country has already made twelve specific special agreements for arbitration, there is every ground to believe that as time passes the Senate will view this policy more and more broadly.

"SPANKING" CASTRO.

Only last week flaring headlines announced: "Roosevelt Will Humble Castro." Now we read that the Administration has practically abandoned hope that Congress will at this session authorize the President to take punitive measures against Venezuela. It looks, therefore, as if Castro would once more escape that "spanking" to which the Administration and some gray-haired Senators believe him thoroughly entitled. Our ungrateful South American protégé is to go his own way once more; nothing is to prevent Castro from making faces at us, writing sarcastic editorials in his pet newspaper, and saying that Americans are "vain with the thought that they are standard-bearers of justice and the paladins of liberty." President Roosevelt may rage if he pleases; Secretary Root may continue to feel that the dignity of the United States has been flouted and the decencies of diplomatic intercourse violated. Castro will hold to his course, cheered by the thought of having once more balked an adversary many times bigger than himself.

The Senate is well advised in not commissioning the President to do as he sees fit along the coast of Venezuela this summer. This is not merely because of Mr. Roosevelt's impulsiveness and love of military glory. Such an enterprise should not be undertaken without careful consideration of consequences. One reason for the sudden cessation of the clamor for reprisals is that many persons doing business with Venezuela "have urged that nothing be done." Their trade would be ruined, perhaps for years to come, since other foreigners would quickly seize the opportunity to step in. Another result would be to intensify the existing dislike of Americans, and to solidify the entire Venezuelan people under Castro's leadership. When the allies, Germany, Italy, and England, undertook to blockade the Venezuelan ports and to bombard Puerto Cabello, in 1902, men whom Castro was said to have ruined, the political exiles in Caracas, even those who had been thrown into jail for opposing the will of the dictator, offered him their swords and begged to be allowed to fight against the foreigners. From this point of view, the United States could do Castro no greater favor than to resort to belligerent or quasi-belligerent measures. We should thus relieve him of all fear of a revolution for some time to come.

Even if the United States should blockade the ports of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, Castro would remain unmoved. We might indeed take possession of the customs houses, although we have no money claims against Venezuela. Were we prepared to land an army of 25,000 men, we might even capture Caracas. But with the capital in our hands, we should neither lay hands on the government that is said to have ill-treated us, nor win the submission of the people. It is well to remember that when President Roosevelt succeeded in inducing Germany and England and their ally to submit their claims to arbitration in 1902, Castro was quite ready to fight on, even with Puerto Cabello at the mercy of the foreign vessels.

What is more, the Venezuelans are warlike by nature. Castro's army of 10,000 men suggests comic opera in its appearance; but they are remarkably ready to die for their country or cause. In one of their recent revolutions, at the battle of Victoria, 6,000 out of the 24,000 men engaged were killed in almost hand-to-hand conflict. Not only are they fighters, but in repelling an invasion they would have the help of great natural advantages. Caracas itself lies 3,000 feet high, and, although less than seven miles from the coast as the bird flies, is separated from it by mountain peaks rising 6,000 feet above the city's streets. The defiles through which any invaders must pass afford abundant opportunity for vigorous defence by small bodies of men. Indeed, Caracas is held to be impregnable from the Puerto Cabello side. The Venezuelans would be further assisted by their climate, which is more deadly than that of Cuba, or, as some think, than that of the Philippines. Caracas is damp and malarious, and its inhabitants suffer from mountain fevers, catarrh, liver troubles, and severe rheumatic complaints. During the summer it is visited by *la fiebre perniciosa*—a kind of yellow fever. At La Guayra the port has just now had to be closed because of the appearance of a mysterious plague. Obviously, should Mr. Roosevelt ever seriously take in hand the spanking of Castro, he would be forced either to keep his forces on his ships, or to pay a heavy price for his temerity.

The reasons, then, for going slow in this business of spanking Castro are strong enough to appeal even to one who despises a weakling and craven. But behind all this is the question whether we ought to take up arms at all against a weaker nation because we do not like the decision of its courts, or the manners and actions of its officials. Those citizens and investors who went to Venezuela knowing just how badly it is governed and precisely how despotic, arbitrary, and probably corrupt Castro is, took chances of loss with their eyes open. Moreover, the United States could ill afford to take up the case of an asphalt company which has been proved guilty of fomenting one revolution. To go behind court decisions is what this country asks of Venezuela; yet plenty of foreigners residing there believe in the honesty of the courts. Refusal to arbitrate individual claims is Castro's chief offence. Shall the United States for that cause reverse an historic policy, risk a long and bloody campaign, destroy a valuable trade, and spread fear and hatred throughout South America? The sober common sense of the Senate has said no.

STRATIFIED HISTORY.

Recent disclosures of the practices of public service corporations will compel the scientific historian to add another important source to the recognized material from which history is now painfully educed. We refer, of course, to books of account, where they have not been prudentially committed to the flames like their Sibylline predecessors. And in the same rank must be placed the checkbook stub and the tell-tale vouchers—where they remain to challenge the scrutiny of the investigator or the grand jury. To the importance of these sources historians have been strangely blind. They have unearthed and ransacked almost all other material which promised disclosure of the acts or motives of important personages. Correspondence, public and private, diaries which trickle with gossip and tittle-tattle, public documents by the carload lot, and the innumerable mass of monuments—coins, armor, weapons, tapestries, flags, and trophies—have been cross-examined with unflagging toil and energy. But the ledger and the counterfoil await their question. Had they always yielded up their secrets, we might have escaped the well-known damnatory dictum—"Anything but history; for history must be false."

The peculiar advantage derived from these new-found sources is the chronological light which they shed upon events. The geological strata are hardly more inerrant in their disclosure of the sequence of events in the earth's past history. "The Testimony of the Rocks" can hardly be discredited in recreating the past of corporate management. How striking is the analogy will appear both in the domain of individual biography and in the ampler field of corporate manipulation.

Any executor or administrator whose sombre duty it has been to canvass the returned vouchers covering the lifetime of an individual deceased, knows how easy it would be to construct a biography from such data alone. Checks in profusion payable to the florist, to the confectioner, and to the fashionable tailor are the economic counterpart of "love's young dream." To these succeed the orders payable to the house-furnisher, the paperhanger, and the painter. Then the more commonplace signatures of the butcher and the grocer figure in the sheaf of receipts. Shakespeare's seven ages are not more unmistakable than the chronological succession of these silent records. They allow us to track their authors at home and abroad, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in despair. They disclose his frailties, reveal his benevolence, unbosom his investments, mirror his hopes, and follow him to the very shadow of the grave. Every man who keeps a bank account is perforce his own Boswell, and no library contains such autobiographic material as reposes in the banker's pigeonhole. The leaves of the Judgment Book could be posted from their entries, and sentence itself could almost be passed unerringly upon their silent testimony.

When we turn to paint the broader canvas of corporation history, the same material is present, or should be, in abundance. Acts of the Legislature will have to be re-read in the light of the corporation treasurer's checkbook. By the same token permits to open streets for transit lines become luminous. The historiographer must add to his equipment the art of the expert accountant, and his identification of the actors in the game of frenzied finance will be as indisputable as that of the Bertillon measurements or registered thumbprints. In the superposed strata of returned bank checks, the evolution of corporate practices will stand self-revealed. We may well anticipate the discovery of remnants of "simple faith," perhaps even of fair dealing, in the palæozoic age of business enterprise. Then the diluvian age of Gould and Fiske and Drew will doubtless become clear, and possibly the glacial drift of Harriman. The more recent strata may be depended on to disclose the fossil remains of many species "of whom the earth was not worthy"—the *cerberus croceus*, or yellow dog, of the insurance era, and the *accelerator* or *Quiggotherium* of a more recent transitional epoch.

Of paramount importance, clearly, is the preservation of the precious archives of such moment. The law has already done well to inhibit the destruction of corporate books of account, but clearly the scope of the law should be extended. The movement making for the preservation of our national resources might well be made to embrace this object, and the American Historical Society ought to memorialize Congress in the premises. A new "Mirror for Magistrates" can be compiled only by the aid of this material, which stands every hour in jeopardy. The significance of this new source of economic illumination goes far to answer the almost despairing cry of a recent economic writer. Astounded at the pertinacity with which the historical economists seek accumulate "all the facts," he asks:

> How is the world to contain the writings, statistical, historical, critical, which must be accumulated ere this enormous diagnosis of trade and manufacture shall be completed in its details?

The reply is simple. The short cut to the truth is found in the preservation of the ledger and the checkbook.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S POPULARITY.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death has called forth tributes more personal and feeling than were the expressions at the time of his resignation as Prime Minister. For Sir Henry's personality had become endeared to great multitudes. He might have been truthfully described, at any time within the past two years, as the most popular man in England. Yet eight years ago, during the Boer war, he was one of the most unpopular. The causes of the change make up an instructive study in statesmanship.

Much of the late Premier's hold on the public was due to his gifts at the hand of nature. With a certain rugged directness and bluff heartiness, which his countrymen have traditionally admired, he had also a great personal kindness and a good-nature which no strain could break. These traits in combination made him, as Mr. Asquith declared in the House, both "revered and beloved"; and this characterization was handsomely and heartily subscribed to by Mr. Balfour. The latter, indeed, said of Sir Henry before he became Prime Minister, that he was "happily endowed by nature and education with all the qualities which will enable him to shine in this or any other position in which the fortune of political war may place him." Geniality and courtesy ever marked Campbell-Bannerman's public as well as private conduct. Political opponents could not but be fond of him and proud of him even when they attacked his measures. And in his contact with the great world outside the House, Sir Henry was able to win friends and conquer enemies by his transparent honesty and by a "pawky" kind of Scotch humor and imperturbability which served him well. Not long after he became Prime Minister, he addressed an out-doors meeting in Liverpool, which a few people tried to disturb by making unearthly noises. Sir Henry merely took off his hat to them with a smile, and said: "A pinch of mustard makes the beef appetizing."

But there was much more than jolly humor in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Great force and tenacity lay beneath his smiling exterior. A sort of dour obstinacy in sticking to his point and clinging to his convictions marked his entire political career. This was foreshadowed in the first address which he made to the electors of Stirling in 1868. The son of a stanch Tory, he came forward as a Liberal—a fact which might make some think that he ought to apologize for being the son of his father. That he would not do, but he went on:

> If you wish to draw any augury from my close connection with Sir James Campbell, this I would have you believe—that possibly the stanchness may run in the blood, that I may inherit his tenacity without inheriting his principles, and that, as my father, through a long public life, through good report, and through evil report, in fair weather and foul, has stuck to his party and his principles, so his son in like manner will stick to his.

In that forecast, so remarkably fulfilled during the subsequent forty years, sounds one true note of the real public man—steadiness. There was nothing flighty about Campbell-Bannerman. He was not always running after the latest political whimsies. With a clear body of convictions, he was ever ready to make varying applications of them to the differing needs of the age, but from the principles themselves he would not budge. His ideal of statesmanship was thus not that of a weathercock, pointing to the shifting wind, but of a compass, with needle showing the north by which to steer the ship of state.

Still higher was the merit of Campbell-Bannerman in having the courage to tell his countrymen unpalatable truths, and in having the patience and inextinguishable hope to wait for them to see and vindicate the right. He was able, like John Bright, to withstand even an overwhelming popular sentiment when he believed it in his heart to be wrong. He could do this, as in the melancholy days of war mania, without bitterness and without exaggeration, yet in the clear strength of a man who had his own conscience to satisfy. He was not content, with others, to sit one side till the storm had blown itself out, but manfully lifted up his voice against the prevailing fury, even though he knew that it would beat pitilessly upon his own head. Hence his popularity, when it came, was of the deeper kind which can be won only by those who do not try to win it. People saw him stanch and true and unruffled, and, when the revulsion occurred, were moved to put their trust in the steady man whom in their passion they had execrated.

The success of such a man as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman helps one's faith in the soundness of democratic instincts. He rose by compelling appreciation of the stuff that goes to the making of useful public servants. Never brilliant, not even clever; no skilled dialectician; no juggler with the hearts of the people; he won by his rare and sincere humaneness, his indomitable courage, his unwearied patience, his political consistency and plain dealing and speaking. The people honored and trusted him because they came to believe implicitly in his desire to serve his country, not for what he could get out of it, nor for personal glory, but for what he could do to advance the common weal.

"THAT HORRIBLE TENNYSON."

Jules Lemaître's lectures on Racine, soon to be published in book form, have provoked the question, "Who reads Racine?" "In France," writes the correspondent of an English paper, "nobody!" The writer adds:

> As an old *Polytechnicien* and distinguished soldier once said to me: "We have so much *rabaché* (gabbled) Racine at school that we are sick to death of him by the time we are grown up." It is a case of—"Then farewell Horace, whom I hated so!"

All this recalls Tennyson's lament: "They use *me* as a lesson-book at school, and they will call me 'that horrible Tennyson.'" Indeed, the steady development of the teaching of English in recent years—a development which has produced many admirable results—threatens to make Shakespeare, Milton, and Coleridge as nauseous to the children of to-day as Cæsar and Virgil, Xenophon and Homer were to their fathers. Something may be urged for the former practice of omitting English literature from the list of studies. When literature was not a part of the curriculum, students in school and college would frequently turn to it for refreshment and recreation. It presented such a sharp contrast to the rigidities and aridities of mathematics and the classics that boys and girls, when they took to literature at all, often found it a source of sheer delight. "The Merchant of Venice" was not a lesson to be learned; on the contrary, it was something to be read half surreptitiously, perhaps between the covers of a geometry. It had the delicious flavor of forbidden fruit. "When the master tormented me," says Leigh Hunt in his "Autobiography," "when I used to hate and loathe the sight of Homer and Demosthenes and Cicero, I would comfort myself with thinking of the sixpence in my pocket, with which I should go out to Paternoster-row when the school was over, and buy another number of an English poet." And Tennyson, when he was only twelve, wrote in one of his letters: "Going into the library this morning, I picked up 'Sampson Agonistes.'" Neither of these sentences could come from a modern American schoolboy. However much he loathes Demosthenes and Cicero, he finds little comfort in the English poet, who is thrust upon him at the next recitation; and he fights shy of "Samson Agonistes" as of some monster that will soon pick him up and make his life miserable.

To say this, however, is not to say that the study of literature in secondary school and college may not be useful and stimulating. If all our boys and girls came from cultivated families, where they had, like the Tennysons, "the run of their father's excellent library," the books required for admission to college would be a superfluity, and most of the college courses in modern literature would be a throwing of pearls before Sindbad the Sailor. But with the vast foreign element in our population and with the thousands of natives who inherit no tradition of culture, we cannot assume that the rising generation knows any literature beyond that of the penny newspaper and the ten-cent magazine. The college prescription in English is, then, for a lamentably large number of children, a necessity, if they are ever to read any books worthy of the name.

The problem of the teacher is to bring the boy and the book together, but to do it so tactfully that the boy shall not abhor the book. Such tact, such skill, is all too rare. It implies, on the part of the teacher, taste, judgment, and enthusiasm, but at the same time a full appreciation of the boy's shortcomings and his point of view. These are qualities seldom to be had for a thousand dollars a year, or even two thousand. really competent teacher of literature is hard to get at any price. Probably not one in fifty of our active practitioners is fairly qualified for the work. And the task is rendered still more difficult by character of the college examinations. The questions have too often implied a minute knowledge of the book, to be attained only by the painful process of grinding. In an article in the *Nation* of February 20 Miss Agnes F. Perkins of Wellesley pointed out that these required books—both those in the list for mere reading as well as those for "careful study"—are read "two, three, and even four times," and that the luckless pupil is asked to make abstracts, outlines, and topic sentences, and to write themes about the characters, the plots, the diction, and a dozen other similar subjects. This repetition is, as Miss Perkins observes, "deadening. The bloom is soon gone from the handled peach; the zest of discovery is lacking in the forced return to the familiar." "The Idylls of the King" becomes literally "that horrible Tennyson."

Yet, despite this possibility of alienating pupils from literature instead of attracting them to it, the high school must try to form in them the habit of reading with intelligence and precision. "The common slovenliness in reading" is one of the things of which Prof. W. A. Neilson of Harvard complained in an address last November before the New England Association of Teachers of English. He has found that in a college class in Bacon's Essays the chief difficulty lies "in leading the students to realize when they have not understood." He therefore urges "the training of the mind to concentrate upon the sense of what is written, and to refuse to pass on until the sense has been grasped"—a bit of discipline that is prerequisite to real enjoyment of literature. This discipline it is that students are expected to get from the books for "careful study." The allusions, for example, where they are not clear, must be followed up and explained. Professor Neilson continues:

> The two great sources of allusion in our literature are the Bible and the classics. Neither of these is known to our generation of students as they were known to readers contemporary with the authors of the chief masterpieces of English literature; and matters are becoming worse rather than better. Clearly then, so far from giving up the laborious explanation of these things, teachers of English have to face the task of making up for this lack of literary background by supplying generously whatever is called for to insure complete intelligibility of the texts read in school.

It is a cruel alternative which the teacher has to face. If he allows pupils to glide insensibly over such phrases as "Memorize another Golgotha," and "Sisters of the sacred well," he can be sure that much of the meaning of play or poem is lost; if he insists on thoroughness, he can be almost sure that the play or poem is detested. Various remedies have been proposed. Some would add the Bible and the classical dictionary to the already crowded curriculum. Professor Neilson would frankly pick out one or two pieces of literature—say, a play of Shakespeare and Milton's minor poems—as a *corpus vile* for dissection. On this material the student shall be exercised in the art of reading with understanding. It is on this theory of "spoiling" as little literature as possible that Harvard has recently reduced to the lowest terms its list of books for "careful study." The discipline is too valuable to be wholly neglected, too dangerous to be pursued very far.

All these difficulties arise because school and college are virtually compelled to do by formal, direct instruction what can be much more successfully accomplished by informal and indirect methods. The right way to acquire a literary background is to live where good books are an integral part of daily life—to take them in with the mother's milk. In many cases teacher and school are, perhaps, the best substitute to be had; but even at their best they are a wretched makeshift.

ROUSSEAU AND EDUCATION.

We are perhaps hearing too much of Rousseau these days, and he threatens to become a kind of fetich of criticism. To the French he is, more than any other one man, the author of the Revolution with all the subsequent good or evil implied in that movement. And now the Germans have discovered in him the father of their romanticism. "In reality his influence is accomplished on German soil," says Paul Hensel in the latest monograph on the subject; "here Rousseau was not the basis of a guillotine, but of a new culture. . . . Kant and Herder, Goethe and Schiller are not to be conceived without Rousseau, and through them is formed the new science, the new philosophy, the new poetry of German idealism." One has an impulse to avoid a theme that has grown cheap from too much writing of this sort; but how escape the writer who gathered up in himself the floating ideas of his age, and, by simplifying them to a portable creed and infusing into them the carrying power of his own great personality, made them the chief formative influence down to our own times?

I.

One thing becomes clear as we study the ideas of the eighteenth century—liberty and progress and innate goodness and natural Deism—that they all, until the appearance of this man, imply a denial of that dualism of good and evil tendencies within the heart, which hitherto had lain at the base of religion and philosophy, and that lacking this sense they seem always to be shirking certain of the more troublesome problems of life. The artificiality of that literature has become a proverb. This is not to say that the eighteenth century did not have its own theories of dualism. There was in Germany, for instance, that amusing doctrine of the *harmonia præstabilita*, spun by perhaps the shallowest wit that ever imposed on the world as a profound philosopher. "The soul," says Leibnitz, "follows its proper laws, and the body likewise follows those which are proper to it, and they meet in virtue of the preëstablished harmony which exists between all substances, as representations of one and the same universe." According to which system, "bodies act as if there were no souls, and souls act as if there were no bodies; and yet both act as though the one influenced the other," etc. But these vagaries of a mechanical parallelism are, so to speak, a bye-product of the age, developed from the metaphysics of Descartes, aside from the naturalistic influences of England. The dominating line of thought runs from Newton and Locke, who formulated the laws of nature in the physical world and in the human intellect, through the French *philosophes*, to Condillac, who banishes dualism so far as to derive the whole man, including Locke's reflective faculty, the moral sense, and consciousness, from the effect of physical impact.

One thing was wanting to all these theories—to the dead parallelism of Leibnitz, to the moral rationalism of Toland and Chubb, to Shaftesbury's florid Deism of the imagination, to the cynical or boisterous philosophy of Voltaire and Diderot—they all excluded the sense of that deep cleft within the human soul itself, which springs from the bitter consciousness of evil. This, in a way, Rousseau supplied, and through him what was a theme of speculation for the few was vivified into a new gospel.

How thoroughly Rousseau was a child of his age is proved by the continual recurrence of English names in his works. Intellectually, he has little that is original; his Deism, his passion for liberty, his doctrine of instinctive goodness, are all avowedly from over the sea, and even his minor ideas can, for the most part, be traced to his predecessors. It was because he made all these subservient to a passionate proclamation of a dualism between the individual and society, between nature and art, that he became so powerfully provocative of change. In a way, even this dogma—for it is as arbitrary a dogma as any set up by St. Augustine—was not his own. It may be found implicit in English Deism, in the discrepancy between Pope's praise of the savage, to whom "full instinct is the unerring guide," and his satire of a malignant society; it could even, in a later day, temper the rigid orthodoxy of Cowper:

> God made the country, and man made the town.

In his "Fable of the Bees" Mandeville had given it an odd twist by vindicating the old notion of inherent evil and making the progress of society depend on this corruption of the individual. But these were unfruitful hints and thoughtless inconsistencies; they became a social force through the temperament of one man who, as Madame de Staël said, discovered perhaps nothing, but set everything ablaze.

II.

From lonely brooding on his own divided self, Rousseau was led to erect the dualism implicit in the philosophy of his day into a formula with all the popular persuasiveness of a religion. The Pelagian doctrine of man's innate faculty of goodness united with his intense egotism to create the idea of the individual, conceived in himself and unmodified by others, as a pure uncontaminated product of nature. He, Rousseau, was, he felt, by his instincts good, yet he was painfully aware of his actual lapses into turpitude and shame; he could only shift the responsibility of this corruption upon outside influences. Here was no room for the Augustinian idealization of the good in man as an infinite God set over against the finite and hence erring natural man; on the contrary, he was driven to the conception of his own personality, and of every personality in so far as he projected himself into another, as good, and of other personalities, in so far as they are hostile to him and limit or pervert his native proclivities, as evil. Hence the dualism of the individual in the state of nature and of society, of the one and the many without the old accompaniment of the infinite and the finite.* And evil to him was not a thing of jest and satire, but, by the whole weight of his emotional being, a power to be feared and spurned. As embodied in society it looms up in his writings like some living and malign monster, lying in wait to corrupt and destroy the unwary individual. It is the Devil of the mediæval monks reborn in the height of the boastful age of reason to trouble the consciences of men, for who can say how long a time.

In 1755, at the age of forty-three, he published his "Discourse on Inequality," in which this theory is found fully developed. Here we have the picture of primitive man, living in solitude, mating by chance, and following undisturbed his healthy animal instincts. The first law of nature is love of self, and in this paradise of primeval isolation there is nothing to distort that innocent impulse. When by chance man meets with man he is kept from wrongdoing by the feeling of sympathy and pity which is, after the instinct of self-preservation, the second law of nature. But—"The first man who, having enclosed some land, thought of saying this is mine, and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civilized society. How many crimes, wars, murders, how many miseries and horrors would have been spared human nature had some one snatched away the stakes, or filled in the ditch, calling out to his neighbors: 'Beware of listening to this impostor!' "† With the acknowledgment of property comes the division of more and less out of which springs all the brood of ambitions, crimes, penalties. Sympathy is stifled in envy, and harmless *amour de soi-même* is converted into that social disease *amour-propre;* in a word, property means society. There is nothing fanciful in comparing this marvellous change from the individual in a state of natural innocence to the same individual as corrupted by society with the theological doctrine of the Fall. They are both an attempt to transfer the inexplicable dualism within the heart of man to some ancient mythological event; nor does Rousseau denounce the evil introduced by property with less unctuous and priestly fervor than was used by a Bossuet in laying bare the depths of total depravity. For the rest of his life he merely developed in various ways the thesis of his "Discourse on Inequality." As he said himself at the end of his career, speaking of his own works:

> Following as best I could the thread of his meditations, I saw everywhere the development of his main principle, that nature has made man happy and good, but that society depraves him and renders him miserable. And particularly "Émile," that book so much read, so little understood, and so ill appreciated, is nothing but a treatise on the original goodness of man, with the aim of showing how vice and error, strangers to his constitution, are introduced from without and imperceptibly work a change.

III.

In reality "Émile" is something more than a treatise on original goodness; it is an elaborate plea for a form of education by which the individual may be rescued from the perverting influences of society and restored to his primitive state of innocence. It is thus in a manner to the "Discourse" what "Paradise Regained" is to "Paradise Lost." The instincts implanted in the child by nature are right; therefore the aim of education is to place the child in such a position that these instincts may develop freely without any thwarting control from master or society. To this end he separates his typical child Émile from family and comrades, and gives him a home in the country with a guardian, whose duty is, not to instruct, but to preserve him from physical accidents, and to act as a kind of concealed Providence. Books during his early years are eschewed; all information is brought to the boy through the pleasure of observing natural processes and through play cunningly directed to manual training. Such a plan is, as Rousseau willingly acknowledged, impossible except for a favored few, if not for all; but as an ideal toward which education might tend, it has exercised through the theories of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and other German pedagogues an enormous influence, and is still to-day the inspiration of most writers on education. In part the book is admirably wise; in its provision for training the body, in many other details, even, one gladly admits, in its opposition to an unreasoning system of compression, it was not only a wholesome reaction from the practice of the day, but is full of suggestions of permanent value. But there is a growing belief among a certain class that the fundamental thesis of the book has worked, and is still working, like a poison in the blood of society.* To make instinct instead of experienced judgment the basis of education, impulse instead of control, unbridled liberty instead of obedience, nature instead of discipline, to foster the emotions as if the uniting bond of mankind were sentiment rather than reason, might seem of itself so monstrous a perversion of the truth as to awaken abhorrence in any considerate reader. And, indeed, these notions were slow in making their way against long-established traditions. Yet so honorable is the name of liberty, even when it is a masque for license, so flattering is the appeal to the individual's desire of unchecked autonomy, that Rousseau's "education of nature" has deeply modified, if it has not entirely transformed, the practice of our schools. It is seen at work in the vagaries of the elective system, in the advocating of manual training as an equivalent for books, in the unbounded enthusiasm for nature-study, in the encroachment of science on the character-discipline of the humanities, in the general substitution of persuasion for authority. To some observers certain traits of irresponsibility in the individual and certain symptoms of disintegration in society are the direct fruit of this teaching.

From this reverence for nature within man it is but a step to the religion of Nature. Everybody is familiar with the scene in "Émile" where the Savoyard Vicar leads his young friend at sunrise to a hill rising above the fair valley of the Po and looking off afar to the chain of the Alps, and there in language of melting charm expounds his profession of faith. There is much that is discordant in the ideas of that document. The retention of the old belief in a heaven and hell has no justification in Rousseau's theory of man's essential goodness, and in fact might without injury be removed from his profession. The gist of his faith is a pure Deism, a trustful reliance on some beneficent God who is united with Nature by a mutual sympathy corresponding to that which he himself feels, and who is in fact no more than a magnified projection of his own brooding personality into the infinite void—himself and Nature, God and Nature. Beyond this is no need of dogma or revelation or faith. Rousseau felt the instability of such a religion, and recommended a conformity to the popular forms of worship in whatever land a man might be, as a guide and stay, so to speak, to this vague emotionalism. It is a pretty theory, not without its advantages, and warmed the fancy of more than one poet to noble utterance. But it has one insurmountable element of weakness. It depends for its strength, for its very vitality, on the more precise faith of those whose worship it adopts. So long as these believe energetically in the virtue of forms and creeds, your Deist may prey upon their emotions; but a lasting church made up of Deists is inconceivable. Rousseau's Deism in fact came toward the end and not at the beginning of a movement; it flashed out into a grotesque worship of the *Être Suprême* at the Revolution, but it has had no permanent and fruitful results. He has, more than any other one man, given us our religion of to-day; but it is a religion of the state, as we shall see, and not of God.

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*Gustave Lanson, in his "Histoire de la littérature française," has with great shrewdness developed this antinomy of the individual and the state running through all Rousseau's works, but he has not analyzed its philosophic causes and consequences.

†Taken from "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Jules Lemaître, translated by Jeanne Mairet. New York: The McClure Co. M. Lemaître's lectures have all the bitterness of a converted Rousselian. He displays extreme cleverness in deriving all Rousseau's theories from personal weaknesses and vanities, showing in this perhaps a little too much of the romanticist *à rebours*. As a philosophical treatise the work is not significant, except in so far as it is a sign that the best-instructed minds of France are turning away from the romanticism of Rousseau in which they were schooled. The version by Jeanne Mairet (Mme. Charles Bigot) follows the original faithfully and is fairly successful in avoiding the usual awkwardness of translations.

*The latest book on "Emile" available in English is Gabriel Compayré's "Jean Jacques Rousseau and Education from Nature," translated by R. P. Jago (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.). This belongs to a series of Pioneers in Education, of which volumes on Pestalozzi, Herbart, Horace Mann, Spencer, and Montaigne have already appeared, besides the Rousseau. M. Campayré, like most professional students of pedagogics, is a convinced Rousseauist. He finds much that is impracticable or perverted in the details of "Emile," but regards its total inspiration as wholesome. "We cannot, indeed," he says, "hope to derive from Rousseau's pedagogics a definite and final system of methods and procedure. But what is perhaps better, he handed on to his successors and still imparts to all who read him a spark, at least, of the flame which burned in him." To the critics, on the contrary, who look more deeply and dispassionately into human nature than is common with the specialist in pedagogics, it is just this *flame* which is beginning to be regarded as dangerous.

IV.

That change from theology to sociology is announced in the most radical of his works. "There is then," he says, "a profession of faith purely civil of which it pertains to the sovereign [people] to fix the principles, not exactly as dogmas of religion, but as sentiments of sociability without which it is impossible to be a good citizen or a faithful subject." The determining principle of this creed is the sanctity of the *Social Contract* as he has developed it in his treatise of that name. Man, he declares in his opening sentence, with that precision and vehemence that have made his words the battle cry of revolution—"man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." Property has introduced a harsh inequality among men, and established those conventions of society upon which rests the right of the stronger. There is but one way in which liberty can be restored: society itself must be transformed into a composite individual equivalent so far as possible to the isolated individual in the state of nature. That is the work of the Social Contract. His theories reduce themselves to this single proposition:

> The complete alienation of each associate with all his rights to the whole community; for, in the first place, each man giving himself entirely, the condition is equal for all; and, the condition being equal for all, no one has any interest in rendering it burdensome to the others [oh, most holy innocence!]. . . . Each of us places his person and all his power in common under the supreme direction of the general will, and we receive back each member as an indivisible part of the whole.

At bottom his proposal comes to this: by some persuasion of a divine legislator [he has an eye on himself] or some incalculable interference of Providence that sense of sympathy, which we found in the natural man along with an innocuous self-love, shall suddenly take possession of mankind as corrupted by society into a conglomeration of warring egotisms and transform that society itself into a quasi individual with a single purpose and a single will; and so the antinomy of the one and the many shall be finally solved. It is a vain utopia or a prophesy of terrible despotism, as you will; but you cannot doubt that this ideal of social sympathy has wrought enormously in the civilization of the present day.

V.

In part, Rousseau's influence was gained by his pure literary talent. His was the faculty of creating phrases which remain in the memory after all the inconsistencies and chimerical follies of his writings have been forgotten, and which ring like trumpet calls to action. But beneath it all lies the dæmonic personality of the writer, the inexplicable force that imposed the experience of this man Rousseau—vagabond as he was, a foe of convention, betrayer of sacred trust, morbid self-analyst ending with fixed hallucination of a conspiracy of society against him—the magic glamour that imposed the private emotions of this man upon the world. As the creed of Christianity came to the Middle Ages colored by the intense self-absorption of St. Augustine's "Confessions," so the new faith has flamed up from the "Confessions" of Rousseau. The Roman had set an example for the pride of the saints; our modern confessor proclaimed a similar pride for all the weak and downtrodden. In the audacity of his self-justification as of one who dares say, I am that I am, in his boastful admission that it was always impossible for him to act contrary to his inclination, in his defiant cry against a Providence that caused him to be born among men yet made him of a different species from them, in all this itching to exhibit himself, he was the father of romanticism and of a morbid individualism that seeks to hide itself under the cloak of a collective ideal.

For in reality his double motive of self-love and sympathy was one thing, and not two. The full development of the notion of sympathy will be found in Adam Smith's "Theory of Moral Sentiments," where either independently or through the influence of Rousseau's "Discourse" morality is based systematically on that sense. Both the Scot and the Frenchman would perhaps admit that, to a certain extent, sympathy, as the faculty of putting one's self in the place of another, is a phase of *amour-propre*, in so far as we are led thereby to convert the pain of others into fear for ourselves and the joy of others into hope for ourselves. But neither of them recognizes the cognate truth that when the condition of others is conceived in a causal relation to ourselves this order is reversed. That is to say, if the pain or loss of another in any way contributes to our own advantage, we rejoice in it even when the feeling of uneasiness remains more or less consciously present; and contrariwise with the joy or gain of another which effects our own disadvantage. Thus a son must harbor some satisfaction in the death of a father whereby he comes into an estate; while at the same time he may feel a sorrow derived both from the severance of long ties and from the uneasy foreboding of his own future fate as brought home to him by the present example. It is because of this ambiguous character of sympathy that it can never take the place of discipline and justice in regulating the affairs of men; as it is at best an extension of self-love, so it is always, when interests clash, in peril of unmasking as downright selfishness. A little honest observation of the actual working of Rousseauism in modern society would confirm this opinion only too cruelly.

VI.

It will have been remarked that one dominant idea of the eighteenth century finds no place in Rousseau's system; the idea of progress he even repudiated. Yet, by a paradox, the believers in progress have found in him weapons ready-forged to their hands, for that doctrine, it is clear, derives its strength from a trust in the essential and natural rightness of human instincts which need only freedom to develop into right institutions. In practice, however, this faith in evolution has assumed seemingly diverse forms as it has attached itself to the principle of self-love or sympathy. On the one hand we have the unabashed acceptance of egotism as worked out in the philosophy of Nietzsche, and as shown in the unconscious acts of the dominant controllers of the material world. Nietzsche's theory is beautifully simple. Society as he sees it now existent is a conspiracy against the individual. The religious creeds, with their preaching of sympathy and renunciation, the curbing laws of the state, are merely an organized hypocrisy by which the few strong are held in subjection to the many weak. In time the Will to Power (*der Wille zur Macht*) will become conscious and assert itself; then the instincts of the strong will break from pusillanimous control, and we shall have an harmonious civilization in which the few, following their unhampered desires, will rise on the labors of the submissive many, as now man makes use of a beast of burden. On the other side stands the whole group of theories known as Socialism. To Marx and his followers mankind is divided between the great mass of workers and the few capitalists who by the iron law of wages exploit them ruthlessly. Such a condition is the result of economic evolution; it will be cured when the workers, through the growth of class-consciousness, learn their sovereign power, and take full possession of the sources of production and wealth. Competition and all its consequent suffering will thus cease when the people are welded into a unit by sympathy. The workers are in the solidarity of their interests a kind of individual oppressed and corrupted by the privileged class who represent the traditional institutions of the state.

It might seem fanciful to derive systems so contrary in tendency from the same origin, yet both are alike in that they regard the evils of civilization as caused by that dualism of the individual and society, which was imposed upon the world as a new religion by one who sought in this way to escape the burden of personal responsibility. Both look to relief in the solution of that antinomy through the application of natural science to human affairs and through the resulting free development of man's natural instincts, one in the direction of egotism, the other of sympathy. Nor is this difference of direction so real as may appear. It is like a bad jest to suppose that under the Nietzschean régime, when the liberated superman has thrown off all sense of responsibility and self-control, the masses would not be driven by unity of interests to combine for retaliation. To many it will seem an equally bad jest to pretend that a social sympathy based avowedly on class hatred would not, if relieved from the constraint of that opposition, fly into an anarchy of egotisms. One wonders curiously, or sadly sometimes, that the preachers who abdicate the fear of God for humanitarianism, and the teachers who surrender the higher discipline for subservience to individual choice, do not see, or, seeing, do not dread, the goal toward which they are facing. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1886 there was published at Plymouth, England, a Bibliography of Sir Walter Raleigh by T. N. Brushfield—a pamphlet of only thirty-six pages. Now, in his eightieth year, Mr. Brushfield has published a second and much enlarged edition, forming a quarto volume of 181 pages, recording 330 titles, with 20 reproductions of title-pages, 16 half-tones, and a reproduction of Raleigh's map of the Amazon and the Orinoco. The first 115 numbers record biographies of Raleigh and sketches of his life in books and periodicals. While Mr. Brushfield mentions that there were three distinct impressions of "The Discoveries of the Large, Rich, and Bewtiful Empire of Guiana," in 1596, he does not distinguish between them. As a matter of fact, as noted by Mr. Eames, there is a variation in the title of one of the editions, making four forms of the title-page.

The Trustees and Guardians of the Shakespeare's Birthplace have, as we noted in our issue of March 19, published a pamphlet by Sidney Lee, "Four Quarto Editions of Plays by Shakespeare," dealing with recent acquisitions by the Birthplace Museum. These four plays are "The Merchant of Venice," 1600; "A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1600; "King Lear," 1608; and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619. The first and third of these were from a volume of plays belonging to Edward Windsor Hussey, which was broken up and sold at Sotheby's in May, 1906. The other two were from the Van Antwerp collection, dispersed at Sotheby's in March, 1907. Mr. Lee is mistaken in saying that these were both from the Rowfant Library. One, "The Midsummer Night's Dream," was the Rowfant copy, as has been pointed out before in this column; but the Rowfant copy of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is still in New York. Mr. Lee's pamphlet contains much interesting matter about the four quartos and their printers. Though editors have been divided in opinion which of the two 1600 editions of "The Merchant of Venice" was the earlier, Mr. Lee seems to have proved that the edition "Printed by J. Roberts" is actually the first, and that the other, the rarer and more valuable one, "Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes," was the second.

Dr. Oscar Jennings of Paris, the possessor of a notable collection of engraved initial letters, publishes a large folio volume on a part of his material, "Early Initial Letters." The book is fully and richly illustrated with 1,300 good reproductions of ornamented letters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is an introduction on the ornamentation of the primitive manuscript book by rubricators and illuminators. There are sixteen chapters of text, from block books at the invention of printing through all the evolution of the art in connection with engraving. The instances are taken from all the earliest printers, with names of artists like Holbein and Albert Dürer, and examples of many others. The author says:

> With very few exceptions the decorative and pictorial initials reproduced from foreign books have been chosen from works printed before 1525, and in most cases before 1500. In Germany, Italy, France, and the Netherlands, schools of cutters and engravers in wood and soft metal, with strongly marked local characteristics, came into existence before 1490—in Germany some twenty years earlier—and during the last decade of the century numerous finely illustrated books were issued from the chief continental presses.

Correspondence.

AN ARTISTIC INTERCHANGE BETWEEN AMERICA AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interchange of professors between America and Germany has now had a fair trial. Although some of the difficulties attending this experiment—notably the difficulty of arousing the American student mind to the unusual opportunities of an intimate contact with representative men of learning from another country—have become more apparent through experiences of our German visitors at Harvard and Columbia, yet there can be no doubt that, on the whole, this interchange has been highly stimulating and enlightening to the academic world, both of Berlin and of the American institutions of learning engaged in it.

Having contributed to some extent to the bringing about of this academic interchange, I may, perhaps, be permitted to suggest an enlargement and further development of it in the sphere of art. It is high time that Germany should know more of what is going on in contemporary American art, and that America should be introduced into the new life stirring in contemporary German painting and sculpture. No one even slightly familiar with American art of to-day can fail to be convinced that America now possesses painters and sculptors who need not fear comparison with those of any other nation. Even so small a group of artists as the Ten American Painters—Tarbell, Benson, De Camp, Childe Hassam, and their associates—who, at the present moment, are exhibiting in Philadelphia the harvest of their work of the last decade, offers something to the world which, in its delicacy and refinement of feeling, its subtle poetry and measure, its purity of imagination, is distinctly above the mass of Continental work with its fatal tendency to exaggeration and eccentricity. Add to these men other names of international fame, such as Abbey, Sargent, Melchers, and there can be no question that a judiciously selected exhibition in Berlin and other German cities of the works of living American painters would be nothing less than epoch-making for Germany.

On the other hand, how can one be blind to the fact that German art of to-day, with all its eccentricity and capriciousness, is a most striking and effective expression of the well-nigh boundless vitality, vigor, and intensity of modern German life? Germany to-day is reaching out into the realm of great art. Men like Klinger, Stuck, Ludwig von Hofmann, Lederer, Tuaillon—to mention only a few of the greatest—belong in the front rank of those who, of whatever nationality and in whatever form, are trying to give an artistic expression to the ideal aspirations of modern life. To bring these men and their compeers in a truly representative exhibition before the eyes of the American public, would mean indeed a heightening and quickening of the national imagination. For a number of years, a devoted friend of German art in this country, Mr. Hugo Reisinger of New York, has been making arrangements for such a representative exhibition; and it is devoutly to be hoped that his efforts be at last crowned with success.

I would suggest that the leading art institutes and artists' organizations of the country appoint a committee, to arrange, in conjunction with Mr. Reisinger's plans, for two simultaneous exhibitions, of American art in Germany and of German art in America; and I venture to predict that such a committee would find in Germany, both officially and among the artists themselves, a most ready welcome.

Kuno Francke.

Germanic Museum of Harvard University, April 25.

INFANT CRITICISM ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: I have been much interested in the views on "infant criticism"—as you happily term it—set forth in your editorial of February 27, and in the letters of Prof. J. H. Gardiner, March 19, and Mr. W. S. Hinchman, April 2. That there are two sides to the question seems clear. In some of its aspects, "infant criticism" is certainly ludicrous enough. Still, this hardly proves that schoolboy criticism is *per se* ridiculous. It is, of course, absurd to expect a boy of thirteen or fourteen to write intelligently on abstract subjects about which he neither knows nor can know anything. For that matter, it would be equally absurd to expect anybody to write intelligently on such subjects under such circumstances. It may, perhaps, be somewhat like demanding bricks without furnishing the straw to ask a mere schoolboy to set forth the true inwardness of Sir Roger de Coverley's "peculiar humor." But is it any more absurd to ask him, after he has read the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, to give his opinion of Sir Roger than to ask him to give his opinion about any other matter of fact that has come under his notice? I fail to see that it is.

If "infant criticism" were confined to subjects well within the grasp of the "infant" mind, there would, I think, not only be no harm, but positive benefit in it when practised in moderation. That it would not be good criticism may be admitted. But then, does it follow that what a boy cannot do well, he should not try to do at all? If so, our "infants" must eschew not only criticism, but many other kinds of intellectual discipline usually regarded as fit and proper for them. The truth is, as Mr. Hinchman points out, it matters very little whether a boy can write good criticism or not. Whether he can even be taught to write good criticism, matters just as little. The important thing is that he should get the right kind of discipline to develop a taste for literature and a power of expressing himself with at least an approximation towards fluency and ease. To accustom a boy to the atmosphere of books and to discussions about books, ought not, therefore, to be regarded as impertinent to the business of teaching him how to produce effects like those he sees produced on the written page. It is, of course, conceivable that the art of writing can be taught without requiring the pupil so much as to look at a book. It is also conceivable, perhaps, that the art of swimming can be taught wholly on dry land; but for most people it would seem advisable to provide for at least an occasional contact with the water.

It is worth noting how teachers of other countries regard this question. French teachers, for example, seem to have no horror of "infant criticism" in itself, at least to judge from the interesting account of the methods employed in teaching composition in a number of the schools of Paris given by Mr. P. J. Hartog (see "The Writing of English," Henry Frowde, 1907), as the result of an investigation made by him recently. Making proper allowance for differences in the age of the pupils and for the peculiarities of the teachers, there is he says, substantial uniformity in the methods employed in all schools. In the elementary schools, the subjects assigned are chiefly moral. In the compositions, however, "every general statement must be either illustrated by facts, or the summary of facts already quoted." In the higher primary schools, to which the pupils are admitted at the age of twelve or thirteen, moral subjects give place largely to narration and description. The plan of a simple story is given to the pupil, and he is obliged to fill in the details, "keeping the whole story in the same proportion as the outline." As he progresses, the outline is reduced and he is thrown more and more on his own resources. In time, he is able, on his own plan, to build up fairly good little stories or descriptions. But—and this is the point to be noted—this ability does not come to him solely because of practice in writing. There is a second element in the teaching of style which is regarded by the French as no less essential: the systematic study and analysis of the French classics. The pupils are taught to read great French authors and constantly to analyze what they read, to pass backward from the developed composition to the plan. In the secondary schools, the teaching differs from that in the higher primary schools rather in the results obtained than in the method. "The pupils live in a more literary atmosphere, and home training has done more for them." As illustrations of the kind of subject assigned to the pupils here, Mr. Hartog cites, among others, the following from actual lists at the Lycée Henri IV., and the Lycée Louis le Grand:

> Give an account of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme of Molière, on the model of La Bruyère.
>
> Compare the account of the affair of the Allobroges in Sallust's Catilina and Cicero's third Catiline Oration.
>
> The childhood of the Cid (purely imaginary).
>
> An imaginary conversation between Flavius and Arminius (a plan founded on chapters 9 and 10 of Book II. of the Annals of Tacitus being given).
>
> In what does the originality of Voltaire's work in history consist?
>
> French types in the sixteenth century.

These subjects would seem to be quite beyond the range of our "infant critics"; yet Mr. Hartog implies that the French boys to whom they were assigned acquitted themselves creditably.

EDWARD FULTON.

University of Illinois, April 11.

THE TEACHING OF THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 19 you say: "The truth is that if all the teachers did their duty towards English, the special teacher of English composition would be a superfluity." This truth will appear still more important when we consider the relationship existing between thought and expression. So close is the intimacy that Prof. Max Muller affirmed the practical identity of thought and linguistic expression in his seemingly extreme dictum, "No language without thought, no thought without language." This dictum we need not accept in its entirety, but we can no more conceive of language existing without thought than we can conceive of the skin of an animal coming into existence without an animal inside of it. It is perfectly obvious therefore that the very first essential of expression is to have something to express; that the first essential of clear expression is clear thought; and that the most effective way of gaining clearness of thought is to labor for clear expression.

That the teaching of expression must suffer from being separated from the teaching of thought is therefore evident. But it does not suffer alone. The teaching of thought also must suffer, perhaps even more, from such separation, because the power to express the imparted thought is an essential element in the pupil's mastery of the thought itself. The effective teaching of thought is not merely a process of pouring in, but is also one of drawing out, and the latter, which is no less essential than the former, can evidently be best applied contemporaneously with the former, and by the same teacher. In short, the best way to teach either thought or expression is to teach thought in such a way as to at once arouse and stimulate the pupil's own powers of expression.

In view of these considerations, the practice of having various teachers on various subjects apply, by lecture or otherwise, the pouring in process exclusively for days and weeks together, until the pupil has become more or less water-logged mentally, and then sending him to another teacher to learn how to pump himself out, seems a peculiarly abortive one. By fixing the attention upon form, to the neglect, if not the exclusion, of subject matter, this practice involves a separation between the teaching of thought and the teaching of expression, which is equally hostile to both. Hence your assertion, "that the formal exercises in English composition are likely to become artificial and wholly detached from the pupil's interests, either in play or study, and in so far forth almost useless," is not only true, but is putting the case very mildly—perhaps too mildly. In my judgment it is not only "almost useless," but, in so far as it displaces the conjoint teaching of thought and expression, it is a positive detriment.

It is to be hoped that the agitation of this subject will be continued and be instrumental in inaugurating methods whereby the teaching of thought and expression will go hand in hand to their mutual advantage, instead of disjointedly, as now.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, April 20.

Notes.

Frederick Moore's "Passing of Morocco," is about to appear from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Harper & Bros. will have a new volume of stories by Mrs. Deland ready within a fortnight.

Early next month we are to have from L. C. Page & Co., a volume of interest to sportsmen, entitled, "In the Woods and on the Shore," by Richard D. Ware.

The Hon. Arthur Elliot requests the loan of any letters from the late Lord Goschen, whose life he is preparing to write. His address is No. 27 Rutland Gate, London, S. W.

The last two volumes of Col. Dodge's military history of "Napoleon" have recently been published (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and their perusal confirms the opinion of Vols. I. and II., already expressed in our columns. The book constitutes the most extensive treatment of the whole of Napoleon's military career to be found in English; it is well supplied with maps and illustrations; and the author has diligence, enthusiasm, and a military point of view. But the method is somewhat slipshod, and the scale is not equal to that on which skilled military historians have dealt with Napoleon's campaigns singly. The author, too, lacks the balanced judgment, wide information, and sense of preciseness in language, without which the attempt at framing historical generalities becomes a snare. As an example of this we may pick the dictum that "history narrates but one brilliant victory gained by an army fighting with a river at its back—Cannæ"; yet only a few pages previously may be read an account of Napoleon's victory at Dresden, won under precisely such conditions. It is further the case that Col. Dodge is decidedly inclined to become the victim of a pet thesis; thus one may complain of a military historian who, when dealing with the campaign of 1813, constantly explains French reverses on the basis of a passing intellectual inferiority on the part of the Emperor, but completely fails to bring out the technical point that dominated the whole campaign, which was that in 1813, and only in 1813, superior mobility had passed from the French armies to those of her enemies.

The well-known Antiquariat of Jacques Rosenthal of Munich has just published in three parts, under the title, "Bibliotheca Pædagogica," one of the most comprehensive catalogues of educational works ever issued; it covers 590 pages and describes 8,241 numbers. It is particularly rich in the bibliography of educational publications of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The first part contains chiefly works down to the close of the eighteenth century, including a large list of incunabula and manuscripts. Erasmus alone is represented in 171 separate numbers. The second part contains editions of Latin and Greek classics and commentaries on them;

here again incunabula and manuscripts are well represented. The third division deals chiefly with university and higher school publications, including also modern educational works. The appendix includes several manuscripts dating back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The price is five marks.

The recent work of Ferdinand Jakob Schmidt, "Zur Wiedergeburt des Idealismus: Philosophische Studien" (Leipzig: Dürrsche Buchhandlung), is another effort to revive German idealism, especially along the lines of Hegel's philosophy. The author confidently predicts such a regeneration, and contends against the idols of our days, namely *Psychologism, Historism*, and *Positivism*.

Prof. Julius Wellhausen of Göttingen, whose literary reconstruction of the Pentateuch was epoch-making, has not been able to resist the temptation to apply his methods to the Apocalypse of John also. In his "Analyse der Offenbarung Johannis," originally an *Abhandlung* in the Reports of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Göttingen, and now published by Weidmann, Berlin, Wellhausen discriminates sharply between the primary and secondary sources, both chiefly Jewish, that have entered into the composition of the Apocalypse. He concludes that this enigmatical work is not a drama but a *Bilderbuch* in which, however, the pictures are not all historically arranged.

Under the title Beiträge zur Wissenschaft vom Alten Testament, Prof. Rudolf Kittel of the University of Leipzig has begun the publication (Leipzig: Hinrichs) of a series on Old Testament problems. The first *Heft* contains four papers by the editor himself, with the special title "Studien zur Hebräischen Archæologie und Religionsgeschichte." The bulk of the matter is the result of Kittel's investigations in Palestine in 1907; and the purpose is to bring the facts of archæology to bear on the interpretation of the Old Testament. The first and the last two studies are largely topographical; the first is "Der heilige Fels auf dem Moria und seine Altäre"; and the second deals with the stone of Zoheleth (I. Kings, i. 9.) where Adonijah met his followers; and the last gives a reconstruction of Solomon's laver chariot (I. Kings, vii. 27-39). A leading thought is the difference between the religious ideals of the Israelites and those of the Canaanites who preceded them.

Max Kielmann, Stuttgart, publishes a popular series of more or less apologetic discussions of philosophical and Biblical problems under the general title Christentum und Zeitgeist. Of the second series, lately begun, four brochures have appeared; two by Dr. E. Dennert, "Der Darwinismus und sein Einfluss auf die heutige Volksbewegung" and "Moses oder Darwin?" a third by Dr. Adolf Moyer, "Nietzsche als Denker, Dichter und Verderber"; and a fourth by Pastor J. Strehle, "Der metaphysische Monismus."

Partly because the author is the present occupant of the chair of apologetics in the Catholic faculty of Würzburg formerly occupied by Hermann Schell, sometimes called the father of the whole Modernistic movement, the booklet of Prof. Philipp Kneib, "Wesen und Bedeutung der Encyklika gegen den Modernismus" (Mainz: Kirchheim) demands attention in passing. The work offers no evidence of that independent scholarship that distinguished Schell.

"Sokrates und das alte Christentum" is the title of an address recently delivered at the University of Rostock by J. Geffcken and now published by Winter of Heidelberg. It contains an abundance of material showing estimates of Socrates in the Christian Church, from the early fathers down to Harnack, and then seeks to answer more particularly the question, "What do the teachings of Socrates mean for our generation?" The work is an appeal to revive the Socratic ethical ideals, but not in the anti-Christian spirit that influenced Nietzsche's similar appeal.

The one hundred and twentieth meeting of the American Oriental Society was held on April 23 and 24, at Cambridge, Mass. The annual presidential address, by Prof. Charles R. Lanman of Harvard, was a discussion of the aims, work, and needs of the society. He pointed out the imperative need of sustaining in its ever-widening scope this, the only society in America devoted to the publication of strictly scientific papers on the Orient. Some forty-five papers were presented; several, however, were read by title only. Among those actually read should be mentioned that of Dr. J. E. Abbott of Bombay, on Indian inscriptions at Baku, especially since the author's modesty did not make it sufficiently clear that the interesting inscription first deciphered was one that had previously baffled the ingenuity of several foreign scholars of note. Sanskrit subjects formed the contents of a large number of papers. Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins gave an account of work to be done in continuance of his Vedic concordance, and offered some ingenious if daring etymologies of Vedic words. Prof. George M. Bolling of the Catholic University of America, and Dr. Julius von Negelein, presented their completed edition of Parishishtas of the Atharva Veda, a valuable work, which the society hopes to publish in due time. Papers on some aspects of the physical soul and on the office of the Vedic Fire-god were offered by Prof. E. Washburn Hopkins of Yale; and his colleague, Prof. Hanns Oertel, spoke on the mechanical adaptation of words in Sanskrit, in accordance with which one form through mere juxtaposition is made similar to another form. Prof. A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia gave a popular account of the home of Omar Khayyam (with photographs); and Dr. Truman Michelson a study of the Puranas. Prof. George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr discussed Plato's "mystic number" (its Babylonian origin), and also the troublesome Lushtamar letter. Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins treated Assyrian etymologies, explained the Biblical phrase "upon whom my name was called," and supported the view that Christ was not a Jew. Prof. D. G. Lyon of Harvard (who was on the eve of departure for the Orient) lectured on excavations in Samaria; Prof. C. C. Torrey of Yale, in an explanation of "Huram-abi, the Phœnician craftsman," contended that Huram or Hiram was not a proper name; Prof. W. Max Mueller of Philadelphia presented an instructive series of Egyptian illustrations of manners and costumes of Western Asia in the third millennium B. C.; and Mrs. S. B. Scott set forth the theory that the harvest festivals of the Land Dyaks are economically conditioned. Count Okuma, ex-Premier of Japan, has given the society a complete font of Chinese and Japanese movable type, of which the society had long stood in need. The new officers are: President, Professor Hopkins (who has been secretary for twelve years); corresponding secretary, Professor Jackson. Professor Hopkins and Professor Torrey, who have served together for eight years, resigned as editors of the journal of the society, and Professor Oertel and Prof. J. R. Jewett of Chicago succeed them. The next meeting will be in New York, April 15, 1909.

At the sixteenth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society, to be held at the Hotel Astor in this city May 17, the following papers will be read: Albert M. Friedenberg, New York city, "The Jews of New Jersey from the Earliest Times to 1850" and "West Indian Jewish Cemeteries: a Proposal"; Dr. Herbert Friedenwald, New York city, "Why This Is Not a Christian Country"; the Rev. P. A. Hilfman, Paramaribo, Surinam, "Additional Notes on the History of the Jews in Surinam"; Leon Huhner, New York city, "Some Additional Notes on the History of the Jews of Georgia in Colonial Times" and "Some Jewish Associates of John Brown"; Max J. Kohler, New York city, "Roderigo Lopez, Queen Elizabeth's Physician, and his Relations to America" and "Phases of Jewish Life in New York before 1800—III."; Walter H. Liebmann, New York city, "Correspondence between Henry Clay and Solomon Etting, and Notes Thereon"; Isaac Markens, New York city, "Lincoln and the Jews." President Cyrus Adler will deliver the annual address.

In connection with the celebration of the semi-centennial of the liberation of Italy, an important educational exposition, similar to that held in Vienna in 1873, will be opened in Rome. It is expected that the collections thus brought together will form the nucleus for a national pedagogic museum.

Jacob Voorsanger, rabbi of Temple Emanuel, San Francisco, since 1896, and professor of Semitics in the University of California since 1895, died April 27. He was born in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1852, and was a graduate of the university there. He had been rabbi in Philadelphia, Providence, and Houston. Among his books are "Life and Works of Moses Mendelssohn" and "The Chronicles of Emmanuel." He was consulting editor of the "Jewish Encyclopædia."

Prof. Nicolas-Émile Gebhart, a member of the French Academy and member of the Faculty of Letters at Paris, died April 21. He was born in 1839, and he had been professor in the lycée at Nice and in the Faculty of Letters at Nancy. His books are "Praxitèle," "La Peinture de genre dans l'antiquité," "Rabelais," "L'Italie mystique," "Origines de la renaissance en Italie," "Moines et papes," and "Autour d'un tiare." He was a contributor to the *Revue Hebdomadaire, Revue Bleue,* and *Revue des Deux-Mondes*.

Carl Gustaf Styffe, the historian, and

former university librarian of Upsala, died in Stockholm last month, nearly ninety-one years old. His *magnum opus* is the collection of documents published in five large volumes, from 1859 to 1884, under the title "Bidrag till Skandinaviens historia ur utländska arkiv." Better known, perhaps, is his study in historical geography. "Skandinavien under Unionstiden," first published in 1867, and issued in a new edition in 1880. Lately he was one of the editors of the writings of Axel Oxenstjerna.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

Among recent books relating to both the philosophy and the practice of education perhaps the most ambitious is "A Theory of Motives, Ideals, and Values in Education," by William E. Chancellor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The author endeavors to formulate not merely a philosophy of education, but a philosophy of life. In spite of the title, however, he does not offer any coherent theory upon which the science or the art of education may build. Frequently, his meaning is not clear, and his conclusions are not warranted. The book shows wide knowledge of history, science, and philosophy, and discusses a great variety of topics; but while it is stimulating and will doubtless be read by many teachers, it will have little influence upon the course of education. That the kindergarten movement in America has been one of the most significant phases of the revolution in the ideals of education in this country is the central thought of "The Kindergarten in American Education," by Miss Nina C. Vandewalker (The Macmillan Co.). The book gives a history of a half-century of kindergarten development, exhibits its relation to other movements that have been significant in American life and education, and shows how its practice is being gradually modified by the new educational psychology. The interest in this volume is not for the teacher alone, but is for all students of social and educational problems. "The Management of a City School," by Arthur C. Perry, jr. (The Macmillan Co.), discusses public school administration from the point of view of the principal as distinguished from that of the superintendent, who deals with the broader questions of policy and of organization, and that of the teacher, whose problems relate to the individual child and to the presentation of the subjects in the curriculum. The principal is in many respects the most important person in the school system. His relation to his superior officers, to the community, to the parents, to the teachers, to the pupils, and to his profession are treated by Mr. Perry in a thoughtful and rational manner. The book should be helpful to young principals and to those who are fitting themselves for such work; and it can be read with profit by all who are concerned in the work of the public schools. A citizen of California recently offered two prizes for the best essays on "Moral Training in the Public Schools." The two essays to which prizes were awarded and three others of special merit are published by Ginn & Co. under the above title. The writers are clergymen and teachers, whose joint product is a fairly complete statement of prevailing thought and practice. The book deserves attention from parents as well as teachers. Many experiments in self-government by pupils of all grades have been tried with varying degrees of success. Dr. Bernard Cronson in "Pupil Self-Government" (The Macmillan Co.) gives an account of one of these experiments which has resulted in valuable ethical as well as civic training. The principal who is interested in the subject will find in this book a very definite statement as to methods and as to conditions essential for success. Whether he can obtain such results as are here described will depend largely upon himself, for a principal endowed with the requisite tact and wisdom is the chief condition which makes real pupil self-government possible.

The most important place among English texts prepared for school and home use must be given to "The Essays of Francis Bacon" (Scribners), edited by Prof. Mary Augusta Scott. The Introduction is full, dealing with the life and literary work of Bacon, and the notes let nothing pass. We cannot always follow the judgment of Miss Scott, cannot, for example, see that "the 'Essays' are as surely the expression of a genuinely religious spirit, as of a worldly-wise one." We think the editor, in the desire to be complete, has loaded her annotations with a good deal of dead matter. Thus, glancing over the pages, one finds brief and perfunctory definitions of such words as Alcoran, discontentment, unguent, etc., with statements of such obvious facts as that Cicero was a "Roman orator, philosopher, and statesman." The student who needs such notes had better leave Bacon alone; they only serve to increase the pedagogical tone of the book without adding to its value. Yet withal the editing shows considerable learning, and it is a pleasure to find an editor pleading valiantly for Latin as the basis of English instruction.

Among the recent aids to work in writing we should name "Specimens of Prose Composition" (Ginn), edited by C. R. Nutter, F. W. C. Hersey, and Prof. C. N. Greenough, which gives as examples to be followed a selection of extracts about the length of daily or weekly themes; a "Handbook of Composition" (Heath), by Edwin C. Woolley, being a compendium of rules in grammar, sentence structure, paragraphing, and the other elements of good writing; "Grammar and Its Reasons" (A. S. Barnes & Co.), by Mary Hall Leonard, a thoroughly sensible treatise in which definition, history, and example go hand in hand together; and Frances M. Perry's "Introductory Course in Exposition" (American Book Co.), a good third of which is given up to a study of the various forms of literary criticism with numerous examples. As a companion volume to the last-named Prof William T. Brewster's "Specimens of Modern English Literary Criticism" (Macmillan) might be taken up. Here whole chapters and essays are given, ranging from Johnson's "Metaphysical Poets," to Henry James's "Art of Fiction," and including Matthew Arnold's "Study of Poetry," Coleridge's chapter "On Poetry and Poetic Power," and Shelley's "Defence of Poetry." Most important, at least most significant, among the books of select readings, is "A Collection of Eighteenth Century Verse" (Macmillan), by Prof. Margaret Lynn. It presents chiefly the earlier poets of the century, including besides the greater names such minor writers as Pomfret, Somerville, Philips, Tickell, and Dyer, and omitting Cowper and Blake. It seems to us eminently wise to call the attention of young students to these sane, if not always inspired, writers. Other good volumes of selections are: "John Henry Newman" (Houghton), edited by Prof. Maurice Francis Egan; "Dryden" (Frowde), by G. E. Hadow; "Byron" (Ginn), by Prof. S. M. Tucker; "Poe" (Ginn), by J. Montgomery Gambrill; "Shelley" (Houghton), by Prof. G. H. Clarke; and "Chaucer" (Scott, Foresman & Co.), by Prof. Edwin A. Greenlaw.

Among recent editions of German texts for school and college use there may be singled out as particularly useful the following: Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," by Prof. Philip S. Allen (C. E. Merrill Co.); Goethe's Sesenheim episode from "Dichtung und Wahrheit," by Prof. A. B. Nichols (Henry Holt & Co.); Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," by Prof. J. F. Coar (Ginn & Co.); Grillparzer's "Ahnfrau," by Profs. G. H. Danton and F. W. Heuser (Holt); Hoffmann's "Meister Martin," by Prof. R. H. Fife (Holt); and Keller's "Das Fähnlein der sieben Aufrechten," by W. G. Howard and A. M. Sturtevant (D. C. Heath & Co.). All these editions are carefully and judiciously done and bear evidence of the marked improvement, which the academic study of German literature in this country has undergone during recent years in seriousness, solidity, and comprehensiveness. Of especial merit and interest is Professor Coar's introduction to "Tasso" with its skilful unravelling of the manifold threads which constitute the somewhat perplexing fabric of Goethe's drama. The "Ahnfrau" is preceded by a good account of Grillparzer's life and by a critical discussion of the relation of the play to its sources and to the Fate Tragedy. The value of the Sesenheim extracts from "Dichtung und Wahrheit" is increased by an appendix containing those of Goethe's poems that were inspired by Friederike and other contemporary accounts of Goethe's Strassburg days. Hoffmann's position in the history of German literature and his influence on European literature are well brought out in the introduction to "Meister Martin."

The volumes added during the past twelve months to the Oxford Higher French Series (Henry Frowde) have been numerous, and the authors represented are drawn from a wide field, upon which an American publisher would probably often hesitate to venture, if anxious for profit. For instance, Michelet's "La Mer" appears in an edition of two hundred and fifty pages, accompanied by "L'Oiseau" in another briefer volume. Editions of Barbier's "Iambes," of Chénier's Poems, and of Daniel Stern's "Les Journées de juin, 1848," are also unfamiliar to the ordinary catalogues of textbooks, but should prove useful to venturesome students or advanced teachers. More familiar titles are Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet" and selections from Mérimée and from Coppée. The introductions and notes of these volumes are nearly always above the average, and contain many an interesting parallel passage and useful reference. The Oxford Modern French Series, issued by the same publishers and under the same general editor, Léon Delbos, contains more elementary texts, less elaborately annotated. Alfred de Vigny's "Servitude et grandeur militaires" and Feuillet's "Jeune homme pauvre" are accompanied by stories and descriptions of travel such as Marmier's "Fiancés du Spitzberg" and René Bellot's "Journal d'un voyage aux mers polaires." D. C. Heath & Co. issue two volumes of selections from Daudet, edited by C. Fontaine, and from René Bazin, edited by Victor E. François. Daudet has been long in use in schools, but the present volume contains a rather new and unhackneyed, though no less characteristic, selection. Bazin is also destined, in all probability, to supply the demand for brief, interesting, and well-written stories for beginners in French. Messrs. Shippee and Greene's "Stories from French Realists," Maupassant and Zola (American Book Co.), may also meet the craving of many teachers for modernity. "Selections from Boileau," edited by Prof. Oscar Kuhns of Wesleyan University, appears in Heath's Modern Language Series. The "Art poétique" and the dialogue of the "Héros de roman" are given in full, with selections from the satires, epistles, and miscellaneous verse. The edition is carefully annotated, though the plan of extracts makes the work of rather transient value to the student. If he is capable of appreciating Boileau at all, he has reached a stage in the study of French literature which will make him need to consult more than this brief volume contains.

Livy, Book I., and Selections from Books II.-X., by Prof. W. Dennison, and Three Tragedies of Seneca ("Hercules Fureus," "Troades," "Medea") by Prof. H. M. Kingery, have recently been published by the Macmillan Company, as the initial volumes of a new series of Latin texts for college use. The impression has been growing that college texts have been annotated more in the interest of teachers than of students. This series is intended to contain nothing that is not of immediate use to the student. To accomplish this object is hard, as these editions show. Livy is difficult only in spots, and should be read by freshmen; while Seneca's tragedies are never easy, and should be read by seniors. Yet both these books seem to have been prepared for the same grade of students, namely, freshmen. They both contain short introductions, in which the important facts in regard to the lives and works of the authors are summarized; and the text is followed by brief commentaries, in which a student seeking light on difficult passages would probably be disappointed. This is the more regrettable in the case of Seneca, because there is no edition of his plays with English commentary. In the commentary on Livy we find little as to Latin idiom and nothing as to Livy's style. We look in vain for any indication that the first book is almost epic in character or that the student is reading the work of a great literary artist. One feature of the commentary is, however, valuable; at appropriate places are inserted references to various handbooks for parallel reading, which, if done, would make the course of importance for the study of Roman history. In the commentary on Seneca we are struck by the large amount of translation, often where there seems to be no occasion for it, if the author is to be read by seniors. The quality, too, of this translation, is often inferior. The various metres are treated somewhat elaborately in the introduction, but their effect is not discussed. The position of Seneca in the development of the Latin literature and language is dismissed with half a page. Despite these defects the edition is useful, for it makes accessible to students what has been thus far barred. Prof. F. H. Potter's "New Method for Cæsar," published by B. H. Sanborn & Co., is likely to prove useful. A real difficulty in high school teaching has been the change from the disconnected reading of the beginner's book to the continuous narrative of Cæsar. The various selections used to bridge the gap are not entirely successful; while the use of Cæsar itself as a beginner's book is open to grave objections. Professor Potter treats the Helvetian war in a new way. Dividing the narrative into reading lessons of convenient length, he prefixes to every reading lesson a preliminary study, in which he gives the vocabulary, discusses the idioms, and the chief syntactical principles illustrated in the text, and provides a reading exercise consisting of the substance of the Cæsarian passage in the form of detached sentences. After this preliminary study, the student reads the passage from Cæsar as a review, in which all the elements are known. The book is well worked out. The chief objection is that no effort is made to estimate the value of individual words. Exercises for translation into English, embodying the vocabulary, not the syntax, of the various lessons, would add to the value of the work.

The appearance of two new elementary Greek books within a year shows that teachers of Greek are alive to the critical position of that subject in our educational system. These are the "Beginner's Greek Book," by A. R. Benner and H. W. Smyth (American Book Co.), and the more recent "Elementary Greek" by T. C. Burgess, and R. J. Bonner (Scott, Foresman & Co.). Both books are similar in general arrangement, albeit with innumerable divergences in detail. Both seek to arouse interest by inserting English derivatives in the vocabularies, even when the English words are remote from common use. Both base their choice of material on Xenophon's "Anabasis," for which they form an immediate preparation. Finally, both are lavishly as well as carefully illustrated, and in this respect might serve as an introduction to the study of Greek art. But here the resemblance ceases. In the "Beginner's Greek Book" we are at once impressed by the small space given to exercises from English into Greek. The authors justify this by insisting that the best exercises of this kind consist in turning the English rendering of the Greek text back into Greek without using the book. For most schools, however, this is a counsel of perfection. "Elementary Greek" is much more conservative, making the English-Greek exercises of equal size with the Greek-English. The reading material differs greatly in the two books. In the former the translation is of detached sentences throughout, many of them taken bodily or with slight changes from the "Anabasis." Supplementary reading is added at the end, consisting of a few selections from the "Anabasis," some of them simplified; the object of the authors is to preserve Xenophon practically undefiled for later study. In "Elementary Greek," on the other hand, the reading, beginning with the eighth lesson, is the "Anabasis" itself, with some slight modifications in the first few lessons. This plan enables the student to cover during the study of this book the first two chapters of the "Anabasis," and makes the completion of the first book no difficult matter for the year.

The most notable of recent American text-books of mathematics are Bôcher and Duval's "Introduction to Higher Algebra" (The Macmillan Co.), Townsend and Goodenough's "First Course in Calculus" (Henry Holt & Co.), Osgood's "Differential and Integral Calculus" (The Macmillan Co.), and Woods and Bailey's "Course in Mathematics" (Ginn & Co.). These works are all outgrowths of courses of instruction. Prof. Maxime Bôcher's book, being strictly an introduction to, and not a compendium of, higher algebra, is far less comprehensive than the classic works it most resembles in spirit and grasp, namely, Serret's celebrated "Cours d'algèbre supérieure" and Weber's "Lehrbuch der Algebra." For example, the great doctrines of invariants and groups are treated only briefly, and the Galois theory of algebraic equations not at all. Nevertheless, the volume is rich in content, including such cardinal matters as polynomials, linear dependence, transformations and combinations of matrices, bilinear and quadratic forms, the theory of elementary divisors, and related topics. The minutely critical spirit of modern mathematics is here manifest in the emphasis rightly placed on the consideration of exceptions to the "general" validity of sweeping propositions. The most conspicuous merit of Townsend and Goodenough's "Course" is due to its being a joint product of a professional mathematician, who is responsible for the theory, and a professional teacher of mechanical engineering, who is mainly responsible for the practical aspects of the work. The authors deserve hearty commendation for thus attempting to meet the demand, coming from technological schools, that those who are charged with the teaching of fundamental mathematical subjects shall be less indifferent than hitherto to their instrumental as distinguished from their purely scientific significance. In Prof. W. F. Osgood's book culminate the efforts of a generation of mathematicians to produce a beginner's calculus that shall be both rigorous and understandable, theoretic enough to be scientific, and sufficiently practical for the needs of the engineering student. For directness and simplicity of presentation, clearness and correctness of statement, judicious accentuation, and happy mingling of the concrete and particular with the abstract and general, this work both makes and marks an epoch in the history of its subject. In view of such merit one hesitates to note so minor an infelicity as the recurring phrase, tangent *in* a point; or to query why the basal notion of limit is not defined, instead of being taken for granted. Woods and Bailey's book is the first volume of a work which aims to present together—in a single course—the algebra, analytic geometry, calculus, and differential equations usually required of engineering students in the first two years of their professional study. The attempt represents a wholesome reaction against the long prevailing practice of presenting these subjects in as many separate courses, and of thus incidentally giving the student the impression that the several doctrines are essentially insulated and independent, instead of being, as in fact they are, but different parts of one complicate instrument or different organs of a single body of doctrine. The danger of the reaction lies in the opposite extreme namely, of so presenting a group of interpenetrating disciplines that they shall have the effect of a mere *mélange*.

Among books on electricity we may note "Elementary Principles of Continuous-Current Dynamo Design," by H. M. Hobart (The Macmillan Co.). The several chapters, excepting the last, "The Application of Reversing Poles to Continuous-Current Dynamos and the Design of Continuous-Current Dynamos for High Speeds and Voltages," deal in an excellent manner with the various items which must be considered in the design of direct current machinery. The final chapter, however, is extremely weak, and does not do credit to the well-known ability of the author. This book may be regarded as a modification of the direct current section of the excellent volume on "Electrical Generators," written by Mr. Hobart in collaboration with Mr. Parshall. The work is now brought within such dimensions as to be available for the "pocket" of the student, for whom it is undoubtedly an excellent text-book. "Continuous Current Engineering," by Alfred Hay (D. Van Nostrand Co.), deals with the elementary electrical and magnetic phenomena, and with their various applications to practice. The matter is well presented, and the work forms a fine companion volume to the author's excellent treatise on "Alternating Currents." The book should be of considerable value to the student in engineering, since it combines within the same covers the fundamental phenomena and their applications. "The Construction of Dynamos," by Tyson Sewell, lecturer at The Polytechnic, London (D. Van Nostrand Co.), may be criticised upon the ground that certain matter is introduced which is foreign to the design of dynamos. The work is an ambitious attempt to produce a book in a field already well covered; and, while forming, perhaps, an excellent lot of lecture notes, it is not on a par with other works in its field. "Electric Railways," Vol. II., by Sydney W. Ashe of the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn (D. Van Nostrand Co.), contains some excellent articles, such as "Cost Data" and Mailloux's treatment of "Car Distribution"; but the author has not always shown sound judgment in the selection of his illustrations or specific examples. Taken as a whole, however, the work should be useful to the student in showing the various factors which must be considered in the simple layout of an electrical railroad system. "Manual of Wireless Telegraphy," by James Erskine Murray (D. Van Nostrand Co.), discusses the phenomena and pieces of apparatus employed in wireless telegraphy. The final chapter is an excellent treatment of all the problems to be considered in the design and calculations of a specific wireless telegraph station. The book is well arranged, and is a valuable addition to the literature of wireless telegraphy. "Wireless Telephony," by Ernst Ruhmer, translated by James Erskine Murray (D. Van Nostrand Co.), discusses the problems of the wireless telephone as developed by light or heat, radiation, and electrical forces. The subject in itself is not far advanced, the theory not definitely settled; and this fact the author recognizes by giving a semi-popular treatment. The matter is well presented, and it should prove interesting reading to all who take an interest in the advances of electrical engineering.

"Practical Physics," by C. M. Crawford and Barry Macnutt (3 vols., the Macmillan Co), is an attempt to make the laboratory course in physics more than a succession of measurements. By the assignment of problems, the solution of which requires experimental data to be found by the student, the course becomes, as it should be, a means of obtaining clear conceptions of the subject, and thereby extending knowledge of physics by future research. The work is well done, though an elementary study of physics is a prerequisite to the use of the book. "Principles of Physics," by Alfred Page, revised by Arthur W. Goodspeed of the University of Pennsylvania (Ginn & Co.), is a modern edition of an older book, covering the subject as required for college entrance and for the first year of some colleges. The treatment is consistent and clear; the problems are numerous and modern. "A Text Book in Physics," by William N. Mumper, professor of physics in the State Normal and Model Schools of Trenton, N. J. (American Book Co.), is an elementary text from the school point of view, but not intended for a laboratory manual. It is easy reading; too easy, if anything. Moreover, the attempt to introduce into an extremely elementary text any ideas concerning the operation of steam engines and steam turbines, both of which are illustrated and briefly described, follows an unhappy tendency in much of the present elementary instruction throughout the country. This superficial treatment in elementary schools leads students to think they know a subject when they have learned scarcely more than its technical words.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Weight of the Name. By Paul Bourget; translated from the French by George Burnham Ives. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

In the hands of so skilful a translator as Mr. Ives, there was no need to fear a serious loss of that delicate precision which counts for so much in M. Bourget. This touching story keeps in its English dress much of the peculiar charm, the quivering intensity of emotion never verging upon mawkishness, of the original. The theme is that very ancient one most recently, perhaps, treated by Mrs. Wharton in her "Madame de Treymes"—the struggle of the new régime and the old, of the ambitious modern against the tyranny of race. In this case the issue is decided by fate, but the conflict is none the less sharp because the decision is in the hands of the gods. It is hard to say which of the protagonists arouses the greater sympathy—the young malcontents or the guardian of tradition.

Count Landri de Claviers-Grandchamp, son of the Marquis of that ancient name, has reached his thirtieth year before his reaction against the restraint of caste comes to the point of open revolt. Naturally active and ambitious, he has early been made to feel the barrier of his nobility, to experience "that paralysis of the youthful being, quivering with life, hungry for action, because of a past which was not his own, suffocation by prejudices which he does not even share." The situation has been made but the more difficult from the lofty character of the old marquis, who adores the past without being a fool. The son has taken advantage of the only semblance of career offering itself by entering the army, and has become devotedly attached to the widow of a fellow-officer, bourgeoise by birth, but of a sensibility and refinement equal to his own. Such a marriage will be a criminal mésalliance in the eyes of the father, and the young man finds himself, when the narrative begins, confronting the necessity of announcing his betrothal with the certainty of alienation from his family. It is probable also that unless he leaves the army he will have to conduct a forced inventory of church property, which will seem to the father an act of treason and sacrilege combined. Suddenly the fact is revealed to the count that he is not a Claviers-Grandchamp, but the son of a liaison between his mother and a friend of the marquis. The real father dies, leaving his fortune to the marquis, who is badly in need of it, but who is informed anonymously of the fact of the former relation between his benefactor and his wife, and of the real parentage of the count. Meanwhile the unfortunate has judged it his duty to conceal the fact from his supposed father, and to submit himself finally to the tyranny of the name. He refuses to make the church inventory, and is retired from the army just before the marquis's discovery makes the sacrifice vain. But the name is still to be protected. It is arranged that the marriage with the bourgeoise, no longer really a mésalliance, shall take place, to be made the pretext of a breach between the marquis and his supposed son. The plan is carried out; and the young pair determine to leave France, so that the name to which they have no right may be dropped without scandal. The stern old marquis determines that the race shall die with him, and sells all his property in order to repay the accursed legacy of his wife's lover. The final scene, in which, vanquished by the love which his rich nature cannot unlearn, he hastens to the dingy Liverpool hotel to give his final farewell and blessing to the self-exiled pair, sets its benign signature upon a portrait noble in many senses.

The Daughter. By Constance Smedley. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

This workmanlike and readable novel is an English story, having for its heroine Delia Willett, the daughter of rich people who could not dissuade her from plunging into active socialistic work in London. A millionaire whom she does not know, hears her addressing a meeting, falls in love with her, and contrives that she, in order to raise a large sum for the "Cause," shall marry a young mechanic—himself in thin disguise. The trick wins her, and though she vows he's a wretch for a season, it is chiefly because of her former hate for the millionaire and snob. The author bas turned out a good tale—a sane mixture of the socialistic, purposeful, and often hectic novel, with the healthy story of an admirable love match. There are crudities by the way, such as the poor bluster of the father, and conventional turns of phrases. But "The Daughter" has interest, the interest not of a great or a literary product, but of a faithfully planned and well told story.

Seeing England with Uncle John. By Anne Warner. New York: The Century Co.

Uncle John, an American and proud of it, is showing a silent and unseen gentleman called Dilly about England. Uncle John's niece, married to an Englishman, pursues him throughout the book with ready hospitality and no success till the last few pages. The volume consists of the independent comment of uncle and niece on sights of guide-book interest. In antiphonal chapters the uncle discourses to his dumb companion, and the girl rivals Clarissa Harlowe in the length of her letters. The following is typical of Uncle John's wit:

> Curious—very curious! I never saw the place a king lived in before. Look at the soldiers with muffs on their heads: it must be handy to pull down over their ears cold days in winter!

As the author states, the method is stenographic; it is therefore inartistic. And consequently, as the native humor has little savor, one prefers the twenty odd pages of index. Yvonne's letters, it should be said, are fairly pleasant feminine reading.

The Supreme Gift. By Grace Denio Litchfield. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A careless philanthropist, who ruins himself and his dependents, and whose daughter shows her willingness to marry a detestable man in order to pay off all money debts—such is the skeleton of this novel. In it "Society" is nonchalant, superbly dressed, toys with its priceless fan, and either adores or ignores the poor. The characters who are manœuvred through "The Supreme Gift" wear such definite outlines as: he is good but weak; she is a noble soul; he is a cad. Hallam, the villain who can quote French at will, is meant for a puppy, but acts like a puppet. The erring parent worries the reader with his continued hysteric appeals to the Deity. As for the heroine, Joan, the sentimental reviewer would love her readily for the dangers she has passed, could he convince himself that the dangers are real. One searching earnestly for the novel "as she is advertised to be," must be bitterly disappointed in this volume.

The Nun. By René Bazin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the story of a weaver's daughter, Pascale, who, with her companion nuns, is expelled from her congregation of St. Hildegarde by order of government. The others find comparative safety and peace in employments ranging from railway gate-keeping to nursing, while she falls into the care of her criminal cousin, Adolphe Mouvand. Her rescue is planned by the sisters who have maintained a constant watch over her, but while escaping she is shot by Adolphe. The book is typically French in its clear construction and dramatic curtness. The indicative mood prevails—things are explained, demonstrated, or reasoned out rather than acted; and the characterization is clever, but compressed for each individual into a page or so of initial biography. The translation suffers but little from those frequent *un*translations or settings over from the original, so often lamentably present. It is probable that the large success of "The Nun" abroad is due to a sympathy for the plight of the Church, impossible for many American readers to share.

Marcia Schuyler. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

What starts the series of conventional incidents in this romance is the readiness with which David Spafford marries Marcia, the younger sister of Kate Schuyler, to whom he has long been engaged. Kate has just eloped with a military man, and the guests must be given a wedding. In order not to make the family disgrace too apparent, the father suggests that Marcia make amends for her sister's misconduct. She agrees, and her bridegroom instantly remarks:

> Child, you are good to me, and I thank you. I will try to make you happy if you will go with me, and I am sure your going will be a comfort in many ways, but I would not have you go unwillingly.

After this beginning the story tells of David's terrible sorrow and gradual love for Marcia, a would-be lover's stereotyped villany, Kate's jealous machinations, and the acid tiresomeness of maiden aunts. The date of the action is fixed by the popularity in its pages of "Home, Sweet Home," and a description of the first steam railway. Girlishness is the key-note. Little new, brilliant, or finished in the way of narrative writing can be discovered. The book needs a very hot day and a hammock.

In the Potter's House. By George Dyre Eldridge. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This exhibition of shapes of clay includes the wide extremes that may be met in a Maine village untouched by modern thought. It embraces the minister who is of the oldest theological type, and the particularly unpleasant and explicit primitive man. Between these are to be found every shade of the godless and the hell-fearing; deacons and Dogberries with varyingly elastic views of theology and conduct; the young girl who confesses; the woman for whom Christianity was "a theory of salvation which, once accepted, marked no really distinctive attitude toward the affairs of practical life," with wbom "two and a half centuries of New England ethics outweighed nineteen centuries of the Christian Church." The exposition is of sin, intolerance, dogma, and salvation. While certain incidents may be classed as "powerful" the really strong is outweighed by the repellant. The writer offers here and there an epigram, but too often recalls Disraeli's criticism of Gladstone that he was "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity."

Concerning Lafcadio Hearn. By George M. Gould, M.D. With a Bibliography by Laura Stedman: Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

So much of the best material has already been printed in "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," by Elizabeth Bisland, that Dr. Gould's volume, as he himself would no doubt gladly admit, must be regarded as a complement and, to a certain extent, a corrective of that work. For psychological value, it is not likely that any documents will be discovered equal to the autobiographical notes on Hearn's early life and the letters to H. E. Krehbiel published by Mrs. Bisland. Yet there is much that is interesting in Dr. Gould's book. To begin with, he approaches the subject from a novel point of view. He is an eye specialist, well known for a series of studies in which he has derived the eccentricities of various geniuses from faulty vision. In this respect Hearn, with his one eye intensely myopic, offered a tempting field which the oculist could not avoid. We confess to have entered with some misgivings upon the chapter called "The Poet of Myopia," for these pbysical derivations may be so easily exaggerated and are at bottom so dangerously elusive. It is tempting to explain the almost complete substitution of color for form in Hearn's descriptive writing by the fact that he actually saw the world as a flat plane, and to hold that his ghostly imagination was due largely to the vague and sudden appearance of physical objects as they passed into his vision. But such a theory to have any real value must be constant. Now, Samuel Johnson was also extremely short-sighted, and by the same token he should have written in the vein of Lafcadio Hearn. The truth is that the substitution of color for form and the delight in the vague and the ghostly and the grewsome are a recognized feature of the whole romantic movement of which Hearn is a late and exaggerated example. Hearn's defective vision may have strengthened this romantic tendency, but to look upon it as a cause is to ignore history.

And indeed, Dr. Gould does not deny the validity of character, or lack of character, in shaping this artistic impressionism, although he subordinates it to the effects of morbid vision. Hearn, he says in the Preface, was "deprived by nature, by the necessities of his life, or by conscious intuition, of religion, morality, scholarship, magnanimity, loyalty, character, benevolence." And again, to defend him against the charge of disloyalty to friends:

> There was nothing behind the physical and neurologic machine to be loyal or disloyal. He had no mind, or character, to be possessed of loyalty or disloyalty. For the most part, he simply dropped his friends, and rarely spoke ill of them or of his enemies. There was nothing whatever in him, except perhaps for the short time when he said his friends had given him a soul, to take the cast and function of loyalty or disloyalty, gratitude or ingratitude. One does not ask originality or even great consistency of an echo, and, of all men that have ever lived, Hearn, mentally and spiritually, was most perfectly an echo. The sole quality, the only originality, he brought to the fact, or to the echo, was color—a peculiar derivation of a maimed sense. He created or invented nothing; his stories were always told him by others.

It is an ambiguous form of defence, and, in truth, there is something too much of it in the book. Dr. Gould returns again and again to this essential lack of will and character in Hearn, and his testimony is the more disquieting because he knew Hearn intimately, was Hearn's host in Philadelphia, and, as he says, inspired the poor outcast with the only notions of morality and faith that ever came to him

In the actual details of Hearn's life Dr. Gould presents not much that is new. He brings evidence to show that the commonly accepted story of Hearn's birth and family is highly doubtful; he has some words about an unnamed gentleman in Cincinnati to whom Lafcadio was, as it were, consigned by a brother-in-law in Ireland, and who is curiously non-committal about his charge: "I know nothing, nobody knows anything true of Hearn's life. He may have been related to my wife's family, but I never knew." We learn also from Dr. Gould that Hearn was discharged from the Cincinnati *Commercial* because he sought a license for an open marriage with a colored woman; we get rather more precise glimpses of the reckless immorality of the man's ways in New Orleans and elsewhere (of which we already knew quite enough), but on the whole, the picture of the strange exotic wanderer is the same as what we had, only with the shadows darkened.

By far the most valuable parts of the book are those in which Hearn's literary activities are traced. Dr. Gould gives an altogether preciser account of the newspaper work in Cincinnati and New Orleans. He quotes fully in a note the story of the Tan-Yard Murder case in the *Enquirer*, which first brought the young reporter into notice—one of the most hideously repulsive things ever written. He reproduces one or two of the editorials in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, including an exposition of Hearn's theory of translation suggested by "a number of interesting and severe criticisms upon translations from foreign authors" in the *Nation;* and he gives also a list of these editorials, with the welcome promise that a large amount of Hearn's work for the *Times-Democrat* is to be reprinted in book form. And there are other extracts and quotations given by Dr. Gould—bits of strange confession and extraordinary description from letters and fugitive publications, a group of charming Japanese fairy tales, and the like. It is worth while to get this bit of characteristic revery:

> So that when the long, burning summer comes, and the city roars dustily around you, and your ears are filled with the droning hum of machinery, and your heart full of the bitterness of the struggle for life, there comes to you at long intervals in the dingy office or the crowded street some memory of white breakers and vast stretches of wrinkled sand and far-fluttering breezes that seem to whisper, "Come!"
>
> So that when the silent night comes,—you find yourself revisiting in dreams those ocean-shores thousands of miles away. The wrinkled sand, ever shifting yet ever the same, has the same old familiar patches of vari-colored weeds and shining rocks along its level expanse; and the thunder-chant of the sea which echoes round the world, eternal yet ever new, is rolling up to heaven. The glad waves leap up to embrace you; the free winds shout welcome in your ears; white sails are shining in the west; white sea-birds are flying over the gleaming swells. And from the infinite expanse of eternal sky and everlasting sea, there comes to you, with the heavenly ocean-breeze, a thrilling sense of unbounded freedom, a delicious feeling as of life renewed, an ecstasy as of life restored. And so you start into wakefulness with the thunder of that sea-dream in your ears and tears of regret in your eyes to find about you only heat and dust and toil; the awakening rumble of traffic, and "the city sickening on its own thick breath."

Besides Dr. Gould's long and complete analysis of all Hearn's published works, with extracts from reviews of the time, there is a full bibliography added by Miss Laura Stedman, which includes even the manuscripts left by Hearn. These two sections will prove perhaps the most valuable part of the book for future writers and publishers. One is surprised at the large amount of writing he has already called out, and the high praise he has elicited; one has thought of him rather as the delight of the few, and finds on the contrary that he is in a fair way to rival the international reputation of Poe.

Literature and the American College. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Babbitt's readable and admirably written little volume is made up of four or five essays already printed in the *Nation*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, and an equal amount of new introductory matter and connective tissue—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber.* The occasional repetitions and slight defects in unity of composition that result from this economy are more than redeemed by the greater wealth of ideas and illustrations that deposit themselves in chapters written at different times and revised in altered moods. The central thought of the book is that the old-fashioned culture and discipline of the American College (somewhat idealized perhaps in the retrospect) are being crowded out of modern life and education by the encroachment of the sentimental license of the kindergarten from below, and the pressure from above of specialized pedantry in the graduate school. The remedy is to be found in a return to humanism, as Professor Babbitt would define it—the severe selective and assimilative study of great literature in a spirit of high seriousness, equally removed from the philology of the graduate school at one extreme and the impressionism of the extension lecturer at the other. The entire first chapter is given to the working out of this definition with the aid of Gaston Boissier's study of *humanitas*. The word in order to serve our purpose must be reclaimed from the pragmatists who have annexed its gracious associations to the latest philosophical fad; it must be generalized from its accidental historical connotation of the undiscriminating enthusiasm of renaissance erudition, or the rigid pedantry of seventeenth century pseudo-classicism; and it must be sharply distinguished from humanitarianism with which it is commonly confused. Terence's "Humani nihil a me alienum puto" and Schiller's "Seid umschlungen, Millionen" are ejaculations of humanitarianism not formulas of humanism, which "is more selective in its caresses."

With Professor Babbitt's main ideas we are in cordial sympathy. In the chapters on "Literature and the College," "The Doctor's Degree," and "The Rational Study of the Classics," for example, we heartily concur with the essential purport and spirit of Mr. Babbitt's admonitions, yet with some reserves as to the impression that they are likely to make upon hasty readers. He brilliantly satirizes the aping of scientific methods in literary studies, the "hard literalness of mind" which deprives even the humanities of all humane quality, the fetich worship of the doctor's degree, the source hunter who never asks himself whether either model or copy possesses any significance for the human spirit, the student of comparative literature whose comparisons have no reference to any absolute standards of literary values, the mediævalist who is deeply versed in worthless *chansons de geste* but ignorant of Dante, Petrarch, and Chaucer, the philologist who strains to be "literary" and achieves only dilettanteism. And if at any time his vivacity betrays his ideal of a judicially poised humanism,

> Turning to scorn with lips divine
> The falsehood of extremes,

he disarms criticism by the deft interposition by the side of every epigram or hyperbole of its appropriate qualification. Nevertheless, we may retort upon him his own treatment of the "Chicago professors," specimens of whose discoveries he cites from the cheap newspapers. He is aware that the men quoted are generally not professors, and that the discoveries are largely due to the originality of the reporters. But he is only "giving the general impression." Similarly, our general impression is that Professor Babbitt is not quite fair or generous in his treatment of American classical scholarship. It is not necessary to dwell on the taunt that "we do not get from our teachers of the classics any equivalent of such writing as that of Professor Butcher in England or of Gaston Boissier in France." There may be many reasons besides a perverse and narrow scholarship why we have no one man who writes with the charm and abundance of the French Academician. The type of pedant and Dryasdust that provokes Mr. Babbitt's satire—unread in the literature which he professes to teach, incapable of general ideas—is only too common. But the "philological syndicate" that reserves promotion for men of this stamp is surely an exaggeration; and the young philologist who said of one of his colleagues: "He is almost a dilettante—he reads Dante and Shakespeare"—was evidently jesting. The literary pose of the philologist who has arrived is doubtless very funny. But it is unfair to announce that the literary velleities of the philologist are always merely a pose of a mood of dilettanteism, and never the revelation of an indwelling humanistic spirit. It is impossible to mention names. But many of the foremost American philologists have certainly been lifelong enthusiastic and intelligently appreciative readers of the classics. If some of them are inclined to reserve this humanism for their own inner life and emphasize linguistic and the technique of scholarship in their teaching and writing, they have some excuse in the quality of the students sent up to them from the secondary schools, and the lack of an appreciative public. They do not care to vie in eloquence with the department of "Literature in English," and they find the class-room hour too short for interpreting literature and life to students who have not learned to construe.

In his assault upon the doctoral dissertation Mr. Babbitt sometimes seems to forget his own distinction between the college and the university. The composition of the dissertation occupies one year at the close of eight or more years of classical study. The writing of dissertations by students to whom these years have brought neither scholarship nor culture is to be deprecated. The habitual choice of narrow and trivial themes is a legitimate topic of satire. Premature specialization, even in the graduate school, that incapacitates the student for any other choice is a deplorable error. But for the dissertation itself as an instrument of graduate instruction something may still be said. The very experience of producing, seeing through the press, and submitting to the judgment of the competent one piece of exact scholarly worth may be a valuable preparation for future work. If the candidate for a degree has not acquired scholarship and assimilated culture at this stage of his career, he will not gain these precious possessions in the one year given up to his dissertation. And the attempt to write a dissertation which the university is willing to publish is an easily available test of both student and teacher. In practice it is doubtless true that men of inferior capacity are, in the competition for numbers, too often encouraged to take the degree; and that, partly for this reason, partly from the limitations of the teacher, petty and mechanical subjects are too often chosen or imposed. The remedy is to be sought, not in the complete abandonment of the dissertation, but in the limiting of it to the proper students, as also in the courageous maintenance of high standards and the gradual broadening of our scholarship.

Old and New Japan. By Clive Holland; with 50 colored pictures by Montagu Smyth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.00.

The Unveiled East. By F. A. McKenzie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50.

The Japanese Nation in Evolution. By W. E. Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25 net.

The tide of books on Japan still flows. Every reader may have a land to his choice —*quot homines tot sententiæ*—and the three volumes on our list represent three different worlds. Does one love sentiment and a land where every prospect pleases and never man is vile, let him purchase "Old and New Japan"; if he despises, yet fears, the Asiatics, he can satisfy his soul with "The Unveiled East"; while if he wishes studies in history, politics, and religion, there is "The Japanese Nation in Evolution." But if one will read the three works together, he may perhaps repeat the old question, What is truth? For example, from "Old and New Japan" we quote:

> Owing to the absence of any considerable number of great manufactories, the polluting smoke, which is the ban of large Western cities, is never seen hovering like a heavy pall over the Mikado's Empire. And with the absence of these there is a corresponding absence of the terrible, soul-destroying, and unhealthy conditions of factory life, which afflicts the more progressive of Western nations—p. 140.

And then from "The Unveiled East":

> I stood in the main street of Osaka and gazed around. Was this Japan? A murky river with muddy and malodorous water and carrying many ugly lighters bordered one side of the road. The sky-line was marked by giant factory chimneys, each belching forth its thick, black smoke. The air, heavy, damp, and gloomy, might have been that of Manchester on an unfavorable day. A party of women passed by. Where were now the dainty daughters of Japan? These were tired, for factory hours are long in Osaka. Their clothes, shabby and sad-colored, matched their prematurely aged faces. There were children among them, little girls of nine and ten, who had been all day at work in the mills, like their elders—p. 140.

"Old and New Japan" is a beautiful piece of book-making—almost none of the many beautiful books upon Japan excels it. It has thick paper, beautiful type, broad margins, an artistic cover, and charming pictures. Its author loves the scenes he describes and he has sought to understand sympathetically the people with whom he has sojourned. Pictures and text go well together, but, after all, the pictures are the chief attraction. They are delightful. not to be mistaken for photographs or for realistic reproductions of things as they are. It is Japan arranged, posed, colored, made artistic. In the text, too, we never quite touch reality. Indeed, why should we? Let Japan remain soft, peaceful, polite, happy, picturesque, to please us in a brief visit when we desire a picnic. Here and there the author goes beyond his province, and one must not take his learning too seriously. He transcribes parts of Chamberlain's translation of the "Kojiki," but evidently he did not read the preface, for he still takes the official chronology at its face value. He has heard of the "Nihongi," and tells his readers that it has not been completely translated, though Mr. Aston admirably performed that feat years ago. We are informed that Shinto is the true religion of Japan, and that it consists in nature worship and reverence for dead ancestors; that patriotism is its offspring and that Buddhism and Confucianism, while modified by Shinto, left the earlier faith intact. None of these statements is exact. Original Shinto had nothing to do with reverence for dead ancestors, this element in Japanese religion being the offspring of Chinese religion. A cursory study of Mr. Satow's "Revival of Pure Shinto" in comparison with the "Kojiki" and the "Nihongi" would have shown that it is Shinto which has been modified throughout. One notes inaccuracies even in the few and superficial criticisms of the Japanese: "A different price for the foreigners is the recognized rule." A different price for the rich, the noble, the distinguished Japanese is the recognized rule; for, with the traditions of the feudal system still remaining, price is based on the ability of the purchaser to pay, as indeed it still is among us with lawyers and doctors. Nevertheless the book is a charming description of a charming land and people.

But how different it all looks to the author of "The Unveiled East"! He discloses an awful reality—the Yellow Peril. He sums up his thesis in the second sentence in the book: "Japan has entered fully upon a campaign of aggressive imperialism." Again,

> Men four years ago feared a Russian Colossus, but that which men yesterday believed Russia to be in the Far East, Japan now is. . . . The policy is forced upon Japan by two causes, national pride and commercial interest.

Mr. McKenzie assures us that Japan, in seeking to dominate the Pacific, advances along three lines: territorial expansion, increased fighting power, and an aggressive commercial campaign. Japan is building up an immense navy, of course for purposes of further aggression. The volume is intensely British in its prejudices, fervently anti-Japanese, and journalistic in style. It makes serious statements, but without naming authorities. The Japanese are shown, as indeed all confess, brutally to have mistreated the Koreans after the war, when a swarm of the lowest representatives of the race poured into the country. Yet similar indictments have been framed against the Americans in the Philippines, the British in South Africa, the British and the Germans in Africa, and the French in Southern China. We would not mitigate censure by such comparisons, but would point out that a people is always seen at its worst after conquest. For the rest, the increase of Japan's navy represents a policy of aggression precisely as much as does the increase of the navy of the United States. It is in other directions that Japan turns its energies, in the direction of peace and commerce. That certain industries of the West will find Japan a serious competitor is plain; but that Japan when rich will be a less important customer of the United States than is Japan poor it is hard to believe. The book, with all its earnestness, is not so true to essential facts as is "Old and New Japan," for the true East has not unveiled itself to the author's eyes or mind.

Dr. Griffis is our veteran authority upon Japan. He gave us "The Mikado's Empire" in 1876, and it still remains, in many respects, one of our best books upon the subject. For the thirty years succeeding he has faithfully studied the available material, and it is interesting to compare his last book with his earliest. The volume contains no novelties for those who are familiar with the recognized authorities; and Dr. Griffis makes ample acknowledgments of his indebtedness. But he has brought together, in convenient though somewhat ill-ordered shape, the results of his reading. The main purpose of the work seems to be to disprove the Mongolian origin of the nation. He begins by attempting to prove that the Japanese are Aryan; but our older terms for races have lost their significance. Years ago we knew what Aryan meant, but who knows now? The theory is gone and no new one replaces it. If only Dr. Griffis would prove that the Ainu are Aryan, we should rejoice; for then once more the word would have a meaning.

Histoire de la Maison de Baglion: Les Baglioni de Pérouse, d'après les chroniqueurs, les historiens, les archives. Par Comte de La Dufferie. Pp. 571. Poitiers: Société Française d'imprimerie et de librairie.

This enormous volume is published in two editions; one embellished by 46 full-page illustrations, the other consisting of the text alone. As a work to be placed among the family archives of the French branch of the House of Baglioni it has, no doubt, an excellent *raison d'être;* but we believe that it will have but scant attractions for the general reader and still fewer for the serious student.

To most tourists the Baglioni are known only through an eminently picturesque chapter in the late John Addington Symonds's "Sketches in Italy"; and though some, perhaps, have also profited by Edward Strachan Morgan's translation of the Chronicle of Matarazzo, there are few who realize what a prominent part that great house played in the history of Perugia from the days of Frederick Barbarossa to the death of Giovan Paolo in 1520 (see the two monographs of Count Vincenzo Ansidei on "La storia delle famiglie perugine Baglioni e Degli Oddi" 1901 and 1902). Unfortunately, however, the Count L. de Baglion de La Dufferie fails to perceive that the history of which the wars and violences of the Baglioni formed a part is of infinitely more importance than are the Baglioni themselves. His genealogical tables may be unimpeachable, but his historical knowledge is neither accurate nor profound. We will content ourselves with a single typical instance.

In 1358, the Perugians defeated the Sienese at Torrita in the Valdichiana, and advanced to the walls of Siena, whence (in the words of one of their own chroniclers) they carried away as a trophy "le catene de la iustizia de Siena," *i. e.*, the chains of the gallows which stood outside the Porta Nuova. In this matter all the chroniclers, whether Sienese or Perugian, are in agreement; but Count L. de Baglion de La Dufferie will have it otherwise. On page 15, he says:

> Pérouse connut cependant de beaux succès; celui de 1358 marque un point culminant dans sa gloire. Les siennois sont écrasés à Turrita. 42 de leurs bannières, prises en trophées, sont traînées à la queue des chevaux dans la capitale ombrienne, alors que sous les pattes du griffon communal les vainqueurs accrochent *les chaînes du Palais de Justice de Sienne.*

We will not discuss the absurdity of the statement that the war of 1358 "marked a culminating point in the glory of Perugia" (that misconception has been fully exposed in a recent article in the *Bollettino Senese di Storia Patria* anno xiv., Fasc. iii.) and will confine ourselves to the startling assertion that the Perugians "accrochent les chaînes du Palais de Justice de Sienne." Where did our author get his facts? His authority is not the chronicles and archives of his title-page, but none other than "The Story of Perugia," by Miss Symonds and Miss Duff Gordon. The originator of the fable is, of course, the always inaccurate Bonazzi, who on page 447 of his "Storia di Perugia" informs us: "Si portavano in trionfo le catene del palazzo di giustizia di Siena." Following in his footsteps, the authors of "The Story of Perugia" assure us, on page 22:

> Perugia's culminating success seems to have been at Torrita in 1358, when the Sienese were defeated, and forty-nine banners brought back tied to the horses' tails, and the chains of the Palace of Justice torn away and hung in triumph at the feet of the Perugian griffin.

Elsewhere (p. 118) they convert the chains into keys, and quote the late Adamo Rossi as the authority for their preposterous assertion. What Professor Rossi really wrote is this ("Il Palazzo del Popolo in Perugia," 1864, p. 19):

> Ai piedi di questi animali (*i. e.*, the bronze griffin and lion above the northern door of the Palazzo) si appesero . . . nel 1321 i ferramenti e chiavi delle porte di Assisi, e nel 1358 le catene della giustizia di Siena.

It is, of course, possible that the Count was misled by this misuse of an honored name; but apparently he preferred to trust to a statement in a modern work by foreign authors rather than to the contemporary chronicles of Siena and of Perugia. Nor does the blunder stand alone. Did space permit, we could adduce plenty more to bear it company.

Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. Edited by Charles Nicoullaud. Vol. II., 1815-1819; Vol. III., 1820-1830. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net, each.

The second volume of the Comtesse de Boigne's "Memoirs" is of greater interest than the previous volume (reviewed in the *Nation* September 12, 1907, p. 237), although the writer's strong temperamental prejudices invalidate the work as a contribution, not to say to history, but even to the interpretation of character. Her editor has to confess:

> There is always a substratum of truth in her stories, but she often uses it, though always with wit, to subserve her own inclinations to what she believes to be the welfare of her party.

This very worldly countess had above all an aversion to devout and religious spirits. The Queen of Etruria, Marie-Louise de Bourbon, afterwards canonized by Pius IX., was "untidy," a "vulgar personage," and "her conversation no better than her appearance." Louise de Condé, abbess of Remiremont, was "low, vulgar, and ignorant," the "caricature of the stage-nun," and "one was inclined to sympathize with the Deity, whom she was continually besieging with her prayers."

Mme. de Boigne relates her experiences at Turin and in England where her father was successively the French representative. One gets a vivid impression of life, or rather its absence, at the beginning of the nineteenth century in the capital of a third-rate kingdom like Piedmont, under a narrow-minded king, in a gossiping and scandal-mongering court, whose only diversion was the opera; and of society in England under the Prince Regent, among its match-making women. It is of her own sex that Mme. de Boigne gives the most lifelike portraits, and the descriptions are very striking of the mystical Mme. de Krüdener, whose strange influence over the Emperor Alexander is thought to have contributed to the Holy Alliance and the destinies of Europe; of Princess Caroline, wife of the Regent, chasing Murat over Europe and riding through Genoa in attire as suited for the circus as the street; or of Princess Charlotte, whimsical and quick-tempered, but the darling of the English people, whose queen she would have been but for her early death.

Mme. de Boigne's witty cynicism concerning her friends inclines the reader to that sympathy towards her husband, with whom she could not live, which she herself felt for the Deity in the case of the Princesse de Condé. But she is an amusing companion from a safe distance beyond the grave, where she has perhaps learned to appreciate the old precept which she did not practise, of only good concerning the dead.

The third volume, completing the work, deserves less consideration. The most vivid pages are those describing the circumstances connected with the death of the Duc de Berry, but for the larger part the volume is made up of small talk.

To the Top of the Continent: Discovery, Exploration, and Adventure in Sub-arctic Alaska; the first Ascent of Mt. McKinley, 1903-1906. By Frederick A. Cook. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.

The conquest of Mt. McKinley, the highest peak in North America, by Dr. F. A. Cook was a notable feat in mountaineering. For, to the perils and hardships of high Alpine or Himalayan ascents were added most of the difficulties of Arctic exploration. The foot of the mountain could be reached only by passing through immense swamps and fording numberless icy streams amid constant and drenching rains. Then the climb was over glaciers and up almost perpendicular slopes of crusted snow down which avalanches were continually thundering. Torrid heat and polar cold were at times combined; for the bright burning sunbeams caused to fall "from our faces big beads of perspiration which froze in icy pinnacles on our garments." Significant also is the fact that the summit was reached after an eight days' climb by Dr. Cook and a single companion, who carried on their backs not only food and fuel for a fortnight, but a tent and sleeping bag. A remarkable experience was the immunity from disease in both expeditions:

> For two months we travelled with wet feet. In rain or sunshine, in wind or calm we went without coats. We slept in dripping jungles, on floating marshes, in windswept clouds, on wet snow, and in perennial frost, . . . but we never enjoyed better health. No colds, no rheumatism, and no sickness of any consequence was reported.

This uniqueness of adventure constitutes the special interest of this account of the two expeditions: the one in 1903, which failed; and the successful one three years later, the story of both of which, it should be added, is an amplification of articles in *Harper's Magazine.* As a mere record of travel the book is rather dull, for the task of crossing the wilderness between the coast and the Alaskan range was very monotonous, and months at times elapsed without the party seeing a "speck of human life." After the first ascent of a rapid and the fording of a mountain torrent, the tale lacks variety, though a few bears were encountered. The explorers saw much big game, and they make an urgent appeal for the establishment of a preserve. Its need is shown by the fact that "near the head waters of the Skwentna River there are thousands of square feet covered with moose hair to the depth of three feet. Here Indians have massacred hundreds of moose in the deep snows, taking only the skins for souvenir moccasins, leaving heaps of heads and tons of meat to rot." Occasional gleams of humor illumine the narrative and throw light on life in Alaska. For example:

> We saw a big dory drifting down the stream. A corpulent miner with all kinds of things was in the boat. To our question: "How far to Youngstown?" he answered: "It used to be twenty miles above, but it just moved. I have the town in the dory, and am taking it down the stream"

The scientific work of the expeditions seems to have been limited to tracing several rivers to their glacial sources, and the exploration of an extensive tract along the foothills of the range. The results are given in a sketch of the geology of the Mt. McKinley region, by Alfred H. Brooks, in an appendix. The make-up of the volume is excellent—the sixty-nine full-page illustrations being portraits, reproductions of photographs of the mountain scenery, and pictures of camp life. One of peculiar interest is of a camp just below the top of McKinley, on a slope so steep that "we wrapped ourselves in a bundle with all of our belongings, then lashed the bundle to the axes, which were securely driven into the ice, and in this way we held on for the night." It is to be regretted that there is no index, and that the routes of the expeditions are not marked on the map, as it is difficult from the narrative alone to trace them.

Science.

Attention. By W. B. Pillsbury. Pp. xii, 346. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

This volume is the English edition of Professor Pillsbury's "L'Attention," which was published in 1906 in the Bibliothèque internationale de psychologie expérimentale. It is not simply an English version of the French edition, but is revised and enlarged, and contains several new chapters. It is a clear, conservative, and comprehensive presentation of the psychology of attention from a particular point of view. The chief business of psychology is regarded as the analysis of mind into sensations as its structural elements, and the determination of the ways in which these elementary states function in combination in higher mental processes. From this point of view Professor Pillsbury leaves little to be desired. Defining attention as "an increased clearness and prominence of some one idea, sensation, or object, whether remembered or directly given from the external world, so that for the time it is made to constitute the most important feature of consciousness," he finds it to depend not upon some original conative effort, but upon two general factors, "the present environment on the one side, and the entire past history of the individual on the other." To these two factors is due whatever prominence any fact in consciousness may possess. A loud noise, for instance, will force its way into consciousness of any person, and compel attention. On the other hand, a savage, on account of his habits, will notice a footprint where a civilized man will see no disturbance of the ground. The relations between attention thus conceived, and interest, ideas, association, memory, will, reason, emotion, and the self are set forth with abundant detail. The methods of measuring attention, its motor concomitants, its anatomical basis, its physiology and pathology, prevailing theories regarding it, and certain applications of the author's results to education are considered with similar completeness. The work is marked throughout by accuracy of statement, wide familiarity with the literature of the subject, and fairness and discrimination in criticism.

But in spite of the undoubted excellence of the book, we have read it with a sense of profound disappointment. The disappointment is not with Professor Pillsbury's exposition or scholarship. It is with the results which psychology, as he conceives it, has to offer. That psychology undoubtedly clarifies mental life at many points, but it raises serious doubts regarding the validity and fruitfulness of its basal conceptions. To regard mind as a structure of elementary sensations woven together into complex mental processes impresses us as a decidedly artificial procedure. The conclusions to which this procedure leads appear deficient in explanatory value; and the ultimate problems to which it gives rise are of a kind which has been discussed without much profit or illumination. In support of this opinion two illustrations from Professor Pillsbury's book may be cited.

As already stated, he finds attention to depend upon the present environment, and the entire past history of the individual. With regard to these factors he says:

> These two together are, of course, coextensive with the known universe in the case of the ideal man. Man's experience is not alone composed of the comparatively few events which have brought him into direct contact with nature, but through tradition and books he has summed up within himself the entire experience of the human race as a whole in all times and places. On the other side, too, through heredity, it would be possible to trace some small number of the conditions which have to be taken into consideration in explaining any act of attention back to the acts and surroundings of his predecessors in the course of evolution. While no single man reaches this ideal condition, it is yet true for every man that the elements which may be said to determine his attention are not to be found in any chance movement of the body at the moment, in any feeling of pleasure or of effort that may accompany or precede the attending, but are to be found in the entirety of the preceding life of the individual and indirectly in the race history of mankind in general. (P. 308.)

Does this mean that what psychology has finally to say about the attention we have given to Professor Pillsbury's book—or to anything else, for that matter—is that it is due to our entire preceding life and the race history of mankind in general? If so, we do not dispute the statement, but we emphatically claim that it is eminently lacking in explanatory value. For the explanation, being generally adequate for all cases, is specifically adequate for none. What we desire to know is how the attention of a person of defined mental traits is affected by specified conditions. Take the average freshman in college to-day. What subjects attract his attention and under what conditions?

So much psychology of this type evaporates into comprehensive generalities. The reason for such a disappointing and inadequate result, we believe, resides in the psychological point of view adopted. For, when the mind is conceived as a structure of elementary sensations, it becomes necessary to determine the particular efficiency of any one of these sensations in the process in which it occurs. Since, however, this efficiency is determined by the relation of the element in question to all other possible elements, and the structure of mind is modified by environment and heredity, we seem at last driven to "the entire experience of the human race as a whole in all times and places." Were it possible, as some psychologists once hoped, actually to discover genuinely elementary sensations and assign to them definite and stable values for any process in which they might occur, we might be spared such comprehensive, but inadequate, explanations. Or if the hypothesis of "mental states" were discarded and psychology concerned itself, not with the "structure of mind," but with the measurement and coördination of individual reactions, the results reached would probably be marked by greater precision and fruitfulness.

Mental traits can be correlated and their correlation measured statistically with marked success. What relation exists between quickness of perception and a ready memory? How far is rapidity in acquiring manual skill coupled with logical ability? How far does mastering one task help in the mastering of a different one? Such questions indicate a psychology of a different kind from that which has aroused our suspicion, and promises, we believe, more different results. It is when such results are brought out by Professor Pillsbury that his discussion is most illuminating.

As an illustration of the unprofitable problems to which the notion of sensations as the structural elements of mind may lead, we may cite Professor Pillsbury's statement that "psychologists have very generally adopted the doctrine of psychophysical parallelism." They have adopted this doctrine because when they consider the problem of the connection between "physical states" and "mental processes," they "seem compelled either to give up the doctrine of the conservation of energy, to abandon all distinction between the bodily and mental processes, or to deny that there is a causal relation between body and mind. Of these possible solutions, modern psychology has chosen the last" (p. 222). But we fail to see how psycho-physical parallelism is a solution of anything. Not only does it signally fail to explain the connection on which it is invoked to throw light, but it is also inherently unintelligible. "It depends," and as we read we recall volumes of discussion of the subject, "in the last analysis upon the fact that no man has ever seen a bodily process pass over into a mental process, and in all probability never will see such a passage" (p. 223). We heartily agree that he probably never will. But did any man ever see a "bodily process" or a "mental process"? It is assumed that we are perfectly familiar with these two kinds of processes, and that they are so clearly distinguished from each other and so contrasted that passage from one to the other is not discoverable. Now it is just this familiarity which is crucially necessary to make the doctrine of psycho-physical parallelism intelligible, but it is also just this familiarity which we do not possess. In the light of this fact we do not hesitate to reaffirm that psycho-physical parallelism is not a solution of any problem. It is rather a statement of the perplexity which may attend psychological theory. The terms "body" and "mind" undoubtedly express a distinction, but the theory of psycho-physical parallelism gives ample warrant for the suspicion that it is unprofitable to interpret this distinction in terms of physiological states and processes on the one hand and sensations as structural elements of mind on the other. So interpreted, the distinction may eventually confront us with the alternatives suggested by Professor Pillsbury, but we are unwilling to admit that there is any valid necessity for such an interpretation.

It is the excellence of Professor Pillsbury's book which has emphasized for us the difficulties on which we have commented. It is a valuable contribution to psychological literature, but it warrants, in our estimation, the opinion that fruitful advance in the science is not accelerated by attempts to construct a system of mental states or processes or by conceiving sensations to be the structural elements of mind.

"Strength of Materials: A Manual for Students of Engineering," by William Charles Popplewell, lecturer at Manchester Municipal School of Technical Engineering (Oliver & Boyd), is a book which, though prepared for English students, will prove of equal value to Americans who wish a short, correct, and rigorous treatment of the subject. It is not, however, by any means complete. "Handbook of American Gas Engineering Practice," by M. Nisbet Latta (D. Van Nostrand Co.), is on a subject which has hitherto received inadequate treatment in America. In this country, indeed, no book equal to this one has appeared. It is a compilation, and a rather good one, of modern papers on the topic, together with such explanatory and connecting material as is necessary to make them intelligible.

In "Immuno-Chemistry: The Application of the Principles of Physical Chemistry to the Study of the Biological Antibodies," by Svante Arrhenius (The Macmillan Co.), is described the pioneer work of Arrhenius and others in that new and promising branch of science, immuno-chemistry—the application of the laws of chemical mechanics to the reactions taking place in the blood in consequence of the injection of foreign substances. Although the subject of toxins and antitoxins, or of antibodies in general, has always been fascinating, it becomes, now that it is shown that the laws governing chemical reactions in general also govern these, even more fascinating than before. The book is to be recommended to all who have an elementary knowledge of physical chemistry. "Solubilities of Inorganic and Organic Substances: A Handbook of the Most Reliable Quantitative Solubility Determinations," recalculated and compiled by Atherton Seidell, is published by D. Van Nostrand Co. In preparing this admirable set of solubility tables Dr. Seidell has earned the gratitude of all chemists. The book should be in every laboratory and chemical library.

The irrigation works of our Reclamation Service are described in detail by its statistician, C. J. Blanchard, in a recent address now published in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April. He says that in the summer of 1904 he camped in a vast sage-brush plain in Idaho, thirty miles from any human habitation. Last year a school-house was opened on the site of the camp with 74 pupils; 1400 families are living on farms, and three towns with a thousand inhabitants have sprung up where "a trifle over three years ago the eye met nothing but dust, and desolation." The service has spent more than $120,000,000, "and 70,000 miles of canals now carry the life-giving waters to 10,000,000 acres, which each year produce crops valued at more than $250,000,000." The numerous illustrations emphasize the wonderful character and results of the work.

Lack of funds has temporarily checked the further preparation and publication of the large trilingual "Wörterbuch der technischen Wissenschaften," begun about five years ago by the National-Verein deutscher Ingenieure; but the French government through the Minister of Agriculture has decided to publish a Technological Repertorium of the Industrial Arts and the Technical Sciences. This is to be not only a philological lexicon of these branches, but also an account of the different technological callings, together with an interpretation of technical terms in French, English, and German. The German and the English parts of the work are to be in the hands of native scholars.

"Von der Adria, zum Schwarzen Drin" is a further instalment of 78 pages in the series Zur Kunde der Balkanhalbinsel: Reisen und Beobachtungen, edited by Dr. Carl Patsch of the National Museum in Serajewo, and published by Daniel A. Kajon of that city. The author, Karl Steinmetz, gives a scientific account of travels in portions of Albania, starting from Kalmeti, south of Scutari. He considers geography, topography, ethnology, and related topics.

The Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women offers a fourth prize of $1,000 for the best thesis written by a woman on a scientific subject, embodying new observations and new conclusions based on an independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science. The theses must be in the hands of the chairman of the committee on the prize, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass., before February 25, 1909. The prize will be awarded at the annual meeting in April, 1909. Application blanks and circulars giving the conditions of the award of the prize will be furnished by the secretary, Mrs. Ada Wing Mead, No. 283 Wayland Avenue, Providence, R. I.

Leopold Schrötter, Ritter von Kristelli, professor in the University of Vienna, died April 21 at the age of seventy-one. Dr. Schrötter had made a specialty of laryngology, and is best known popularly for his diagnosis of Frederick of Germany's trouble as cancer and his attendance on the emperor at San Remo. He has a large number of scientific books to his credit, including: "Endolaryngeole Operation der Kehlkopfpolypen," "Laryngologische Mitteilungen," "Arbeiten auf dem Gebiet der Tuberkulose," etc.

The death in his eighty-ninth year is announced from Vienna of Ludwig Schmarda, traveller and naturalist. He was professor of zoölogy at the University of Vienna from 1862 to 1883. Among his works are "Reise um die Erde in den Jahren 1853-7," "Zur Naturgeschichte Aegyptens," and "Neue wirbellose Tiere."

Carl Agardh Westerlund, malacologist and ornithologist, has died at the age of seventy-seven years, in Ronneby, Sweden, where for many years he had been teacher in the grammar school. Besides the large "Fauna der in der Paläarktischen Region lebenden Binnenconchylien" (7 volumes, 1884-1890), and "Skandinaviska foglarnas fortplantningshistoria," 1878-1904, he contributed numerous papers to Swedish and foreign scientific periodicals, and was collaborator in many collections of fauna.

Drama.

J. B. Lippincott Co. announces that the publication of the Variorum "Richard the Third," edited by H. H. Furness, jr., has been postponed until the early autumn.

The printed edition of Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," just published by Harper & Brothers, is a solid and attractive volume, with bold type and choice paper worthy of this notable work. A deliberate study of the text amply confirms the opinion set forth in these columns, after the first stage performance, that it is one of the most notable of recent plays, not only on account of its high moral and social purpose, but in its sustained interest, its swift, compact, and logical action and its compliance with the classic laws of dramatic construction. All the unities are faithfully observed. The dialogue is of striking quality. It contains but one passage of descriptive and imaginative eloquence—Manson's picture of the ideal church—but is composed of idiomatic English, simple, pregnant, and thoroughly characteristic of the person speaking. Often it is charged with a significance which might easily be less apparent to the spectator in a theatre than to the reader, differing vastly in this respect from the flippant chatter of most current shows. Almost every phrase in Mr. Kennedy's play is vital to the scene, the main theme, or the development of character. It is not necessary at this time to repeat the story of the piece with its practical application of the law of universal brotherhood, but it should be said that the power and appeal of it, and the ingenuity with which the interaction of contrasted and vital human types is made to bring about the desired solution of the dramatic problem, are just as apparent upon the printed page as when they are backed by the glamour of the theatre.

"Yolanda of Cyprus" (The McClure Co.), by Cale Young Rice, is a passionate melodrama in verse, of the sixteenth century, and exhibits both literary facility and poetic imagination. It contains, indeed, many melodious and some striking passages, but its general conception is so extravagant, its construction so crude, and its semi-miraculous happy ending so conventionally theatrical in its futility, that as drama it is inconsiderable. Moreover, the theme is unpleasant, profitless, and unnatural. It is a pity that the ability displayed in the elaboration of it should not be employed to better purpose. The style is modern though the tale is antique.

Stephen Phillips's dramatization of "The Bride of Lammermoor" will be called "The Lost Heir" when it is produced at the London Adelphi by Martin Harvey.

The appearance in the Bijou Theatre on Tuesday evening of Henry E. Dixey, in the central character of Jean Aicard's "Le Père Lebonnard," attracted considerable attention as an ambitious effort on the part of a veteran farcical comedian to make an upward step in his profession and prove his capacity in the more serious drama. His own individual performance was a distinctly creditable, though never brilliant, achievement. It was simple, natural, and sympathetic, but neither the humor nor the pathos of it had much depth, while the passion showed more of external than internal convulsion. Nevertheless, considering the antecedents of the actor, it was a respectable achievement. Unfortunately, the adapters had divested the play of nearly all its finer qualities, leaving nothing but the skeleton of the story, while the supporting cast was wholly unequal to the task assigned to it. The representation of the play given here by Signor Novelli was vastly superior in every respect.

One of the current theatrical successes in Paris is a Russian revolutionary melodrama, "Le Grand soir," translated from the German of Leopold Kampf by Robert d' Humières, and played at the Théâtre des Arts. It reproduces in realistic fashion police raids upon the secret resorts of conspirators, and the ruthless dispersal of mobs of strikers by volleys from cavalry carbines. The piece apparently is one succession of thrills from beginning to end.

Music.

One of the best compliments ever paid to an American author by the Germans was their acceptance of Alexander Thayer's as the standard biography of Beethoven. Thayer devoted most of the leisure hours of his long life to this task, yet he died (1897) before he had completed much more than half. The third volume of his biography appeared in 1879; the fourth has just been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel, and the fifth is to follow next year. The whole work, however, is no longer Thayer's alone. The first volume has been revised and brought up to date, and the second and third are being edited now and may be expected within two years. The fourth and fifth are largely from the pen of Herman Deiters, who built on the foundations left by Thayer two volumes which take cognizance of everything of value in regard to Beethoven brought forth since Thayer's death. When completed, the Thayer-Deiters Beethoven will be a monumental work, to be classed with Spitta's "Bach," Jahn's "Mozart," Chrysander's "Handel," Pohl's "Haydn," Glasenapp's "Wagner," and Ramann's "Liszt." It should be added that Hugo Riemann has provided the new Volume IV. with a preface, corrections, and additions, as well as an index.

In a search for material for a biography of Nicolo Paganini, Aristide Manassero, the music critic, has found at Chiavari four unpublished nocturnes for violin and piano, twenty-five autograph letters, and a Steiner violin which belonged to that composer. Hitherto only a fragment of a movement for violin and piano had been known. Similar discoveries and the fact that much valuable musical material lies neglected in public and private libraries in Italy has led Guido Gasparini, the librarian of the Conservatory of Music at Parma, to form an association for the double purpose of making an inventory of the autograph music, written before the nineteenth century, existing in Italy, and of taking steps for its preservation. The convention of musicians to be held in Ferrara in May is expected to support this movement.

The death is announced of Joseph Sucher, who was appointed conductor of the Royal Opera at Berlin in 1888 and retained that post for a decade. He was born in 1843, studied law in Vienna, but soon took up music as a profession. In 1876 he was appointed conductor of the Leipzig opera, and married the famous dramatic soprano, Rosa Hasselbeck. In 1878 both were engaged by Pollini for Hamburg. Ten years later they became members of the Royal Opera in Berlin.

Art.

Athenian Lekythoi with Outline Drawing in Glaze Varnish on a White Ground. By Arthur Fairbanks. With 15 Plates and 57 Illustrations in the Text. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The white Athenian lekythoi, or oil-jugs, form a distinct class in the history of Greek vase-painting. The delicate drawing on them and the varied scheme of their coloring have long made them one of the most interesting subjects of study for the archæologist. Several books and many articles have been written about them, notably Pottier's "Étude sur les lécythes blancs attiques à représentations funéraires"; but the subject has by no means been exhausted. The present monograph supplies a much-felt need. It gives us a systematic classification of white lekythoi into well-defined groups, which are, in the main, chronological, so that each series can be dated within ten or twenty years.

The two large classes into which the author divides his material are lekythoi in which the lines of the drawing are in glaze, and lekythoi in which the lines are in dull color. The present volume deals with the glaze-outline lekythoi; the second class is reserved for another occasion. The purpose of the author is not to make a thesaurus, but to study white lekythoi in their relation to each other and to vases in a different technique. The result of this minute research is to fix approximately the time of lekythoi with glaze outline drawing between 475 and 430, B. C. Within this period the writer places four distinct groups, subdivided into eight smaller classes. Under each class is given a list of vases, described in detail, which show the required characteristics. The number of vases described is large; many are published for the first time, and as the book is well illustrated, we gain a clear survey of the field. The concluding chapter deals with the scenes depicted on white lekythoi. In Athenian vases of the fifth century we can generally judge of the purpose which they served by the scenes depicted on them. The exact uses for which white lekythoi were employed is an interesting problem. Some time after the middle of the fifth century they seem to have been used only in connection with burials, since scenes connected with death and the grave occur to the exclusion of others. But before that domestic scenes are prevalent and during that time these white lekythoi were doubtless used by the women as simple toilet vases. Scenes connected with mythology and religion are also of common occurrence. In connection with these the author makes an interesting observation. He points out that while on black-figured vases "the gods are depicted as engaged in some form of distinctly human activity," the painter of the white lekythos selects rather "the human act of worship" and treats the gods almost always from this standpoint. This leads the author to surmise that some of these lekythoi were intended for use in a religious ceremony. Just what use there would be for small perfume jars in connection with worship cannot be determined from the data at our command. But, as the author says, it is by no means unlikely that perfumes as well as incense were used in the ceremony of burnt offerings.

As regards the much-discussed problem of the place of manufacture of the white lekythoi found outside Attica, the writer is in favor of an Attic origin for the Sicilian lekythoi, since "the slight differences between them and the lekythoi found in Attica are just such as might be expected between products for export and products for the local market." For the Eretrian vases also an Athenian origin is claimed; unless, indeed, Athenian workmen went over and worked in Eretria itself. The only white lekythoi which are undoubtedly of non-Attic manufacture are those from Corinth. They form a class by themselves in that they are rude in shape and rudely decorated; moreover, they seem to be made of Corinthian clay, and thus are certainly a local product.

It is to be hoped that the author will soon bring out the second part of his book, treated in the same thorough and scholarly manner.

The most important articles in the *Burlington Magazine* for April are devoted to Puvis de Chavannes, and to the American, Albert P. Ryder. In the former, which is described as "A Chapter from Modern Painters," Charles Ricketts treats Puvis, mainly, as a great inventor in landscape—with Millet almost the only innovator in the essential pattern of landscape design. The study of light he dismisses in a paragraph worthy of quotation:

> This new study is in itself hardly more valuable than the conquest of relief which was the aim of the Tenebrosi. If this fashion in the painting of the seventeenth century stifled painting, and poisoned the color sense of a whole period, the landscape painters' rendering of the glitter of sunlight and sunset has disintegrated the plastic sense, narrowed the outlook, and established a convention in the conduct of pigment which is unsuited to the expression of form, and so affected the standard of figure painting. At any rate it has be-

come a common fashion hardly more valuable than the light, animated manner affected by Ricci and Piazetta, who reacted against the cellar light of the Tenebrosi. If this is not all the truth, it yet contains an element of truth worth considering by our modern figure painters. Roger Fry writes of Ryder with much sympathy, and illustrates his article with five reproductions, which succeed in conveying more of that painter's strange impressiveness than one would have thought translatable into black and white.

In the *Rassegna d'Arte* for April Nelly Erichsen reports the discovery of a series of damaged frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Church of S. Francesco Lucca. Of these the Presentation and the Marriage of the Virgin, in a single composition, are fairly preserved, and seem a distinct addition to the work of this prolific master. V. Fazio Allmayer continues his concise but meaty articles on "The Arabs and Art in Sicily." He makes a good case for the originality of Saracenic art—the Byzantine origin of which has frequently been assumed—and for its enduring influence in Sicily, particularly in textile design.

"The Architecture of Greece and Rome: a Sketch of its Historic Development," by William J. Anderson and R. Phené Spiers, has been issued in a second edition, revised and enlarged by Mr. Spiers (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The first edition was reviewed at length in these columns March 12, 1903. We then noted that the book contained excellent material; that the contribution of William J. Anderson was valuable, and that the work of Mr. Spiers was the most trustworthy and suggestive to be found anywhere; but that the work was not well arranged, and in spite of valuable illustrations and sound teaching was inadequate. The present issue is improved in every important respect. The contents have been carefully rearranged. There are nearly eighty new illustrations (255 in all), and but few of those of the first edition have been dropped. Among the new are the plan of the palace at Cnossus and several details of sculpture from the same building, a valuable set of plans of the Selinus temples, and a plan of the famous temple-group at Baalbek. There is also much new text; and there are useful tables, such as the chronological list of Greek temples and other buildings, and chronological lists of historical events. The work is now an excellent book of reference, and if it is hardly interesting to read, that defect is the almost inevitable result of the compact presentation of so much and such varied material.

The posthumous book of J. K. Huysmans—"Trois églises et trois primitifs"—is in the best style of his later years. The three churches are of Paris, with their art full of the symbolism of the ages of faith, and with all sorts of human incrustations from their centuries of growth; and the three artists are Primitives of like kind. The prose of this writer, and perhaps his incisive, original thought, seem likely to have more influence after his death than during his life in its disconcerting course.

"Benvenuto Cellini à Paris sous François Ier," by Gailly de Taurines, is a book dealing lightly with the love and gallantries of the great artist who took pains to document posterity for his history; the volume belongs to the collection Bibliothèque du vieux Paris.

Paul Klincksieck and Th. Vallette, chemists at the Gobelins, publish a "Code des couleurs," with 720 color types, as a practical means by which naturalists, artists, merchants, and manufacturers may understand "with certainty" the designations made of distinct shades of color. It is a simplification of the Chevreul method.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by women at Knoedler's, till May 2; paintings by Matilda Browne at George A. Glaenzer & Co.'s, May 5; and mezzzotints, W. K. O'Brien & Co.'s, May 30.

Finance.

THE OUTFLOW OF GOLD.

During the last fortnight there has been exported, from New York to Europe, $9,000,000 in gold, and by all indications, a much larger export is to follow. Exactly what does this mean? When our bankers, at the time of panic, went into Europe's markets, and, through the bid of 5 per cent. premium, drew $85,000,000 gold from Europe, and some $15,000,000 more from other parts of the world, the question whether that gold would stay in the United States was much discussed. Something was to be said on both sides. The most obvious contention was that, in theory, at all events, this $100,000,000 foreign gold was borrowed for an emergency, and should normally be returned when the emergency was over.

True, this gold was not obtained through the placing of "finance bills" by our bankers, like those put out in London, Paris, and Berlin, when they drew on Europe for the great Wall Street speculation of 1906. The gold imports of last November and December were largely financed through drafts, in advance of shipment, on European merchants' purchases of our grain and cotton. Nevertheless, the fact was that we procured this gold, not on an ordinary basis of exchange, and not to provide for expanding trade, but simply and solely because some $200,000,000 in cash had been taken by hoarders out of the channels of circulation. So long as this hoarding continued, there was an economic need for the new gold; had our inland trade expanded further after the $100,000,000 import, the gold might have been required as a basis for this larger volume of business. But in point of fact, commercial activity, at the opening of April, as measured by exchange of checks at the country's clearing-houses, was less by 33 per cent. than a year before; and, in the face of this diminished need for circulating medium, the currency in circulation, outside the Treasury, was $174,000,000 more than on April 1, 1907. For it must be remembered that, quite aside from the gold imports, the Treasury during the panic threw $79,000,000 of its cash surplus into the banks, and national bank note circulation was increased by $85,000,000.

In the period which provides the nearest parallel—that which followed the panic of 1893—a similar movement ensued. In the panic months we imported, through payment of a premium, $61,000,000 of gold, and put out $26,000,000 new bank currency. In 1893 a heavy Treasury deficit reduced the public surplus (in 1907 it was released through deposit in banks); the net result was an increase of $144,000,000 in the circulating medium, between midsummer, 1893, and the end of January, 1894. Yet, at the last-named date, the country's clearing-house exchanges, and hence, inferentially its volume of trade, were running less by 32 per cent. than a year before. The sequel to these conditions, during 1894, was a decided movement of international exchange rates against this country, and, in the end, export of $80,000,000 gold.

The force of this precedent was conceded, three or four months ago, but the reply was that we were paying for last autumn's imported gold by export of commodities, if indeed we had not already paid for it. Our exports had increased since the panic to a magnitude quite unparalleled—which was natural when producers were anxious to raise cash on goods for which the domestic sale was slow. Our imports fell to the lowest point in four years—which was also easy to explain, when the buying craze of a few months earlier had suddenly vanished. Consequently, not only did the excess of merchandise exports over imports surpass the highest previous monthly records, but it ran, during December, $58,000,000 beyond the excess of December, 1906, and in January $57,000,000 beyond that of January, 1907.

Here, it was contended, was visible evidence that at least the $100,000,000 gold imports of the panic period had been paid for, and therefore need not be returned. The argument was plausible; but it was offset by two considerations. First, the course of merchandise trade, after 1893, was precisely similar. In the twelve months before that panic outbreak, imports exceeded exports by $18,700,000; in the next twelve months the export excess was no less than $237,000,000. Yet, as we have seen, even more gold went back to Europe during 1894 than we had imported in the preceding panic.

But there is yet a second point. Every one who has studied the bewildering problem of international trade and international gold movements knows that export and import of merchandise is only one factor in the case. What is commonly called the "invisible trade balance" plays an important and at times a leading part. By that term is meant, either export and import of securities, or the movement of capital to be loaned outright, in the open markets of one country or another. Europe may have bought our securities at the low prices of the panic; but if it did, it probably sold them back when our prices had gone up 20 or 25 points in the recovery of January and March.

As for uninvested capital, it must be recalled that for several years our rates for loans, in the Wall Street market, have been far above those obtainable in Europe. At times, long before the panic, an actually extravagant rate was bid by New York for European capital, and that capital was certainly taken in quantity from Europe. But with the panic shock, the bursting of the bubble of speculation, and the reduction of one-third to one-half in trade activity, this condition of the money market changed. Instead of bidding higher rates than Europe's, our borrowers bid as people do when there is no demand for money. This week, when loans for two months, on Wall Street collateral, brought 2¼ per cent., and when three months' loans commanded only 2½, similar loans for the same maturities have gone at 4⅛ per cent. in Berlin and Vienna, at 3 to 3¼ in Amsterdam and Brussels, and at 2¾ even in Paris and London. In other words, New York to-day bids less for money than any European market. This is most unusual; the inevitable sequel is that capital invested here will go home to Europe. But its transfer cannot fail to move exchange rates heavily against us and start the eastward flow of gold.

How large the outflow will be, depends on other considerations—on our foreign trade, for one thing, and therefore on our harvests, and on the question whether revival of our internal trade will once more stimulate home demand for money. But in the meantime, with the New York surplus bank reserves already at the highest level reached since 1898, the gold sent back will not be missed by domestic markets.

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Chambers, Julius. On a Margin. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
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As The Hague Ordains
Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan. By Eliza R. Scidmore. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

The Week.

Secretary Taft has sailed for Panama with the comfortable assurance that, barring accidents, his nomination for the Presidency is assured. It is evident that his campaign has now gained such impetus that all timid politicians who wish to be on the winning side will hasten to attach themselves to his cause. The latest conventions show how strong is the drift his way. Though Maine did not instruct for him, the delegates favor him, and a resolution of "preference" was passed. Powerful politicians in Maryland had been against the Secretary, but the convention in that State instructed for Taft. The same was the case in North Carolina, as previously in Colorado. It still remains true that the Taft vote on the first ballot will not be great enough to nominate, unless the contests in the Southern States are decided in his favor. The chances are, however, that this will be done, and that the President will have scored a new and unprecedented triumph in forcing his personal choice upon his party. Not the least element in his success has been his astute threatening to run again himself if Taft were not nominated. That has had a magic effect in reconciling people to Taft.

A distinct check to Mr. Bryan is marked by the New Jersey and Connecticut conventions, which his followers were wholly unable to control. They furnish a pretty sure indication that the East will remain hostile to Bryan. If the Southern States which really have a pronounced aversion to him were to send their delegates to Denver uninstructed, his nomination might yet be prevented. One great difficulty in nominating another candidate lies in Mr. Bryan's temper and attitude. He would not heartily and loyally support another man. Any other nomination, he would regard as having been made over his dead body; and the signal for revolt and revenge would be instantly given to his friends. All the stories from his entourage are that he would bitterly oppose Gov. Johnson, would not for a moment assent to Judge Gray, and would never agree to Judson Harmon. Bryan is assured of a majority in the convention (though he may not be able to get two-thirds), and is apparently determined to prevent the success of any one who dares openly dispute the nomination with him. For the large interests or electoral prospects of his party, he seemingly does not care a straw. At least, he would not dream of giving up his personal ambition for their sake.

Gov. Johnson is showing a good deal of aggressive vigor in his Western speeches. On the tariff, he speaks out with a directness and force which Mr. Bryan has never displayed on that subject. Bryan has, in fact, taken only a perfunctory interest in tariff revision; it bores him, and is, besides, too difficult to master; it is much easier to exclaim about the money power and corporations. But Gov. Johnson is fully abreast of the sentiment for tariff reduction in the Northwest, and along the Canadian border, and makes his good points before receptive audiences. He also uses a refreshing boldness in speaking of the Democratic party as if it were not tied to the chariot-wheels of Mr. Bryan. Gov. Johnson is a friend of Bryan's, but will not kow-tow to him, and scoffs at the idea that the party is absolutely in the hands of one man. Such resolution and energy as the Minnesota Governor is displaying would well become a nominee for the Presidency.

Chairman Tawney of the House Committee on Appropriations is recklessly piling up Democratic campaign ammunition. He pointed out Monday that this Republican Congress is heading straight towards the exhaustion of the great Treasury surplus. The deficit this year will be $65,000,000; next year, Mr. Tawney stated, it is "almost certain" to be $150,000,000. That means that money will have to be borrowed, or certificates of indebtedness issued, to pay the daily bills of the government. Now if, by any chance, a Democratic President should be elected in November, and find his Administration, as Mr. Cleveland did in 1893, beggared by the blundering finance of a Republican predecessor, Mr. Tawney's advance prediction would shut some Republican mouths. He, of course, was speaking in the hope of enforcing some present economies. But the House rode over his protests and disregarded his warnings. With a wanton fatuity, it goes upon the theory that the way to meet falling revenues is to push up expenditures. Retrenchment is necessary and even praiseworthy in individuals, but in the government it has come to be regarded as evidence of a mean spirit. President Roosevelt, with all his urging, has never urged economy, so why should Congress curtail? There was a famous saying by President Harrison's Commissioner of Pensions, with his lavish policy, "God help the surplus!" In the light of Mr. Tawney's discouraging statement, that would appear to be a fitting campaign cry for the Republicans this year.

"Let us alone," as a political "slogan," would be a novelty in American politics, yet that is the cry which the Traffic Club of St. Louis expects to set echoing over the country. It was chiefly railroad men who spoke at the club's meeting last week. They were naturally eloquent against "hostile legislation," which was the cause of the panic and of the continuing depression, and came out strong for a complete divorce of business from politics. This may be a perfectly sound conclusion, but its discovery by the great railroads is a trifle belated. They have been in politics all their lives. To "control" Governors and Senators has been an essential part of their plans, lo! these many years. If they are going to quit the game now, nobody will object, but they ought never to have begun it. That an era of hostile legislation has set in, is mainly due to the fact that there had previously been so much legislative favoritism shown to railroads, so many privileges and immunities suspiciously granted to them. Much the same is the case with the great manufacturing interests which are now groaning about meddling politicians and an interfering Congress. The habit of meddling was established by the manufacturers themselves, with their demands for special tariff favors. The appeal to be let alone comes with bad grace from men who have never been willing to let the great consuming public alone. If our government, or our President, has become too meddlesome, the cause may be directly traced to the protective system. It is that which has led to the theory of government described by Macaulay:

> The business of the magistrate is not merely to see that the persons and property of the people are secure from attack, but he ought to be a jack-of-all-trades—architect, engineer, schoolmaster, merchant, theologian, a Lady Bountiful in every parish, a Paul Pry in every house, spying, eavesdropping, relieving, admonishing, spending our money for us, and choosing our opinions for us. . . . No man can do anything so well for himself as his rulers, be they who they may, can do it for him, and a government approaches nearer and nearer to perfection in proportion as it interferes more and more with the habits and notions of individuals.

Gov. Hughes is attended, in his anti-gambling campaign, by every sign of popular favor. The sort of people who make up the strength of parties are rising all over the State to applaud his course, and to hold up his hands. Only the party bosses are aloof and sulking. But what a light this casts upon their sincerity! They profess to be eager to interpret the people's will, and serve it. It is also one of their cardinal principles to seek out and support candidates for office who have the great political gift of popularity. Yet here they are antagonizing a man who is demonstrating that he is, in the best sense of the word, the most popular man in the State. The inference is clear. What the bosses want is not a really strong and popular Governor, but a man whom they can use. Gov. Hughes was elected without their help, and has run his office without taking orders from them. That is enough for them. They have no patience with such a Governor, and will do their best to thwart and undermine him. But Mr. Hughes himself, in his successive speeches, is showing a clearer and stronger grasp of this fact, and is plainly depicting the situation to his audiences. The issue of boss-rule versus the desires of the people is coming out more sharply every day; and the evidence is growing that in this fight it is not Gov. Hughes or the people who will be whipped.

The report of the United States Steel Corporation's earnings for the three months ending with March, was a clear reflection of after-panic conditions of trade. The figures for the December quarter, published in January, had already given an idea of the suddenness and violence of the autumn's industrial reverse; they showed that, whereas net earnings for October ran a million dollars beyond any other month in the history of the corporation, December saw earnings more than cut in two, the actual decrease from the same month a year before being 62½ per cent. During the three ensuing months it was currently said that earnings were increasing rather rapidly from the low December level, and the report for the quarter shows the statement to have been correct. The increase was progressive, net receipts in March being $2,432,000 above those of December—a gain of 48 per cent. This increase, however, must be taken in the light of several offsetting facts—one, that even with all the improvement, the net earnings for March were only a little more than one-half those of March, 1907; the other, that the orders for future delivery on the corporation's books March 31, despite the better earnings of the period, were 18 per cent. under the total reported December 31, and 53 per cent. less than at the close of March last year. This confirms the general trend of testimony from industrial circles, to the effect that the industrial revival slackened four or five weeks ago, probably because immediate requirements, postponed and accumulated from the period of utter trade paralysis in December, have now been fairly well met.

From Washington comes the report that a society for the regulation of vivisection in the District of Columbia has been formed, with three members of the United States Supreme Court and a number of Senators and Congressmen among its vice-presidents. It calls for the registration of all persons engaged in experimentation on living animals, for publicity, and for the employment of "sufficient anæsthetizing." It is rather unfortunate, therefore, that one of the speakers should have gone to the extreme of declaiming that "even should measurable advantages to the human race apparently come from such experimentation, the cost would be too great to be compensated for by any purely physical benefit received." It is such immoderate declarations that tend to arouse suspicion among those interested in the progress of medical science, lest the object of the anti-vivisection movement be the ultimate repression of all experiments on animals. It is the attacks of extremists that have led, in England, to the formation of a Research Defence Society, headed by Lord Cromer and having among its members the presidents of thirteen leading hospitals, and such men as Lord Avebury, Sir James Dewar, Sir William Huggins, Sir E. Ray Lankester, and Professor Osler. The society's declarations insist on the point that the use of antiseptics, the modern treatment of wounds, our facilities for dealing with tuberculosis, diphtheria, plague, cholera, typhoid, Mediterranean fever, and sleeping sickness have profited by animal experimentation. Yet England has a regulating law as severe as the one which was advocated in Albany last winter, but which failed to pass. It is only the unreasonable in either camp that prevent compromise.

One of the most constructive addresses at the Memphis Conference for Southern Education was by Miss Lillian D. Johnson, who, in behalf of the Collegiate Alumnæ of the South, spoke on "The Higher Education of Women in the South." Having first shown that, numerically, the South has more than three times as many institutions for the higher education of women as the North, Miss Johnson proceeded to ask: "Why is it that we feel that, if our daughters are to have the best education, they must be sent north of Mason and Dixon's line?" Of the fifteen women's colleges listed in Class A in the report of the Commissioner of Education, only three are in the South. Miss Johnson answered her own question by the following figures, which, for brevity, we tabulate:

COMPARATIVE RESOURCES.

	The 99 Southern colleges.	The 30 Northern colleges.
Libraries	$200,000	$600,000
Scientific equipment	270,000	840,000
Grounds and buildings	9,750,000	15,500,000
Income	1,500,000	2,500,000

Of the three women's colleges founded in the North since 1900, two began with a half-million apiece, and one with $3,000,000. An equal number of schools were founded in the South, but one had $20,000 to begin with, one $122,000, and the third, while it had grounds and buildings valued at $500,000, was absolutely without endowment. Miss Johnson put the question:

> When we call an institution with $20,000 worth of property a college, are we deliberately dishonest with ourselves? No, I think not. I think that we are merely ignorant of their equipment. Most of our "colleges" do not offer courses that would properly prepare one for the freshman classes of good Eastern universities. How can we honestly call them "colleges"?

Miss Johnson naturally suggested reaching out after greater endowments as one solution of the problem. But her second suggestion was the more forcible. "Must we not begin consolidation?" she asked. "Must we not reduce the number of those 99 'colleges' to 20?" This is precisely what is being done with the rural primary schools in States which have quantity, but not quality. In one county alone in Tennessee, the number of common schools has been cut down from 130 to 100 by consolidation. With such institutions as the Women's College in Baltimore, the Tulane University annex in New Orleans, and Randolph-Macon College in Lynchburg, Va., as standards, unquestionably some great changes may be expected in the South in its "colleges" for women.

The Opposition pressed Premier Asquith hard last Thursday on the subject of Home Rule. Asked whether he had authorized Mr. Churchill's recent pledge, issued in the course of the Manchester election, that the Liberal party would at the next general election demand authority to deal with Home Rule for Ireland, the Premier replied that he found in Mr. Churchill's promise nothing inconsistent with his own declarations in the course of the Irish debate in the Commons on March 30. Then Mr. Asquith had said that the present Parliament had no mandate from the country to deal with Home Rule, and that no such important constitutional change could be brought forward without previously appealing to the electorate. This statement the Nationalists had interpreted as a rejection of Home Rule, and had declared war on Mr. Churchill in consequence. The latter's pledge won Mr. Redmond back. Why the Nationalists should have rejected Mr. Asquith's declaration and accepted Mr. Churchill's is not at first apparent. Yet the distinction may be drawn between the statement that one Parliament is not competent to deal with a question, and a promise that the next one would be. Now, it would appear as though Mr. Asquith has been forced from the first position into the second. Against his will, probably, he has accepted Home Rule as a plank in the next Liberal platform.

Afghanistan, Persia, and Tibet were the three regions which were to be removed from the arena of possible strife by the recently concluded Anglo-Russian agreement. Yet Russia at the present moment is engaged in something like war on the Persian frontier, while Great Britain is facing a serious situation on her northwest boundary in India. With the formidable fighting qualities of the Ameer's subjects, a force of some fifteen or twenty thousand Afghans, attacking the British positions in the Chitral, makes a war-cloud of no mean dimensions. The Ameer is reported to have made no effort to restrain the invaders, part of whom are his own soldiers. Probably it would be difficult to prove him actually guilty of hostile manœuvring against the British, but of his dissatisfied attitude there can be little doubt; and that would mean for the Indian authorities, after fighting is over, the necessity of reconstructing diplomatic relations which have been regarded as the basis of British policy for half a century. Indubitably, the Ameer's dissatisfaction has been aroused by the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian agreement without his being consulted. Indeed, he has not yet signified his adherence to it. The omission to obtain his previous consent was criticised by Lord Curzon in Parliament as a grave error—a criticism which the event has apparently justified.

The Afghan disturbance follows a recent hostile movement of the Mohmand tribesmen, which in turn followed the uprising of the Zakka Khel. Why do the tribesmen on the Indian frontier persist in challenging British authority after the repeated costly lessons they have received? Because they are quarrelsome, of course; but partly, too, because it would appear that, when you put a gun into a man's hands, he is likely to use it. And that shrewd and daring European altruists have been busy in supplying the Afghan tribesmen with guns has lately been reported in the British press. "Smuggling into Persian Baluchistan," says the London *Times*, "is being carried on on an unprecedented scale. The gun-runners land their cargoes at a spot somewhere to the west of Gwadar, and from there the goods are conveyed towards the Afghan frontier, in the Seistan region. When Afghanistan is reached, the smugglers have a choice of markets." Nor is Asia alone. In the course of the recent fighting in Italian Somaliland, the dervishes have been found armed with rifles of French manufacture. Italy has protested to France, though she has been compelled to admit that she herself has been a serious offender in the same way in the past. Japan's cargo of rifles in the Tatsu Maru, seized by the Chinese government because it was consigned to revolutionaries in the South, shows that the Mikado's subjects have grasped one of the ultra-modern ideas of European ethics, the "right of man to arms," as it has been put by Bernard Shaw and applied by the gun-makers of all Christian nations.

Young King Manuel of Portugal met his first Parliament last week not under very auspicious circumstances. The fate of Dom Carlos is feared for his son, though the danger can be imagined as coming only from some irresponsible fanatic or group of fanatics. For the Republican party it would evidently be an error to direct any attempt against the life of an inexperienced boy under whose necessarily hesitating rule the cl[illegible] corrupt political elements are doing their best to hasten the utter discrediting and downfall of the monarchy. That is the sombre aspect of present conditions. The Cortes has assembled, not under the sobering influence of the violent deed of February 1, which would seem to be enough to have stirred the toughest political conscience to self-examination, but under the influence of rumors of an ugly financial scandal that involves alike the late King, those who supported Franco and the dictatorial régime, and the Conservative and Progressive members of the present government. Corruption had permeated practically the entire Parliamentary régime. The King received illegal subsidies, the ministers got their "rake-off," the Deputies came in for their share of the graft. And there is no present inclination to change. Only the ignorance and supineness of the majority of the Portuguese population make such a condition of affairs possible.

A London court decision of Monday may have the effect of imparting new life to the Zionist agitation, which of late has fallen into something like stagnation. The question involved was whether the Jewish Colonial Trust, a $10,000,000 British corporation, having for its object the establishment of an autonomous Jewish state as a home and refuge for the oppressed of that race, should be allowed so to alter its statutes as to restrict its operations to Palestine and Asia Minor. This recommendation had been put forward by the last Zionist congress. Out of 130,000 stockholders in the Trust, 16,000 voted in favor of the change and only 2,400 against it. But inasmuch as the majority constituted in itself but a small minority of the whole number of shareholders, the court decided against the proposed change. The decision is a victory for Israel Zangwill, who led the small body of the opposition and pleaded in person before the court. It means that Zangwill may proceed with his plans for Jewish colonization in East Africa, in Argentina, or in our own W[illegible]out incurring the charge that he has departed from the original intent of the founders of the Trust. Yet the fact remains that the attitude of Mr Zangwill and his party, even if technically in conformity with the original intention of the founders of the Jewish Colonial Trust, is in reality a wide departure from the aspirations that shaped the earlier progress of the Zionist movement. Undoubtedly, it was to a national scheme with Palestine for its centre that the great mass of shareholders contributed their money. The fact that the ten million dollars of shares are held by no less than 130,000 owners, shows that the average contribution was very small; subscriptions came from the poverty-stricken Jewish masses in Russia, who were attracted almost solely by the notion of a return to Palestine. Zionism without Zion, in East Africa, or in South America, would have made comparatively little appeal to them. It is only realization of the magnitude of the task of establishing "a legally-secured home" for the Jewish race in Palestine that has turned attention elsewhere.

A statue of Heinrich Heine in the grounds of the German Imperial villa Achilleion, on the island of Corfu, is to be removed, by order of Wilhelm II., who has taken possession of the former estate of Empress Elisabeth of Austria. The animosity which present-day Germany continues to cherish against one of the country's, and the world's, greatest lyric poets, must be something of a puzzle to less inflexible nations where time is held to wipe out all transgressions, especially the transgressions of genius, and the positive worth of a man's work is counted to his own and his country's credit. It is hard, perhaps, that the man who wrote so exquisitely in German verse and prose should have made such a bitter mock of much that is now dear to the Germany of the mailed fist and the *junker*. But a ruler less given to worship of his army and of his battleships might have stopped to think of the services which Heine, by the limpid witchery of his style, has been rendering to the study of the German language abroad, and will continue to render when the heavy roll of involved and broken-backed professional German prose, tramping along like so many Prussian heavy regiments, will have begun to tire the foreign ear. It is only fair, however, not to ascribe the act solely to the Emperor's sometimes mediæval views. In his prejudices against Heine he has with him the backing of a large number of his countrymen.

THE REPUBLICANS AT WAR.

If all the dire reports in the newspapers were to be implicitly believed, an outbreak of internecine war in the Republican party would seem imminent. Alarums are heard in every quarter. Gen. Woodford declares that never in the course of his long political experience has he known Republicans to be so torn asunder as they are to-day. From Washington come the most startling reports of threatened hostilities between the President and Congress. Mr. Roosevelt is, variously, "indignant," "angry," "determined," and "in a decidedly bellicose mood"; while members of Congress are either "enraged" or "terrified." They are going to fight to the death, or else to surrender at discretion; neither they nor the correspondents seem to know which. But that there is to be a tremendous struggle, with the war-drums rolling and sabres flashing, all the stories agree. It would seem incredible that the one party which is "fit to rule" should thus fall into strife; but we know that there was once war in Heaven, so we cannot deny that there may be war in the Republican Paradise.

So far as this State is concerned, and to this State Gen. Woodford's remark chiefly refers, it must be admitted that we do not behold Republican brethren dwelling together in unity. If Gen. Woodford meant to imply that the old animosities of the Stalwart and Half Breed factions are exceeded now, it would be difficult to follow him. The conditions of that ferocious contest hardly exist to-day. Yet it would be in vain to deny that jealousies, misunderstandings, and antagonisms are dividing Republicans and marring their party's prospects. The great source of mischief is the stolid opposition of the party machine to the reforming Governor. He is powerfully appealing to the people on moral issues, and the response which he is everywhere getting bodes no good to the party organization unless it reverses itself on the gambling question. There can be no peace among New York Republicans until the conscience of the party gets the better of the mechanism—until educated and religious and fair dealing Republicans are satisfied that the party leaders mean to carry out the expressed will of the people.

It is, then, something like a real battle which confronts the party in New York; but at Washington the cruel war bears an aspect suspiciously theatrical. We have seen this stage battle before. Two years ago, there was the same arraying of the hosts, the same beating of desks and doubling of fists and tense setting of the teeth; threats alternated with demands, and a large amount of warlike "copy" was furnished to the press. But in a few days the dove of peace perched conspicuously on the White House. The President issued a handsome certificate to the Congress which he had been denouncing and trying to intimidate. It had not, to be sure, done all that he asked, but the Republican members were such good fellows, good patriots, and good friends of his that there was really nothing for it but to reëlect them all. A similar amnesty, it may reasonably be expected, will be proclaimed soon after the present Congress adjourns. For a time, the thunder of the captains and the shouting will be kept up. Emissaries of the President, with "the cheap numerosity of a stage army," will charge up and down the front of the scene; there will be heavy volleying from the Treasury end of Pennsylvania Avenue; at the Capitol, the fighting in the cloak-rooms will be bloody in the extreme; but when it comes time to count the dead and wounded, there will be none to count. As a grand finale, a smiling President will come out to say that this Congress has been a *leetle* the most industrious and useful that he remembers, and that the Republican party never deserved so well of the country.

The chief reason why such a peaceful outcome is to be expected, despite all the clamors and alarms of to-day, is that President Roosevelt is, before all things, a party man. He is a Republican from skin to centre. When the pinch comes, he will be found with his party. It has always been so in the past and there is no reason to expect anything different in the future. Hence we would warn those Democrats in Congress who are said to be so "happy" over the terrible conflict now going on between the President and his party, that they are building upon false hopes. It is a bouffe war. Mr. Roosevelt is throwing himself into the acting with his customary abandon and skill. He knows that if he simulates fury and makes vehement threats, he will probably get something for his pains; but when the *dénouement* comes, his wrinkled front will be smoothed, and he will be swearing eternal friendship with his late enemies within the party. And all his unexpended ammunition he will then devote to the Democrats, who are just too patriotic for anything when they vote for him on the Brownsville issue, or work to get him battleships, but who, the moment Congress adjourns and the election comes on, become incapable and untrustworthy men, to whose hands the country would be crazy to entrust power.

DEPRESSION THEN AND NOW

No one who clearly recalls the political years 1893-96, and the way in which business depression was then made use of as a partisan weapon, can fail to notice a marked difference now. During the past six months there has been a singular lack of that outcry, abuse, and appeal which characterized the earlier period. In those years, the Opposition press called heaven and earth to witness the imbecility of the party in power. Every feature of the hard times was seized upon and gloated over, because each one was turned into an argument for removing the Democratic party from office. There has been something of this, following our recent panic. A few speeches in Congress have rung the changes on the demonstration of Republican incapacity; a certain amount of newspaper attack along the well-known lines has been noted; an occasional party platform has arraigned the Republican rulers for not continuing to give every workingman a pullet in the pot; but, by comparison, there has been a wonderful falling off from the eagerness and ruthlessness with which the panic of fifteen years ago was employed in a political way against President Cleveland.

The reasons for the change are many. One of them is that the Republicans have better-drilled and more remorseless newspapers than the Democrats. At the word of command, they all with one accord took up the cry in 1893, and lost no occasion to set the political woods echoing with it. By constant reiteration and artful insinuation, they got it into the heads of the people that the bad times were a final proof of the unfitness of Democrats to administer the country. The whole culminated in the bitter indictment of the Democratic Administration, by the Republican platform of 1896, which directly charged upon the party in power the distress of the country. It is not, perhaps, superior virtue, so much as inferior skill, which has prevented Democratic newspapers and orators this year from indulging in such tirades. The fact, at least, is clear that they have not done it.

One cause of this restraint seems to lie in a new attitude which most Americans have now assumed towards national prosperity. It has been so praised and worshipped all these years that we have come to think of it as a sort of sacred and indispensable thing, a form of virtue, which we must assume if we have it not. That prosperity should actually vanish, seems too terrible. Hence the reproach of disloyalty, or something akin to it, levelled at every one who ventures to remark that prosperity has flown. People have hated to admit it, or even to talk about it. The press has glossed over the fatal evidence of waning trade. There have even been "prosperity conventions," almost angrily to declare that we must insist that good times are still with us, whereupon they will be. As for the gloomy statistics of falling exchanges, closed mills, men out of work, crippled railroads, and enforced economies—why, we will resolutely not mention them. Now, since Democrats as well as Republicans share in this public temper, it is difficult for them to take up with vigor the old rôle of denouncing the Administration for every failure of crops and time of business reaction.

But there is a special reason which disables them from going the whole partisan figure, as the Republicans did under President Cleveland. This lies in the fact that the entire line of attack, adopted by Democrats during the past two years, has been to charge President Roosevelt with stealing their policies. What color of truth there is in the charge, we will not now discuss. Suffice it that it has been made repeatedly and clamorously. Whatever of good there might be in this Administration, whatever of benefit it might have conferred upon the country, was due to the fact that it had stolen the clothes of the Democracy. Now, when that sort of thing has been sedulously dinned into the ears of people, by Bryan and other Democratic leaders, it is not easy for the latter to turn square about and assert that it is a blind and incompetent party in power which is ruining business and forcing men to walk the streets looking for work. The typical "calamity" argument is this: "Look at the sad consequences of putting such a party in office; turn them out and put *us* in, and you will see all this changed." But, of course, if the outs propose to do only what the ins have done, if they have all along accused the ins of filching from them their principles, the argument loses all its force, and merely recoils upon the heads of those who make use of it. After praising Roosevelt as really a Democrat, you cannot, with grace, assert that an actual Democratic President would cure the evils which have befallen the land under his rule.

It is not strange, in view of these considerations, that many light-hearted Republicans are saying that their electoral prospects this year are not going to be affected by the bad times. Tell them that all political precedents are against them, and they stoutly declare that this is an Administration which breaks all precedents. Tell them that human nature itself will work against them in the coming campaign, and they reply that President Roosevelt has changed human nature, in that respect. In other years, the public soup-house has been a deadly argument against the party in power; but its appearance this year, so the President's friends gleefully assert, will simply lead Americans to say: "Then we'll take soup for ours." In other words, though Roosevelt slay them, yet will they trust in him, and vote for the man whom he kindly indicates as his successor. This is very pretty, and we will not be so rash as to predict that it will not turn out to be true. Still, we cannot forget that it was another Republican President who said: "I have observed that majorities rise and fall with prosperity"; and we think it just as well for the Republican party to make up its mind that it has before it a campaign that will be dubious even if hard-fought.

ANOTHER WEARY TITAN.

"The Disillusionment of Germany" is the title under which the London *Spectator* has been discussing "the growth in the sense of disappointment among the educated classes" of the Fatherland. For a while the people were "proud of the new position of their great country in external affairs, and of the reputation attained by their Emperor among sovereigns and statesmen.' They seem to have expected that the splendor of empire, the glory of colonial expansion, and the magnificance of army and navy would result in "more domestic prosperity"; but colonies and a huge military and naval establishment must be paid for, and the Germans who are dependent on salaries find themselves "distinctly poorer men." The deficit in the Imperial exchequer is alarming: only last Thursday a dispatch from Berlin announced that the government must borrow $250,000,000 in the next five years. The taxes levied in order to bear this crushing burden mean higher rent and a rise in the cost of food and clothing. Thus those persons who depend upon the universities, the state services, and the army, and even those persons who are employed by industrial enterprises, "doubt angrily whether affairs in general are well managed." In other words, the policy of the drum-and-trumpet statesmen has produced its inevitable consequences: another nation is enrolled among the weary Titans.

The experience of Germany is not without interest to us. For a decade now the brass band has been playing vigorously at Washington, and people are beginning to grow a little tired of the noise. It is just ten years ago last Friday that Dewey sailed into Manila Bay; and our old men began to dream dreams and our young men to see visions of Oriental conquest. Politicians who find it easier to talk than to think have been saying a great deal about duty, destiny, the stars and stripes, the guns of God, the floating fortresses of freedom, our colonial empire, and world power. These are sonorous words, just the thing for a peroration in Congress and on the stump. They will always provoke wild applause among those people who worship gilt buttons and regard a military parade as the finest spectacle on earth. And what is much more to the point, this spread-eagle and Jingo oratory helps to get generous appropriations for army and navy. Encouragement of genuine patriotism is good so far as it goes; but encouragement of military display is far better, for that means money for army contractors and builders of battleships. Every well-informed man is aware that this hurrahing over the navy is largely factitious, worked up in Congress and in the press by a lobby of manufacturers. All this fine writing and speaking about the Hand of God and the Heart of the Republic is a calculated assault on the Treasury. In 1897 the combined expenditures of the War and the Navy Departments were $85,787,101; in 1907 the total was $222,614,309. That increase of $136,827,208 has gone into somebody's pockets, and that somebody is naturally enthusiastic for the old flag and an appropriation.

But what do the rank and file of our citizens, who foot these bills, get in return? The workman pays higher prices for his woollen coat, for his hat, for his tools, for his tea and coffee, for his children's toys—for a thousand and one things that are now reckoned among the necessities of life. The clerk, the small shopkeeper, the teacher and the clergyman, the average doctor and lawyer, all of them living on narrow incomes, pay their share, and the rich man pays his. But where is their profit in the transaction? If we were devoting a surplus of $135,000,000 a year to education, in order to increase the efficiency and intelligence of our citizens; if we were putting this sum into the improvement of the health of the community, by campaigns against tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, and other diseases—if we were embarking on such beneficent undertakings, the result would be palpable, though not so showy as brass bands, gilt buttons, and glittering warships But as it is, each of us, from wage-earner to millionaire, has less to spend on himself and his family. Evidently, then, we are investing our money in intellectual and moral satisfactions. But we ask again: What are they? Who can lay his finger on them and say. "This is worth $135,000,000"?

We have, in the first place, the pleasure of an occasional military or naval parade. California is at this moment much excited and delighted by the appearance of the fleet. But no sane man contends that as a mere show that fleet is worth the money. Indeed, the only serious argument for a big navy advanced by the chief advocate of that policy, President Roosevelt, is that it will enable us to "repel insult." That would be a deep comfort if any one were likely to insult us. But we pulled through from the close of the Civil War to the outbreak of trouble with Spain without suffering much from contumely. The truth is that if this nation, with its enormous resources, behaves itself, nobody will insult us. No one can have any object in doing so; indeed, the manifest tendency of our neighbors is to be flattering and obsequious. Men who mind their own business get into no quarrels; it is the boy who swaggers down the street with a soldier-cap on his head and wooden gun over his shoulder, and who dares the other boys to fight—it is the boy who is always ready to "repel insult" who attracts the brickbats.

We are driven, then, to the conclusion that this Imperial strut is assumed not at all for the benefit of ourselves, but for our "wards" in Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines. We lay this grievous yoke upon our necks for the sake of (after the shipbuilders and army contractors) the down-trodden and oppressed in other lands. But granted that we are ameliorating the condition of Porto Rico and Cuba, that is no pretext for such an expansion of army and navy. Nobody wants to steal Porto Rico and Cuba. And as for the Philippines, no one can say that they are surely better off to-day than if we had left them to set up their own government, and, under some kind of friendly oversight, work out their own salvation. We have poured treasure and blood into those unhappy islands. Our reward has been the empty title to a territory whose inhabitants hate us; and their reward, too, seems to have been quite as undesired and as bitter.

Then, to crown all, we are, like Germany, facing a deficit. In the fiscal year thus far our receipts are $53,300,000 less than our expenditures, as compared with a surplus of $58,900,000 for the corresponding date of 1907—a difference of over $112,000,000. And little or nothing to show for it except the cocked hat and the toy gun.

HOSPITALS AND THEIR LABORATORIES.

So rapid has been the development of the modern hospital that few people realize to-day how essential to it is a well-conducted pathological laboratory. The physical growth of the hospital from an unsanitary barracks into the elaborate and costly structure of to-day has not passed unnoted. So, too, the advance in nursing has come to be understood and valued, even though it has been hard to eradicate the old prejudice against the hospital among the poor, because of their belief that vivisection for scientific purposes was not always confined to dogs and cats. But it has not been so generally understood that a laboratory is not only of value for educational purposes, but is an important factor in the care of the patients. That is its first object; a secondary one is the training of attending physicians, internes, and medical students—the physicians of the future—and also the advancement of medical science.

So far as the sick are concerned, it is in diagnosis that the laboratory is chiefly and immediately useful. The physician will often remain in the dark in his effort to read the outward signs of an inward trouble, say, typhoid, unless the laboratory is there to tell him the character of it, as by a blood-test, and to inform him whether a tumor is benign or malignant. Again, it is in the laboratory that the infectious character of some maladies is often first discovered, and that certain special antitoxins are manufactured. In fact, the laboratory more than any other one thing differentiates the hospital of today from that of our civil-war period, when it was merely a place where the doctor hacked off limbs and was just beginning to understand that in some illnesses nature herself is the best physician. And even when the laboratory came, its importance was not at first realized; indeed, there are still plenty of hospitals where the pathologist outranks but little the head nurse or the engineer. In this city, indeed, the failure to appreciate the exact and delicate position of the pathologist, and to pay him adequately, has made it extremely difficult for hospitals, except Bellevue, to get the right kind of men for their laboratories.

That there should be a career in every hospital for a skilled pathologist is the contention of Dr. Francis Carter Wood in a paper recently published by the *Columbia University Quarterly*. He was prompted to utterance by a bequest to St. Luke's Hospital that has made it possible to afford its scientific staff an equipment and facilities equal to those now offered to independent surgeons and physicians. Dr. Wood points out that because few of our hospitals are related to medical schools, as is the case in England, Germany, and France, the problem of the laboratory must be solved in a different way. On the other side of the Atlantic the close connection between hospitals and universities has resulted in the setting up of high standards of achievement in the field of research as a prerequisite to appointment to the attending staff in a hospital or the teaching staff in a university. In this country, the appointment of an "attending" physician has little or nothing to do with a record for laboratory work or research. Occasionally, it has been said, an attending physician is chosen because he was favored by a generous patron, or because he was well-known to the lay board of trustees, or in touch with the medical staff. There has been no fixed standard or policy, although the man appointed might for years put his stamp upon the methods of a hospital and become the teacher of numerous internes. The latter have been compelled to pass examinations for appointment; their elders and preceptors have not.

What Dr. Wood and many others desire is, primarily, that a man may have the opportunity to rise through the laboratory to a position as an "attending," and thus have the best training in modern scientific medicine. In this way young doctors of promise would be tempted into the laboratory work they now shun, or find insufficiently remunerative. Again, by more generous recognition of the importance of pathological hospital work we should raise our standards to the level of those of Europe. As Dr. Wood puts it:

> If clinical teaching positions in the medical schools were open only to those who had a full knowledge of the causes of disease as obtained in the autopsy room, or who had done good research in medicine or surgery, there would spring up a body of men working in this line who could afford to spend their early years, when laboratory work can best be done, in fitting themselves for the best type of teachers. That this is not merely a theory is seen in the Johns Hopkins Hospital in this country. Its effect is beginning to be felt in Mt. Sinai Hospital, where satisfactory research is being regarded as a condition for appointment to the subordinate positions on the staff, both surgical and medical; and this qualification has long existed in Germany as a necessary preliminary for ward service. All of the great consultants and teachers there have passed through the laboratory. We have only to run over the list of recent appointments in Germany; that to the first medical clinic in Vienna of Von Noorden, whose work has been chiefly on the chemical aspects of gout, diabetes, and nephritis, and who stands in some ways at the head of his profession, with a large consulting practice and one of the finest clinical services in Europe.

Dr. Wood also assures us that for one patient who has been injured by being used as a lesson, fifty are injured by slipshod diagnoses and careless methods of examination "into which any man may fall who is not constantly kept awake by the stimulus of new knowledge and new points of view which must be always present to the teacher."

Thus the hospital laboratory of the future—if Dr. Wood and his sympathizers have their way—will not only be of enormous direct benefit to the hospital itself, but indirectly to the whole profession as an agency for the training of accomplished teachers, and efficient administrators of our great medical institutions.

MATTHEW ARNOLD TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

It is twenty years this spring, as the English papers have been reminding us, since Matthew Arnold died. The very fact that this anniversary has provoked so much comment indicates that Arnold's hold upon the new generation is as strong, perhaps, as on his own. This is not, however, to say that those books of his which were most often read and quoted in his lifetime are still popular. While Arnold was alive, his poetry was much overshadowed by that of Tennyson and Browning. His output was much smaller than theirs; it made relatively little impression on the public. It lacked the pictorial quality, the verbal felicity, the agreeable sentiment, the happy restatement of current commonplaces which gave Tennyson such wide vogue; on the other hand, it was not obscure and intricate, and therefore offered no excuse for the formation of Arnold clubs. But the lapse of time has only established more firmly the position of Arnold as a poet. Without the factitious aid of special pleaders, his verse has slowly but steadily gained ground. Browning died a year after Arnold, but already it is evident that of the seventeen volumes in the standard edition of Browning's poems, two would contain all that seems destined to immortality. Tennyson is just appearing in a new edition, but a re-reading of the old favorites leaves one rather cold. The brilliant phrasing, the dexterity in metres, the nice observation, the appropriate sentiment are all there, but the matter seems rather thin and insubstantial. Indeed, in a comparison of Tennyson, Browning, and himself, Arnold came astonishingly near the mark in a letter to his mother nearly forty years ago (June 5, 1869):

> It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet, because I have, perhaps, more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have had my turn, as they have had theirs.

And his poetry is, in truth, having its turn. There are but three volumes of it, but how good it all is! "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Tristram and Iseult" are taking their place beside the "Idylls of the King"; and "Requiescat," the "Forsaken Merman," "Dover Beach," "The Scholar Gipsy," "The Last Word," and "Rugby Chapel" are finding their way into the school-books, and thus into the common consciousness of English-speaking peoples. George Eliot's experience —that of all modern poetry Arnold's is that which keeps constantly growing upon her—is becoming true for the larger world.

Of Arnold's prose, his literary criticism—particularly the two volumes of "Essays in Criticism"—probably leads all the rest, with "Culture and Anarchy" not far behind. Arnold, as we now see clearly enough, was the most competent English critic of the latter nineteenth century. His strength lay in the fact that he did not deal in mere casual and shallow impressionism: he tried to go back to first principles and build up from fundamentals. Thus in his "Study of Poetry" he warns against the fallacy of a judgment based on "our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances"; and in the Essay on Wordsworth he urges his famous definition: "that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life." In minting, or at least putting into circulation, phrases like this and like "sweetness and light," "Philistinism," and "culture" as the "pursuit of our total perfection" by means of getting to know "the best which has been thought and said in the world"—in doing this Arnold actually succeeded in increasing the stock of ideas among a people who were "peculiarly stiff-necked and perverse in their resistance to light and its children." He persuaded many men that their traditional notions on art, literature, and religion were not necessarily right. But, important as were his services as a critic, his writings on this subject are likely to be less and less heeded. Each new generation needs its own critics to reinterpret the masters in terms of contemporary thought. Dryden was a distinguished critic in his day; but now he is read only by scholars; Joseph and Thomas Warton are, for most of us, shadows of a name; and recent reprints of Coleridge, perhaps the profoundest of English critics, only serve to recall that there is no general interest in the "Biographia Literaria" and the "Notes and Lectures Upon Shakespeare."

If Arnold's literary criticism shall finally go the way of Coleridge's and Dryden's, it will simply follow the bulk of his religious and political writings, which have already lost their vitality. Some of the political essays, indeed, were still-born. But "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" made a sensation in their hour. If they attract little attention now, if no bishop thunders at them from the pulpit, it is because they have done their work. The thesis for which Arnold contended, that the Bible is literature and not a scientific statement of dogma, is so fully accepted that it scarcely needs an advocate. In 1870 the Bishop of Manchester told Arnold that this view was "startlingly new to him, but, the more he thought of it, the more he thought it was true"; but the startlingly new has becoming exceedingly trite. Four years later Arnold wrote in a private letter: "The common anthropomorphic ideas of God and the reliance on miracles must and will inevitably pass away." That prophecy is fulfilling itself more rapidly, perhaps, than he had even hoped; but the very fulfilment means that the usefulness of "Literature and Dogma" is at an end. As has been said of Coleridge, "like the general whose victories destroy his own importance by restoring peace to his country," Arnold "suffers from his very success." It is no marvel that Tennyson, with his sure perception of the ephemeral nature of most controversial books, sent this message: "Tell Mat not to write any more of those prose things, like 'Literature and Dogma,' but to give us something like his 'Thyrsis,' 'Scholar Gipsy,' or 'Forsaken Merman.' "

For most of our prose, except works of the imagination, is but glorified journalism. No one looks at yesterday's newspaper, last month's magazine, or the epoch-making book of the last decade. It is somewhat melancholy to run over the shelves of even a well-chosen library and see how little of the prose written before 1860 finds eager readers. Aside from novels and essays like Lamb's—are there any like his?—the roll is pitifully small. Darwin's "Origin of Species" shook the world; but its scientific details need revision. John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, and Newman can never move us as they moved our fathers; the early volumes of Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" begin to gather dust; the "Tracts for the Times" are not for our times; and Cobbett, Godwin, Whately, Christopher North, Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Malthus, Bentham, Paley—how faint and far away the names sound! Yet within a century they were all ranked among the mighty immortals. "Apparitions of a day," cried Arnold, "what is our puny warfare against the Philistines?" It was valiant fighting; but that day's sun has set, and new champions enter the lists. Yet Arnold's own poetry, that serious and lofty criticism of life, will, we may hope, survive as a striking illustration of his splendid generalization regarding all fine poetry. "There is not a creed," he declares, "which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve." But "in poetry, where it is worthy of its hign destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay."

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, April 18.

The Paris season has given a few careful studies, not too theoretical, to American conditions of the present day. The Vicomte Georges d'Avenel, in "Aux États-Unis" (Armand Colin), adds our country to his series of works on the economic side of the modern world. He writes, after a long visit to the United States, which he treats, with much statistical research, in agriculture, business, and ideas. The chapter on our financial methods drew attention when first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during the recent crisis. Louis Aubert, in "Américains et Japonais" (Colin), handles Japanese emigration into the United States, the rival economic interests of the two peoples, and the attitudes of other Powers toward them. "L'Expansion allemande hors d'Europe," by E. Tonnelat (Colin), concerns the Americans chiefly, since the prevalent trend of German emigration has always been toward the United States or Brazil; but the book also investigates the German colonies in North China and South Africa. Henry Bargy, who published a book on religion in the United States after his sojourn among us, now utters the plaintive thought of a French emigrant amid Acadian forests, which speak to him of the past, under the form of a romance "France d'exil" (Colin). A Spanish work by Luis Morote, "Sagasta—Melilla—Cuba," elucidates that statesman's colonial policy, in the outcome of which the United States had so large a part. "Le Pérou économique," by P. Walle, surveys commercial and industrial Peru, with suitable maps and even engravings.

An intellectual movement, whose results in Young France it is impossible to foresee, finds expression in Louis Dimier's "Les Préjugés ennemis de l'histoire de la France." It is a fairly complete handbook of the counter-revolution in its effect on national feeling toward the historic past. The movement issues directly from the work of Le Play and Taine. The author attacks resolutely the democratic prejudice despising the kingly office; the economic prejudice which equally contemns the work of military power; and the feudal prejudice scorning administrative order. The succession of revolutionary religious sects—Albigenses, Protestants, Jansenists—follow in order, with a final examination of the modern criticism of such ancient things as taxation and the people's want, *lettres de cachet* and English liberties, and the trial of absolutism. It cannot be denied that this movement of minds, spontaneous and simultaneous rather than a conscious conspiracy, is growing sufficiently to preoccupy those republican leaders who look beyond their own holding of office. Its exponents, it is common justice to acknowledge, do not dream of an impossible reversion to the past, but rather of taking up again certain vital traditions of the French people which the present new régime officially treats as dead. In profane literature the movement profits by the thought of writers like Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, and Jules Lemaître; and, in spite of the lack of sympathy and understanding shown by such a leader as Brunetière, the younger generation who retain the slightest traces of Catholic feeling are inevitably driven to join the movement by the government policy of recent years.

The vital nature of this movement unconsciously inspired the closing words of Jules Lemaître's lectures on Racine, which have now appeared in book form—the chief book of the year from the point of view of literature:

> I am tempted to believe that a part of Racine is for ever inaccessible to foreigners, and, who knows? perhaps to all those who belong too much to the South or to the North. It is that by which Racine expresses what we will call the genius of our race—order, reason, measured feeling, and force underlying grace. Racine's tragedies suppose a very old country. In his poetry, at once so full of order and of emotion, it is ourselves we love; it is—as with La Fontaine and Molière, but in a nobler exemplar—our sensibility and mind at their happiest moment. . . . One of the bas-reliefs of the tumultuous and torn monument raised to Victor Hugo represents him received by the other poets in the Elysian Fields. There they have placed Homer, Shakespeare, Dante. There they have put Corneille in spite of his "Polyeucte," Molière, Rabelais, Voltaire, I know not whom else. And this was very well. There they have not placed Racine. This, too, was well—for he is apart.

With these almost sinister words the lecturer left his seat. Those who recalled Michelet's lectures which resulted in 1848, and perhaps in 1870, asked themselves whether the advent of the working class, which thinks only in terms of matter, and the riches of young *bourgeois*, who think not at all, can stifle this national self-consciousness surviving so many revolutions. Jules Lemaître, whom five years of fruitless politics have cloyed with mere distractions of the passing day, comes easily first as an intelligent voice of the French race in its literary sensitiveness and delights. His "Jean Racine" is not a mere eloquent exposition of the classic ideal that persists in French letters after all revolutions, romantic, naturalist, symbolist, and the rest. Nor is it limited to the keen, disabused vision of the Golden Age of French literature, with Jesuit and Jansenist religion variegating the splendors of the Court of the Grand Monarque, while stage people carry on a drama of their own. In two years Jules Lemaître has given to the world two books—Rousseau and Racine—which bring their subjects adequately within the sweep of our latest thought, and in a way which the greatest masters of French prose would consider worthy. Another book of his—his second "En Marge des vieux livres"—shows in lighter mood the mental gymnastics which enable him to live over again ages that are past. It is a series of stories and essays completing thoughts stirred in him by Homer's Odssey and books that open to us other days.

Remy de Gourmont's fourth series of Epilogues from his "Dialogues des amateurs sur les choses du temps" is the work of an exasperating writer whose interminable musings without method excite curiosity much oftener than they satisfy it. This time he gathers together what he thought about the events of 1906 and 1907, mainly in the *Mercure de France*, organ of Frenchmen who were young *intellectuels* ten years ago; they seem unaware that a newer generation is crowding them back where they, too, shall not be up with the time. Meanwhile Remy de Gourmont has been a name of power to many on everything, from science and philosophy to such questions as he treats in a second new book of his "Le Problème du style," new versification and spelling reform. Gustave Geffroy, who began as one of M. Clemenceau's young men, and has just been named by him head of the Gobelins Art Tapestry, should have been a great writer. Meanwhile he gives us a volume "Notre temps," in which are bound up scenes from the latest history of Paris—the specialty of this advanced, but open-minded observer. Paul Gaultier, in "L'Idéal moderne," writes literature rather than philosophy on such things as moral, social, and religious questions, "The Renaissance of the Antique Ideal," individualism, true justice, and the modern spirit.

Of writers long since known, Pierre Loti's "Ramuntcho" in its shape of a five-act play is chiefly valuable for the music adapted to the twelve scenes by Gabriel Pierné. Henri de Regnier, in "Les Scrupules de Sganarelle," presents a romance of types of the old French theatre, without getting beyond his usual circle of sex and seduction. Charles Baudelaire, unforgotten after forty years, has his work enlarged by a volume of "Œuvres posthumes," which should interest Americans from its series of notes on Poe. It is due to Baudelaire that Poe, the only one among American writers so far, entered into the classical literature of Latin Europe. There is also a volume of Baudelaire's letters, from 1841 to 1866, the year of his death. Léon Bazalgette makes another American known at last in a good volume on "Walt Whitman," the man and his work. And he announces as in press a French translation of the complete poems, under the title "Feuilles d'herbes."

A book which is literature, but which is also an urgent comment on timely crises, is the second portion of Paul Margueritte's remembrances of his youth, published under the title "Les Jours s'allongent." It is his life in the old-fashioned military boarding school at La Flèche, with all the dangers of crowding growing youth into educational barracks, a world to themselves, separated by discipline from the real world without; and then the unprepared flight into that outer world, with such gods as Dumas and Victor Hugo and Baudelaire and Verlaine! The other brother, Victor Margueritte, introduces a volume of more poignant interest, "Mémoires et correspondance de Louis Rossel (1844-1871)." Let no one, not even him who lived through the bloody months of the Paris Commune, imagine he knows what then brewed in the minds of many, until he has read these frank outpourings of a young Protestant who took up ardently with the movement and was duly shot by the troops of law and order when all was over. His was a revolt against the government of Gambetta and the rest, who had submitted to the German invader, just as Gambetta's own revolt against what was left of the empire was because it had been subjected to the German invasion. There is something touching in the latest letters where patriotism that erred and failed seeks final consolation in the religion of childhood. "La Vie tragique des travailleurs" is another book whose literature, rather than its facts, tends to keep open the raw sore of Labor—wants of the soul, often newly created and doomed to be left unfulfilled, in addition to mere misery of the body. The preface is by Lucien Descaves of the Goncourt Academy, whose own work, like that too, of Steinlen, the artist of the cover, is impregnated with this inevitable anarchy.

Another book by the ex-abbé Alfred Loisy—"Quelques lettres"—brings up to the date of the Pope's excommunicating him by name the acts of his intellectual, rather than moral, drama. To the outsider it seems incredible that such a man, no longer believing in either Mass or Church, should have fought so long for the privilege of saying the mass in Roman Catholic churches. In 1906 he wrote in a letter which he now publishes:

> It is sufficient that they should endure me so that I can in conscience keep within the Church and need not begin a secession which would lead me nowhere, since I do not conceive the possibility of founding anything outside of Catholicism, and do not acknowledge in any other Christain communion any title to my adhering to them.

His reason for believing himself bound to remain in the Church was that he might "work more usefully, in the weak measure of my power, for a transformation which is no less necessary to the good of my country and the general interest of human progress than to the future of the Catholic Church itself." The conclusion of the book—and perhaps of the whole story, so little is the French world interested in the substance of the controversy— is in these melancholy words:

> Happy are they who have no need, after making their way in life and working for what they believed to be true, to ask themselves whether they have not taken a wrong direction and to acknowledge that their career directed otherwise would have been surer, less troubled, more fruitful.

A few books of history remain to be gleaned from the publications of the closing season; and there will doubtless be others later. Henri de Genouillac, who cannot be of the secularized University of France, since he is a doctor of theology, publishes a book having all the air of a modern university thesis, and therefore likely to be of some use for its research, if not for its conclusions—"L'Église chrétienne au temps de Saint Ignace d'Antioche." Charles Diehl of the Sorbonne and Institut, whose previous Byzantine studies have been "crowned" by the French Academy and the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, gives another series of "Figures byzantines" (Colin), taken from the captivating epoch of the Crusades—court ladies of Constantinople, like Anna Comnena, in contrast with the slower civilization of princesses of the Occident. The second volume of Anatole France's "Jeanne d'Arc" leaves the completed work to the not over-tender mercies of historical criticism. It is already certain that, in an uncertain field open only to hypotheses, he has evolved an hypothesis of his own—the suggestion, *cherchez le prêtre!* He is also reproached for an attitude diametrically opposite to that which he adopted in the Dreyfus case, since he now relies solely on evidence which condemns, and rules out that which rehabilitates; and it is complained that many of his *Tendenz* details are not found where referred to in the original documents—all of which promises more pleasant days of controversy. Albert Waddington, professor of modern history in the Lyons University faculty, and not to be confounded with other members of his family, publishes the second and last volume of "Le Grand Électeur"—Frederick William of Brandenburg; it is devoted to the Great Elector's foreign policy (1640 to 1688). The Vicomte de Bonald gives a volume to "François Chabot (1756-1794)." the ex-Capuchin, who showed himself so bloodthirsty in the Convention, and pronounced the formula, still in use: "The citizen Jesus Christ was the first *sans-culotte* of the whole world." M. Thénard and R. Guyot give a similar volume to "Le Conventionnel Goujon (1766-1795)," who escaped the guillotine of the Thermidorian reaction by turning the knife against himself. From unpublished documents Raoul Arnaud tells the story of the Egeria of Louis Philippe—"Adélaïde d'Orléans (1777-1847)."

A work of unusual importance, on account of its bearing on property questions in the present French state, is "La Vente des biens nationaux pendant la Révolution française"—the national property which was sold being largely church properties; the author is Amédée Vialay, who treats his subject from the legislative, economic, and social points of view.

In the realm of mind, Émile Boutroux diagnoses the relative validity of "Science et religion dans la philosophie contemporaine," ranging from William James to the writings of Henri Poincaré, which have given so great a turn to the most recent scientific philosophy. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

From the point of view of the collector of first editions, no recent bibliographical work ranks in interest with Thomas J. Wise's "Bibliography of Tennyson," the first volume of which has just reached us. Mr. Wise, whose collection of first editions of nineteenth century English authors is perhaps the finest extant, has been busy at this task for more than ten years, has circulated proofsheets among English and American collectors, and has made many important discoveries. The book is now as nearly perfect as such a work can be. This first volume, which describes only first editions, and contributions to periodical literature, is an octavo of 363 pages, with a large number of inserts (facsimiles of manuscripts and rare title-pages) and a portrait of Tennyson, from a hitherto unpublished photograph. Only 100 copies have been made, and the title-page reads "printed for private circulation.

Tennyson's reputation was so firmly established after the publication of the two volumes of 1842, that the first published editions of almost all his later books were large. He was in no hurry to rush into print, and was fond of having his poems put into type to be kept by him for consideration and revision; for, as he wrote himself, "poetry looks better, more convincing, in print." This custom accounts for some of those exceedingly scarce little pamphlets which all collectors desire, but which most of them must get along without. Other private issues were printed for distribution among a few friends or for the purpose of securing copyright. When William Harris Arnold sold his books in 1901, he retained his Tennyson collection, and he has since added to it. J. Pierpont Morgan's library contains a superb set, including many rare pamphlets and some interesting manuscripts. In the West, John A. Spoor and John H. Wrenn of Chicago both have fine collections, and W. K. Bixby of St. Louis undoubtedly owns more Tennyson manuscripts than any one else in America.

"The Lover's Tale," 1833, is, as Mr. Wise notes, the most interesting and valuable first edition of English nineteenth century literature, with the possible exception or one or two Shelley pamphlets. When the poem was put into type, the plan was to print it at the end of the "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," but on November 20, 1832, Tennyson wrote Moxon:

> After mature consideration, I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume, entitled "Lover's Tale"; it is too full of faults, and tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular, yet to my eye, it spoils the completeness of the book, and is better away.

But before those types were distributed, six copies were struck off and delivered by the printer to Arthur Henry Hallam to be distributed among friends. One was cut up when the poem, revised and rewritten, was again put into type in 1868. Only two copies are now known. One, given to Dr. W. H. Thompson, containing numerous alterations by the author, now belongs to Mr. Wise. The second, formerly Frederick Locker's, now belongs to Mr. Spoor of Chicago. He paid, as Mr. Wise states, $3,000 for it. The three other copies have disappeared. In 1868 the poem, revised and enlarged, was once more put into type and again recalled. This edition is as rare as the original. One copy, given by Tennyson to Frederick Locker, is still in the possession of his son, Godfrey Locker, having been retained by him when the Rowfant Library was sold. The other, formerly the copy of Strahan, the printer, belongs to Mr. Wise. Fifty pages in Mr. Wise's book (besides four reproductions) are given to descriptions of the three editions of 1833, 1868, and 1879, and variations of their texts.

"In Memoriam," under the title of "Fragments of an Elegy," was circulated in the form of printed proofs among a few friends in advance of publication. In sending a copy to Aubrey de Vere, Tennyson wrote:

> I believe I am going to print them, and then I need not tell you that you will be perfectly welcome to a copy, on the condition that when the book is published, this avant courier of it shall be either sent back to me or die the death by fire in Curragh Chace.

Of that proof-sheet issue (which contained 192 instead of 210 pages) only one copy is known, the property of Hallam Lord Tennyson. A similar proof-sheet of "Maud" once existed, but was burned by Coventry Patmore. Variations between its text and that of the published edition were taken down by R. H. Sheperd, and are now printed by Mr. Wise.

From the Rowfant Librray Mr. Wise acquired several interesting proof-sheet or trial issues, which had, apparently, been given by Tennyson to Locker. Among these are "Property," 1864, an early form of "The Northern Farmer," not published until 1870; "The Last Tournament," 1868, not published until 1871; "The Birth of Arthur," 1868, published in the "Holy Grail" volume in 1870; "Gareth and Lineth," 1872, published later in the same year as "Gareth and Lynette."

Among the rare or private issues not heretofore described we notice the following: "Wedding Verses" on the marriage of the Princess Royal, 1858, sung at a concert given at Buckingham Palace and printed as a leaflet for that occasion; "England and America in 1872," 1872, a pamphlet of six pages, issued apparently for copyright, published first in the New York *Ledger*; "To the Queen," 1873, an eight-page pamphlet, printed from the types of the Library Edition of the "Works," Vol. VI., where it was first published; "The Foresters," 1881, not published until 1892 (Mr. Wise says that the Souvenir edition of the play distributed in New York by Augustin Daly was actually the first published edition); "Early Spring," 1883, a four-page leaflet printed for English copyright, published first in the *Youth's Companion*; "The Death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale," 1892, a leaflet, published in the *Nineteenth Century*.

The Graphische Gesellschaft in Berlin announces as a special publication a facsimile reproduction of Boner's "Edelstein," provided enough subscribers are secured to keep the price within 30 marks. This book has a double interest to the student of the graphic arts: it is one of the books printed with the types of the 36-line Bible, and it is the first printed book having illustrations, beside being the first large work printed in the German language. (Berlin: B. Cassier.)

At an auction at Hodgson's, London, last month, a copy of Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," 1646, sold for £23; a Fourth Folio of Shakespeare, soiled, £23; and Peters's "History of Connecticut," 1781, original boards, £31.

On May 11 to 13 Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, offer 848 lots consigned by various owners. Among the more notable books are Donne's "Poems," 1633; Quarles's "Emblemes," 1635; Drummond's "Flowers of Sion," 1630; "Paradise Lost," 1669; the Duchess of Newcastle's "Playes," 1662-1668; Swift's "Tale of a Tub" 1704, with manuscript annotations said to be by the author; Cavendish's "Negotiations of Thomas Wolsey," 1641; Goldsmith's "The Traveller," 1765, with the half-title; Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes," 1749; and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," 1807.

Correspondence.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In view of the opposition to intercollegiate athletics, on the ground that they seriously conflict with the primary purposes of higher education, it might be supposed that college authorities would welcome debating without question as the one form of intercollegiate rivalry contributing directly and highly to the intellectual interests of the college. On the contrary, it is said that debates, as they are now conducted, "impress the hearer with a waning sense of reality," because they are too formal, too rigid in their rules, artificial in their aims, in short, quite unlike the kind of contests in which students will find themselves engaged in the life beyond commencement. One result of this formalism is said to be a noticeable lack of sincerity and earnestness on the part of the speakers. Then again the question for debate is often so cleverly phrased, so vague, and so complicated, that the time which should be spent on vital issues is wasted in quibbling over the meaning of terms. The petty and academic discussion which results seems more like a controversy of the Middle Ages than an attempt to get at the truth of a contemporary practical problem. Still further to preclude the possibility of real debating are the memorized speeches which render impossible that effective adaptation to opposing speakers, that running rebuttal, that one feature which distinguishes the real debater from the elocutionist. And when, after an hour or two of such lifeless discussion, a team of undergraduates arrives with remarkable ease at sweeping conclusions, and proves "beyond the shadow of a doubt" a proposition which is still puzzling statesmen, the whole affair seems to some people little short of ridiculous. These appear to be the main charges brought against intercollegiate debating.

Meantime, the spread of interest in debating is remarkable. There is scarcely a college without its contests. The attitude of undergraduates is indicated by a recent editorial in the *Tripod* of Trinity College, Conn., which deplores as "an almost inexplainable mystery" the fact that Trinity has nothing in the line of debates. A generation ago it would have been equally surprising to find a college offering a systematic course in argumentation and debating as the equivalent of a course in Latin or in mathematics. To-day most of the leading institutions offer such courses. Of late our universities have been unable to supply the demand for competent instructors in argumentation and debating. Yet, in spite of all this, or because of it, the charges brought against intercollegiate debating are not without foundation.

What shall we do about it? Prof. R. M. Alden of Stanford University once said in a letter to the *Nation*, "it is far easier to point out defects than to suggest remedies," and his remedy was the heroic one of abolishing all debates between colleges. That is too easy. If we were to do away with all college activities which fall short of the ideal, we should have nothing left, not even a Christian Association. For debating, there is still hope.

In the first place, we should lead up to such work by a more sensible kind of instruction in speaking. "Elocution," a small boy wrote, "is something they kill folks with in the United States"—a definition which recalls the fantastic tricks and absurd gymnastics which have been performed under that now discredited name. In one of the largest colleges in New England, a course is still laboring under the title of "Gesture and Pantomime," though among the students it is known as "Jest and Pant." The old training in "speaking pieces"—memorizing and reciting the words of other people—is about as barren as any of the traditional subjects to which we still cling; and we may as well stop blaming the boys for thinking so. The formalism, the unreality, the difficulty of producing a head-on collision, which are complained of in present debating, are due in part to this traditional elocution which nine-tenths of our institutions regard as training for debate. Yet none of the essentials of refutation, which is the life of debate, is possessed by those who regard debating as the recitation of memorized speeches, consisting for the most part of strings of quotations delivered in supreme disregard of the equally automatic declamations of the "opposing" speakers. Such performances should not parade under the name of debating. They are not even preparation for debating. Indeed, it is an open question whether they do not hinder more than they help; and it is altogether true that they contribute nothing to the power of adapting refutation to the needs of the moment. Any training which develops the power of independent and sound thinking and the faculty of phrasing and presenting thought before an audience prepares a man for the work of refutation; and when to this general training he has added an accurate and wide knowledge of the subject for debate, quite regardless of what material he may expect to use for a given speech, he has acquired the essentials of effective refutation. To these essentials declamation contributes almost nothing. That kind of school and college speaking which prepares for real debating resembles effective speaking in the affairs of grown-up men, rather than the parlor performances of children.

Another condition which tends to produce academic and unprofitable discussions is the prevailing practice by which one institution submits the question and leaves the choice of sides to the other. This prompts students, who are looking for victory rather than a profitable debate, to phrase a question cunningly and ambiguously, so that it shall appear to be evenly balanced until the choice of sides has been announced. The resulting contest is usually a mere quibble over the meaning of the proposition. One remedy for this evil is the round-robin league. Each of the three institutions in such a league puts two teams into the field, one to debate on the affirmative of the question at home, the other on the same evening to debate elsewhere on the negative. This plan removes the chief motive for submitting unbalanced and tricky propositions. Another remedy lies in the exchange of briefs similar in content and purpose to those required by courts of law and by college courses in debating. And finally—it must be admitted—the only sure remedy is the insistence on higher ideals than the "win-at-any-cost" motives, which have often brought debating into ill-repute.

The lack of sincerity and earnestness on the part of the speakers is due not only to the lifeless practices of elocution, but as well to the almost universal custom of ignoring the interests and beliefs of the individual speakers. Chatterton observed that a man must be a fool who cannot write on both sides of a question. A man is a fool, we may add, who *will* write on both sides of a question. And a speaker who, even in a formal contest, endeavors to convince an audience of the truth of what he believes to be false, engages in an undertaking of doubtful morality. Here is the dilemma. If he simulates sincerity and earnestness, he is deceiving his hearers, emulating the most contemptible speakers in public life, preparing to swell their ranks. If he does not even appear to be sincere and earnest, he lacks the primary requisites of a persuasive speaker, and becomes the lifeless kind of debater of which we hear complaint. At once the objection arises that it is good training for a person to study both sides of a question. Certainly it is. The broadening influence of real debating is due partly to the fact that the very conditions of the contest force the debaters to study the other side of the question. But speaking on the other side is wholly unnecessary. It is said further that the methods of conducting courses and contests render it impossible to allow men always to defend the side in which they believe. Now, it is this very insistence on rigid rules and methods which many people are condemning. If the means defeat the end, in the name of common sense, let the means go! Any one who cares more for the real good of the work than for the formalism and the verdicts of judges will not find it necessary to encourage young men, in an institution which stands above all for the pursuit of truth, to speak against their convictions.

Institutions which have honest and intelligent regard for the essentials of debating, and are unhampered by the notion that the non-essentials must forever conform to tradition, will make all their studies aid in the development of able debaters, will have no special interest in the preparation for a particular contest, and no concern with the charges against "unreal" debating. WILLIAM T. FOSTER.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., April 23.

ROGER WILLIAMS AND THE PILGRIMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reading public cordially welcomed last December a new volume from the pen of Dr. Frederick A. Noble, pastor emeritus of the Union Park Congregational Church in Chicago. His previous volumes had been theological and exegetical; his latest work is historical, and treats of "The Pilgrims." In it he has given an admirable account of the causes which led to the Pilgrim movement, its leaders, its migration to the Continent, and then to this new world, the principles for which it stood, and its influence upon our American civilization. He has certainly accomplished his double purpose, as stated in his preface, "to combine the leading facts in the story of this remarkable group of men, presenting them in a form to be easily grasped and held in memory," and "to set forth the movement in an interpretative way."

Yet the reading of the volume, which contains three or four brief references to Roger Williams, raises the question whether the author in his desire to do full honor to this noble band of immigrants, has not failed to do justice to him, whom Oscar S. Straus calls "the pioneer of religious liberty." Because Roger Williams had clear and strong convictions which not only differed from those of his neighbors, but were in advance of theirs, and frankly gave expression to them in Boston and Salem and Plymouth, Dr. Noble applies to him the opprobrious epithets "illiberal," "intolerant," etc., as if Williams had not learned the first lessons in religious liberty. Dr. Noble declares that Roger Williams was wrong and illiberal in insisting that the Boston church should completely separate from the Church of England, which had become corrupt and was filled with the spirit of cruel persecution, and that the Boston church was right in refusing to do so. Dr. Noble further maintains that for Williams to call in question the validity of the Massachusetts Bay charter was also evidence of illiberality, and made him the author of an unnecessary controversy; yet as a matter of fact Williams withdrew from Boston, and then from Salem, in order to avoid controversy, expecting to find among the Pilgrims in Plymouth a more sympathetic environment. The strange implication is that if Williams had held his peace in the presence of what he believed to be error, and had abstained from "disseminating and venting any of his different opinions in matters of religion" [the condition on which the act of banishment was revoked, March 31, 1676], that would have been evidence of a genuine liberality and a commendable spirit of toleration. To speak was to be illiberal and intolerant. His good name could be maintained only at the price of silence.

As is well known, Roger Williams spent nearly two years at Plymouth. Dr. Noble says:

> He held extreme opinions on three points, the need of absolute separation from the Church of England, the renunciation of the authority of magistrates in church matters, and baptism by immersion as the only scriptural mode of administering the rite.

As to the last point, Dr. Noble is probably in error. There is no evidence that at that time Williams had become a believer in immersion. Brewster "feared that he would like John Smith of Amsterdam, run the same course of rigid separation and Anabaptistry." He "feared that he *would*." But the Anabaptists were then greatly maligned and misunderstood, and were believed to be a dangerous element in society. It should be remembered, however, that the great majority of them were peaceable citizens, and that many of them never practised immersion. But even if Roger Williams had then come to believe in immersion as the primitive Christian rite, that belief would not necessarily have broken his fellowship with the Pilgrims; for his successor in the office of assistant pastor of the church, Charles Chauncy, did believe in immersion, and would have been allowed to remain in office, and practise as he believed, if he had been willing to do so. Notwithstanding his belief, he became the second president of Harvard College, succeeding Henry Dunster, who also was a Baptist. The difference of opinion between Roger Williams and the colonists at Plymouth must have been, therefore, on the first two points, viz., complete separation from the Church of England, and the non-interference of the civil magistrates in matters of religion. Which were right, the Pilgrims or Roger Williams? Which was teacher and which was pupil? Which was the more advanced in the conception of religious liberty, and the desire to see it put in practice?

Dr. Noble strangely accuses Roger Williams of immaturity and uncertainty of view. He says: "The simple fact is that it took Roger Williams a good while to get his bearings." Dr. Noble adds:

> The Pilgrims were a great deal more tolerant towards him than he was towards them. While he was still struggling with the alphabet of toleration, these simple people at Plymouth appear to have been well schooled in the subject. It is not improbable that he got his first lesson in toleration at the feet of the Pilgrims.

Such statements come with a shock of surprise to students of colonial history. Roger Williams was as pronounced in his views of religious liberty when he was in Boston as he was in his conscientious demands as a Separatist. He acknowledges in his writings his intimate acquaintance with the Anabaptists of London before he sailed for New England. They were there, as every where since their first great Confession of Faith was promulgated in Switzerland in 1527, the open and courageous advocates of religious liberty, and from them, if from any human teachers, Roger Williams took his first lessons in soul-liberty. He had long since graduated from the alphabet, and thoroughly mastered its great principles. Irving B. Richman in his "History of Rhode Island," speaking of Williams on his arrival in Boston, says:

> He apprehended the principle of Toleration [Liberty] as clearly as he ever did. . . . Thus we find him, a few weeks after his arrival, contending that the civil magistrate ought not to inflict punishment for sins as such—that is, for acts such as idolatry, Sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, etc., which are forbidden in the first table of the Decalogue, and which, though offences against God, are not at the same time in themselves offences against man—a position involving the whole idea of Freedom of Conscience.

Mr. Straus, discussing Williams's ministry in Plymouth, writes:

> He doubtless proclaimed and inculcated those principles of soul-liberty, which had already aroused the enmity and opposition of the Boston Court. He also attracted to him and to his principles, from which he never separated himself, a number of the Plymouth flock.

And Dr. Palfrey makes the following statement:

> Roger Williams in England had had some acquaintance with the Baptists, who for many years before his departure had stated and maintained the doctrine (*i. e.*, liberty in religion) in the most unqualified terms.

In view of the utterances of these authorities, any suggestion that Williams went to school at Plymouth and learned there his great doctrine of soul-liberty is contrary to fact and universal belief. Indeed, upon the last page of his volume Dr. Noble modifies his assertion that Roger Williams received his first lessons in religious liberty from the Pilgrims. Dr. Noble says: "If he did not learn his principles of toleration from the Pilgrims, he might have done it."

But Dr. Noble unfortunately repeats his charge of Williams's greater intolerance in these words:

> He left Plymouth because he was not able at that time to mount to the high table-land of appreciation and forbearance which they occupied.

The truth is, that Williams returned to Salem because he found among his former parishioners a greater tolerance and a more pronounced sympathy with his advanced views than he had found or was likely to find in Plymouth. When the decree of banishment against him was published throughout the colony, it is said "the whole town of Salem was in an uproar."

Dr. Noble, though depreciating, because entirely misunderstanding, the attitude of Roger Williams during his first years in New England, pays a worthy tribute to his character and influence in his later years, as "a man of eminent ability and worth," and as "having surpassed all of his contemporaries in the hold which he has taken upon the world."

All honor to the Pilgrims! Their leaders were more advanced by many a league in their conception of civil and religious liberty than their Puritan neighbors. No one would detract from their glory. But it is possible that even they had some things to learn, that they were still "struggling with the alphabet of toleration," and may not have always been consistent with their avowed principles. Some things need to be remembered as facts of history, which Dr. Noble has failed to recall. When Roger Williams was banished from Massachusetts, he found his way, after fourteen weeks in the wilderness, to a place called Seekonk, where he hoped to be unmolested; and here he built his home and planted his crops. But he was reminded by Gov. Bradford that he was on land which belonged to the Plymouth colony, and that he must vacate. This he did at once at great personal loss, going across the river and founding Providence. Recording this experience he said he was "as good as banished from Plymouth as from Massachusetts." To be sure Bradford expressed his personal esteem for the exile, and confessed that he acted under compulsion, being "afraid of displeasing the Bay"; and Winslow subsequently visited him in Providence and put a piece of gold in his wife's hand for the support of the family out of genuine sympathy. Nevertheless, the Plymouth territory was no land of freedom to Roger Williams.

Again, thirteen years afterward, in 1649, several members of the Rev. Samuel Newman's church, in Rehoboth, withdrew because of a change of views, and organized a new communion, in which they might peaceably worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. They were cited to appear before the Plymouth Court, four papers of accusations being lodged against them, three of them from local sources, and the fourth from "the *meddling* Court in Boston," as the historian, Benedict, calls it. They were bound over in the sum of ten pounds each to appear for trial at a later date, and commanded to hold no more services. The next year the grand jury found a bill against nine persons, charged with holding meetings in private houses on the Lord's day, against the command of the Court, the very crime for which the Pilgrims were hunted down in the mother country, and sentenced to pay fines, and again prohibited from meeting for worship. The leaders fled to the neighboring town of Newport to escape further annoyance and persecution. And all this was done under Plymouth jurisdiction. Very likely the Massachusetts authorities instigated the proceedings in both instances. But the conduct of the Plymouth rulers does not speak very convincingly for their courage or the strength of their convictions as to the rights of conscience. If they taught Roger Williams toleration and the first principles of religious liberty, their example was a painful commentary on their precepts.

Dr. Noble does not omit to recite the severe laws enacted by the Pilgrims against the offending Quakers. But he says in mitigation of their conduct that they were "put up" to it by the Bay people. "It was the godly care and zeal of the gentlemen from Massachusetts which led to these enactments." Moreover, he adds, they stopped short of the extreme penalty of hanging. "They whipped and tortured and ostracized them, but they did not take life." In this respect they were more lenient than the Puritans. But their treatment of the Quakers stands in striking contrast with that of the Rhode Island colonists, who, under the leadership of Roger Williams, gave them shelter and indignantly refused to follow the dictation of their Puritan neighbors, and exterminate or molest these early religious enthusiasts. Roger Williams could engage with them in a battle of words, but refused to wield against them the penalty of law. Arnold says: "He would have laid down his life rather than have a hair of their heads injured on account of their doctrinal views."

HENRY M. KING.

Providence, April 23.

PRESIDENT OR GOVERNOR AS LOBBYIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is instructive, as well as interesting, to follow the regular and logical operation of government methods at Washington. A fortnight ago (as I noted in a letter in your issue of April 23), we were told that the President had said, that unless Congress made an appropriation for four battleships, he would veto that for local public buildings. That shot having failed to take effect, we read in the papers of April 21:

> While the President has not relinquished efforts with Congress in this direction [four more battleships], it was stated yesterday that he will confine his endeavors to personal interviews with Senators and members of the House, and will not send another message on this subject.

In other words, a wholesale proposal to trade having missed fire, he proposes to resort to the process known as "lobbying." The word may be offensive, but is it not in accordance with fact? What is the difference between the action of agents of corporate or tariff-protected interests, interviewing members and Senators in the halls of the Capitol or the purlieus of hotels, and the President sending for them to come to the White House, unless it is that the latter has immensely more powerful means of persuasion at his command. Is it not the high road to secret intrigue and corruption? Is it not exactly the method pursued by George the Third and Lord North in their dealings with the British Parliament before and during our War of Independence?

Not less striking is the fact that the same method in principle prevails in every State and city government in the Union. The uniformity of the symptoms points to a common cause of the disease, and that again to a common remedy, the same which has purified the English government in a hundred years, and concentrated public individual responsibility. Our governments are all based in theory upon the doctrine of Montesquieu as to the separation of executive and legislature. But unfortunately it is applied to physical separation and not merely to that of power—an interpretation highly acceptable to the Legislature, as it throws all power into the hands of that branch. Some communication between the branches there must be, and if it is not provided for publicly, it will take the form of secret trading and lobbying, with corruption as the inevitable result. The true and only effective remedy is to provide for the presence of executive officials in the Legislature with the initiative of legislation, the right of taking part in debate, and the duty of answering questions as to effect and requirements of existing legislation and administration.

On February 4, 1881, a committee of eight Senators reported unanimously a bill to establish exactly this thing, showing its feasibility and its practice in nearly if not all representative governments in the world outside of the United States. Neither then nor since has the plan received the slightest attention either from executive or legislature; nor does it seem probable that in the Federal government it ever will. That is work for the forty-five States in their eager competition to perform. In the States, further, it can only come from the Governor, because the Legislatures, clinging desperately to their illegitimate power, will not listen to it except upon popular compulsion. If any Governor, putting aside reform of details and resolutely taking a stand upon this general principle, will appeal with a full explanation of it to the people, we may see the dawn of a new era in the whole political organization of the United States.

G. BRADFORD.

Boston, April 23.

MORE ABOUT "MOUSSE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to take exception to the definition of "Mousse" given by J. M. H. in the *Nation* of April 23. In American cookery, as in French, the word means froth or foam, and does not imply a frozen condition. A "mousse" may be hot, cold (but not frozen), or frozen. "Mousse," therefore, is far from being "merely a variety of ice cream."

M. G.

Urbana, Ill., April 25.

PORTOLA'S VALLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In regard to Don Gaspar de Portolá, first governor of California, concerning whom Mr. Alfred Webb inquires in your issue of April 9, your readers may be interested to know that a valley, where his men encamped (partly contained in the grounds of Stanford University), is still called Portolá Valley. The best account of Portolá's expedition is that of Prof. George Davidson, "The Discovery of San Francisco Bay"; translation of the Geographical Society of the Pacific, Vol. IV., series ii., San Francisco, May, 1907.

DAVID S. JORDAN.

Stanford University, Cal., April 14.

Notes.

This week Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish "Tragedy," by Prof. Ashley H. Thorndike, a new volume in the Types of English Literature Series; "The Influence of Montaigne," and "The Spirit of Montaigne," by Grace Norton; "The Bibliography of R. W. Emerson," by George Willis Cooke; and "Trees and Shrubs," Vol. II., Part ii., edited by Prof. Charles S. Sargent. The same house announces an arrangement with Mrs. Humphry Ward to issue the first complete and uniform edition of her works.

Putnams have in press a volume of "Literary Reviews and Criticisms," by Prof. P. H. Frye. Half the essays are concerned with French writers—Balzac, George Sand, Zola, Maupassant, Corneille, Anatole France, Sainte-Beuve—and the book might be characterized as a study in comparative literature.

Methuen is about to publish for G. G. Coulton a book on "Chaucer and His England," which deals not only with the poet, but with the whole society of his day.

Harper & Bros. have issued a new edition of Lafcadio Hearn's "Chita, A memory of Last Island."

The fifth series of the "Shelburne Essays," by Paul E. More, has just been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains studies of the Greek Anthology, Dickens, Gissing, Mrs. Gaskell, Freneau, Thoreau, Longfellow, Donald G. Mitchell, James Thomson ("B. V."), Chesterfield, and Sir Henry Wotton. As parts of all these essays appeared originally in the *Nation*, no comment need be made upon them here.

The "Seventeenth Century Men of Latitude" (Scribners), by Edward Augustus George, takes up one of the most interesting and profitable and one of the most strangely neglected fields of English literature. To dwell for a few hours in the world of John Hales, Chillingworth, Whichcote, John Smith (the Cambridge preacher), Henry More, Bishop Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and Richard Baxter (whose manner and tone, however, scarcely entitle him to a seat in that company), is to receive a lesson in breadth of mind, purity of sentiment, and elasticity of speech. As an attempt to deal seriously with this subject, in a way, that is, comparable with Principal Tulloch's masterly treatise, the present work is entitled to little respect. It shows no philosophical grasp and makes little or no pretense to connect these English writers with the great currents of European thought. It has, too, certain annoying faults of a more positive nature; for example:

> These writings of Hales are as crowded with interest as his life is barren in incident. He lived within. His meditation was the deeper for his inaction. All his force was free to expend itself within. it was a life of the soul. His history is a history of mind, etc.

It is only fair to say that the whole book is not written so irritatingly, but even an occasional passage in this thin ejaculatory manner, throws the reader out of harmony with that "life of the soul" of which these men were the great exemplars, and makes him suspect that the author's emotions are pitched in a different key from those of the men he describes. We confess to have little sympathy with this cheapening of a great theme. But taken frankly as a volume intended for easy reading, Mr. George's work has the advantage, so far as we recollect, of standing alone in the field. It is made clear and light to follow by elimination of thorny matters. It is written with enthusiasm, has a flattering optimistic trick of lauding the present in the past, contains abundant quotation's from beautiful, little-read books, and altogether it ought to have great refreshment for those to whom Tulloch's work is too long and too solid.

The nineteenth century may have produced greater investigators than Jebb. It had no scholar who combined in the same measure breadth and accuracy of learning with grace of style and the gift of lucid exposition, none whose utterances on whatever subject he chose to adorn were so uniformly sane and true. By editing in one volume a choice of his published *parerga,* together with a selection from unpublished manuscripts ("Essays and Addresses," G. P. Putnam's Sons), Lady Jebb has rendered accessible or preserved from oblivion much that neither the professional scholar nor the intelligent amateur would willingly let die. Here republished from the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* and written with the unrivalled fulness of knowledge and insight of one who could himself indite a real Pindaric ode is the great essay on Pindar to which Professor Gildersleeve has recently paid such ungrudging tribute. Here are the admirable monograph on Delos, the masterly study of the Speeches of Thucydides reprinted from *Hellenica*, and the suggestive Harvard Φ. Β. Κ. oration on "Ancient Organs of Public Opinion." Somewhat slighter, yet well worth reading, are the lectures on "The Genius of Sophocles," "The Age of Pericles," and "Lucian." The review of Froude's "Cæsar" is a good example of the fairness and balance of Jebb's judgment. He corrects Froude's inaccuracies and qualifies his extravagances with no trace of the petty exultation of the scholiast and minor critic animadverting on the errors of genius. The "Erasmus" and the "Dr. Johnson" are models of sound criticism and entertaining narration, and interesting illustrations of the trained classicist's method applied to modern themes. The four or five addresses on such topics as "Humanism in Education" and "Recent Tendencies in Classical Studies" exhibit the classicist pleading *pro domo* with a temperance and self-restraint which are perhaps more persuasive than the flamboyant oratory to which we are accustomed in this matter. We shall not soon receive from any living scholar so rich and varied a volume as this.

Dr. Jane Harrison needs no introduction, being well known to scholars by her "Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion," and her "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens." The latter, a discursive commentary on the first book of Pausanias and *vade mecum* of the tourist in Athens, has for some time been out of print and has been largely superseded by Frazer's monumental work or, as a handbook, by Prof. Ernest Gardner's "Ancient Athens." Instead of republishing her earlier work, Miss Harrison now puts forth her own, or rather Dr. Dörpfeld's, views of Athenian topography in the form of a commentary on the famous fifteenth chapter of the second book of Thucydides; "Primitive Athens as Described by Thucydides" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Miss Harrison tells her story well, and, under the restraining influence of Thucydides, with something less of mythological digression than the gossipy companionship of Pausanias provoked. Starting from the tourist's first impression of the remains of Periclean Athens and his divination that there was something behind it she presents a vivid and readable description of the discovery and conjectural restoration by the scholarship of the past twenty years of pre-Persian, pre-Peisistratean, and Mycenæan Athens. Things are not really quite so simple and certain as they appear to Miss Harrison's loyal enthusiasm for Dr. Dörpfeld's theories. But the points in controversy are too familiar to specialists and too remote from the interests of the general reader for further discussion here. As she herself observes of Athenian society, the mention of the "Enneakrounos Episode" is the signal either for heated debate or embarrassed silence. But there is much that is not controversial. The contents of the Acropolis museum, the snakes, the blue lions, the bluebeards, the calf-carriers, and the archaic maidens which she seems to prefer to the chill perfection of Periclean art; the story of the excavations which restored them to the light and revealed the original shape of the ridge; the account of Dr. Dörpfeld's discovery of Enneakrounos and the precinct which he identifies with Dionysos-in-the-marshes; the history of the Acropolis itself from the earliest remains of the Pelasgic or "Pelargic" walls of "Storkfort" and the "Strong home of Erechtheus" to the vast substructions of the Parthenon and the final levelling up of the southern slope to the plateau enclosed by the wall of Cimon—all this and much more is made perfectly clear to the least archæological of readers by Miss Harrison's maps, illustrations, and lucid text. Whatever our esoteric views about the construing of Thucydides, the position of the Agora, Pericles's original intentions concerning the Erechtheion, the meaning and site of the "more ancient Dionysia," or the identity of Enneakrounos and Callirrhoë, we can recommend to the student or tourist no better introduction to the whole subject than this.

In "The Andes and the Amazon; Life and Travel in Peru" (Charles Scribner's Sons), C. Reginald Enock has given us an excellent book of travel. Every student of Spanish America owes him a debt of gratitude, for he has made a study of modern Peru such as no other foreigner has ever attempted. The book does not aim to discuss historical antecedents, but is confined to an analysis of actual conditions. In his wanderings the author leads us into the remote regions of the Amazon valley, as well as the less frequented portions of the Pacific slope. Wherever he goes he gives us an excellent pen picture of things as they are. Mr. Enock's presentation of facts is so much more suggestive than his judgment on these facts that he might better have confined himself exclusively to description. His generalizations give evidence of many British prejudices; they also indicate a lack of preparatory scientific training, an inability to estimate the relative value of facts, a tendency to emphasize unimportant details. Like most writers on South America, he has felt called upon to consider the larger problems involved in the relations of the Latin American republics toward one another, and toward the United States. As soon as he enters the broader field of international politics he loses his grasp of the subject. His suggestion, for instance, in the concluding chapter, that the failure to develop a consolidated South America is due to the desire for the multiplication of presidential and other elective and official posts, shows a failure to understand the political and economic conditions which have determined the present grouping of these countries. His plan of unification is, to say the least, fantastic; he would unite Peru, Chili, and Bolivia, with a common capital on the high plateau of Titicaca. Fortunately, it is only in the preface and in the last chapter that the author indulges in these generalizations, and it would be unfair to give them too much prominence. The body of the book is useful to students, and enlightening to the general public. The value of the work is increased by a map, four colored plates, and fifty-eight other illustrations.

To compete with Parkman, either in literary form or in solidity of subject matter, is a hard task for any historian. Dr. Elroy M. Avery has had this difficulty to face in the fourth volume of his "History of the United States" (Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.), covering the period of the Seven Years' War and Pontiac's conspiracy. So far as statements of fact go, the volume bears scrutiny extremely well. Dr. Avery has evidently worked over the more accessible printed material, including much that has been published since Parkman wrote, at first hand and with painstaking care. The proportions, too, are commendable. As for the illustrations, they are beyond all praise. It would be gratifying if we could add that the author had risen with equal success to the literary opportunities of his dramatic theme; but we cannot. On the contrary, the volume contains some of the poorest writing which this ambitious work has thus far exhibited. Trivial and inelegant expressions, unrefined illustrations and comparisons, and a humor not much above that of a comic "Sunday supplement," disfigure quite too many passages; while the attempt to avoid actual repetition of some of Parkman's telling phrases is only weakly successful. Informing, and as a whole readable, as the book is, one wonders whether, after all, Dr. Avery takes his history seriously; whether he does not think that sarcasm is the same thing as criticism, or that feeble jokes are the mark of a light touch. We cannot but think that the publishers, who are lavishing time and money on this noble piece of bookmaking, should see to it that subsequent volumes receive careful literary revision. If, in addition, they will employ a proofreader who knows how to punctuate, they will eliminate a source of further annoyance.

The story of Doniphan's expedition to Mexico in 1846 has disappeared from the school books, along with the story of Tromp, the Dutch admiral, who put a broom at masthead to indicate that he had swept the English Channel. But William Elsey Connelley of Topeka, Kan., is determined that Col. Doniphan's now almost forgotten exploits shall again be made known, and he has edited and published, at his own expense, with many notes and much explanatory matter, the narrative by John T. Hughes, a member of the expedition. This account was first printed in 1848. Doniphan commanded a regiment of Missouri volunteers, a part of Col. Stephen W. Kearny's little force, which, assembling at Fort Leavenworth, began its march to Santa Fé, in June, 1846. From Santa Fé Doniphan was sent southward, through Chihuahua to the city of the same name. He fought and overcame the Mexicans at Brazito and at Sacramento, and then went on his conquering way towards the mouth of the Rio Grande, where the regiment now 700 strong, embarked on a vessel for New Orleans. This place they reached on June 15, a year after the departure from Fort Leavenworth. On land the regiment had marched a distance of 3,500 miles. The total losses were less than 100 men. Mr. Connelley has been tireless in his pursuit of information relating to the expedition, and the notes concerning officers and men are especially voluminous. He intimates that the authorities at Washington refused access to the papers which should have shown definitely whether the Mexican Governor, Armijo, was bribed by James Magoffin, representing the American government, to make no resistance to the march of the invaders upon Santa Fé. Congress is said to have appropriated $50,000 to reimburse Magoffin; and President Taylor's secretary of war, Crawford, is said to have persuaded Magoffin to accept $30,000. Despite a constant tendency towards diffuseness and superlatives and a monotony of style in the Hughes narrative, as unvarying as the plains themselves, the book possesses a positive value as material from which history is written.

"The Ogden Family in America," by the late William Ogden Wheeler (J. B. Lippincott Co.), covers only the Elizabethtown branch—the descendants of "Good Old John Ogden." The Connecticut branch, with a common English ancestry (dimly made out), is omitted. It has been a prolific stock, some 4,600 descendants of the first emigrant (1640) being here tabulated. We find one family, in the ninth generation, with sixteen children — President Roosevelt, please take notice!

The National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education has just issued its Bulletin No. 5, consisting of the first part of the proceedings of the annual meeting held in Chicago. Among the addresses printed are those of W. B. Prescott, secretary of the Supplemental Trade Education Commission of the International Typographical Union; of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, at that time president of the society; and of President C. W. Eliot of Harvard. The apprenticeship system of the New York Central Lines is treated by J. F. Deems, the general superintendent of motive power, and by C. W. Cross, the superintendent of apprentices. The coöperation between the University of Cincinnati and some of the manufacturers of that city is the subject of the paper by Prof. H. Schneider, dean of the College of Engineering.

The extraordinary literary activity of the Boston ministers of the eighteenth century is the subject of the annual address to the Bostonian Society, printed in the Proceedings, by its president, James F. Hunnewell. Cotton Mather, he said, published 382 works, the titles of which are given by his son Samuel. Most of them were small, and of about a third there are no known copies. The works of his father, Increase, number at least 136. Out of the sixty-one ministers who succeeded them, thirty-five were the authors of 557 publications. Though subjects of general interest and public affairs were frequently treated, most of the books and pamphlets were on religion. A number were sermons preached to condemned criminals before execution.

In a recent number of the *Archiv für das Studium der Neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, Prof. John C. Ransmeier of Tulane University has a careful paper on the influence exerted upon Heine by Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy." Beginning with Heine's own critical observations on Sterne—among which there is the dictum: "Laurence Sterne shows himself to the public entirely stripped; Jean Paul has only holes in his trousers"—Prof. Ransmeier proceeds to a detailed analysis of descriptions, episodes, characters, and stylistic peculiarities of the "Harzreise," the "Buch Le Grand," and the "Bäder von Lucca," containing elements of Sterne's humor and literary manner. The frequency and closeness of parallels between the two authors, thus brought to light are indeed remarkable. Fortunately, Professor Ransmeier avoids the mistake of making out Heine a mere copyist of his master; all the more forcible is the proof of the inner affinity connecting him with his predecessor.

A singular fate has followed the efforts of the Börsenverein der deutschen Buchhändler to publish a history of the German book trade. Friedrich Kapp, who undertook the task in 1876, died in 1884, before the first volume had yet been completed. Dr. Adolf Koch, who took up the work, was obliged to withdraw in 1890; his successor, F. Hermann Meyer, died in 1892; Dr. Oskar von Hase gave up in 1905; and the work fell to his collaborator, Dr. Johann Goldfriedrich. And now, twenty-two years after the publication of the first volume, the second appears; the third and the fourth are expected before the end of the present year. The volume before us covers the period from the end of the Thirty Years' War to about the year 1764. Among the topics treated are the development of the periodical press and of trade bibliography, piracy as a defence against inflated prices, censorship, and the beginnings of the commission houses. (Leipzig: Verlag des Börsenvereins.).

Of the "Enzyklopädisches Handbuch der Pädagogik," edited by Prof. W. Rein of Jena, and published by Beyer & Söhne, Langensalza, two further volumes have appeared: III., from Französicher Unterricht to Handelshochschulen, and IV., from Handelsschüler to Klassenobersten. Special features of this work are the articles on the schools of foreign peoples, and the biographies of great educators.

W. Wendebourg, in his "Draussen und Daheim" (Hannover: C. Wendebourg), publishes a new collection of lyrics with an undercurrent of Christian sentiment. Home, memories of youth, and kindred topics occupy his attention.

Prof. Ernst Troltsch of Heidelberg, in his now famous address delivered at the Congress of Historians in Stuttgart in 1906 maintained that Luther properly belongs to the Middle Ages, and that his work is not the beginning of modern thought and life. The latest and probably ablest reply is furnished by the Halle professor of church history, Dr. Fr. Loofs, in his brochure, "Luthers Stellung zum Mittelalter und zur Neuzeit," published by E. Strien, Halle. Dr. Loofs ascribes to Luther the beginnings of the leading factors and forces of modern life.

The "Geschichte des neutestamentlichen Kanons," by Dr. Johannes Leipoldt, of the University of Halle, has now been completed by the publication of the second volume, entitled "Mittelalter und Neuzeit" (Leipzig: Hinrichs). The special value of the work lies in the fact that it follows the fate of the canon through those centuries which are usually ignored by other and even larger works on the subject, such as those by Zahn and Jülicher, which confine themselves to the earliest centuries.

The question whether the results of modern Biblical research should be applied to the religious instruction of youth, is answered in the affirmative, yet with some caution, by Pastor K. Thimme, in a small book entitled "Welcher Einfluss gebührt der neueren Bibelauffassung in der Volksschule?" (Leipzig: Hahn). Two other brochures on religious instruction are "Die Reform des Religionsunterrichtes in der Volksschule" (Leipzig: Klinkhardt), by Dr. Johann Dietterle; and "Religionsunterricht oder Moralunterricht?" by Prof. K. Voight.

The "Palästinajahrbuch" of the German Archæological Institute in Jerusalem appears in its third annual volume, edited by the leader of the school, Prof. G. Dalman, and published by E. S. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin. The *pièce de résistance* is the study of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by the editor himself. He argues that the tradition which makes this church the site of Christ's burial and resurrection is correct—a position at variance with that generally entertained by modern scholars. Other papers treat of Jerusalem in the times of the crusades, and the economic condition of the desert of Judæa.

The series of scholarly investigations of the Papal Syllabus and Encyclical, which the *Internationale Wochenschrift* of Berlin has been publishing, is brought to a conclusion by two essays by Prof. A. Harnack and Prof. F. Paulsen of the University of Berlin. The whole series will probably be issued in book form.

The brochure of Prof. Gottfried Hoberg of the Catholic theological faculty of the University of Freiburg-im-B., "Über die Pentateuchfrage," reflects the convictions of the best of Catholic scholarship on the Pentateuchal problem. The sub-title declares that this investigation has been made with special reference to the decision of the Papal Commission, in 1906, in which the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch as a whole is asserted, but not to the exclusion of post-Mosaic portions.

The Catholic professor of history in the University of Strassburg, Dr. Martin Spahn, has published in large editions a brochure called "Der Kampf um die Schule in Frankreich und Deutschland" (Munich: J. Kösel), in which the Catholic claim to the control of the religious instruction in public schools is defended.

Librarians are always trying to reduce the circulation of cheap and trivial fiction, and to stimulate the reading of the more solid books, in this and other classes. To this end, the following plan is described in the Annual Report of the Free Public Library of East Orange, N. J., just issued:

> To assist persons who are not familiar with many writers to a wider knowledge of fiction that would please them, two lists of novels have been printed. List I. is pasted inside the cover of such writers as never need advertising, for they are recommended by their admirers. Among these writers are E. P. Roe, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Wister, translator, and others. Not a book is placed on List I. that would prove disappointing, and nearly all are by authors who have many other favorites to their credit. Another copy of the list is placed between the pages of the book to be kept by the borrower. In this way a person who needs a suggestion finds it in the list, and the list does not go to persons who have a wide knowledge of writers and prefer to choose for themselves.
>
> List II. includes writers who also make the story paramount to the literary style, who are also favorites, but whose stories are a little heavier and add to these characteristics a charm in the telling, an insight into motive and life that give an added zest to the pleasure of the reader. A copy of List II. is therefore similarly placed in every book mentioned on List I., and in other books by the same authors. Books mentioned on the lists are bought to meet demand.

The first list contains books by Barr, Brush, Burnham, Burnett, Davis, Fothergill, Fox, Hornung, Johnston, King, Lynde, McClelland, McCutcheon, Mulock, Westcott, Wister, and Woolson. The second list, books by Allen, Barrie, Besant, Blackmore, Churchill, Crawford, Crockett, Ford, Fox, Frothingham, Glasgow, Goodwin, Greene, Hope, Mason, Merriman, Mitchell, Parker, Smith, Tarkington, Ward, and Weyman. Even List II. does not strike one as a dose of very heavy fiction.

A plan for promoting the efficiency of small libraries is outlined in a report presented at the last meeting of the California Library Association. The plan is that all libraries too poor to employ expert librarians shall arrange themselves into convenient groups and jointly engage an expert who shall divide his time and labor according to the needs of each, or according to the share contributed to his salary. Thus in a group of half a dozen small libraries, each could have the entire attention and service of the superintendent for a period long enough to enable him to put the annual accessions in order and to organize and direct the general policy of the library. The plan is, in short, to do for the isolated village library what the branch system with a common head is doing for the great city libraries.

The committee of the New York Association on Library Institutions has arranged to hold thirty-two meetings in various parts of the State this month. All the libraries of the State (outside of Greater New York) have been divided into groups averaging about fifteen libraries to a group; and at the most accessible library in each group, neighboring librarians and trustees are invited to assemble.

A committee of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, of which the general secretary, the Rev. Oscar M. Voorhees of High Bridge, N. J., is chairman, is endeavoring to collect the facts with regard to the early forms of the Phi Beta Kappa medal or key. The form of the original medal of the William and Mary Chapter is well known. The earliest one known as yet to the committee, belonging to a Harvard member, is now in the Harvard library, and was the property of Benjamin Pickman of the class of 1784. The earliest medals bore three stars and the date of the original organization, December 5, 1776. For a time the date of the Harvard chapter, September 5, 1781, was used by its members, but the original date was afterward restored. But the number of stars was increased, the key form came into use, and other changes were adopted. The committee desires to learn the facts as to the evolution of the medal, with a view to recommending to the United Chapters a form that shall on adoption become the standard. Those in possession of early medals, say those made before 1860, will confer a favor by sending a description of them to the chairman of the committee. This will be acknowledged and the sender receive a copy of the report of the Ninth Triennial Council, held in Williamsburg, Va., September 11 and 12, 1907.

The Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church in this city, died April 29. He was born in 1827, the son of John A. Dix, at one time Governor of New York. He graduated from Columbia and the General Theological Seminary; he became connected with Trinity parish in 1855, and since 1862 he had been rector. Among his writings are "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical," "Lectures on the Calling of a Christian Woman," "Memoirs of John A. Dix," "Gospel and Philosophy," "The Sacramental System," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Lectures on the First Prayer Book of Edward VI.," "The Two Estates—Wedded in the Lord, Single for the Kingdom of Heaven's Sake," "History of Trinity Church," "Expositions of the Epistle to the Romans, Epistles to the Galatians and Colossians," "Lectures on Pantheism," "Lectures on the Authority of the Church," "Good Friday Addresses," "Memoirs of Mother Harriet, Founder of the Sisterhood of St. Mary," "Three Guardians of Supernatural Religion," and "History of the Parish of Trinity Church."

Albert Stickney, a lawyer of this city, died May 4. He was born in Boston in 1839, was graduated from Harvard in 1859, and from the Harvard Law School in 1862. After service in the civil war he practised in this city. Among his books are: "The Lawyer and His Clients," "A True Republic," "Democratic Government: a Study of Politics," "The Political Problem," "The Transvaal Outlook" (1900); and "Organized Democracy" (1906).

The death is announced of Miss Winifred Mary Wyse, who is remembered as the editor of the works of her father, Sir Thomas Wyse, British minister at Athens from 1849 to 1862. After his death Miss Wyse published his "Travels in the Peloponnesus and Impressions of Greece," and later his "Notes on Education Reform in Ireland."

Professor Gustav Adolf Fricke, of the University of Leipzig, recently died at the age of eighty-five. He was a member of the theological faculty, and was the founder of the National Gustav Adolf Verein. For some years he had ceased to lecture, and had discontinued his literary work, which in former decades had been prolific. Among his works are "Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte," "Metaphysik und Dogmatik," "Briefe und Reden," and "Ist Gott persönlich?"

PROFESSOR HILPRECHT'S DEFENCE.

The So-Called Peters-Hilprecht Controversy. Part i.: Proceedings of the Committee appointed by the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania to Act as a Court of Inquiry. Part ii.: Supplemental Documents, Evidence, and Statement. Submitted to the Public by H. V. Hilprecht. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman & Co.

As a result of the official investigation of the Hilprecht case we have at last a volume of 350 odd pages. Charges against Professor Hilprecht's integrity were made by other Assyriologists three years ago. They consisted at first in the statement that Hilprecht had published as objects found in the Nippur "Temple Library" objects which were not found "in what Hilprecht himself described as the Temple Library." The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania appointed a committee to investigate these charges, and Hilprecht's accusers were invited to appear before it. These accusers (who wished to be known as witnesses rather than as accusers) were all well known and highly respected scholars. The method of examination to which these gentlemen had to submit in order to get their evidence before the committee was not such as to improve Hilprecht's case. A skilful lawyer was employed to question them, and under his examination these eminent scholars were made to appear as incapable witnesses. Their testimony as to the inference which had been drawn and would naturally be drawn by the readers of Hilprecht's books was set at naught and their own scholarship was deftly impugned. The fact that Hilprecht did not expressly state what readers were left to infer (and many readers had inferred) was regarded by the committee as wholly exculpatory, and they promptly acquitted him of the charge of literary dishonesty, as well as of the charge (subsequently made) of misappropriating property belonging to the university. They also acquitted him of the "charge that what was found at Nippur has no just claim to be called a Temple Library."

The evidence is now before the public. It appears that, as stated by the accusers, the important tablets known as the Astronomical, the Noorian Multiplication, and the Lushtamar tablets, with which Hilprecht had operated in establishing the existence of the "Temple Library," had all been purchased years before the fourth expedition (whose finds were particularly exploited by Hilprecht) had even started out. The famous "Astronomical tablet from the (Nippur) Temple Library" was not found at Nippur at all, but had been bought eleven years before from a dealer in antiquities whose specimens came, as far as is known, from other places. There is no evidence that this tablet ever was in Nippur. There are two multiplication tablets. One of them had been found at Nippur, not by Professor Hilprecht, but by Dr. John P. Peters, ten or eleven years before, though not, in Dr. Peters's judgment, in that part of the city where Hilprecht had located the temple. This tablet, however, actually came from Nippur, and, according to Hilprecht, from the site of the second temple library. The other tablet had been purchased by Mr. Noorian in 1889, eleven years before the discovery of the Temple Library, and there is no proof that it ever came from Nippur. The Lushtamar letter tablet had also been purchased (by Hilprecht himself, but not at Nippur) in 1889. There is no evidence that it did or that it did not come from Nippur. It may well have come from there, but without explanation it may not well be referred to as if it had been found in a place where it was not found.

In sum, then, certain tablets exploited as proof of a Temple Library at Nippur were not discovered and dug up at Nippur by Hilprecht or by any member of the fourth expedition. They were bought, not excavated, and came from no one knows where. Yet Hilprecht's own statements in his published works give the impression that the most important tablets were excavated at Nippur by his own "fourth expedition," and that they constituted part of the finds of that expedition. Indisputable evidence was given before the committee that this was the impression received, not only by Hilprecht's accusers, but also by disinterested foreign readers of his publications.

Hilprecht now states that he never intended to convey any such impression (p. 207), but that he treated these tablets in his publications as having really come from Nippur because he really and truly believed that they originally belonged there. He denies that he ever intended to claim them as part of his own finds. And it is true that if one goes to Philadelphia and gets permission to examine the tablets one will find out the provenance of the tablets by inspecting the labels. Even if one followed up a cue given in one of Hilprecht's own publications, it would be possible for a scholar to ferret out the truth. But it must be remembered that this publication was meant less for scholars than for the public, and the ugly fact remains that the general public's general opinion on reading Hilprecht's book could not be other than that the tablets were discovered by or through him at Nippur, and in themselves formed the base of his claim that he had discovered a Temple Library.

No blame attaches to Hilprecht or to any one else for acquiring tablets by purchase or for believing that tablets thus purchased came from Nippur. That a library "in the sense of a collection of writings" existed at Nippur, is certain. The point is, does a previous purchase of tablets at Bagdad or Hillah justify one in conveying to general readers the impression that the tablets thus obtained had been discovered by himself at Nippur? Decidedly not. Hilprecht still insists that it is customary to purchase antiquities from thieves and locate their provenance to the best of the purchaser's ability. But it is also customary to refrain from describing them in such a way as to lead one to suppose that these antiquities were excavated by the purchaser.

The Committee of Sixteen, which has figured in this investigation, was, or is, if it has not disbanded, a self-appointed band of Orientalists, who were moved to ask Hilprecht for "a full and frank statement of the facts." In reply Hilprecht has given in this volume an answer as full as was desired, and probably as fair as he could make it. He admits that he has "perhaps not unjustly" been censured for giving undue prominence to the results of the Philadelphia expeditions. This seems tantamount to admitting that he has unduly glorified himself. The truth appears to be that Hilprecht is an able and brilliant scholar, misled in the first instance by a natural vanity and not guiltless of having attempted to make his discoveries, in contrast with those of his modest predecessors, more imposing than they actually were. In this particular Hilprecht will, we regret to say, still stand condemned by all unprejudiced scholars.

The charge that he misappropriated property belonging to his own university, would, from the evidence published in this book, appear to fall to the ground. The authorities of the university, in their supplementary "Findings of the Board of Trustees," expressly say that he was entitled to certain objects as souvenirs of the expedition. Yet in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of April 30 William H. Furness, 3d, secretary of the Board of Managers of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, 1904-1905, explains why he and the president and four other members of the board resigned on February 23, 1905. Mr. Furness says that in the winter of 1903-1904 "certain articles of more than usual value entered as above [duty free, as property of the museum] were removed from the museum by Dr. Hilprecht. One of these was a "fragmentary boundary stone," which had "remained in the museum for five years, with no other understanding than that it was museum property." Mr. Furness adds:

> It was then packed up and taken away, solely on Dr. Hilprecht's order, and retained in his possession and claimed by him as personal property when questioned by the museum authorities.

The third charge, from which the committee of his trustees absolves him, "that what was found at Nippur has no just claim to be called a Temple Library," this committee had no competence to pass upon. Nor is any one save an Assyriologist competent to decide this question, and no Assyriologist who valued the weight of his own verdict would pretend to say whether there was at Nippur a Temple Library or not until he knew the contents of the thousands of tablets found there. This is no matter for a "charge." It is a scientific question, to be answered only after an examination of the tablets still unexamined, or examined only by Hilprecht himself. As to this point, Hilprecht avers, and he offers the signed statement of the Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum in corroboration of the fact, that he has personally examined all the tablets excavated by the fourth expedition in 1901. Unless one is willing on general principles to stigmatize Professor Hilprecht as a liar and Dr. Hamdy Bey as his accomplice, this averment must stand. And further, the asseveration of Hilprecht that he bought the Lushtamar tablet on April 18, 1889, cannot in decency be questioned after his perfectly reasonable explanation as given on page 310 of this book.

In short, we believe that Professor Hilprecht has deliberately misrepresented many of the facts in regard to the finds of the fourth expedition to Nippur, and Dr. Furness's letter shows that in this last volume no mention is made of other facts likely to place Hilprecht's conduct in a less favorable light than that cast upon it by the findings of the trustees. But we believe, on the other hand, that not all the charges against Professor Hilprecht have been sustained, and it must not be forgotten that, whether sustained or not, these charges do not impair the value of the great mass of tablets known to have come from Nippur, and now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania. For there still remains in Philadelphia a noble monument of enterprise and skill, a collection of tablets which, whether they ever made a Temple Library or not, are of priceless worth. From what is known of them, they are likely to prove a collection of literary as well as scientific value. Whatever doubt exists as to whether Hilprecht was right in anticipating further examination and dubbing the collection a Temple Library on the strength of tablets only presumed to have come from Nippur, the inscriptions actually found there constitute in themselves an inestimable treasure. What the contents may be can only be surmised, but the few specimens seen by other scholars (not to speak of Hilprecht's own estimate) make it probable that the collection is one well worthy to be called a library. The notorious tablets purchased were few. Those dug up at Nippur number over twenty thousand.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Bond. By Neith Boyce. New York: Duffield & Co.

Rather the favorite theme, during the past decade or two, with our urban novelists, has been the "artistic temperament" in more or less discomfiting contact with a crass world. It would be interesting to know how much real appetite the novel-reading public continues to have for this kind of thing. Not a great deal, probably, so far as its masculine portion is concerned; but then its masculine portion is relatively inconsiderable. Is it a sign of the feminization of our popular literature that it should give such earnest attention to the intellectual fribbles and emotional "hoboes" who may be observed in any great city hanging picturesquely upon the skirts of Art? Or is there more pure romance, a finer distillation of human nature, in the experience and the temperament of the young painter or sculptor than in his contemporary the young grocer or stockbroker? Or is it merely that the writer is naturally more interested in his fellow artist than in other species of fellow-man? The author of "The Bond" has resisted some of the more obvious lures of her theme. She has not represented her painters and sculptors as producing annual masterpieces, nor has she cultivated the patter of the studio for its own sake. Rather she seems to have chosen two possessors of "the temperament" as protagonists in her little drama of matrimony because their ingeniousness and emotional intensity make sharp and patent that warfare of sex which, in the case, say, of the broker and brokeress, is fated to smoulder under a surface of dull accommodation.

Our special correspondent at the front does her work faithfully and discerningly, and her story rings true. Her young painter is not a mere arrangement in beard and blouse, but very much a human being. At thirty he is recently married to a charming woman somewhat his junior. The terms upon which they embrace matrimony are sufficiently modern. They are to live together, when the spirit moves, in a flat. His studio is in another quarter, and she retains her "bachelor" apartments in a third; children are of course out of the question. No arrangement could be more flexible, none more likely to free wedlock outright of its remotest suggestion of bondage. Yet bondage there is, how subtle, how strong—how increasingly strong as time passes—it is the story-teller's purpose to reveal. The passion upon which their union is founded is reinforced by liking and interest, but for a long time, neither man nor woman is conscious of the existence of a deeper spiritual bond between them. The realization of it comes first to the woman in connection with the experience of her unwished-for maternity. Later, the jealousy and misunderstanding on both sides, which superficially threaten the stability of their legal relation, serve only to bring home to them the irrefragable nature of their spiritual bond. They do not like each other in all ways, they quarrel a good deal over petty matters, as we are permitted to suppose they will do to the end of the chapter. For the signal fact about the book is that the writer does not work her pair of characters up to a climax of antagonism and so to a plane of absolute understanding and flawless union. The elements of conflict between them are constant; and we are wisely left with a vision of them, in one of their moods of temporary reconcilement, "silent for a time, cheek to cheek, looking into the fire. . . . Each of them was seeing, perhaps, their past together, and its many memories. Each of them was silent before the future."

The Unlucky Family. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is very different from the stories for which Mrs. de la Pasture has recently become well-known in America—stories of pleasant and rather old-fashioned sentiment. Here is a domestic extravaganza as absurd, if not quite so humorous, as "The Peterkin Family" or "Rudder Grange." Its pictures are superior to our own of the same type. The principal characters belong to a middle-class family suddenly promoted from the suburban villa to the responsibilities of a luxurious country house, with dukes and admirals and mayors as calling neighbors, and a deliciously inadequate congeries of shiftless or bullying servants in the background. The unluckiness of the Chubb family is of the pleasing and painless kind experienced by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The series of ridiculous contretemps involved have the kind of virtual plausibility which distinguishes good nonsense from mere inanity. But it may be guessed that the broad adventures of the Chubb family at Finch Hall will appear flat to such good Americans as see no humor in *Punch*.

The City of Delight. By Elizabeth Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The plan of this "Love Drama of the Siege and Fall of Jerusalem" is a good one, the story interesting, the setting admirably chosen. From Ascalon in the year 69 goes forth with father and attendants a Jewish maiden to meet in Jerusalem the husband whom she has not seen since they were married in childhood. He is of the Maccabees, and means to make Judæa his; she, a beautiful girl and an ardent patriot. She sets out with solemn rejoicing, bearing a rich dowry which is to be part of the cornerstone of a new Israel. Pestilence and thieves overtake the travellers; sorrowing and poor, the survivors reach Jerusalem as Titus is bringing up his legionaries to the walls. Treachery and lies spread nets about the feet of Laodice, and long keep apart her and the husband, who have met on the pilgrimage, and loved, in a not very plausibly maintained ignorance of each other's identity. The siege and fall of the city roar suitably around the love story, and there is rather vivid picturing of the tumultuous period; the conflict of nationalities, the striving of sects, the voices of true prophets and false uplifted on the walls.

If the execution were only as good as the design! Even as it is, the glint of historic interest gives the book a welcome dignity. The wording suffers sadly from that lack of training which expresses itself, now preciously, now inadequately, running away from the simple in both directions. Thus we have "the splendid benevolence of the untroubled day," and yet, "they say she got to trifling with magic and prowling about the temples to see if the gods came true." "Unthoughted" gives pause, and "Pfui" and "Pouf" hardly heighten local color in mouths of Greek and Cyprian.

The Vigil. By Harold Begbie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

If it were not for the heroic figure of Tom Shorder, "Champagne" Shorder, the net impression of the book would be of a clever inconclusiveness. A writer born under Dickens and nurtured under Mrs. Humphry Ward is laboring under some disadvantage; one must not be surprised to find him presenting a Mrs. Gamp and a Robert Elsmere cheek by jowl; here a nip of home-brewed humor, and there a slice of evangelical romance. The problem involved is one of perennial concern to religious minds, but incapable, perhaps, of really fresh treatment.

The young clergyman at whose struggles and final triumph we are invited intimately to assist is not of a particularly engaging type. After taking orders, he has found himself disqualified by intellectual doubt from officiating as a priest of the English Church. He spends some years as a lay-worker in the London slums. Working with him is a woman of his own age whom he has known from childhood, and who has, in effect, devoted her life and her wealth to his service. She loves him deeply, and makes no secret of it; but he is too much wrapped up in his day's task and his spiritual egoism to think of her except as a friend upon whom he can absolutely rely. Presently a revulsion of feeling carries him back to the fold, and he becomes a vicar of a godless town on the western coast of England, where he begins with enthusiasm to preach his gospel of culture and churchmanship. The woman follows him, and what with his personal charm and zeal and her money and zeal, he quickly impresses himself and his views upon the community. After a time he wakes sufficiently from his self-absorption to realize that he loves the woman and that she loves him—an awful state of things, since he has taken the vow of celibacy. He goes through the customary selfish throes of the enthusiast of his type, and decides that he must sacrifice his love. She realizes that he is doing this in the name of the Church and not of God, but he fails to see the difference. A series of violent incidents eventually rouse him to a sense of his Christlessness; and he becomes, in place of the cultivated and intellectual conserver of churchly observance, a voice calling sinners to repentance. His view of celibacy is, of course, laid aside. The trouble with the whole affair is that the man is a weakling: and not all his creator can say in praise of him is able to disguise the fact. Also the woman is a prig, with a horrid habit of being right. Several of the minor figures, on the other hand, possess a good deal of vitality, especially certain rustics, male and female, worthy to keep alive the memory of Tabitha Bramble and Mrs. Poyser. But the one figure, as we say, which makes the book remarkable, is that of Shorder, the irresponsible, boisterous, mocking giant whom one compares in fancy with no other hero whatever, so instant is the impression of the man's power. Everything he says, everything he does, is himself: the writer must have recorded him in a frame of mind very different from that in which he set down the air-drawn agonies of his vicar.

Rambling Recollections. By Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

Seldom can a book have borne a more accurate title. Sir Henry gives an outline of his diplomatic and Parliamentary career; throws in a few notes of travel with some sidelights on the political history of his time; but his main interest is personal, and he ambles gently on from man to man that he has known. He aims to be exact, and this accounts for a deal of useless genealogical lumber in his volumes. His desire is plainly to be just: it is the essential character that he would render; but it is the picturesque and the racy that most caught his eye and remain in his memory. Hence the extraordinary number of anecdotes and good sayings which Sir Henry records. Many of them are old, not all of the new ones are worth printing, but the entire mass makes pleasant fireside gossip for an hour or two.

At least one serious purpose the author has in mind. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was a member of the famous Fourth Party, which comprised Randolph Churchill and Arthur Balfour. It appears that some friends of the latter think that his later dignities require a repudiation of his early connection with those haphazard and impudent skirmishers of politics. Accordingly, they have put it about that Mr. Balfour really was never in sympathy with the irregularities and effronteries of the Fourth Party. They represent him as rather annexed than assenting. But Sir Henry destroys this legend in the making. Besides the well-known photograph of Mr. Balfour lounging at ease on the bench where the Fourth Party sat, there are letters. Some of them are quoted. Late in 1880, Mr. Balfour wrote to Wolff:

> You accuse me of two things—dining in ——'s society and repudiating the Fourth Party. I deny both charges. . . As to the Fourth Party I did not repudiate it. I denied its existence, which is a very different thing If there is a Fourth Party, and in so far as there is one, *I* am a member of it.

Thus does Sir Henry refuse to allow Mr. Balfour to "divest himself of his past."

But the stories are the thing in these 800 pages, and the reviewer can but define by an example. In the way of a *mot*, take this of Kinglake's, uttered of a widow who professed herself insulted by a young man's advances. The latter asked what she would probably do. "Beware! she will pursue you through life with her unrelenting gratitude!" Hayward makes frequent appearances in the "Recollections." Once he was come up with:

> At a time when I was frequenting the Athenæum a good deal, a Cingalese gentleman, who had come to England to read for the bar, was recommended by Sir Roderick Murchison to all his acquaintances. One day, finding him alone, Mr. Hayward and I invited him to our table. Mr. Hayward wished to instruct him as to the constitution of English society, and said, "You will find in England that men of distinction, who belong neither to the aristocracy nor to the richer classes, but have made a mark, either in literature or by their conversational powers, are always received in great houses on a footing of perfect equality. You never go to a great house but you will see some distinguished literary man received as one of the most highly honored guests."
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> The Cingalese said, very naïvely, "But are these not called sycophants?"
>
> There was complete silence.

Science.

Handbook of the Trees of the Northern United States of America and Canada. By Romeyn Beck Hough, New York: Harper & Bros. $8.

Our Trees and How to Know Them. By A. T. Emerson and C. M. Weed, Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.

Everybody is beginning to realize that city trees pay for themselves over and over again, in health and pleasure for all; but at the outset, it seems different with the trees in the country, particularly in a new country like ours, where the settler's first duty is to clear ground for his home. Now, however, that enough ground has finally been cleared, the slaughter of the trees should be stopped, and give way to their wise use. It is of the highest importance therefore, at this critical period to acquaint thoughtful citizens with the constituents of our forests. Among the more interesting facts respecting trees are their distribution, their manner of growth, and their products. When to these we add relationship and name, we have outlined the basis on which useful tree-manuals are constructed. Nowadays, a great part of this important information can be given by pictures, often in the form of photographic reproductions.

The two volumes before us supply about all the requisite pictorial information necessary for "matching patterns," that is, for identifying the more common trees at any season of the year. From the mere text of our manuals, it is not easy, in all cases, to determine the name of a tree in midwinter; many trees cannot be readily identified even in the height of summer, when in full foliage; for the evidence of fruit and seed as well as of leaves may be required. The volume by Emerson and Weed is of a more popular type than that by Hough. It offers admirable photographs of the winter conditions of our trees, and also of the foliage in summer or autumn, and of the flowers in their season. The text, which is pleasantly written, gives a good amount of forest lore, and of facts relative to the range of the species, together with a sprinkling of fairly selected verse.

Mr. Hough's treatise is equally well illustrated, but is more distinctly intended for students. In addition to photographs similar to those in the other work, Mr. Hough presents us with figures of the bark, and, here and there, also cross-sections of the wood, magnified. He has, besides, maps showing the geographical distribution, and from acknowledged authorities he has taken important data as to the properties of the more useful woods. He comes to his work well prepared: from his father who was one of the pioneers in exciting interest in forestry in the United States, he inherited an enthusiastic love of the subject; and for years he has been actively engaged in obtaining material for an exhaustive presentation of sections of our North American woods. In this vast undertaking his valuable services are highly appreciated both here and in Europe.

These two treatises are, in a proper sense, companion volumes, and may be advantageously employed together.

Prof. Ludwig Darmstädter has promised to give to the Royal Library in Berlin, on the occasion of its removal to its new building, his remarkable collection of autographs. It is devoted exclusively to the history of science, especially the natural sciences, and contains letters and other autographic pieces by scholars in all parts of the world, most of them of scientific and historical value on account of their contents as well as their associations. With the gift comes a promise of 1,500 marks a year as long as the donor lives, for the upkeep of the collection.

Dr. André Victor Cornil, professor in the Faculté de Médecine of Paris, has died in his seventy-first year. He was at one time editor of the *Journal des Connaissances Médicales*, and his "Manuel d'Histologie Pathologique" is a standard work.

The death of Albert-Auguste de Lapparent, the French geologist, was announced in a dispatch from Paris, May 5. He was born in 1839 and educated at the École Polytechnique. He had been president of the Société géologique de France, the Société française de Minéralogie, and of the Société française de Géographie; and at the time of his death he was perpetual secretary of the Académie des Sciences, and professor of geology and mineralogy at the Institut Catholique de Paris. Among his writings are: "Traité de géologie," "Cours de minéralogie," "Abrégé de géologie," "Précis de minéralogie," "Leçons de géographie," "Le Siècle du fer," and 'Science et apologétique."

Drama.

Information comes to us in regard to another author in the Clarendon Press octavo series of dramatists. Tucker Brooke, a Rhodes scholar, will edit the text of Marlowe, to which Professor Raleigh will furnish an Introduction. Skelton also is to have two editors, Prof. Albert Pollard doing the historic work and Alfred W. Pollard the literary portion.

The rhymed text of "The Jesters," the English adaptation of the charming little French romance of Miguel Zamacoïs, which was presented in the Empire Theatre of this city not long ago, has just been published by Brentano's. Why this translation should have been deemed worthy of preservation in permanent form it is not easy to guess—for it is a most inadequate performance—but a perusal of it proves that a considerable share of the blame allotted to the actors for the halting and broken delivery of the verse should be transferred to the author, John N. Raphael, whose lines exhibit few traces of literary facility or poetic instinct. The fact that so crude a piece of work should have been accepted as suitable for elaborate representation in a first-class theatre is significant of the extent and quality of modern managerial capacity. But the adaptation, rough and unsympathetic as it is, does occasionally offer dim reflections of the graceful fancy and romantic coloring of the original. It enables the discerning reader, for instance, to imagine the romantic fascination of the hero when impersonated by an actress possessing the ardor, eloquence, and histrionic resources of Sarah Bernhardt, who was its first interpreter. This is not the only time that a play of high literary excellence, and the promise of much theatrical potency has been reduced to the dull level of the commonplace by incompetent managing and acting on the local stage.

The English translation of Gerhart Hauptmann's "Hannele" by Charles Henry Meltzer, which has just been issued in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co., is the version which was used when the piece was produced in this city in the spring of 1894. It is satisfactory in the prose parts, which are simply and vigorously written, but less so in the poetic, which are quite devoid of melodic inspiration. As a whole the work has no such distinctive literary merit as would give special value to the subject matter, which is largely dependent for its effect upon its descriptive adornments. Robbed of these, the story with its sensational admixture of melodramatic realism and rhapsodical religious allegory is not impressive. On the stage here it had a very brief success of curiosity.

Music.

Richard Wagner an Minna Wagner. 2 vols. New York: Lemcke & Buechner.

"The number of letters I am compelled to write is horrible," Wagner complained, in January, 1859. Yet he seems to have found letter-writing necessary as a sort of safety valve for his pent-up feelings, and it was only when he was utterly absorbed in composition that he paused. To the many epistles previously published there have now been added two volumes containing his letters to his first wife, the actress Minna Planer, whom he married in 1836, when he was only twenty-three. His first dated communication to her in this collection is of the year 1842; the last 1863, three years before her death. The volume has no index nor a line of prefatory explanation as to who has had these letters since her death, whether any of them have been omitted or edited, and what has become of those which were written in the last three years of her life. That there must have been some is almost certain, for Wagner, from whom she had been separated (but not divorced) for several years before the date of the last of these published letters, kept supplying her with the necessaries and comforts of life. Only two weeks before her death she wrote, at his request, a public letter in which she contradicted malicious rumors circulated in Munich by declaring that "until now I have received a sustentation from my absent husband Richard Wagner which secures me an existence free from care."

Liszt's daughter, Mme. Ollivier, once remarked regarding Richard and Minna Wagner: "Never perhaps were two less compatible persons united in marriage." Six months after their wedding she left him, and he brought suit for divorce on the ground of desertion, but withdrew it, unfortunately. Had the two separated then, both would have been saved thirty years of wretchedness. As he himself said: "She would have been happier with a lesser man," while he would have been spared an incalculable amount of distress and irritation. Of this distress and irritation many of these letters bear painful evidence. Minna was a model German *Hausfrau* in some respects; that is, she knew how to cook to her husband's taste, and she provided otherwise for his material comforts; but, as he wrote to her once: "What is all the bodily comfort you so freely provided for me compared with the spiritual comfort necessary to a man of my excitability?" She had absolutely no comprehension of, or sympathy with, his artistic ideals. In her eyes he was an unmitigated fool because he did not write operatic potboilers—anything for immediate effect and profit. For many years, while he found it difficult to earn or beg money enough to provide for the time he needed to write his later operas—which nobody wanted at that time—he had to support her, too, and her relatives. There were occasions when he squandered money, but these were rare, because he seldom had any. The royalties from his early operas amounted to little, and his concerts in Paris and Vienna resulted in deficits. At St. Petersburg he was more successful, but as we see from his letter dated April 1, 1863, 812 thaler of his profits was promptly sent to Minna.

The roving life Wagner led in giving concerts and trying to place his operas would in any case have often separated him temporarily from his wife. What finally made this separation permanent was absolute incompatibility of temper, aggravated by the persistent illness which pursued both wife and husband. In 1858 Wagner wrote to the Dresden physician, Dr. Pusinelli, that Minna a few years previously had acquired a taste for laudanum, which had incautiously been ordered in small doses for her sleeplessness; as she could detect no result, she increased the doses to several scores of drops, as she subsequently confessed to him. This led to progressive irritability, and the result was frequent conflicts which made their life together unbearable. She continued, however, to nag and irritate him in her letters, and he patiently attempted to pacify her and to allay her wild fancies, partly inspired by opium. Some of these letters are not particularly pleasant reading, as one feels that he is not entirely frank with her, since he vaguely and repeatedly hints at plans for living together again after he had fully made up his mind never to do so, for the sake of her health and his own, as well as of his work. As he wrote to his sister in 1859:

> I recognized that there was only one choice left—between treating her with considerate cajolery, always evading, simply tranquillizing, ignoring all her ebullitions—or—undisguisedly abandoning her to her misery. It stands to reason that I chose the first course.

One of these "tranquillizing" letters takes up eight printed pages! Occasionally, however, his patience deserted him, and once he wrote, brutally: "For heaven's sake . . . do what you will, but do not eternally ruffle the temper of your husband, who belongs not to you alone, but to art, to the world, and the future." From this letter it is pleasant to turn to another where he takes a humorous view of her shrewishness, pointing out that her last "suspicious letter" had arrived opportunely to put him in the right mood for Fricka's diatribe against her spouse Wotan in "Die Walküre."

It is very seldom that he thus allows Minna a glimpse of his workshop; in this respect these letters form a remarkable contrast to those addressed to the more sympathetic Mathilde Wesendonck, who was the obvious cause of much of Minna's morbid irritation. What distinguishes these letters from the other collections, apart from the light they throw on Wagner's attitude toward his first wife, is the details they give of Wagner's successes and failures with his concerts and operas. In these personalities she was keenly interested, and we find among them many which give a more vivid picture of various incidents in his life than can be found even in the letters to Liszt or in the most elaborate biographies. This is true particularly of the London episode—the four months which Wagner spent in that city to conduct a series of Philharmonic concerts for the munificent sum of $1,000, out of which he hoped to save $200! He had plentiful forebodings that his acceptance of this invitation was a piece of sheer folly. He counted the days when it would be over, wrote to Minna: "Now there are only seven more concerts," "now only six more," etc., and at the end he referred to this affair as "an accursed dog-time." London was a "loathsome den," in which he endured "the tortures of hell." He had to conduct the most "awful programmes," made up largely of third-rate German and English music. The public he found "quite incapable of really appreciating music," and he notes this peculiarity:

> A grand, impressive piece is always received rather coldly, but a pretty and indifferent one gives them great joy. That seems to be the fashion; you must not get excited, and for heaven's sake not be carried away—that would not be good form.

He was much annoyed by the habit of leaving *en masse* during the performance of the last piece, and one day, when this piece was one he did not want to have marred, he suddenly stopped, sat down, folded his arms, and said to the leader of the violins: "Let's wait a little; maybe we won't need to play this overture at all!" to the amusement of occupants of the first rows who heard him and nodded their approval.

The Mozart Festival begins at Munich on August 1. Between that date and the ninth "Figaro" and "Don Juan" will be sung twice each, and "The Elopement from the Harem" and "Cosi fan tutte" once each. On August 11 the Wagner Festival begins with "Die Meistersinger," which will also be sung on August 24. The "Tristan" dates are August 13, 26, September 7; "Tannhäuser," August 15, September 4; the "Ring," August 17, 22, 29, September 2, 9, 14.

Art.

THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY

As one enters the American Fine Arts Galleries the first impression is that the art of water color and pastel as displayed here is aiming at the effect of oils, with a touch more, but only a touch, of bright light than is given by the heavier medium. At a second glance one discriminates two ideals that seem to dominate the majority of the painters; on the one hand, are the pictures done with patches of color, running in some cases to an almost painful *papillotage;* on the other are those which seem made for posters, with broad masses of subdued tones—the vibrant and the static, as they might be called. And in the first class, even where the range of color is restricted, it is the sense of life and motion that is likely to attract. One feels this in two marine views that first strike the eye in the South Gallery; one, The Moonlit Sea, a pastel by F. K. M. Rehn, has a dull sky, too dull perhaps, from which the moonlight streaming over the water gives an impression of exultant upward tossing; the other, Reynolds Beal's pastel, Summer at Sea, gives the impression of life chiefly in the sky, where the wind among the clouds almost makes itself felt as a moving presence. With these may go another pastel by Albert L. Groll, called The Road to Acoma, in which sky and land shine with nacreous tints. Other noticeable pastels in this room are Childe Hassam's October, a bit of true out-of-door color; a quiet, unpretentious, but charming little meadow scene by A. T. Van Laer; and Shirley Williamson's End of the Day, showing a road that curves by a farmstead with a few trees on the opposite side, with over all an atmosphere of indescribable peace.

The Central Gallery is given up to etchings, drawings, and other illustrative work. Some of the etchings particularly have the personal, intimate appeal one seeks in that method. We can only particularize a group of Joseph Pennell's in his well-known style, of which Rouen from Bon Secours, with its skilful omission of the insignificant, is specially pleasing; seven or eight charming Florence scenes by Ernest D. Roth; and two strong imaginative pieces by N. Loewenberg, Derelict and The Oaks. Two colored etchings by George Senseney should not be overlooked; they would hang well in any room. Drawing, particularly figure drawing, is perhaps the weakest feature of the whole exhibition, and for that reason one is attracted by the fine work of Carroll Beckwith. Of the five sketches by him, that called simply A Drawing, showing a half-draped woman's figure leaning forward on her arms, has a touch of mastery in its lines. The Letter, a crayon by Elizabeth Ingham, is also a true picture despite its hackneyed name.

As one passes to the Vanderbilt Gallery, where the water-colors are collected, the Fair Amalfi of George Wharton Edwards opposite the door first catches the attention and seems to give its character to the room. Here there is no attempt at atmosphere or distance; the hill and the palace lie flat and shimmering with spots of color, while the scarlet cloak of the woman coming down the steps seems almost to flaunt itself out of the frame. After this almost anything looks a trifle dull in hue, even C. C. Cooper's extremely clever Balloon Ascension, in which the ring of spectators seems to move and quiver like a painted snake. Our pleasure is frankly with the quieter landscapes. Of these, taking them in order, we may note Frank C. Mathewson's October, Mt. Magunticook, rich with deep brown and tawny greens; a clear, simple Twilight, by Ross Turner, a tiny water-color, in which a line of dull red in the sky seems to cast a subdued glow over the land; Isle au Haut, by Carlton T. Chapman, a little thing but full of charm; E. Irving Couse's After the Shower, notable for the skill with which the group of sheep is subdued into the landscape, and also for the clean look of the evening air, as if indeed washed by rain; a small landscape called Bougival, by Childe Hassam, a bit of honest water-color painting, which reproduces the impression of a green bank with delightful accuracy; Dunes at Evening, the best of C. W. Eaton's pieces, showing a gray hillside with a line of dark green trees standing half-way across, with the effect of strange allurement; and W. H. Holmes's Midsummer Day, a dusky scene with a look of showers in the sky which gives a feeling of haste to the harvesters loading the hay.

Landscape is distinctly the field of water-color, and there are few portraits or figures here, or for that matter among the pastels, that can be called satisfactory. Some of these, as, to name a single case, the girl called Romance, are distinctly hard and unpleasant. If we made any criticism of the hanging, it would be that too much prominence is given to the pictures of startling brilliance, whereas some of the quieter scenes, successful in a more difficult if more modest manner, are not allowed to afford the full pleasure they contain.

The opening of this spring's exhibition at the New Gallery in London seems to emphasize the change in the conditions of picture buying and selling, so evident of late at Christie's and in the other London salesrooms. The days are at an end when the initials R.A. and A.R.A. were accepted as a guarantee of excellence. In the sixties, seventies, and eighties, the City Man, who collected at all, had no greater ambition than to become the possessor of the huge "pictures of the year," and this was the period when Academicians built their palaces in St. John's Wood and Kensington. But sales and auctions have for some time been revealing the City Man's mistake. Pictures of the year have gone steadily down in value; and since the City Man does not like to have his investments turn out a failure, he now prefers something that has come more triumphantly out of the test of time. The result is that pictures fresh from the studio do not sell as easily as a few years ago. The managers of the New Gallery, apparently, have discovered the fact. Their annual show has long been little more than an annex to the Academy, a fact which does not mean the success it once did. This year more space than ever is allotted to handicrafts and applied arts. The three galleries down stairs are still hung with pictures, and, in a mass of commonplace, a couple of portraits by Sargent look better than they probably would elsewhere, and a few landscapes by Arthur Lemon, Austen Brown, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Withers appear with something like distinction. But a part of the Central Hall and the balcony are devoted to tapestry, embroideries, jewelry, book-bindings, and other forms of decorative art. These things sell better than pictures, and are fast becoming indispensable in the larger exhibitions of London as of Paris. It is like going back to the old days of the New Gallery, when Burne-Jones was the chief prophet, to find a big design by him, the last he made for tapestry, The Passing of Venus, executed by Morris & Co. The figures have more than the usual Burne-Jones affectation, but the color is strong and effective, and, with the passing of time, the tapestry may tell on the walls of cathedral or palace, as so many old pieces do to-day. Lalique and Lucien Gaillard are among the jewellers who exhibit, and, though they became a little fantastic and affected in the search for novelty, they bring to their work the knowledge and technique which the Englishman, or more usually the English young lady, so seldom devotes to the art. Jewelry of this kind in England has come to mean largely, as it has been described, bits of twisted gold or silver wire, from which odd stones dangle; and an affected primitiveness is looked upon as a merit. There are exceptions. Harry Wilson, though whimsical in his use of precious stones and metals and in his designs, is always the artist. So is Paul Cooper, and both are represented. The book-bindings of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson and the embroideries of Miss May Morris are among other good things shown, which make one hope that this new departure may mean an artistic as well as a financial improvement in the regular summer exhibition at the New Gallery.

There should be a welcome for the new edition of Burckhardt's "Cicerone," brought out by the Scribners under the title "An Art Guide to Painting in Italy," the last English edition of that classic work having appeared, as P. G. Konody explains in his preface, nearly a quarter of a century ago. The present reprint is, however, not to be attempted by any but the strongest eyes, the desire of portability having led to double columns and very small type. The few illustrations are fairly well chosen and reproduced.

At a meeting of scholars held in Frankfurt-on-Main recently a Deutsche Gesellschaft für Kunstwissenschaft was organized, for the purpose of awakening wider and deeper interest in art, and also of undertaking a publication, "Monumenta Artis Germaniæ." The prime mover in the project is Friedrich Althoff; he is seconded by Dr. Wilhelm Bode. An executive committee was elected, who have as helpers some fifty specialists in the different departments of art.

"The Quest of the Colonial" is the title of a small book by Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton, devoted to the study of furniture and furnishings. There are 400 pages, with a large number of photographic illustrations, a color frontispiece, and decorative head and tail pieces to the chapters. Although the book is entirely conversational in tone, and the reverse of scientific in its arrangement, it is yet trustworthy. Even a careful collector may find its advice worth noting, and an experienced student may come upon material in it for his further investigation. By "the Colonial" is meant here British-American Colonial and nothing else. It is necessary nowadays to mention such limitations, for we are beginning to discover that there is a French Colonial, and more especially a Dutch Colonial, at the Cape of Good Hope and in Sumatra, as well as in certain islands of the Caribbean. One who may have seen Willemstad, in the lost or forgotten island of Curaçao, will know what is meant by Dutch Colonial art. This book, then, is devoted to "Georgian" furniture and pewter and delft, Franklin stoves, and pre-revolutionary panels and stairs. There could not be a better collection of short maxims and anecdotes easy to understand. The reader is told how the old house was bought and repaired and fitted up, and how the neighbors came to say, "Why, I see you have found the original knocker!" The book is as useful as if it were not highly amusing.

A commission has lately been appointed to investigate the project of recovering the two Roman ships which were discovered many years ago under the waters of the Lake Nemi. These ships, which formed the celebrated floating palaces of the Emperors Tiberius and Caligula, might, if recovered, contain many valuable objects. According to Suetonius, they were magnificently equipped. They carried porticoes with marble colonnades and balconies; doors inlaid with ivory; walls of cedar wood, decorated with finely carved marbles; they contained bath-rooms, a library, hanging gardens, and temples. With the exception of some animals' heads and other bronze objects, which were brought up during investigations made in 1895, and which are now in the National Museum in Rome, it is believed that nothing has been removed from these great vessels. The commission has now decided that in consequence of the enormous expense it would be impossible to bring the ships to the surface, and the present project is either temporarily to lower the water level or to divert the entire waters of the lake for a time. As soon as the question of the proprietorship of the excavations has been settled with Don Enrico Ruspoli, the present owner of the lake, the work of restoring these wonderful relics of the ancient world is to be definitely begun.

Excavations have been started on the site of the ancient Gabii. This city, which was built by the Kings of Alba, is said to have been the place where Romulus and Remus were educated. Juno was the patron deity of the city.

A collection of old masters, the property of C. C. Ruthrauff, will be exhibited at the National Arts Club till May 15.

The death is announced of Martin Rico, one of the best pen-and-ink draughtsmen in Europe. Rico was a pupil of Frederico de Madrazo. He studied also for several years in Paris, and for some time lived with Fortuny in Italy, his pictures of Venice being specially well known. In Spain he contributed many drawings to the leading illustrated magazines.

Finance.

THE PROBLEM OF FINANCIAL RECOVERY.

During the past fortnight the American financial market has shown a vigorous and sustained recovery, in the course of which, advances of 10 to 15 points in leading Stock Exchange securities were not exceptional. For this action—which has caused the usual revival of optimism, even in business quarters not affiliated with Wall Street—the financial community has assigned four causes: First, the ease in money rates and the strong position of the banks; second, absence of serious commercial failures; third, the continued prospect of a large early wheat crop; fourth, the over-subscription, both here and in Europe, for the Pennsylvania Railroad's loan of $40,000,000.

Taken by itself, easy money and plethoric bank reserves mean much less than would at first glance be supposed. Rates for Wall Street loans are at the lowest since 1904, and surplus reserves of New York banks at the highest figure since 1894. Since dear money and bank deficits had a hand in breaking down the "boom" of 1906, and leading to the panic of 1907, it might be inferred that present conditions would logically mean a returning boom. But this inference would be unsafe, for the reason that low money may merely reflect inability or unwillingness of the usual borrowers to make use of capital; while the piling-up of idle bank reserves may be due to the fact that dull times have released from channels of industry the currency which would be kept in use by active business. The condition of the money market, in other words, is rather the effect of existing depression than a necessary cause of recovery. The easiest money rates and the highest surplus bank reserve in the history of New York came in 1894 under conditions resembling to-day's, and were followed by more than a year of trade depression.

As regards business failures, the outcome of last month was undoubtedly encouraging, in that the country passed through the always critical "April settlement" without any disturbances of importance. On the other hand, the mercantile agencies, in their detailed reports, show considerable after-effects of panic. In number, the April bankruptcies were the largest on record for the period: 1,152, against 733 in April, 1907, and 953 even in 1894, while the liabilities, $22,385,000, as against $9,888,000 last year, are much the largest of any April since 1893. This showing is not altogether rose-colored.

The outlook for the crops is excellent: the "condition percentage" in the government's April report was far above the average; it was a figure which has usually been followed by a "bumper crop" of winter-sown wheat; and it is believed that the May report, due to-morrow, will show the condition to have been well maintained. On one occasion—in 1903—similar hopes were blasted by the weather of May and June. The winter crop, starting with an April "condition" 6 per cent. better than this year's, was cut down 17½ per cent. in the two succeeding months by drought and unseasonable cold, and ended nearly 100,000,000 bushels under the early expectations. This fact suggests some temporary reservation of judgment.

The Pennsylvania loan is what has chiefly been alleged on Wall Street as the cause of the rise in prices and of reviving hopes. Last week's opening of bids disclosed the striking fact that the offer of $40,000,000 in 4 per cent. bonds at 96 was applied for twenty times over in New York and thirty times over in London, on which latter market half of the loan was to be placed. Three inferences were drawn at once, in popular discussion. Europe was again willing to invest capital freely in our industries. American railways, which have been struggling for a year or more under a floating debt of more than $250,000,000, will now be able to fund such obligations into long-term bonds. And, as a consequence, railway purchases of steel and other materials, just now cut down to a minimum, will be increased as the new funds come in hand, so that all contributory industries will be helped.

This reasoning is sound; but it may possibly be carried a step too far. The bonds offered by the Pennsylvania happen to be absolutely the best security which it is just now in the power of any American railway to offer. All the other great companies have already used up in credit operations, during or before the "boom" of 1901 and 1902, the whole first mortgage lien on their main line; the Pennsylvania—partly because of its own prudent policy and partly because of approaching maturity of old first mortgage bonds—is able to secure its $40,000,000 issue by a first lien on the track between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Under this circumstance, with the price of issue at 96, the great success of the loan, and the 2½ per cent. premium bid for it in London in advance of issue, need have provoked no wonder. The heavy "over-subscription" was a surprise to Wall Street; but "over-subscriptions," nowadays, often mean merely that sagacious capitalists, aware that demand will more than cover the amount offered, put in requests for twice or even ten times as much as they actually want. They know that allotments will be scaled down, and take this means of obtaining what they originally planned for. Nor does this showing of "free capital" available for borrowing companies prove, necessarily, that the financial situation is better than had been imagined. It has been pointed out that three months after London's financial prostration in the "Boer War panic" of 1899, when the British exchequer offered a loan for $150,000,000, it was applied for eleven or twelve times over; that the $100,000,000 United States 4 per cent. loan, offered during the severe depression of January, 1896, in the face of the "Venezuela panic" and on the eve of the free-coinage campaign, elicited 4,640 separate bids, applying in all for $568,000,000; and, finally, that when New York city on the tenth of last September, with the strain on capital at its worst and panic near at hand, placed $40,000,000 4½ per cents upon the market, bids were received for $205,000,000.

In none of these three cases did the "oversubscription," as seen in the light of subsequent events, signify that severe financial depression did not exist, or that it was destined instantly to disappear, or that capital was pressing on all other classes of investment. It would therefore be premature to suppose that the Pennsylvania oversubscription has all of this meaning. To the extent that the new capital thus acquired by railways will be used in purchases from manufacturers, industrial conditions will undoubtedly be helped. It is certain, also, that other railways will follow with bond offers of their own—Union Pacific has already announced an issue of $50,000,000. For the present, however, prudent people will wait to see how these bond offers, with a lien inferior to Pennsylvania's, will appeal to investors; to what extent the proceeds will be used merely to take up floating indebtedness and not for new expenditure, and, not least of all, whether the European subscribers to the loans will keep their allotments, or will merely throw them back on our own market, at a higher price. The tendency is for precisely such "realizing" sales; and in 1895 it was that kind of foreign selling which eventually broke down the American position.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Agar, Thomas Leyden. Homerica; Emendations and Elucidations of the Odyssey. Henry Frowde.
Aristotle, The Works of. Translated by J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross. Part 2. Henry Frowde.
Atherton, Gertrude. Patience Sparhawk and Her Times. Macmillan. $1.50.
Balzac, H. de. Les Chouans. London: George Bell & Sons.
Bernáth, Désiré de. Cleopatra, Her Life and Reign. London: Arthur L. Humphreys.
Bland, Hubert. The Happy Moralist. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
Brand, Jack. By Wild Waves Tossed. McClure Co.
Brooke, Stopford A. Four Victorian Poets. Putnams. $1.75 net.
Brown, Goodwin. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. F. A. Stokes Co. 75 cents net.
Capefigue, J. B. H. R. Madame de Pompadour. London: Arthur L. Humphreys.
Chouville, L. Trois Semaines en France: A French Reader. Henry Frowde.
Churchill, Winston. Mr. Crewe's Career. Macmillan. $1.50.
Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. Henry Frowde. 2 vols. $1.75 each.
Douglass, John Jordan. The Girdle of the South. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
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The Week.

The country will read with astonishment that leading Senators at Washington are in a high state of Constitutional indignation with the President. It seems that he has written letters to three or four Senators taking them to task for remarks of theirs in open Senate, kindly explaining to them the law, pointing out their ignorance of his rights as commander-in-chief, and frankly warning them in advance that, if they pass Senator Foraker's bill to restore the negro soldiers, he will veto it, and that if they pass it over his veto he will refuse to be bound by it. Yet on this simple and natural showing of facts, Senators are outraged and angry, and are even talking about a resolution condemning Mr. Roosevelt's attitude! All this is absurd. As the President has repeatedly pointed out, power must be lodged somewhere, and "somewhere" means, of course, in the Executive. And if power, then wisdom also. We must have somebody to tell us what is the wise and just and lawful thing, and it is ridiculous for Senators to imagine that they can do this. It is plainly a function of the President. The Senate may rage, but the people understand the case perfectly. They knew what they were about when they elected Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency, and they desire him to keep right on instructing and correcting Congress. Some hasty gentlemen speak of his course as an innovation. On the contrary, it is a return to the practice of the fathers. Washington once addressed angry words to the Senate. Jackson took the position that he would not enforce any law which he thought unconstitutional. So why all this excitement about Roosevelt? The country put him in office to do exactly what he pleased; and what pleases him, simply delights it.

The decision of the Administration to abandon its proposed labor legislation is wise. The measures under consideration, an anti-injunction bill and an amendment to exempt labor unions from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust law, would not have satisfied the labor leaders unless the provisions had been entirely in favor of the workman and against the employer. Representative Townsend explains that Mr. Gompers and his followers have been so insistent on this point that all possibility of harmony among even those most kindly disposed toward labor is destroyed. If Congress should pass the bills which Mr. Gompers wants, the courts would almost certainly declare them unconstitutional as class legislation. The fact is that the chief reason for urging these measures was that the Republicans must "do something for labor" before election. Mr. Taft is not popular with the unions; if his opponent makes demagogic appeals to the labor vote—and this is Mr. Bryan's specialty—there is danger that the large factory towns will be strongly against Taft. It was to guard against that probability—or to lessen the force of Mr. Bryan's attacks—that the Republican leaders conceived their plan of placating Gompers. But perhaps it is just as well for the party of moral ideas not to try to carry water on both shoulders.

It is a little hard on this great law-enforcing Administration that an inquisitive Senate should want to know why it is not enforcing the law. Several Senators have asked why the President, or his Attorney-General, had not executed the "commodity clause" of the Roosevelt railway-rate law, which went into effect on May 1. But the answer is simple. The President never did think that clause wise or necessary; a bill is pending to extend the time before it becomes operative; and so why bother about enforcing the law? The case is much the same as with the Federal law against labor boycotts. The decision of the Supreme Court on that subject remains a dead letter, so far as President Roosevelt is concerned. He does not like that law; he has urged the passage of a bill to exempt labor-unions from the scope of the Anti-Trust Act; and he is meanwhile content to say to the Supreme Court, as Andrew Jackson did. "You have made your decision; now attend to its enforcing yourself."

If the "emergency currency bill," framed by the committee of House Republicans and adopted by the party conference on Monday, had been proposed in the Senate originally, instead of the Aldrich bill, it would in all probability have passed into law. We have not yet the text of the measure, but if the telegraphic summaries may be trusted, it is apparently open to less objection than any yet proposed. It makes use of the machinery of existing clearing house associations, provides for the issue of currency, under their auspices, by banks in their membership; makes all banks in an association jointly responsible for the currency thus issued; and arranges for the formation of such associations in localities where they may not exist already. The plan amounts, in other words, to legalizing the clearing-house loan certificate issues familiar in all our panics, and giving to such certificates the right to circulate outside in the form of banknotes, instead of being used merely as due-bills substituted for "lawful money" in payment of balances between banks in a given clearing house. To insure retirement of this currency, when the emergency is over, a tax is imposed at the annual rate of 4 per cent., increasing by 1 per cent. monthly so long as the notes remain outstanding, up to a rate of 10 per cent. As a further restriction, the same cash reserves must be maintained by a national bank against its "emergency circulation" as against its deposits. On the face of things, the proposition is straightforward and intelligible. Yet there remains the question, whether or not the "Aldrich clique" and the Senate mean to act frankly in the conference committee of the two houses. If an attempt is made to slip into the conference measure any of the disingenuous provisos of the Aldrich bill, in its half-dozen different shapes, that ought to end consideration of the matter in the House.

The signing of an arbitration treaty with Japan comes like a west wind blowing away the fog. After all the bellicose talk about peace by battleships, with the distinct intimation by Administration Senators like Beveridge that a conflict with Japan was imminent, we have the State Department pursuing the rational method of insuring peace by agreeing to settle most disputes that may arise, after the fashion of enlightened nations. There can be little doubt that the treaty will be promptly ratified by the Senate, since it follows the model of the other arbitration treaties already accepted. And there is a special reason why the Senate should make haste to agree to the treaty with Japan. After a long debate, it refused to accede to the President's great peace-measure—four battleships. The reason given was that they were both needless and menacing, and that the true way to avert international trouble was to cultivate a friendly disposition, and to resort to civilized methods of adjusting controversies. Hence, when Secretary Root and Ambassador Takahira put their names to a document removing as far as possible all causes of war between the two nations, the Senate, in sheer consistency, must give a willing and speedy adherence. The outcome shows in a reassuring way how strong, after all the flurries and cries of alarm, are the forces in the modern world which make for peace. It has been common to speak of the last Hague Conference as a disappointing failure. It did, indeed, dash many bright hopes. That it should have gone much farther than it actually did, reasonable men contended at the time. Still, its influence and net effect were wholesome, and it certainly left some fruitful achievements to its credit. Particularly in the matter of making arbitration easier, and its refusal when offered, more difficult, it did much to impose new moral obligations upon nations, and to bring about such a series of agreements to arbitrate as has followed.

The Democrats in Congress signalized the Speaker's seventy-second birthday by a suspension of filibuster tactics, while both sides of the House joined in congratulations to its presiding officer. The incident is not an unusual one, but the outsider who remembers that a few weeks ago John Sharp Williams refused to shake hands with Mr. Cannon, and that only the other day an excited Republican Congressman put his fist quite close to the Speaker's face, will be puzzled sometimes at the importance to be attached to parliamentary amenities and ferocities. At times we catch ourselves wishing that a little more sincerity entered into the conflict between political opponents, out of Congress and in, but particularly in. Then we might have the impression, at least, that Republican and Democrat, majority and minority, Government and Opposition, meant something. We recognize, of course, that even in war there are periods of relaxation. Unionists and Confederates used to exchange news across the Virginia streams, and Japanese and Russians borrowed each other's tobacco across the Shaho. But, still, the opposing armies did have an issue, and at times did hate each other bitterly. A dose of real legislative hate, roused by a vigorous and effective Opposition, would not harm the country at large.

Representative government rivals Cleopatra in infinite variety. New developments of it are all the while occurring to startle old fogies. What could have been more unexpected, for example, than the President's threat of "Taft or me," and its success in bringing the Republican party to his heel? Something similar, it would now appear, is to be used to intimidate the Republican organization in New York. Floating hints to that effect have been caught up and given body to by President Herbert Parsons of the New York Republican County Committee. He broadly intimates that, if the Legislature does not in special session pass the Governor's bills to prevent race-track gambling, Hughes will run again, be elected, and compel the Legislature to enact not only the anti-gambling measures, but many other reforms as well. This is expected to strike terror to the hearts of Republican legislators. As the national party has to take Taft lest a worse thing befall it, so the Legislature is expected to take a single bitter dose of reform lest it later have to swallow the whole pharmacopœia! This is queer enough politics, but as an illustration of the operation of representative government it is still queerer.

We detect only a limited enthusiasm over Mr. Hearst's new party. It is certain, of course, from the claims of his own newspapers, that his followers are numbered by the million, yet they are keeping surprisingly quiet. This may be because there is such profound harmony in their party that there is no need of any clamor or contest. There is something to be said for having a tight little party, with a membership no larger than the roster of Federal officeholders, so that each man may hope to get a job. Some wonder has been expressed at the constant insistence of Mr. Hearst's newspapers that his is a "National Party." We think we know why. Mr. Hearst got the idea from reading John Morley, who noted that "Bolingbroke resorted to a common device of embarrassed politicians: he called for a national party."

The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court has ended one grave abuse of the injunction, although it is not one of those to which the President has referred. When the theatrical managers of this city decided to bring suit against Police Commissioner Bingham for his action in closing Sunday performances, they obtained injunctions to prevent his men from entering any theatre or music-hall on Sunday except to serve warrants. In this ingenious way they expected to protect themselves by making it impossible for the police to get evidence of violation of the Sunday law. Now, by the Appellate Division, in a clear-cut and well-expressed decision, written by Justice Ingraham, this trick is blocked. The court points out that the effect of the injunctions is to give immunity from the police to certain persons and to segregate "from the rest of the city of New York a territory in which, during that period, crime may be committed with impunity." This is, of course, a plain, common-sense statement of the facts. But it is of enormous importance to the police that this view prevail. If theatres could obtain immunity, other law-breakers could as well, and those charged with the enforcement of the law would speedily find their task an impossible one.

"They all do it," is practically the defence of the head of a firm of stockbrokers, who admitted having used the securities of his customers as collateral for his own loans. "It's wrong," he frankly conceded, "but it's business." With this we may put District Attorney Jerome's defence, or perhaps we should say explanation, of the Metropolitan Street Railway's practice of "standing in with politicians"—that is, in plain English, bribing them, or submitting to blackmail at their hands. Mr. Jerome gravely said that this was really in the interest of the Metropolitan's stockholders. Without such secret payments to Tammany and to the Republican bosses, the necessary permits for street openings, and other official facilities which the company desired, could not have been obtained without great delay and loss. Therefore, if by paying out $17,000 in bribes, you could make $100,000 for your stockholders—not forgetting yourself—there was a clear business profit of $83,000. That being so, why drag in the morality of the transaction? It is not often that we see the money standard thus unblushingly avowed to be supreme. Even when men have no dregs of conscience left, they usually have some few remnants of hypocrisy about them, to prevent them from stating frankly the principle upon which they act without principle. But it is well to have the thing blurted out, from time to time. In that way we at least get a sort of touchstone by which to test current business morality. The blunt phrases of unscrupulous men—like Croker's "working for my own pocket all the time"—abide in the popular memory. They serve as catchwords, and even, such is our incurable American levity, as jests, but they do a useful office in compelling us to pause and take stock. Is it really true that our business and our morality can be entirely severed? May one be, individually, an upright man with the most delicate sense of honor, yet stoop to business practices which run close to violation of the Penal Code, and leave any conceivable moral code a wreck? The questions answer themselves.

Of the exact extent of this cynical obliteration of morals in corporation and other business, no one that we know of is in a position to speak with authority. It has confessedly been terribly common. That is, in part, what has been the matter with us since last October. Dishonesty breeds distrust. Let the notion once prevail that all securities are uncertain because all banks and railroads and corporations are doing with their eyes open the thing that is wrong, so that nobody's savings or investments are secure, and presntly no more money for investment will be forthcoming. It was not alone suspicion of financial unsoundness which brought on the panic of 1907; the moral soundness of our captains of industry was gravely questioned. Some men seem never to learn that even the business world must be pillared in honesty. Good faith and fair dealings are of the essence of buying and selling, if buying and selling are to be more than single slippery transactions, and are to go on from year to year. Hence the dishonest business man, even though temporarily successful, is the greatest enemy of his fellows. They are all obliged to suffer for his misdeeds. Imagine the trouble and expense to which many brokers have been put by the revelation that one broker coolly reckoned as his own, securities deposited with him. Think of the annoyance and hardships of other corporations, consequent upon the organized system of bribery so long maintained by the Metropolitan Company. One of the blessings of a time of business depression is that we see questions of business morality in a new light. Prosperity gilds the ugliest vices. If a man has millions to show for trickery or outright deceit, it leads some to think that the old-fashioned virtues are not so essential as is said. But when moral dishonor goes hand in hand with business failure—when bribing runs into bankruptcy—we are not so inclined as we were to sneer at "copy-book morality." Business men, and the public in general, ought to be able to read a moral teaching in recession of trade and commercial failures. It is that men are men before they are brokers or merchants or manufacturers; and that they cannot expect even to transact business successfully if, instead of manhood, they bring to it "the shaken thing of lusts."

Winston Churchill's defeat in the Dundee district was unthinkable from the beginning of his canvass. Yet so many observers were actually nervous over the outlook for his return that his substantial majority must seem doubly welcome to the government whose majority is so steadily decreasing. The promise of old-age pensions, the reduction of the tax on the sugar which goes into Dundee jam, and what the critics of the government call "Socialism and water"—all these helped, no doubt, as well as Mr. Churchill's own vigorous campaigning and his ready wit. Not only were there Labor and Probibition candidates, besides the Conservative, to split up the vote, but such Unionist free-trade journals as the *Spectator* urged the citizens of Dundee to abstain from voting unless the Conservative candidate would promise to do nothing in the present Parliament to commit the country to the policy of protection. The *Spectator* itself hoped for Mr. Churchill's defeat, in the belief that it might cause the government to "draw up, even on the edge of the precipice." But Mr. Churchill is now safely in the Cabinet, ten years younger than his father was when, in 1892, he entered Lord Salisbury's first Ministry, and is embarked upon another interesting stage in what has been a meteoric career. This will naturally be the best test of his character which has yet come; it may now be seen if the curiously erratic streak in his father's composition is in any way reflected in his brilliant son and biographer.

The Prussian Poles have no intention of sitting quietly by and watching the expropriation of their lands. Having frustrated all the attempts of the Prussian Government to buy up their properties in open market, and to colonize the Polish provinces with Germans, the Poles are already taking the offensive against Von Bülow's latest move. Martin Biedermann, who has been the greatest competitor of the colonization committee, and has repeatedly beaten it at its own game by buying big estates and settling Polish peasant proprietors upon them, is now in the field with new suggestions. His own operations have placed in the hands of Poles just one-half of the land which the new law proposed to turn over to Germans; he expects now to form a society of land-owners to see to it that no property owned by a Pole shall fall into the hands of the commission, except by actual condemnation and sale. Where an estate is mortgaged, he would have the society take care that the interest is paid; if land is offered at auction, he proposes to run up the price. More than that, he wants his allies to purchase at once all the German properties that can possibly be obtained—there are many such—so that the commission will be compelled to use all its available funds for the acquisition of these lands before attacking the Polish properties. That Herr Biedermann's proposals are practicable appears from the attention given to his views in the Berlin press. He has demonstrated remarkable powers of leadership, just as the Poles themselves have shown amazing cohesiveness and readiness to spend money in defeating the will of the government. They are a unit; hence it is probable that, while the slow-moving, red-tape commission is buying up one estate, three others will be purchased and divided among a number of small owners. Moreover, the Poles are not in the least discouraged; if their fight is likely to be a losing one, they are going to make it long, and just as costly as possible to the Empire. If anything were needed to inflame them still more, it is the new associations and public-assemblage law, which makes it impossible for a Pole to stand upon a platform and address a Polish audience in its own tongue. History teaches that only consideration and tolerance can solve a racial problem of this nature, but the Germans have yet to learn that the retention by the Poles of language and customs can in no wise really injure the Empire. The cruelty of the repressive measures now resorted to is, on the other hand, certain to create traitors at home and ill-feeling abroad.

The Belgian Parliament, which has been discussing the Congo annexation treaty and the colonial law, brought its regular session to a close last Friday. A special session is to open June 2 for final consideration of the subject. The prolongation of the debate is regarded as a victory for the Opposition, inasmuch as it will yield an opportunity for studying closely the government project and for laying up campaign ammunition to be used in the approaching general elections. It is the government's policy to secure a vote on the question before the election takes place, while the Opposition has been arguing for a postponement of the final vote till the next Parliament, so as to give to the election the character largely of a referendum on annexation of the Congo. The extra session probably means that the government's views will prevail. In any case, however, annexation is now regarded as certain. Debate has largely passed from a discussion of the terms made with King Leopold to one of the future régime that shall prevail in the Congo. Under that head come the vexed questions of forced native labor as bound up with the rubber tax, of the restoration of ownership in the soil to the natives, and of the regulation of the concessionary companies, among them important American interests.

The latest flying machine, the invention of a Dane, a resident of Copenhagen, Ellehammer by name, has been pronounced by Capt. Ramsing, a high Danish authority on aeronautics, the best airship yet invented. It has an automatic rudder, which in some not yet publicly explained way keeps the ship in a horizontal position at all times. It has wings that can be folded to its sides when not in use, with the result that the whole machine requires no more housing space than an automobile. It is also the lightest machine of its kind, weighing as it does only 225 pounds, in contrast to the thousand pounds' weight of Henry Farman's aeroplane. Ellehammer's motor weighs only 70 pounds, but develops no less than 30 horsepower. With this machine the inventor has made, according to Capt. Ramsing, 200 successful ascensions. It would seem almost time, therefore, for him to undertake that long-distance flight which alone can put the stamp of genuine success upon his or any other flying machine, particularly if he is to get ahead of the ever active Wright brothers, who are now sailing about in North Carolina.

THE DEARTH OF ISSUES.

If some little political Peterkin were to ask to-day what the glorious battle between parties is all about, "and what they fought each other for," his elders would be hard put to it for an answer. Occasionally, as in the platform of the Massachusetts Democrats, we get a terse issue, the tariff for revenue only, definitely stated; but, for the most part, the announced programmes of the two parties are sonorously vague, and overlap each other. The Ohio Democrats, for example, want popular election of United States Senators and a law limiting the power of judges to issue injunctions in labor disputes. But these doctrines are not distinctively Democratic. The "New Idea" Republicans of New Jersey want popular election of Senators, and the President and many other eminent Republicans are on record as favoring a limitation of the power of judges in this affair of injunctions. The Republicans of Connecticut "protest against monopolistic combinations which increase the price of products merely to increase the profits of producers"; but protesting against monopolies, as in the Massachusetts Convention, is one of the favorite diversions of the Democracy. So it goes. Nothing could be easier than to select from Democratic resolutions a series of "ringing declarations" which Republicans would heartily endorse; and *vice versa*. Each party seems to have stolen the other's clothes, and to have found them an excellent fit.

And it is difficult to see how the platforms at Chicago and Denver can offer any sharp contrast. The tariff is one subject on which the difference might conceivably be clear, but apparently it will not be. The Democrats are for revision as a matter of course; but they seem in general to be lukewarm about it. They were for revision in the last campaign, but Judge Parker and his managers allowed that issue to be shoved into the background and obscured. Bryan seems preparing to follow the same course; he has never been much interested in tariff reform, and so far as his recent speeches indicate, he cares as little about it as ever. Among the great causes for which he is, as usual, willing to suffer martyrdom he does not include the tariff. On the other hand, the Republicans profess readiness to undertake revision. The Connecticut Convention wants "friendly revision," and Mr. Taft has expressed himself even more explicitly. The chances of a thorough overhauling of the Dingley schedules by the Republicans are remote; but the Democrats are almost as indefinite and hesitating. People will not forget that in 1892 Cleveland was elected on that sole issue; the Democrats, then comparatively united and enthusiastic, had a clear mandate for revision; but they failed miserably in the attempt.

Historically, the Democrats have opposed "centralization" of power, and some of the leaders are now muttering threats against the Republican Administration for robbing States of their rights. But for a campaign platform that plank is thin and rotten. In his agitation for strengthening the Interstate Commerce Commission—perhaps the greatest single engine of centralization—President Roosevelt has had the ardent support of Democrats all over the country, in Congress and out. The Federal food inspection laws also were urged by Democrats and approved by Democratic newspapers. And, to crown all, Bryan has professed himself willing to go even farther than Roosevelt in centralizing control of the railways. He is for the extreme measure of government ownership—not now, perhaps, but soon. Under such circumstances, it is inconceivable that centralization can be made a leading issue.

The Philippines, too, are to be set aside as a non-controversial topic. Our altruistic citizens are sick and tired of the subject. Congress, at the instigation of the protected interests, can treat the islands as it pleases; and Secretary Taft is the only prominent man to lift his voice in behalf of our little brown brothers. Bound up with the Philippines is the question of the army and navy; but here no party line is drawn. Utah Republicans want "a greater navy, with four more battleships"; the Connecticut Republicans sagely assure us that "as regards the army and navy, they believe the enormously valuable property known as the United States of America should be fully insured." This, however, is mild compared with the outgivings of Congressman Hobson, the Southern Democrat who led the fight in the House for four battleships. Indeed, the ablest opponents of the programme for a big navy are Senator Hale of Maine and Representative Burton of Ohio, both Republicans; and John Sharp Williams and his Democratic followers are the persons who have shown the greatest zeal for President Roosevelt's policies.

In fine, unless some unlooked-for event injects a new issue into the campaign we shall have one of those fatiguing and usually disgusting contests over personalities. No principles, no great ideas will be brought forward to stir our aspirations and summon our loyalty. The dreary question will be whether we like Mr. Taft better than Mr. Bryan, and whether Mr. Taft and his friends are on the whole likely to be more honest and capable in doing exactly the same things which Mr. Bryan and his friends want to do. The orators on both sides seem fated to go round and round in the same dull treadmill, and the press will thresh over the same old straw. Our political condition is almost precisely that which Lord Malmesbury ascribes to England in the introduction to a recent book, "The New Order: Studies in Unionist Policy":

> The chief need of both the old historic parties in England at the present moment is a logical and intelligible system of political philosophy, in the absence of which practical politicians must necessarily drift hither and thither among the shallows of opportunism.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS IN ENGLAND.

Both English parties have been for some years trembling on the brink of a national plan for old-age pensions; and now the Liberals are the first to take the plunge. It was known in advance that Mr. Asquith's budget would make a beginning. During the Manchester election, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that old-age pensions would be seen within a twelvemonth. The Prime Minister now proposes that they begin in 1909. It is but a slender and experimental scheme which he unfolded to the Commons. To start with—and there are no steps backward from the cave of such governmental expenditures—a pension of 5 shillings a week ($1.25) is to be given to all worthy poor over seventy years of age, whose weekly income is not more than $2.50. Mr. Asquith reckons that the number of such pensioners will not exceed 500,000, and that the total yearly cost will not be more than $30,000,000.

The motives to this critical step are frankly political. The Prime Minister said that if his plan could be called socialistic, it was at least a kind of Socialism to which both parties were committed. This argument may do to shut the mouth of a political opponent; it cannot, however, meet the doubts or silence the inquiries of the economist, the philanthropist, or the political philosopher. Yet Mr. Asquith stated but the fact when he implied that both Conservatives and Liberals had been forced to take up the question for political reasons. The Labor Party has made it one of its cardinal tenets; and the Labor Party is now unprecedentedly strong. The constituencies have become pervaded with the idea of government pensions for the aged poor, and public men have had to deal with it. Committees have been appointed under either party to see if a bill could be drafted, and the money found. There was Mr. Chaplin's Committee of 1899; there was Lord Rothschild's Committee. Mr. Balfour's government was as strongly committed to the project, if ways and means could be devised, as the Liberal Ministry. There is thus no room left for partisan twitting. The Conservative objections to Mr. Asquith's plan necessarily reduce themselves to two: it goes too far, and it does not go far enough. That is to say, the scheme costs more than the national revenues can endure, and it should have been replaced by a scheme which would cost four times as much. Such is the logic of politics!

It is not strange, under these circumstances, that the opinion in the lobbies of the House was that the budget, with its attachment of old-age pensions, would be "popular." The government's proposals are expected to be adopted "without serious opposition." The most violent attack upon Mr. Asquith that the Conservative press can make is that he ought to have left all such legislation for his Conservative successor! No Liberal government can be expected to do the thing wisely. The charge is made that the money cannot possibly be obtained so long as the government clings to "the discredited fetich of free trade." But precisely there is where Mr. Asquith's financial cleverness comes in. He has produced a budget which is strictly free trade, which remits certain taxes—on sugar and marine insurance policies—lays no new imposts, involves a considerable reduction in the national debt, yet leaves a surplus of $30,000,000 for old-age pensions! This is what really infuriates the Tories.

Behind all these political manœuvrings, however, lie the serious questions about this new departure in English public policy. On what principle does it proceed? What are the consequences to be? There are two different grounds upon which the Labor Party demands pensions for the old workingman. One is that it is "a right" acquired by the mere fact of age. The man who has given his labor to the creation of the wealth of society, is entitled to maintenance when his working days are over. The other asserted basis of the pension is that it is a just compensation to those who have been actually underpaid for their labor. This implies that the rate of wages is not such as to enable workmen to provide for their own old age; hence the government must provide for it. On that we merely remark that this would be to shift to the community at large a burden which ought to rest upon the employers of underpaid labor; and that the net result would be to pension only a few in old age, while leaving all the rest to be "sweated" all their working days.

We must wait for the full text of Mr. Asquith's speech to show us what justification he offers for a non-contributory scheme of old-age pensions. The weight of opinion in England has been strongly in favor of making the pension a species of assisted insurance for workingmen. That is, the men themselves and their employers were to contribute towards a pension fund, which the government would supplement so as to make up the fixed weekly allowance in old age. This is, in general, the German plan, which France and Belgium have copied. It is true that New Zealand and Denmark have non-contributory pensions, but English conditions are so much more like those on the Continent that one would have expected the German model to be followed. Indeed, Mr. Asquith himself declared last year that he could favor no scheme which did not include contributions by the beneficiaries. Why he has now changed front in that respect, the meagre outline of his speech sent by cable does not explain.

Other questions press for an answer. How are the administrative details provided for? They would be endless and intricate. We presume that the Poor Law machinery will be utilized. What is the effect going to be upon the 3,000,000 workmen who are now paying dues to trades unions and friendly societies, in order to insure themselves sick benefits and a provision for old age? Will the nerve of their thrift be cut by the prospect of a universal government dole? If so, and in consequence new thousands come forward to claim pensions; if political considerations lead to the next step—reducing the pensionable age to sixty-five or sixty—and millions more be demanded from the Treasury, what system of national finance can support the strain? These are questions which serious men in England will be seriously debating during the next few weeks. It behooves Americans, also, to consider them, for no one can tell what day a President will bring forward the proposal that old-age pensions be established in this country.

GERMANY'S FINANCES.

> The growing inability of our half-absolute government to deal with the nation's finances is characteristic of our present political situation. In no other field of governmental activity is the superiority of democratic forms of government to those of half-absolute or despotic countries more evident than in this of finance. So far as our own situation is concerned, who would have thought a decade ago that Italian rentes would stand higher than Prussian Consols? The Italian budget balances; the German Empire enters upon its new financial year with a deficit of three hundred millions of marks.

Thus writes an able Berlin observer of German affairs. Perhaps, if he were more familiar with the extravagances of our present Congress in the face of our growing deficit he might feel inclined to abate somewhat his enthusiasm for the financial wisdom of democracies. None the less, the point is worth considering. Von Bülow and his Emperor have been intent on world-problems; they have had a finger in the Moroccan pie, and built up a great navy and waged a frightfully costly war in German Southwest Africa; but they have never had time to concern themselves with such a parochial question as a careful system of finance. The art of making one's income meet one's expenditures has been too bourgeois a matter to merit their attention.

The time has now come when this policy of indifference must cease. Indeed, the end of the tether would have been reached even had there not set in the present world-wide industrial depression. It has affected Germany much as it has the United States, for the economic development of the two countries since 1870 displays many striking parallels. Both have gone ahead industrially with giant strides; in both lands the development of the iron and steel industry has been especially remarkable. Their cities have grown by leaps and bounds, and their populations have been increased by millions in each decade. Both countries have come to rely more and more upon foreign markets, and of late both have gone through periods of great prosperity and expansion of credit. Now, Germany is, as Jacob H. Schiff has recently pointed out, so largely dependent upon foreign customers that the present depression has told more heavily upon her industries than upon those of any other European nation. Hence the present crisis is felt with "special force and severity," the manufacturers have had to turn to the banks for extra aid, and money is more difficult to obtain there to-day than in any other country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the huge new Imperial and Prussian bond issues of $162,500,000 have had to carry 4 per cent. interest and to be sold below par—at 99½—or that there was only just sufficient demand to take up these securities. With these loans, the consolidated debt of the Empire reaches the enormous total of $1,063,000,000, while that of Prussia alone is just double that figure. In 1887, twenty-one years ago, the Empire owed only $121,000,000; six years later its debt had more than trebled. In fifteen years, therefore, its borrowings have grown from $435,000,000 to the present figure, and this in a time of peace and plenty. Germany now has the unenviable position of being second only to France in the size of her debt, if one adds to that of the Empire the debts of the individual states. Even Russia has to take third place, with England fourth. It is, of course, only just to point out that this comparison is not quite fair, since there should be a differentiation between bonds issued for productive enterprises, such as railways, and those that represent unproductive expenditures. Germany, for instance, has used a large part of her borrowings for the purchase of railways; but the newest issues are primarily to meet deficits in running the government; and it is this fact that provokes public concern and unrest.

This feeling of uneasiness is intensified by the absence of any clear-cut policy of financial reform. The Chancellor has announced that, in order to permit the new Finance Minister, Herr von Sydow, to become acquainted with the problems before him, no reorganization or far-reaching measures will be undertaken until next autumn. He promises that, beginning with the next budget, no appropriations will be asked, unless there is coupled with them a method of raising the revenue they call for. If this statement means that the Chancellor has mastered one of the elementary rules of finance, it must have been received with proper approval. But the fact is that his course during the past winter has shown remarkable instability of purpose. When the Reichstag met he had at first nothing to offer; then he worked on a plan for a brandy monopoly and for a tax on cigar ribbons. When the Bundesrat had considered them, they were suddenly abandoned. Then, in February, the Financial Minister was dismissed, and fiscal reform put off for practically a year. This may be sharp politics; but at any rate the continuance of the present chaotic conditions, and the consequent heaping up of the deficit, without a finger being lifted to remedy the trouble—this is not good finance. Meanwhile, bonds to meet current expenditures are issued upon terms that weaken the credit of the nation.

The statesmen who think of retrenchment in Germany to-day are as few as with us. The others heap up military burdens, vote millions recklessly for more battleships, appropriate vast sums for expatriating the Poles, or depriving them of their land. They must maintain German honor in Africa at any cost; but he who talks economy cries in the wilderness. Why speak of paring here and paring there, and striving to save a few miserable thousands? is only the political or editorial freelance or the Socialist who stops to consider what this policy of extravagance means, not only to the workingman, but to the man of small income and the great army of holders of office.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

British writers of the Liberal school are still fond of dwelling on the fact that the South African war was brought about by jealous defenders of England's imperial greatness, who bore such names as Bischoffsheim and Schwarzenberg, while the Little Englanders and pro-Boers were recruited from among the Vernon-Harcourts and the Campbell-Bannermans. If one had been asked any time within the last twenty years to pick out from among the forty members of the French Academy the one man who best embodied in himself what we generally call the Gallic spirit—the clear insight into things not always true, the half-satiric and half-lyrical appreciation of life, the facile artistry, the verve of dramatic action, the salt of style—the chances are that the selection would have fallen upon Ludovic Halévy, who was born of Jewish descent in 1834 at Paris, and died there last week. Our parallel is, however, a halting one. Concerning the sincerity of the London Jewish banker's Imperialism there might be doubt, but not of Halévy's right to typify the modern Parisian man of letters.

Evidently, the division between the Hebraic and the Hellenic spirit is not so fundamental as is commonly supposed. In any case, a career like that of the noted playwright and novelist, continuing the tradition of family that had already achieved distinction before him, illustrates both the capacity of the Jewish spirit to merge itself completely with the life about it, and the capacity of the French spirit, as corporealized in Paris, to absorb the foreign material and transmute it into one substance with itself. Some writer once remarked that the true responsibility for the outcome of the Franco-German war rested on the shoulders of one Jacques Offenbach. How could a nation which delighted in the travesty of serious things, of love as in "La Belle Hélène," and particularly of patriotism and military glory as in "La Grande-duchesse de Gerolstein," hope to make a stand against a people that takes life so seriously as the Germans? But if French frivolity, as consummately exemplified in Offenbach, the son of a Jewish cantor, brought the nation to defeat, the responsibility must be shared by Offenbach's librettist, Halévy.

There is a scene in "La Belle Hélène"—the beautiful Helen is, of course, she of Troy—in which the shepherd, Paris, is shown waiting for a letter from Venus. The message comes, carried, appropriately enough, by a white dove in its bill. Paris reads the note, and turns to the messenger. "Any answer?" The dove shakes its head. "Very well, then," says Priam's son, and the dove flies out. This is undoubtedly good fooling; but it is something more than that. In its fancifulness and its suggestion of a familiarity with the classic world that is made to border on contempt, the incident is an assurance that our author is devoting to the art of vaudeville powers which in the course of time will land him in the Academy. The way Halévy trod is the way most Frenchmen follow in their progress from obscurity to a seat among the Immortals. You begin by doing something clever and wild, preach an unrestrained and unmoral egoism like Maurice Barrès, or sing the life of the gypsy and vagabond, like Jean Richepin, or, like Maurice Donnay, recite anti-philistine verses at the Café Chat Noir, where the costume of the waiters is an imitation of the Academy uniform. With advancing years your laughter grows a bit more sober, your wit a bit more refined, your consideration for established things a bit more subservient, and you are a candidate for the Academic palms. At your reception into the Academy you are subjected to a mild form of hazing. Your frivolous past is brought up before you as something pardonable, and, on the whole, to be forgotten, and you enter into the tradition and inheritance of the Immortals. Like all immortals, you may not do very much useful work thereafter, but that is part of the scheme.

Like most great French writers, Ludovic Halévy limited himself to no single literary form. A playwright first, he is best known to the English-speaking races as the author of one of those charming idylls in novel form which the world adopts as its own and insists on making its own against all charges of sentimentalism and unreality. It is nothing against the merits of "L'Abbé Constantin" that its preëminent use among us is that of a text-book in secondary French. So the "Vicar of Wakefield" is used in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, and the same use has made De Amicis's "Cuore" go through hundreds of editions. It is only illustrative of French versatility that "L'Abbé Constantin" should have been written by the author of "La Belle Hélène," though, for that matter, it would be easy enough to trace out the common element in both. In Halévy's best-known play, "Frou-frou," we have a far more serious theme than "Hélène," worked out with a far greater approach to reality than in "Constantin," but with the same supple dexterity. Nearer still to life he approaches in his studies of Parisian manners. Finally, Halévy had the good fortune that fell to many of his contemporaries in literature, of experiencing in person the disaster of the war against Germany. We say the good fortune, because in the development of the many-sided literary type we have been discussing, the war of 1870-71 has had a profound effect on France. Its events have entered as iron into the blood of its poets, romancers, and critics. To the history of the war Halévy contributed his "L'Invasion" and "Notes et souvenirs."

With no preëminent claim on the future, Ludovic Halévy's work will nevertheless live in part because of the high degree to which it carries the best qualities of French style—grace and lucidity. In his lifetime his reward was ample enough. The Academy is often sneered at as having had in its bosom Immortals whom the world has speedily forgotten. But it is no mean office to keep the memory of a man immortal while he is still alive. In that respect France does better by her sons than we, who must be aroused by some such specific event as an eightieth birthday to the fact that a great writer is still with us.

OUR ART MARKET.

It is frequently said that America is rapidly absorbing the world's best art, and this view is generally held in Europe. In short, the attitude of "abroad" in this matter is fairly abject. Italy, and particularly the department of fine arts, is in a chronic state of alarm over the pictures and sculptures that go, or are said to go, irrevocably to the United States. The laws governing exportation and the scrutiny of outgoing baggage become ever more rigid. Even in France and England, the government is urged to draw up lists of objects of art for preëmption the moment the dreaded American buyer appears. J. P. Morgan cannot approach a frontier with his motor car or a harbor with his yacht without causing a shudder. At such times those who cherish the *patrimonio artistico* dream dreams of its absolutely disappearing in Mr. Morgan's hold or tonneau.

It is hard not to believe anything at once so flattering to our own taste and enterprise, and particularly when we are feared by those whose condescension we formerly endured. Yet we suppose there were a few foreign bankers who, during the flush times of the Japanese loans, smiled when they were assured that their financial glory had departed, and we know that there is a handful of European collectors for whom the American peril has no terrors. If we look at the case frankly, the American peril means not that European collectors are generally outbid, but merely that they have to pay more than they like. But there are many amateurs in London, Paris, Berlin, Milan, and elsewhere who are not obliged to practise frugality. How far the facts are from the bogy of American monopoly may be judged from the following incident. We read in an Italian art magazine:

> It is grievous to think that the splendid pictures of the late Rodolph Kann collection must go to American galleries, since they alone are able to face the fabulous prices demanded.

And then we turn the page and read:

> Among the new acquisitions of the Berlin Museum from the Kann collection are two magnificent sketches by Rembrandt, examples of Wouvermans, Ruysdael, etc.

Moreover, the frequent statement that our amateurs have the first choice of everything sold by the great European dealers is simply false. There may be one or two London dealers who usually give the preference to their American clients, but the famous art merchants of Paris still sell when they can to an inner circle of Continental collectors, who, curiously enough, pay no such prices as we Americans pay for second or third choice. In short, wherever the American peril is examined, it looks relatively harmless.

Without making excessive claims, there is reason for rejoicing that many fine objects are coming to our side of the water, and the flurry so natural a process arouses abroad merely shows how late we have come to our own. We are making up arrears artistically with an energy that confounds the sober Old World, and a philosopher may safely predict the time when Europe and the United States will in common lament the transit of art to Chili and Argentina. But with all our buying, we have not yet established a normal or stable market for works of art; and that may give comfort to the misgivings of European alarmists, while mitigating our own complacency. A stable market presupposes an abundant supply, a corresponding demand, and a knowledge of the commodity. But outside of certain paintings of the French school, which have long been trafficked in commercially, and possibly Chinese porcelains, the sale of an art collection in New York is wholly uncertain and speculative. The returns depend not upon the state of the art market of the world, but upon the prosperity of the community, the prestige of the seller or auctioneer, and the plausibility of the advertising. Ridiculous prices are paid, and preposterous bargains may be found. Already the dealers of Europe are learning to profit by the capriciousness of our collectors. Outside a narrow range of accredited art commodities, it would be very hazardous to sell an important collection in New York. In particular, no wise collector would commit good examples of the old masters to our auction public. Note that Marsden J. Perry's collection of prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, etc., comprising the highest rarities. was sold not here, but in a European capital.

So long as our collecting represents so largely the mere vanity of great wealth or an equally ignorant desire for bargains, there can be no real art market in America. Fortunately, there is a handful of astute and wealthy collectors among us, and an increasing number of amateurs whose knowledge and taste keep well in advance of their pocketbooks. These real dilettanti will gradually effect the work of education that must precede the formation of any true market. Meanwhile, it is an open question who does the most harm, the reckless millionaire who pays any price for the right things, or the thrifty bargain-hunter who pays hopefully the wrong price for the wrong things. If there is anything that makes for discouragement, it is to see certain dealers annually unload upon us the revamped, fraudulent, or merely worthless rubbish of the European antiquaries. "You don't mean my charming (any great name) which I hope is genuine, and for which I paid only three hundred dollars?" we hear an agitated bargain-hunting friend protest. We do mean your what-you-may-call-it. In a free country, to buy such a thing is no crime; but it is at least inexpedient to buy in dollars what may be had for fewer francs in the junkshops of an Old World that dreads the American Peril.

A GRADUATE SCHOOL OF AUTHORSHIP.

A complaint against our graduate schools, printed on another page, is apparently a cry from the heart. Dr. Sherman has himself been through the mill, and he should know whereof he speaks when he says that these institutions offer no training for creative literary work. We share Dr. Sherman's regret. We should like to see more young doctors who can do even that writing which is in no high sense "creative"; who can express ordinary ideas in clear prose. This is not an unattainable ideal, but it is too often unattained. Our grief, however, is less poignant than Dr. Sherman's, because we have never expected the graduate schools to train for a career in literature; they have a distinctly different aim: to turn out teachers. The man who goes to a graduate school in order to become an author is patronizing the wrong shop. Both the organization and the discipline of the graduate school tend to unfit a man, not merely for writing popular books, but even for writing books that appeal to the average man of intelligence and education. A modern course leading to a Ph.D. in history would have killed Macaulay as an historian; and rigorous specialization in romance philology, after the modern fashion, might have spoiled both the poet and the essayist in Lowell. We say nothing against specialization. Though the wrong man may attempt it, or attempt it in the wrong way, it is none the less an excellent and a necessary work. But early specialization, at least, is seldom the path to authorship.

Your author—if he is to be anything more than a facile journalistic hack, on the one hand, or a Dry-as-dust on the other—must have ideas. Ideas come by observation and reflection. The observation may be the fruit of direct experience with men and affairs, or of extensive reading, or both. Mr. Morley, for example, is a man who has filled his mind from both sources of knowledge. Pater was something of a recluse, and confined his interest chiefly to literature and to art. Andrew Lang is distinctly bookish—an uncommonly fine classical scholar. Vernon Lee has travelled much in Europe, and also in the realms of gold. Kipling surveys mankind from China to Peru. The author's mind, then, must be wide-ranging, in the search not merely for ideas, but for points of view, side-lights, parallels from other places and times, happy illustrations. Macaulay's

"History" is brilliant and fascinating because his intellect swept over a field far vaster than "England from the Accession of King James the Second." Lowell's pages are almost too richly studded with strange jewels. In fine, the author is an author primarily because he has something to say.

Now the tendency in the graduate school is against intellectual ranging in any of its phases. Every school is more or less of a cloister: it affords few opportunities for direct observation of men. The policeman on his beat has a better chance to mingle with humanity. If a Tammany ward leader had highly developed powers of reflection and inference, if he were a philosopher, his mind would soon be so richly stored with material that he might write a new *Comédie humaine*. But for a graduate student such an undertaking would be unthinkable: he is confined to his books, his thesis, and his laboratory. And even in this restricted territory he cultivates but a tiny patch. If his work lie in economics or history, he is not urged to devote much time to *belles-lettres* or to natural science. He has all he can do—and more—in keeping up with the "literature" of his own subject. The scientist is only too likely to be a scientist and nothing else; and prolonged research in Anglo-Saxon syntax certainly does not furnish one with many ideas that the world will not let die. Editing one of Ben Jonson's plays may be admirable drill for the specialist in the drama; but Prof. A. S. Cook does not labor under the delusion that his young editors of Jonson are on the high road to authorship. He and they are making for another goal.

Whether any school can directly prepare for authorship as for law, medicine, the ministry, or engineering, is an open question. The experiment has never been fairly tried, though various persons have urged it, notably Walter H. Page, editor of *World's Work*. We now have our graduate schools for nearly every calling; indeed, Harvard opens next autumn a graduate school of commerce. But a school of authorship would need a different organization from any of them. It would lay its emphasis on reading extensively; specialization would be subordinate and incidental—perhaps entirely discouraged. Here the grave danger would be that the students might become mere *dilettanti*. They might half-know many things and be thoroughly grounded in nothing. Their minds might, as Newman puts it, be distracted and enfeebled "by an unmeaning profusion of subjects." They might find, too late, that smattering in a dozen branches of study means shallowness, not enlargement. To guard against this failure, some hard discipline in reflection and assimiliation must be devised—such as writing long and elaborate essays, which should be severely criticised as to both form and substance. But, again, reflection implies more or less leisure, and what outwardly appears like idling. As Stevenson puts it in his "Apology for Idlers":

> Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

To coördinate the reading and the thinking, to allow for periods of fruitful idling, to provide some glimpse of life, say, by such means as foreign travel or newspaper reporting in vacation time, and to publish student writings and test them by professional standards—all this would be the formidable task of a school of authorship. We can hardly ask the ordinary graduate school to abandon its present work and change the whole direction of its energies for the sake of our intending essayists, novelists, and poets.

THE ROMANS IN ISTRIA AND DALMATIA.*—III.

THE ARCH OF TRAJAN AT ASSERIA AND TRAJAN'S ROUTE TO DACIA.

Perhaps the most jealously guarded of the few recent excavations by the Austrian Government Commission is that of the ancient city of Asseria, at Podgradje, near Bencovac, in the central part of the interior of Dalmatia. The city was founded long before the Roman conquest by some Greek colonists, who preferred to settle inland rather than, like the great majority of their countrymen, on the islands and the coast, where they founded the mother colony of Issa, its offshoots Epetion and Tragurion, Apollonia and Dyrrhachium in the south; Epitaurum, and several more. More exposed to attack by the native Illyrian tribes, Asseria was probably fortified from the beginning, perhaps in the third century B. C., and its walls are now among the most extensive remaining traces of the Greek race in Dalmatia. The city appears to have been one of the main inland centres of civilization, and it also appears in the annals of Roman conquest and occupation as an early storm centre.

Some years ago reports of casual discoveries on the site led the Central Archæological Commission at Vienna to decide on excavations. The leading archæologist and the architect in charge (Wilberg) were sent from Vienna; a young native archæologist from Zara was attached to the party as assistant, partly because of his local knowledge, partly because the objects found would naturally go to the museum of Zara, the nearest Dalmatian city. Another Dalmatian archæologist, now attached to the museum of Trieste, also took part. The photographs and drawings are hoarded in Vienna. The results appear to have been disappointing. I was told that the work was badly bungled. No official report—no report of any sort—has ever been published. The architectural fragments unearthed were nearly all left on the ground, and have been destroyed by the neighboring villagers or used as building material. One discovery of extreme interest was certainly made, and through much mystery and indifference I have been able to piece it out. It is that of a memorial gate to the Emperor Trajan, erected to him in 113 by his prætorian prefect, or military commander of the province, P. Atilius Æbutianus, and dedicated, with a banquet by Laelius Proculus, for the city.

It is evident at first sight that the gateway is much later than the walls, which are constructed of immense blocks of stone, somewhat bossed and rusticated. The wall was broken in order to insert the gate, which was made to project somewhat on the left, and to recede on the right side. In its form, this gateway, with its single arcade, has more the appearance of a memorial arch than of a city gate, and should be considered in this light. The gate was still standing to a height of between fourteen and fifteen feet, and all the elements of the upper structure were found lying at the base. The principal or outer face, looking toward the country, had a double attic with a double inscription: above that of the dedicator, below that of Trajan. Both inscriptions are now at Zara. Below the attics the projecting cornice and frieze were supported by four free-standing columns forming the "order," while two smaller engaged shafts framed the opening and supported its archivolts. To the free columns resting on a high common base corresponded wall-pilasters on each of the two piers which they framed. On the other side of the arch, facing the city, the columns are not free but engaged. Of sculpture there is no trace beyond the usual decorative work and two remarkable colossal heads in very high relief, usually attributed to the two keystones—one a bull-protoma and the other a head of a youthful deity with rams' horns and a nascent beard; emblems of the city which find their counterpart in many other Roman city gates, as I have shown in a previous letter in connection with Trieste, April 23, 1908, p. 370.

But what is of unique interest, architecturally, is *the use of free-standing columns* on the main façade. There has been quite a discussion as to when they were introduced to replace the engaged shafts, producing greater effects of light and shade and new relations of form, through the overhanging attics which they supported. The so-called Arch of Drusus in Rome had them, but they are an addition of Caracalla; the most popular use of them for the general student is, of course, in the arches of Septimius Severus and Constantine in Rome. But hitherto no example has been found earlier than Hadrian, Trajan's successor; and even his arch at Athens, which has them, may not have been built until after his death. For a while it was thought that Trajan introduced them, on the strength of his arch at Timgad in North Africa, but it is now known that this arch was not built in Trajan's time, but in that of Hadrian or Antoninus Pius. At Beneventum the arch of Trajan still has engaged shafts, and it was built in 114. But a year earlier, in 113, here at Asseria, the imperial architect—he cannot have been a native, but one of the military or government officials—introduced this innovation. At least. until further discoveries cast this arch down from its pinnacle it is the banner-arch of the free-standing columns, the earliest remaining model of this new type which was to become the most popular of all classes of memorial arches. At the same time I believe I have discovered the source of the Asseria design, the destroyed original triumphal arch built in Rome in honor of Trajan a few years before, in about 107 A. D., as a memorial of the Conquest of Dacia, just before the building of the Forum of Trajan. The coins which portray this Dacian arch show very plainly that it has free standing columns supporting a broken architrave. Its designer and the inventor of this type is likely to have been, therefore, Apollodorus of Demascus, the famous architect and engineer of Trajan.

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* Other articles in this series have appeared in the issues of the *Nation* for May 30, August 8, September 5, and December 5, 1907, and April 23, 1908.

But this gate is interesting for historical and military, as well as architectural, reasons. It gives a different aspect to the question whether, in his second and principal Dacian war, Trajan reached the Danube by way of Dalmatia. This theory has been so universally scorned by those who have made a long and careful study of Trajan's Dacian wars, by authorities such as Cichorius and Petersen, that I hesitate to support it. But, while I cannot here discuss their theories as to sea and land routes, I can indicate some of the reasons for supposing that Trajan actually carried his army to the Danube through central Dalmatia and its *hinterland*.

We know that Trajan's first war in 101 and 102 A. D. was not one of conquest, but aimed at making of Dacia and the land across the Danube, a quiet state under the general suzerainty of Rome, a sort of Transvaal, instead of a centre of hostile raids across the river. But when Trajan, some time after Dacia had submitted, had convinced himself in 103 and 104 that Decebalus and Dacia were not honest in their professions of peace and were secretly preparing for hostility, he determined on a war of conquest, and on carrying the Roman border across the river. A larger army was needed than for the first war. Trajan started from Rome. The first rendezvous was at the main port on the upper Adriatic, Ancona, where a beautiful memorial arch still testifies to Trajan's enlargement of its harbor, probably in view of this very need, though the work was not completed till a decade later. As only a part of the army needed to be carried from Italy—the bulk being formed of the legions stationed further north and west—the problem of taking them across the Adriatic was not arduous. In the sculptured historic scenes of the war on Trajan's column we see the scene of embarkation at the port, near the arch which, as at present, adjoins the quay: the whole topography of the scene in the relief fits into that of Ancona, including the temple on the heights. But where are the troops bound? One wild theory takes them on vessels as far as the Bosphorus. My own theory, in which I agree with Professor Bulic, is that Trajan carried the troops almost straight across to Salona, which was not only the nearest large port, but the central starting point for the main network of Dalmatian roads connecting both with the garrison camps and the valley of the Middle Danube, which Trajan wished to reach directly. For confirmation of this theory, it would be natural to look for some record of repairs on the Dalmatian military roads by Trajan in view of this march. We know how forehanded he was in this particular; how he had the great road along the Danube through the Iron Gates constructed in 100, a year before the first Dacian war, and how he set Apollodorus at work on the great bridge over the Danube in 101. So it is without surprise, but as a confirmation of my theory, that I see in the C. I. L. and in the Dalmatian *Bollettino* of Bulic, the inscribed milestones from this region that prove Trajan's restoration of the roads, one of them near Salona itself at Trau. Trajan's stay in Dalmatia and its connection with the Dacian campaign are shown in a multitude of ways: by buildings and engineering works like the aqueduct at Zara, by the monuments of soldiers and veterans scattered over the whole province, including those of men who did not belong to the corps regularly stationed in Dalmatia, but who took part in this campaign. Picking up the Pannonian and Mœsian legions on his way to the northeast; and appointing a rendezvous for the Germanic legions and the rest that were to come from the west, Trajan probably spent some time on this side of the Danube before crossing; and the triumphal monument at Adam-Klissi in the Dobrudscha shows how far toward the Bosphorus he descended. Whether in starting from Salona he took the more northern route via Burnum and Asseria, or the more southern route, by the Drin valley, I would not venture to suggest without further study of the region; but does not the memorial arch-gate at Asseria, though erected several years after, suggest that Trajan may have passed this way? In any case, there is cumulative circumstantial evidence in favor of the theory that Trajan selected some route through Dalmatia as the shortest and safest way of reaching his field of operations and that he had been preparing for this by putting the highways and ports in repair.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

Princeton, N. J.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The library of Henry W. Poor will be offered by the Anderson Auction Company of this city next season. Mr. Poor has been buying first editions and rare books for fifteen years or more. He secured some of the most important items in the Bishop Hurst sale in 1905, notably Higden's "Polychronicon," printed by Caxton in 1482, which, though lacking some leaves, brought $1,400; and the "Catholicon" of Balbus de Janua, printed by Gutenberg in 1460, which though also imperfect, with fifty leaves from another edition, brought $710. He was the purchaser likewise of choice books from the McKee library, the most valuable being the first edition of the "Imitation of Christ," printed at the first press at Augsburg in 1471, for which he paid $1,600. There are Latin, French, and Oriental manuscripts, including a Bible on vellum dated 1425, Books of Hours, with miniatures, and the "Office de la Vierge," written by that famous calligrapher, N. Jarry, for Anne of Austria; eighty-five examples of the Aldine press, including Grolier's copy of the Livy; a number of the rarer Elzevirs; early English poetry and prose, including Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600, Gawin Douglas's translation of the "Aeneid," 1553, and Chapman's "Iliad," 1611; Americana, including Smith's New York, 1757, Beverly's Virginia, 1705, and McCall's Georgia, 1812. Of modern authors, Mr. Poor brought together first editions and some presentation copies of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Coleridge, Rossetti, and Swinburne. Mr. Poor also has complete sets of the issues of the Kelmscott, Doves, Ashendene, and other private presses, a complete set of the Grolier Club publications, and of William Loring Andrews's books. For many years Mr. Poor has been a liberal supporter of the Club Bindery, and many of his modern books are in expensive bindings. He was a collector of early American bindings; and his copy of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," New York, 1792, bound by Thomas Allen, is one of the finest specimens of eighteenth century binding done in this country.

On May 21 and 22, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of books, part of them from the library of Edward H. Lowe of London. Several books with colored plates are included, among them Aiken's "National Sports of Great Britain," 1825; Westmacott's "English Spy," 1825-1826; Egan's "Life in London," 1821, and his "Life of an Actor," 1825. In early English literature there are the first folio Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647; Samuel Daniel's "Certaine Small Poems," 1605; D'Avenant's "Gondibert," 1651, on large paper; and first editions of four quarto plays by Massinger. The first editions include Hawthorne's "Fanshawe," 1828; Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," 1859, in parts; a collected set of George Eliot; Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery," and a presentation copy of his translation of the "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique"; Shelley's "Revolt of Islam," 1818, "Rosalind and Helen," 1819; "Prometheus Unbound," 1820, and "Posthumous Poems," 1824; and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," 1848. A Greek manuscript of the Gospels written towards the end of the twelfth century, on 304 leaves of vellum, in a contemporary binding of red velvet, with silver ornaments, books with painted edges, a series of the so-called Goupil Monographs, and publications of the Bibliophile Society and the Grolier Club are other notable items.

A writer in the London *Athenæum* reports the discovery of an early prose work of Coleridge's unknown to bibliographers and apparently to the author's daughter and editor. The work is in the form of a letter, signed C. T. S.; it was elicited by an attack on Dr. E. L. Fox, a prominent member of the anti-ministerial party of Bristol. It is a pamphlet consisting of title-page (verso blank) and seven pages of letterpress. The title-page runs:—

> An | Answer | to | "A Letter | to | Edward Long Fox, M.D." | [Motto:] This is the Patriot's meed! | Be be as pure as is the Mountain Snow, | He shall not 'scape the wrongs of Calumny. | Bristol: | Sold by all the Booksellers. | Price Two-pence.

No date is given, but the pamphlet must have appeared soon after the publication (December 11, 1795) of the letter which called it forth. That this answer is the work of Coleridge is proved by internal evidence. Several of the sentences are found in the "Conciones ad Populum" and the *Watchman*.

Correspondence.

GRADUATE SCHOOLS AND LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has been much painful criticism in your columns and elsewhere of the graduate work in our universities, particularly in literary fields. You have, for example, commented on the vicious influence of so-called German methods of scholarship, minute specialization, excessive emphasis upon "research," the worthlessness of the ordinary doctoral dissertation, and the inadequate training of the teacher. There is one point, however, which, I think, has not been sufficiently dwelt upon: The very best men do not enter upon graduate study at all; the next best drop out after a year's experiment; the mediocre men, at the end of two years; the most unfit survive and become doctors of philosophy, who go forth and reproduce their kind. The worst thing that can be said against the graduate school is, that it turns the best men away.

The best men for literary work are men of literary taste and aspiration. An outsider would naturally suppose the graduate school to be especially alluring to young men with a desire for a knowledge of literature, men with a keen sense of literary excellence, and gifted with original literary power. Such men appear every now and then in the small colleges of the East and the universities of the West. They conceive the notion that in the graduate school of some large Eastern university they shall come in contact with professors who are men of letters, with young men who are advanced and eager students of letters. They hope to enlarge their acquaintance with great men and great ideas, to expend great energy for great returns, to advance steadily to higher levels with a more liberal air and broader prospects. They are much surprised. They are bidden to provide themselves with an adding machine to count the occurrence of "fish" and "flesh" in the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; they are asked to hearken to the vowels and consonants singing together through the Dark Ages; they are invited to embrace the inspiring relics of the Gothic gospels; they are inducted into the physiology of the vocal organs; they are set astride an enchanted broomstick and sent chasing Cuchulinn through the Celtic moonshine. Seriously, there is nothing more pathetic in the world than the sight of the ardent and aspiring souls from Utah, Oregon, Texas, and the isles of the sea, who come up to the graduate school, and, in the faith and heart-ravishing impudence of little children asking for bread, receive a gold brick. So much for their hope of enlarging their acquaintance with great men and great ideas.

Their hope of training for creative literary work fares even worse. Their original literary power is the very thing that the graduate school should nourish. This, however, is the thing that the graduate school ignores, mocks, seeks to discourage. The puissant Darwinians, who have taken charge of the "higher" study of literature are suspicious of felicity in expression. They shun popularity as they do the devil. They wish the theses of their pupils to be what is technically called "scholarly," by which they mean true to the bare literal fact, objectively presented, unrelieved by humor or feeling, embanked and barricaded with notes. Every shaving of the workshop must be presented with the peg that the workshop produced; every mouse must be accompanied by the mountain that brought it forth. The student of real literary taste and power turns away rebuffed. He may go into journalism, become a critic of the play-house, or publishing-house, write for the magazines, or drift into the novel. Journalism and literature are the weaker because he has not had the training of a sound graduate school; the graduate school is the weaker because it has turned away a man of life and promise, a man who knew what he wanted, but could not get it.

There is no branch of higher education which has set to work more deliberately to cut off its own nose than English. There is no department of the graduate school which has greater opportunities, or makes less use of them. Whether one likes it or not, English literature is the student's main road to culture—the culture that Arnold meant: a knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world. The manifest opportunity of advanced English teachers and students is to add, not to the sum of human knowledge, but to the sum of human knowers; to the sum of those acquainted with the immortal works of men's minds in all ages of the world. We all lament the venal and weak-kneed journalism for which we are so celebrated. Do our English teachers make any concerted attempt to catch the embryo journalist, and stiffen his knees, and supply him with ideas too costly for even the multi-millionaire proprietor to purchase? Some of us are sorry that our literary critics have no standards; that our versifiers are so vapid, so destitute both of thought and of feeling; that our novelists are so sensational and so fond of launching theories that were exploded a hundred years ago. Do our English teachers make any concerted attempt to impregnate contemporary literature with the ideas of which they are, or ought to be, the custodians? Colleges all over the country are asking the graduate schools for teachers of English literature, for men capable of interesting graduates and undergraduates in the great ideas of Englishmen of the last four centuries. Do our graduate schools send them anything but pseudo-scientific specialists? There is a remarkable case of demand failing to create supply.

I sometimes think the best university that America ever had was that audacious school of philosophy which nestled under the hills of Concord. There for a little time were gathered together a few inadequately trained but great-souled and big-minded men, with a genuine hunger for the world's culture. There, old Bronson Alcott launched his imperfect flying-machine into the "intense inane." There, Emerson discoursed with Plato and Paul and Cæsar and Dante and Montaigne and Goethe—entered into their spirits and possessed them. There—strangest spectacle that ever insulted the practical sense of Yankee land—Thoreau sat down in his $30 shanty on Walden Pond, trimmed his evening lamp, and summoned around him Confucius and Zoroaster, Buddha and Zeno; rose in the morning and made his bread by recipe of Cato the Censor, and hoed his beans by the precepts of Sir Kenelm Digby and John Evelyn. There was a moment of intellectual expansion—men laid hold upon the poles of the earth. The wave of the brief bold renaissance of ideas that produced the transcendentalists produced Hawthorne, Lowell, and Whitman, the most original and powerful poetic force that America has liberated. For a little while, the cold skies of New England were glorious. But the giants of those days are no more. Montaigne gives way to Dr. Schwan and Dr. Behrens; Goethe to Professor Sievers; Plato to Dr. Braune, and the apostle Paul to the philologer of the same name. We produce a troop of profounder scholars who know that Emerson should be dismissed with a smile; he made Chaucer borrow of Lydgate and Caxton—that's all we need to know of him. Carlyle was a dodderer; for his etymology was faulty and his voice was strained—that's all we need to know of him. Arnold was a dabbler; for he spoke of the Celtic spirit from a very inadequate knowledge of Old Irish—that's all we need to know of him. We will have our revenge of them all; we will study Lydgate and the etymological dictionary and Old Irish, and let Emerson and Carlyle and Arnold lapse with all their heroes and their hobbies into dusty oblivion.

I should like to see inscribed over the door of every graduate student of literature that splendid sentiment of Lord Bacon: "I have taken all knowledge for my province." That seems to me the only proper province for the student to claim. When he becomes a teacher or a writer, let him narrow his domain as necessity and the shortness of his life require. One episode in the life of the Prince of Darkness has always roused my admiration: "He taketh him up into an exceedingly high mountain and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." The question is whether we shall endeavor to go with our students up into a high mountain top to see the glory of the world, or whether we shall set them to burrowing in a gopher hole. It is clear that guides to the mountain top are not to be found on every corner; graduate schools are not producing many men who can point out the glory of the world. The scrupulous Darwinian will at once retort that the guides I am asking for are mere popular lecturers, flimsy generalizers, bellelettristic triflers. I admit that I think we need more generalizers, though it is not essential that they be flimsy generalizers. If talking in a comprehensive way about the great men and great ideas of the world is to be popular, then we do direfully need more popular men—more men like Lowell, Arnold, Leslie Stephen, John Morley. We need men with an eye for contours and altitudes, a sense for life in its fullness, an eye for the glory of the world. Such men must be recruited mainly from those whom the graduate schools are turning away uneducated into literary hackwork, journalism, and underfed literature.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., May 1.

A TEMPEST IN A SWISS UNIVERSITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Swiss universities and particularly the university of Lausanne, are much exercised over an attack that has been made upon them in the *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin. The questions at issue have a certain international bearing as between Germany and Switzerland. They concern university life in all countries and present some curious and amusing features. It seems that the German ministry of public instruction permits students from the Empire to spend their first three semesters at certain Swiss universities, these semesters being accepted as part of the time required for their degrees. The universities of French-speaking Switzerland are frequented by a large number of German students, who are attracted partly by the opportunity for learning the language.

But the spirit of Lausanne is proudly democratic. Socialism is treated here on its merits and is not under the ban either of law or of public opinion. And what is more, Russian students of both sexes, almost all of them revolutionists, are very numerous. At Lausanne, out of a total of about thirteen hundred in attendance, there are more than one hundred German subjects and about five hundred Russians, including the Poles. Many of the remainder are also foreigners. Besides the students, there are many Russian refugees in the cantons of Vaud and Geneva. Their respect for law has been weakened by the tyranny from which they have escaped, and several desperate crimes have been laid at their door. The murder of a bank clerk at Montreux and a robbery at Lausanne were apparently the work of Russians, not necessarily terrorists on the one hand nor revolutionists on the other, but simply bandits. The Russian students, who are an uncouth but earnest colony, in the main, have had to suffer in public opinion for the conduct of these malefactors. Of course the students are engaged in a revolutionary progaganda. That is naturally the business of their lives.

Independently of all this, there has been going on a personal quarrel between two German professors in the law-school on the one hand, and their colleagues, backed by the Swiss and some of the German law students, on the other. It began over fees, the German professors charging one of their colleagues with attracting students away from their courses and thus diminishing their revenues. These two professors, Herrn Kuhlenbeck and Van Vleuten, are in a sense treaty-professors, having been appointed subject to the approval of the German government in view of the permission granted to German students to study at Lausanne. Their courses, conducted in German, are indispensable for students expecting to be admitted finally to the legal profession in Germany.

The *Rundschau* two weeks ago stated that the patriotism of the German students in Switzerland, and especially at Lausanne, their monarchical principles, and their attachment to the theory of individualism were being undermined. Professors were teaching Socialism, the atmosphere was democratic, and the Russians were mingling freely with the Kaiser's subjects and corrupting them. Professors Kuhlenbeck and Van Vleuten were martyrs of German patriotism, doing all they could to oppose these evils. Thereupon the *Gazette de Lausanne* did not hesitate to charge these gentlemen with being the authors of the article in the *Rundschau*. They were accused of insubordination to the university authorities and with "cutting" their classes. The sad and amusing part of the whole affair has been the haste of the other law professors to disclaim all sympathy with the Russian students and all interest in Socialism. One of them is a grandson of Alexander Herzen, the famous revolutionist, yet he, too, turns his back and says "I never knew them."

German students come to Switzerland to be a little *dépaysés*. They need to be. Contact with the Russians, whom they dislike, would not hurt them. It is absurd and dangerous to require that a professor shall be an automaton, mentioning only such subjects as are specified in the title of his chair. If he be a man he will have political opinions, and if he be a man of originality and distinction his opinions will probably differ from those of the public. To grovel in the face of a little newspaper storm is to prove one's self unfit to serve as an example to the young. The incident further illustrates the exorbitant demands of German imperialism. It also shows the inconveniences of paying professors in proportion to the number of students who follow their courses.

Meanwhile a spirit of disorder pervades the university. The Swiss students have insulted Professor Kuhlenbeck. The German students are in despair over the interruption of their work. The "patriotism" of the Vaudois, rising to equal the narrowness of their German critics, may result in a serious loss of foreign patronage, upon which the university largely depends.

George McLean Harper.

Lausanne, Switzerland, May 1.

Notes.

This month the Oxford University Press will bring out "The Shakespeare Apocrypha," edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke, being a collection of fourteen plays which have been attributed to Shakespeare; a second volume of William Foster's "English Factories in India"; and a new edition of Stow's "Survey of London," edited with a long Introduction and notes by C. L. Kingsford.

The Doves Press will issue as its next publication Browning's "Men and Women," the first volume to be ready in June, the second in December, 250 copies on paper and twelve on vellum. The press is also beginning an edition of Shakespeare, each play forming a volume. The first, "Hamlet," will be issued in June, 1909.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce as "in preparation" an account of the great voyage of exploration of the ship Gjöa, 1903-1907, in which Capt. Roald Amundsen sailed through the North West Passage. The book, bearing the name of the passage, is by Capt. Amundsen himself, and is said to be unusually vivacious and picturesque.

T. Fisher Unwin has a sixpenny edition of George Moore's "Evelyn Innes," largely rewritten by the author.

James MacLehose & Sons are publishing an Index to the papers relating to Scotland described or calendared in the Historical Manuscripts Commission Reports. It is compiled by Prof. C. Sanford Terry, and will be uniform in size with the Reports.

Maunsel & Co. of Dublin announce a collected edition of "The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves," in two volumes, the author himself having made the selection. As the early poems are out of print and the later lyrics are scattered in various inaccessible books of music, this reprint will be welcome.

In the April issue of the *American Journal of International Law* Prof. W. W. Willoughby, of Johns Hopkins, controverts the view set forth in Dr. James Brown Scott's leading paper in the October number, "The Legal Nature of International Law." Dr. Scott maintained that the rules which govern the relations of states are as properly to be termed laws as are enacted statutes. Professor Willoughby admits that when necessary to the adjudication of causes brought before them courts will apply the generally received principles of international law, but he refuses to concede that that law, like national law, constitutes a part of the municipal law of Great Britain and the United States. He maintains, that when laws are enforced, they first must have been impliedly adopted by the English or American state as a part of its municipal law, and that the legal force of such rules and principles must have been thus derived. The number recurs, at many points, to the Second Hague Conference. Laurence Oppenheim, author of the last completed great work on international law, sets forth his views of the task and method of this science. He is the first European contributor.

"The Life and Letters of Robert Browning," published by Mrs. Sutherland Orr in 1891, has now been thoroughly revised by Frederic G. Kenyon and issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a single volume. The greatest change has been necessitated by the publication of the correspondence between the poet and Elizabeth Barrett, and the whole chapter relating to their courtship and marriage has been rewritten by Mr. Kenyon. There are one or two other alterations of some magnitude, but for the most part the revision has been confined to correcting errors of statement in the light of recent information. The book remains substantially as Mrs. Orr left it.

We had occasion the other day to review an excellent edition of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," to which J. Shawcross furnished notes and an Introduction. As a complementary, though entirely independent, volume we have now from the Clarendon Press "Coleridge's Literary Criticism," with an Introduction by J. W. Mackail. Here the sections of the "Biographia" dealing with Wordsworth are given, followed by excerpts from his table talk and lectures. An index makes the book useful for reference. Professor Mackail's Introduction is in his usual graceful and full vein. It is a temptation to quote his metaphor—an old one newly turned—describing Wordsworth as a critic:

> He found his own life an unfathomable well into which, as his eye grew trained to see in darkness, he could plunge deeper and deeper down among the springs of life. From those depths—and they were inex-

haustible—he drew the water of which we may still drink, and which we shall not find in other vessels. But when he rose from them, it was with eyes that did not readily adjust themselves to the upper air; and that is why he so often reminds one of an owl in the daylight. The circling flight, the poise and swoop of the critic were not his.

For a professor of mathematics in Johns Hopkins University to become editor of a daily newspaper, the Baltimore *News*, and to serve in that position for thirteen years, makes up a novel experiment in journalism. "People and Problems: a Collection of Addresses and Editorials," by Fabian Franklin (Henry Holt & Co.), gives a slight record of it. To turn from the most exact of sciences to a notoriously inexact calling, must have meant something of a mental wrench for Professor Franklin; though, of course, his interest in public affairs was not born with his active editorship. His especial training is not obtruded in these pages. One editorial, acutely analyzing the vital statistics of Chicago, which the *Times-Herald* of that city declared to be a demonstration that "the average duration of life in this city has more than doubled during a single generation," reveals mathematical powers, but the chief impress of Professor Franklin's previous studies must be sought in that moderation, with that striving after the just and fair statement, which most strikes one in these collected writings. It requires a certain boldness in an editor to bring together in this way a selection from his chance utterances on public topics; while it is necessary to shoot at folly as it flies, it has to be remembered that the arrow usually disappears with the folly. An old English editor advised a younger newspaper writer to go back occasionally, when he felt stale and depressed, to things of his own. "If you find them pretty bad, you will be sure that you can write better than that. If they seem to you good, you will be encouraged to hope that you can do as well again." If anything like that is Professor Franklin's justification for printing this gleaning from his editorial work, we can only say that his encouragement from finding the writing good will be frequent.

Prof. G. H. Palmer's life of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is not a biography in the ordinary sense, but a panegyric, the intimate and lingering praise of a radiant woman by one who knew her best. "To leave the dead wholly dead is rude," he says, and the whole book is an effort to infuse into the cold eulogy of the world which knew Mrs. Palmer's outward activities a breath of warmer personal regret. It is not a long book; yet, in our estimation, a little too long for the *genre*. Some of Miss Freeman's letters, written while she was a student at Ann Arbor, some of the testimonials from her pupils at Wellesley, might have been omitted; other parts might have been shortened. The tone of panegyric, however legitimate, becomes cloying in a short time. The important question raised, and perhaps solved, by the book is the adjusting of two busy lives in marriage. Mrs. Palmer, while giving up the presidency of Wellesley to live with her husband in Cambridge, remained a woman of many outside interests. No doubt, it is for this reason that her biographer insists on her great abilities as a home-maker, in both the higher and the lower things. The most intimate, and, by a paradox, the least sentimental chapters are those which tell of the secluded summer life of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer in Boxford, and of their sabbatical years abroad. Travelling for them was a fine art by which change of scene meant only the making of brief and beautiful homes. To those who did not know Mrs. Palmer personally, these glimpses of hidden life at Paris and Venice and Tübingen will probably remain longest in memory; to those who counted themselves her friends the whole story will be like an intimate letter.

James MacLehose & Sons, publishers to the University of Glasgow (the Macmillan Co., agent), have issued in a style uniform with Capt. John Smith's "Travels" and William Lithgow's "Rare Adventures" Fynes Moryson's "Itinerary." The four handsomely printed volumes contain, according to the sub-title, "His Ten Yeeres Travell through the Twelve Dominions of Germany, Bohmerland, Sweitzerland, Netherland, Denmarke, Poland, Italy, Turky, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland." In the *Nation* of November 21, 1907, p. 470, we briefly noted the appearance of the first two volumes. Moryson, who was born in 1566, had that *Wanderlust* which seized so many of the Elizabethans—the mark of an inquiring spirit in those days when the world was still largely unknown and full of marvels. He writes:

> From my tender youth I had a great desire to see forraine countries. And having once begun this course, I could not see any man without emulation and a kind of vertuous envy, who had seene more Cities, Kingdomes, and Provinces, or more Courts of Princes, Kings, and Emperours then myselfe.

Prompted by this feeling, he spent ten years in roving, and in 1617 he published his book. It was first written in Latin and then translated into English. The result, it must be confessed, is not of interest to the general reader. Moryson's style is rather dry and monotonous. The work does not compare, for example, with Dampier's "Voyages." The story of the travels, occupies the first volume and a third of the second. Moryson sets down in detail the price of food, clothing, and general supplies, the fares paid by boat and stage, the cost of hiring horses, and the charges at the various inns. The last two-thirds of volume two and most of volume three are devoted to an account of the Rebellion in Ireland at the close of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth. Throughout a good part of this struggle Moryson was secretary to Lord Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy. This history of the Rebellion is extremely arid—a succession of documents, letters from officers in the field to the authorities at London, and the replies, strung together on a slender and inadequate thread of narrative. The most interesting chapters, from the point of view of the general reader, are those of the fourth volume, in which Moryson discusses the apparel, the manners and customs, the laws, and the frame of government of the countries which he visited. His observations on the food, on the drinking habits—and those were the days of deep potations—on the organization of the family and the relations of husband and wife, and on punishments and the administration of law are often shrewd and entertaining. But even in these chapters much matter must be skipped. But to a student of the history of prices and of commerce all the volumes should be of value. The data furnished by Moryson throw a great deal of light on the cost of living in all grades of society in most of the countries of Europe, and the relative prices of a wide range of commodities. The work, we should say, would be an important addition to any library of economics.

"Present-day Japan," (Charles Scribner's Sons), by Augusta M. Campbell Davidson, is one of the books which touch lightly the surface of Japanese life, or if seriously attempting to enter the arcana of thought and inheritance, show little acquaintance with the historic monuments or the native literature except through translations. For this very reason, it may be, the work will be attractive to those who prefer to know about the Japan of to-day and do not care to probe phenomena for reasons. The text is based on letters written at the time and on the spot, and afterwards topically arranged. The numerous illustrations, reproduced from photographs, show taste in selection. As sympathy is itself a key to interpretation, many of the popular customs, festivals, and daily acts are made more intelligible to us by this educated English woman than by the average traveller who writes; and the national faiths, Shinto and Buddhism, are treated with more intelligence and discerning penetration. The beaten tracks were followed and two or three great cities, with Nikko, seem to have furnished the geographical basis for her thoughts and observations.

The contention set forth, from arguments based chiefly on history and archæology, that the Japanese have a rich inheritance from the same ethnic stock as the Indo-German peoples, receives some support from Kinza Hirai of Tokio. He has already written a work on "The Identity of the Japanese Language with the Aryan Languages." In an appendix (pp. 42) recently issued, he shows a comparative "Vocabulary of the Japanese and Aryan Languages." He has searched the Bengali and Assami, the Persian and Nepali grammars, and since he is already familiar with the Greek and Sanskrit, most of his comparisons of Japanese vocables are with words from these tongues. For the present, and until detailed grammatical evidence shall be presented, he is "content with this statement, that supposing the identification of our words with the Indo-European a mere chimerical fancy," his work shall serve "as suggestions and help to the memory of foreign words by association." While accepting Mr. Hirai's reserve in a matter where dogmatic statement is out of the question, we may say that his comparisons might have appeared somewhat more convincing if he had not adhered to a system of transliteration fixed nearly fifty years ago. Thus, *hito* (man) does not look or seem to sound like the Greek *phos*, *photes*, *photos*, but when printed *phŭto*, as it sounds in the Tokio dialect, seems to reveal kinship. *Kokoro*, which might properly be transliterated so as to resemble the Sanskrit and cognate forms, *e. g. hridaya*, means heart or core, or essence. *Dada* is Japanese for father, and *torii* for door or gate. Hirai guards his contention from the objection that the Japanese words unmistakably allied to Sanskrit might have been introduced through Buddhism, by showing that such words (which he excludes from his lists) do not number a score, the terminology of Japanese Buddhism being wholly, except the score or so noted above, of Chinese origin.

It was Professor Jowett's belief that scholars would better serve the world by executing and diffusing good translations of the classics than by the further prosecution of minute and over-specialized research. He accordingly left the royalties on his "Plato" in trust for the publication of a translation of Aristotle. In issuing the first instalment of such a translation the editors, J. A. Smith and W. D. Ross, announce that translators have already been secured for a large number of the works, and invite correspondence with regard to the remainder. The present volume, Part I., "The Parva Naturalia" (Henry Frowde), contains versions of the "De Sensu et Sensibili," the "De Memoria et Reminiscentia," the "De Somno," the "De Somniis," and the "De Divinatione per Somnium," by Prof. J. I. Beare, author of "Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition," reviewed in these columns August 9, 1906, p. 126; and versions of the "De Longitudine et Brevitate Vitæ," the "De Juventute et Senectute," the "De Vita et Morte," and the "De Respiratione," by Dr. Ross, author of an excellent edition of the "De Sensu et Memoria." The work is well done, and may be used with entire confidence by students of philosophy and the history of science. It is far more accurate than the interesting but, philologically speaking, amateurish book of Ogle, and silently corrects some errors which reviewers have pointed out in Dr. Ross's own previous interpretation of the "De Sensu et Memoria." The brief footnotes cite pertinent parallels from Plato and Aristotle, and in doubtful passages explain and defend the reading or rendering adopted. We shall follow with interest the progress of the undertaking, and shall especially welcome the "Metaphysics," a good English version of which is greatly needed.

Much material for the college study of religion is found in Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman's "The Sphere of Religion" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author describes and summarizes the sacred books of ancient Babylonia, Egypt, and India, the Chinese classics, the religious literatures of Greece and Persia, the Tripitaka of Buddha, the Scriptures of the Hebrews, of Christianity and Islam, and devotes more than proportionate space to the "Book of Mormon," "Science and Health," and Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled." The remainder of the volume consists of miscellaneous essays on such topics as "The Relation of the Fine Arts to Religion," "What Has Religion to Do with Education?", and "The Church and the Right to Property." The mixed character of the volume, as neither on the one hand a scientific treatise on the history of religion, nor on the other a consecutive discussion of pressing religious problems, is likely to militate against its usefulness. Professor Hoffman's spirit is tolerant and progressive, but he covers such a variety of topics and so broad a field that issue may frequently be taken with him, in point both of fact and of opinion.

A recent number of the useful Crown Theological Library is "What is Religion?" by Prof. Wilhelm Bousset of Göttingen (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The volume is a translation by F. B. Low of eight popular lectures delivered by Professor Bousset in Hanover in 1903 and published under the title "Das Wesen der Religion, dargestellt in ihrer Geschichte." As thus indicated, the treatment is historical, not philosophical. An introductory chapter asserts the significance of religion as "the most powerful factor that affects the mental life of mankind," and defines its nature as, on the one side, a striving after life, and, on the other, a belief in divine beings and in the possibility of communion with them, manifesting itself in fear and trust. The remainder of the volume is occupied with brief sketches of the principal characteristics of the various historical forms of religion. A chapter on "The Future of Christianity," in which radical opinions on the more important doctrines of the Christian faith are maintained in brief paragraphs, closes the volume. The aim of the author was practical and apologetic, to assert the worth of religion as a subject of serious study, and to defend the proposition that Christianity, in the form taught by its founder, is the highest type of religion. As a rapid survey of the field of comparative religion and a concise and graphic description of the chief types of religion, Professor Bousset's lectures are of merit. The reader who finds the volume obscure or uninteresting must be dull indeed. But the English translation should have warned the reader, as is made clear in the German, that the book consists merely of popular lectures, brief introductions to the topics of which they treat, on which opinions are still much divided. In its English dress the book scarcely does justice to the author of the learned and exhaustive history of the Jewish religion in the age of the New Testament. The translator would have done better to retain the word Kultus instead of rendering it "worship," to employ Islam instead of "Islamism." He has retained the error of Professor Bousset's text, that every seventh or eighth man in the Roman empire at the opening of the Christian era was a Jew, an error corrected in the appendix of the original to 7 or 8 per cent.

"Unser Gottesglaube," a brochure by Prof. W. Bousset of Göttingen (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), is an attempt to popularize, especially for those just being confirmed, the positive teachings of modern theology. It is the effort to show that this theology, far from being merely or chiefly destructive, really supplies more fully than the old, the spiritual needs of the average Christian. This volume is the latest in the series Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher.

A keen but conservative study of the personalities in the New Testament and chiefly of Jesus himself is furnished by J. H. Albert Fricke in his work, just issued, "Biblische Personen, Lebens- und Charakterbilder aus den vier Evangelien, insbesondere das Leben Jesu" (Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses).

Prof. C. F. Georg Heinrici, of the University of Leipzig, in his "Der literarische Charakter der neutestamentlichen Schriften" (Leipzig: Verlag der Dürrschen Buchhandlung) furnishes an analysis of the literary character of the New Testament books, and also searches out historically the factors that have made them what they are in form and content. He surveys the Jewish and Hellenistic worlds of thought, which are both reflected in the New Testament writings.

"Zwölf Festreden" is a collection of a dozen sermons preached on such festival occasions as Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and Pentecost, by Prof. J. Smend, of the University of Strassburg (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht). This book belongs to the series Moderne Predigt-Bibliothek, edited by Prof. E. Rolffs. No better collection of the strictly modern type of pulpit oratory is published.

The small volume of F. von Schweinitz, entitled "Alte Wahrheit in neuer Beleuchtung" (Breslau: Gerhard Kaufmann), is a typical expression of the current tendency to reconcile modern thought with the fundamental teachings of Christianity. Its four parts discuss the questions: "Who Was Jesus?" "Is the Bible God's Word or Man's Word?" "Can Modern Thought Still Accept Baptism and the Lord's Supper?" "Can an Educated Man Still Believe in a Creator?" The position of the writer is conservative, but his work is not characterized throughout by the most accurate scholarship.

Pastor Johannes Thomae, of Querum, publishes in his recent work, "Die Absolutheit des Christentums" (Leipzig: A. Deichert), a discussion of the question as to the uniqueness of Christianity and its generic difference from other religions.

"Die religiösen Ideale der modernen Theologie" (Frankfurt: Moritz Diesterweg), a collection of four lectures, is an excellent summary of the positive teachings of advanced theological thought, and an effort to show that they meet the practical religious needs of the times. These lectures were delivered in Frankfurt-on-Main, by Oberlehrer H. Schuster, Prof. W. Bornemann, Pastor W. Veit, and Pastor E. Foerster. By an interesting coincidence, Prof. Carl Stange publishes at the same time (Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs) a discourse originally delivered in Giessen on the same general subject. His thesis is that advanced theology cannot meet the religious needs of man. This brochure is entitled "Das Frömmigkeitsideal der modernen Theologie."

No. XXVIII. of the richly illustrated series of historical monographs published by Velhagen & Klasing, Bielefeld and Leipzig, under the title Monographien zur Weltgeschichte, and edited by Prof. E. Heyck, contains an excellent account of William of Orange and the great struggles for independence with which his name is linked. The book bears the title "Wilhelm von Oranien und die Entstehung der freien Niederlande." The editor of the series is also the author of this monograph.

The recent publication of the ninth volume of the "Weltgeschichte," edited, with the coöperation of leading specialists, by Dr. Hans F. Helmolt, completes this work. The characteristic feature is the arrangement of the material on the ethno-geographical principle. The Bibliographisches

Institut of Leipzig and Vienna is the publisher.

Ernst Seraphim, who in collaboration with A. Seraphim, wrote "Geschichte Liv-, Esth-, und Kurlands," has now published a "Baltische Geschichte im Grundris" (Reval: Franz Kluge). It covers the whole history of the German Baltic provinces, especially the struggle attending their Germanization, but only timidly touches the recent attempts at Russification.

With the publication of the second volume, Dr. Ernst Cassirer's "Das Erkenntnisproblem in der Philosophie und Wissenschaft der neueren Zeit" has reached its conclusion. The first volume appeared more than a twelvemonth ago. The entire work is characterized by a remarkable completeness, especially in the case of those philosophical writers who do not play a leading rôle. Naturally the historical side of the discussion is prominent. The arrangement of the material may be criticised as unsatisfactory (Berlin: Bruno Cassirer).

A further evidence of the revival of philosophical study in Germany is the new volume of Dr. Goswin Uphues, professor of philosophy in the University of Halle, entitled "Kant und seine Vorgänger: Was wir von ihnen lernen können" (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke & Sohn). This is an historical study of the genesis and development of the Kantean philosophy, with a new interpretation of some points, *e. g.*, Kant's postulates of practical reason.

A new work on the early literatures of Iceland and Norway from the pen of Prof. Finnur Jónsson of the University of Copenhagen, needs no recommendation to those who know his earlier writings. But his recent book, "Den islandske Litteraturs Historie tilligemed den oldnorske" (Copenhagen: Gad, 453 pp.), is intended for a larger public than his critical history in three volumes which was published some time ago (1894-1902.) The author's aim is to provide a text-book for university students as well as a manual for the general reader; and in this double purpose he has succeeded. The volume contains a sketch of Icelandic literature from 1400 to the present time.

"Les Chouans" of Balzac is published in an attractive volume by George Bell & Sons, with illustrations by J. Blake Greene and a Preface by Gustave Lanson.

The large Patrologia Orientalis, with the Paris professors R. Graffin and F. Nau as editors, has begun the publication of the Greek portions as separate parts. The first is Prof. C. Wesseley's "Les plus anciens monuments du Christianisme écrits sur papyrus: textes grecs édités, traduits et commentés." This collection begins with five different formulas in which early Christians made a sworn denial of their faith; then come a series of letters written by Christians, most important among which is that of the Presbyter Psenosiris to the Presbyter Apollonios, in reference to the Christian woman Politike banished to an oasis on account of her faith. There are also a number of *inedita* from the Rainer collection in Vienna, fragments of gospels, canonical and non-canonical, including the finds of Grenfell and Hunt, and three photographic reproductions of specimens of these documents.

The death is announced, in his seventy-third year, of Archibald Hamilton Charteris, for thirty years professor of Biblical criticism at Edinburgh University, and since 1901 chaplain in ordinary to the King in Scotland. Dr. Charteris's best-known work is his "Life of Professor James Robertson"; he has also written "Canonicity," "The Christian Scripture," etc.

Theodor Ritter von Sickel, until 1892 professor of history at the University of Vienna and director of the Institut für österreichische Geschichte, has died at the age of eighty-one. Among his published works are "Monumenta graphica medii ævi ex archivis et bibliothecis imperii Austriaci collecta," "Beiträge zur Diplomatik," "Zur Geschichte des Konzils von Trient," "Über Kaiserurkunden in der Schweiz," and "Das Privilegium Ottos I. für die Römische Kirche."

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Letters of George Bancroft. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. 2 vols., pp. 294 and 364. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Mr. Bancroft died in Washington January 17, 1891, not long after he had entered upon his ninety-first year. He had been a conspicuous figure as a man of letters, as something of a politician in his early days, and later as our minister to England and to Germany. The task of writing the biography of so distinguished a personage has been committed to a competent hand. Mr. Howe has performed creditably a work of peculiar difficulty. He had to dispose of a large mass of material; but he has confined the narrative within proper limits. He evinces a fair degree of sympathy; and he has been wise enough to let Mr. Bancroft tell most of the story himself through the medium of letters. As a piece of bookmaking these volumes deserve no little commendation. They are handsomely printed and well indexed.

The work will interest numerous readers, chiefly those who are now past middle life; it is not likely to delight anybody. Many of these letters are addressed to his wife; but those written from Berlin, while he was minister, to the wife of his nephew, J. C. Bancroft Davis, then living in Washington, are by far the most interesting; for they describe his daily life and experiences at a period covering the Franco-Prussian War and the formation of the German Empire. Unless we except the correspondence of a very early date, the letters of Mr. Bancroft "smell of the lamp." No humor pervades them; there is no warmth, no sprightliness, and therefore no charm. The style is artificial. One suspects that these productions were elaborately penned in the expectation that some day they would reach the eye of the public. Of course, they reveal some things that are new and well worth knowing; but the Minister to Germany is not to be compared with Mrs. Bancroft as a letter writer.

What is disclosed in these volumes will not add greatly to Mr. Bancroft's reputation as an historian. The world knew that he was industrious, and that he took great pains to collect manuscripts, or copies from original manuscripts bearing upon the early history of the United States. Upon these treasures he drew copiously, not hesitating at times (such was the custom of the day), to make "free use of his materials." Says Mr. Howe:

> Bancroft does not appear to have invented public utterances by historic characters, but he did not scruple to compile from separate reports and offer as continuous deliverances the speeches ascribed to Pitt, Conway, Grenville, and Mansfield in the Parliament of 1766. (Vol. II., p. 323.)

We will not go so far as to charge Bancroft with misrepresenting facts, either wilfully or carelessly; but it is worthy of note that he managed to bring upon himself maledictions from the descendants of Schuyler, of Greene, and of Sullivan. Whatever may have been the truth, the more the controversy raged the less Bancroft was disposed to take back under fire anything that he had written. Yet, after all, he did a notable work in the field of history. For years it was the fashion to praise his "History of the United States." If the present writer may, however, advance an opinion it would be that "The History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States," which was written when the author was in the neighborhood of eighty, is the best constructed and most valuable product of Mr. Bancroft's pen.

It was in society, in the company of brilliant men and women, that Mr. Bancroft achieved a marked success. To the last of his days he was extravagantly fond of the *salon*. He had buoyancy of spirit, and it is needless to say, an unlimited fund of information, so that he could both entertain, and he entertained, in a delightful manner. Mrs. Bancroft was one of the most charming of women. In the closing years of his life, the Bancroft house, at Washington, was very attractive, and people of distinction found their way there to be greeted with generous hospitality. Apparently he had early resolved to know intimately the best and foremost people in any country where he might be staying. With each leading statesman, distinguished man of letters or great scientist, Bancroft was pretty sure to become acquainted, and did time and circumstances permit, he would cultivate their friendship. Had his powers of observation been aided by a sounder judgment, his letters would have been enriched by a better estimate of the character and attainments of these distinguished men. As an illustration of what we mean, the following stricture which Bancroft passes upon his friend, Bismarck, will probably be regarded by the reader to be not at all deserved:

> He attends to great measures, neglects small things, takes no heed of them, and, by the way, for this he is not greater but less. Frederic the Great, Washington, Wellington neglected no detail; the greatest men are great in their attention to the minutest things no less than to general considerations. (Vol. II., p. 179.)

These words come from one who regarded James K. Polk as a great statesman—or, at least, publicly styled him such.

George Bancroft represented his country abroad with conspicuous credit. He was a thorough believer in democratic institutions, and he let that belief be known to all men. He laid deep and strong the foundation of our friendship with the German empire. His services to his country—such as the foundation of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, when for a brief period he was Secretary of the Navy under Polk—are worthy of remembrance. His work in the field of letters was persistent and extensive. For a period of fifty-one years he labored on the "History"; and, as a recent writer upon American literature remarks, "for all the diffuse floridity of his style, he is still a respectable authority." But Mr. Bancroft, so far as it is known, never coined a phrase or uttered an epigram, to be preserved in literature. His career has been tersely summed up by the late George S. Boutwell, who possessed an abundant stock of common sense, and could assign relative rank to his contemporaries with impartial judgment. He has said:

> Mr. Bancroft's long and successful career as a writer and diplomatist would seem to be evidence of the presence of qualities of a high order, and yet no one who was near him accepted that opinion. His conversation was not instructive, certainly not in later years; nor was he an original thinker upon any subject. ("Sixty Years in Public Affairs," Vol. II., p. 248.)

After reading Mr. Howe's book one finds little reason for disputing the justice of Gov. Boutwell's criticism. Mr. Howe does not allow himself to overpraise; he presents Bancroft much as he really was. Indeed, he writes as if devoid of affection for his subject. It is this circumstance which makes the reader finish the book with the feeling that while he has profited somewhat, he has nevertheless missed that keen enjoyment which a good biography should furnish.

Sir John A. Macdonald. By George R. Parkin. Toronto: Morang & Co.

Of the twenty-odd volumes so far issued in the Makers of Canada Series, this life of Macdonald stands easily among the best. Dr. Parkin has avoided many of the faults of earlier volumes, and has given us a thoroughly sane, reasonably impartial, and very readable biography of the Canadian statesman. One rises from his book with a clearer understanding of the personality of Macdonald, and of the dominant part he played in the creation and building up of the young Dominion. While admitting frankly Macdonald's faults as man and politician, Dr. Parkin believes that the verdict of history must be overwhelmingly in his favor. Macdonald himself acknowledged that time and again he had resorted to the questionable expedients of the practical politician; but there is no reason to believe that he did so from choice, or that he was actuated by narrow or selfish motives. He believed that a large section of the people could be won to the support of certain measures only by appeals to selfish instincts. That these measures were not merely irreproachable, but of vital importance, is proved by the fact that men of the mental and moral calibre of the late Principal Grant enthusiastically upheld his policy, though condemning his methods. What is more, Macdonald's great political opponents, George Brown and Alexander Mackenzie—to whom anything like a compromise in matters of political morality was impossible—failed in the task of leadership, while he succeeded. The success of the one and the failure of the others, we can now see, depended upon many other considerations than electioneering methods; but, be that as it may, Macdonald held to the theory that elections cannot be won by prayer.

When he entered political life, the British North American colonies were scattered, weak, filled with mutual distrust and jealousies; when he died in harness, nearly half a century later, he left a stable Dominion, stretching from ocean to ocean, rising steadily to national stature under a broad and well-balanced Constitution, and a far-sighted policy of industrial development. While, as Dr. Parkin says, "Many men and many forces contributed to that great end, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it was his personality which in 1867 made the confederation of British North America possible"; and to an even larger extent it was due to Macdonald's firm and unerring hand and far-seeing eye that the young confederation was piloted through the quicksands of earlier years, and placed upon the high road. No adequate estimate of Macdonald as a constructive statesman can leave out of account the peculiarly difficult and intricate circumstances under which his most effective work was carried out; and it is just here that this biography is most enlightening. Dr. Parkin brings out clearly the tangle of local, religious, and racial jealousies in the maritime colonies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and in the two upper colonies, French-speaking Lower Canada and English-speaking Upper Canada, out of which had to be drawn a workable plan of confederation. The documentary evidence of Macdonald's share in the delicate negotiations will be found at length in Joseph Pope's Memoirs of Macdonald, and in the political history of the period; but they are nowhere more clearly or effectively summarized than in this new book.

Macdonald's extraordinary skill in the arts of a statesman and political leader was, perhaps, most strikingly shown in the final Conference at Westminster, which resulted in the British North America act—the Constitution of the Dominion. Dr. Parkin quotes Lord Blachford's tribute to the wariness and skill of this colonial statesman:

> Macdonald had to argue the question with the home government on a point on which the slightest divergence from the narrow line already agreed on in Canada was watched for—here by the French, and there by the English—as eager dogs watch a rat-hole; a snap on one side might have provoked a snap on the other, and put an end to the concord. He stated and argued the case with cool, ready fluency, while at the same time you saw that every word was measured, and that while he was making for a point ahead, he was never for a moment unconscious of the rocks among which he had to steer.

Moreover, one cannot easily forget the generous appreciation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, when, in June, 1891, the death of his opponent was announced in the House of Commons. The substance of the speech will be found in Dr. Parkin's pages, but a few words may be quoted here as outlining the portrait, which Dr. Parkin has himself admirably drawn in detail:

> The fact that he could congregate together elements the most heterogeneous and blend them into one compact party, and to the end of his life keep them steadily under his hand, is, perhaps, altogether unprecedented. The fact that during all those years he retained unimpaired not only the confidence, but the devotion—the ardent devotion—and affection of his party, is evidence that, besides those higher qualities of statesmanship to which we were daily witnesses, he was also endowed with those inner, subtle, undefinable graces of soul which win and keep the hearts of men.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

> Democracy on the front of the stage before an applauding audience; performers absorbed in their parts, forgetting that the landlord has to be paid in money yet to be earned. Behind the stage the real play, the absorbing interest, the high stakes—occasional discreet laughter through the peep-hole when an actor makes an impassioned appeal to the gods. Democracy in front, the Feudal System, the Dukes and Earls behind—but in plain clothes; democracy in stars and spangles and trappings and insignia.

This is not the motto of Mr. Churchill's book, but a bit of fantastic description in connection with a political convention which has its incidental place in the narrative. It suggests pretty well, however, both the theme and the manner of the story as a whole. A State, unnamed, but easily identifiable, is under the political domination of a great railway. For many years this domination has been suffered by the people, partly through apathy, partly through an adroitly fostered State pride in the railway as a public institution. The Executive, the Legislature, the Railroad Commission, are all under the thumb of the president of the railroad, a citizen of New York. His representative at the front is the official counsel for the railroad, a man of blameless private reputation, who has come by degrees to look upon the service of his corporation as a kind of superior patriotism. Practically he is a corporation boss, with the vicious methods of his kind. The distribution of passes is the crude but efficient persuader by means of which the indifferent and the refractory are kept in line. In the meantime, as the years go by, though perfect understanding persists between the railway and the professional politicians, public sentiment is waking to the absurdity, at least, of the situation. The story begins at the moment when this sentiment of half-amused deprecation is turning into outraged opposition. One or two incidents chance to display in their nakedness the brutal methods of the corporation; and a leader appears in the nick of time. This leader is not really Mr. Crewe, to the spectacle of whose career we are ironically invited, but one Austen Vane, the son of the Hon. Hilary Vane, that famous generalissimo of the railway forces, in his character of chief counsel. This young man has always been regarded by his father as rather the black sheep; and the gradual reversal of positions between them, as the father comes to see the moral superiority of his son's point of view, is a study both interesting and painful.

Mr. Crewe, who becomes the open antagonist of the railway in the "gubernatorial contest," is, we say, a figure of irony. He is a millionaire, but this, we realize at once, has nothing to do with his character. Persons as busy, as knowing, as self-sufficient, are to be found on the peddler's cart, or behind the counter of the corner grocery. He is the jack-of-all-trades, raised by education and wealth to a large power; an egotist with an eye to the main chance as keen as that of any huckster on a smaller scale. His ardent, and in the end unsuccessful, pursuit of political office is an amusing and edifying spectacle; and it testifies to the good-humor of Mr. Churchill's portrayal, that one is left with rather a kindly feeling toward this undeniably blatant and offensive ass. But Mr. Crewe's career is not properly the theme of the book, as the author confesses by his prompt abandonment of him when he begins to be in the way. The character of Austen Vane is worthy of the deeper sympathy with which Mr. Churchill paints it; and his Victoria is altogether the most charming of his heroines. On the whole, it is clear that this popular novelist is growing in power. His style is still quite without distinction, and often slovenly. But his people are people (Humphrey Crewe being exaggerated as the irony of his conception demands), and the atmosphere in which they move is that of a ripened and really admirable humor.

Prisoners of Chance. By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

From the author of "Bob Hampton of Placer" it is natural to expect other thrilling Indian tales. His present hero, Geoffrey Benteen, Gentleman Adventurer, had for a father a free-trader and for mother a St. Augustine Spaniard. With the training of a borderman, a knowledge of tongues, and a frustrated love affair, he stands equipped for the utmost that may be achieved in wild adventure. Writing in 1817, he bears testimony to the clash that attended the transfer, forty-eight years before, of the Province of Louisiana from France to Spain. His first recorded effort is to help the husband of his lost love to escape from a Spanish warship; and his latest invelves him with strange tribes of sun worshippers, conjectured by his literary executor to be the last survivors of the Mound Builders.

The book, in a word, is nothing if not ample in reach and thorough-going in invention. Once within the temples of the Sun Cult, Mr. Parrish's right to imagine is as good as another's. In his exercise of that right he wanders free, but remains entertaining. He heaps up horrors, but does not wallow. And none of them that batten on the modern tale of exploit will feel otherwise than at home with the strange tongue that does duty in such cases —a kind of recognized Esperanto, used to express the semi-archaic, the chivalrous and the roystering, in several languages.

His First Leave. By L. Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Son's.

An agreeable little Anglo-Indian story beginning in good old style on the up-platform of an English railway and ending with a happy betrothal. The plot never thickens and the incidents barely link themselves into a chain; but they are made pleasant reading by the characterization, which is the strong point of the book. To our liking or otherwise are introduced half a dozen well-defined and even original characters. The heroine in particular is memorable as such a wholesome and attractive wheedler that one rather envies the old almshouse women whom she visited. "She don't never read to us," said one of these, "for which we thanks the Lard as made 'er." A good-for-naught or two cast the requisite shadows, but to portray kindness and honor seems more to this author's taste than to tarry long in the mire. The child pictures and the general attitude toward childhood are what might be expected from the creator of "Paul and Fiammetta."

The Forbidden Road. By Maria Albanesi. New York: The Cupples & Leon Co.

The discouraging thing about this kind of book is its deliberate commonplaceness. The young governess, plain, but with glorious eyes, of unknown but eminent parentage, dependent but really an heiress—what a dear old friend she is! The wicked baronet, the gay and selfish butterfly of society, the modest and deserving multi-millionaire—how could we do without them? How, at least, could we have done without them in the past? For it must be confessed they pall a little, they something smack. It is a trifle irritating that they should be trotted out periodically, as in the present instance, with that air of good-humored compliance. "This," the author seems to say, "is the kind of thing you want—and here you are." It is impossible to suppose that she takes the performance very seriously, but she is sure of respectable gate-money. If the thing were done a little worse, it might be disposed of as simply laughable, but it isn't quite that. It is rather regrettable, a bit of shoddy sufficiently smooth of surface to engage the eye, but with no real substance. The governess, the baronet, the millionaire, all have human attributes, and even an air of individuality; but they really are, and are meant to be, nothing more than wax figures designed with sufficient cunning to deceive the ignorant or indolent patron of the show. It is this kind of plausible sham which chiefly disheartens the well-disposed observer of our current fiction.

The Measure of the Rule. By Robert Barr. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Barr's scheme seems to have been to take a school-boy's experiences and put them under a magnifying glass. His hero and sub-heroes are school adults and the arena where they study and struggle is a normal school for both sexes in a Western city on the shore of a great lake. The model schools attached to the normal system supply a small contingent of actual youth on whom the normal students practise their arts in equal terror of their pupils and their masters. These hours afford the sharpest thorns in the flesh of the "normalites," and are the occasion of their most virulent triumphs. The pranks and cabals of the ordinary school-boy are to those of Tom Prentiss, Sam McKurdy, and their mates, as moonlight unto sunlight. The most troublesome of all the many restrictions was that which forbade so much as a bow between the male and female contingents of the school. Hence the love-story which at last crowds out the school and takes itself quite seriously. The opening note of the book being frankly comic, the change of tone steals on one rather bewilderingly as aged school-boys, mature school-girls, eccentric professors, Mephistophelean principals, militant theologians come upon the stage to be gravely analyzed and to act like harlequins. One hardly knows whether to laugh or smile. Happily there is no occasion for weeping, unless over certain magnified non-natural horse-play. Though Tom's adventures lead him into odd places, they avoid the mire. The reader who does not find it rather solemn reading will probably call it exceedingly humorous.

Ancient Chronology. By Olaf A. Toffteen, Vol. I. Pp. xix. 302. University of Chicago Press. $2.50 net.

This, the first volume in a series entitled Researches in Biblical Archæology, issued under the auspices of the Oriental Society of the Western Theological Seminary, and edited by Dr. Toffteen, the professor of Semitic languages and Old Testament literature, deals with the chronology of Palestine, Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt, down to 1050 B. C. Recent discoveries have led the author to attempt a reconstruction of the chronology, in which he differs in certain particulars from other scholars. The old Hebrew chronology he treats solely on the basis of the dates furnished by the Bible, without inquiring into their historical value; these questions he promises to take up in a succeeding volume, but in the present volume he appears to look upon the Biblical statements as trustworthy. The names of the patriarchs from Abraham down he regards as representing historical individuals, and he fixes the date of Abraham by summing up the figures in Genesis. The earlier list of Shem's descendants in Genesis xi. he takes to represent old Semitic dynasties. In the later Biblical accounts he recognizes the discrepancy in the two statements of the time from the Exodus to the building of Solomon's temple, a period given in I. Kings vi. 1 as 480 years, but according to the figures in Judges and Samuel, about 600 years. As explanation of this discrepancy he suggests that the narratives in Judges represent in part events that occurred before the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites; some of the judges, as Barak and Gideon, he thinks, have been placed erroneously after Joshua instead of before him. This explanation is hardly probable. There may have been Hebrew clans in Canaan before the time of Moses, but their history cannot be contained in our book of Judges; literary criticism requires us to regard this book as containing a history of affairs in Canaan after the time of Moses; and there is no difficulty in seeing that the editor of Kings has summed up the history in a round number of forties, while in Judges and Samuel a similar reckoning by forties is adopted, but in a looser way.

In Babylonian history Professor Toffteen's main divergence from the views of other scholars is in the dates of Sargon of Agade and Hammurabi. The date formerly assigned to Sargon, 3800 B. C., has been called in question by a number of Assyriologists, but no one except Dr. Toffteen has put him so late as 2550. This view the author bases partly on the form of cuneiform signs used in the inscriptions of Sargon, and partly on the fact that on the temple platform at Nippur bricks stamped with the name of Dungi of Ur (B. C. 2459-2401) appear immediately above those stamped with the names of Sargon and Naram-Sin. Obviously these are uncertain data on which to base a positive hypothesis. A similar remark applies to Dr. Toffteen's treatment of Hammurabi, whose reign he fixes at 2121-2066 B. C. Hammurabi is variously placed by recent scholars, and Professor Toffteen's date does not differ greatly from certain others, but his grounds are precarious. He relies mainly on Simplicius and Berossos. According to Simplicius, who for this relies on Porphyry, certain astronomical records in Babylonia were brought to Aristotle by an officer in Alexander's army—surely a source from which it is difficult to extract a minute chronology; and the figures of Berossos must be handled very carefully.

The connection between the civilizations of Babylonia and Egypt has lately occupied a number of scholars who are at variance among themselves. Professor Toffteen is convinced that he is able to give a simple and satisfactory statement of the early history. He adopts the view of Eduard Meyer that two distinct races, Semitic and Sumerian, existed in Babylonia as far back as the monuments go, and that a fusion took place between the two. The Sumerians, he says, came from the East about 3000 B. C. and constructed the cuneiform script from a preceding picture writing; this, in turn, had been invented or adopted by a people in Babylonia who were the ancestors of the Egyptians. Many facts, he holds, go to show that the cradle of Egyptian civilization was in the Euphrates valley, whence this people migrated to Egypt about 3350 B. C. The argument for the Babylonian origin of Egyptian civilization has been elaborated by Hommel and others, who rely chiefly on similarity in the divine names and in the methods of building, especially in the use of brick in the early monuments of Egypt. Whatever may be the explanation of this custom, the linguistic relations decidedly oppose the chronology given by Dr. Toffteen. The points of agreement between Egyptian and Semitic are now generally recognized, and it is held that the two linguistic families go back to a common ancestor; but the vast differences between the two show that their union, if they once formed a single group, must be referred to a very remote antiquity. In the present state of our knowledge it seems wise to avoid large generalizations in this field; the contentions for the priority of Egyptian or of Babylonian rest on evidence that cannot be regarded as conclusive. Nor has the time come to pronounce definitely on the original home of the Babylonians. Toffteen adopts the view of Ranke that the new Semitic settlers in Babylonia were nomads from the Arabian and Syrian plateaus, but he takes this settlement to be not, as Ranke holds, a gradual one, but the result of a well-organized migration. That Arabia was the cradle of the Semitic race is the view now regarded as probable by the majority of scholars, but it is impossible to give the chronological and other details of the various migrations. To elaborate a well-compacted theory out of the masses of facts that are coming to light every year is an alluring task, but this wealth of discoveries should rather teach caution. Toffteen goes over the Egyptian material as he has gone over the Babylonian, citing inscriptions and other authorities and constructing his chronology with the same definiteness. He regards the date of the accession of Menes, about 3285 B. C., as well assured, but he properly adds that new discoveries increase our knowledge of the early period almost daily.

In short, Dr. Toffteen's collection of material is useful, and the discussions are serious and vigorous, but it is constantly necessary to distinguish between the facts derived from good authorities and the author's reconstructions, which are often ingenious, but not always convincing.

Science.

THE MATHEMATICAL CONGRESS.

ROME, April 23.

The fourth International Congress of Mathematicians opened April 6 in the hall of the Horatii and the Curiatii at the Capitol in the presence of King Victor Emmanuele. Senator P. Blaserna, professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Rome, as president of the Accademia dei Lincei (the scientific society at whose invitation this congress met at Rome), presided. After the opening exercises, the congress met at the headquarters of the Accademia dei Lincei in the Corsini Palace and chose Senator Blaserna president; G. Castelnuovo, secretary; and V. Reina, treasurer, all professors in the University of Rome. Among the eleven vice-presidents was Prof. Simon Newcomb of Washington, the representative of the Smithsonian Institution and of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

At the general sessions papers were presented by Senator Vico Volterra, professor of mathematics and physics in the University of Rome, on "Mathematics in Italy in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century"; by Professor Newcomb, "The History and Present Condition of the Theory of the Moon's Motion"; Prof. G. Mittag-Leffler of the University of Stockholm; A. R. Forsyth, Cambridge University; W. von Dyck, Munich; H. A. Lorentz, Leyden; G. Darboux, J. H. Poincaré, and E. Picard, of the Sorbonne; C. Stormer, Christiania; and G. Veronese, Padua. Professor Poincaré's address on the "Future of Mathematics" presented the underlying historical and philosophical laws essential to the advancement of science. It ought to be read by every student entering upon a scientific career, since, broadly interpreted, its general conclusions are equally applicable to all sciences.

The programme was divided into four sections: 1. Arithmetic, Algebra, and Analysis; 2. Geometry; 3. Mechanics, Physical Mathematics, and Geodesy, with a subsection of applied mathematics; 4. Philosophical, historical, and didactic subjects. Five of the papers given before these sections were by Americans, representatives of Harvard, the University of Chicago, and Teachers College of Columbia University, and one was by a professional actuary of New York. Prof. E. H. Moore of Chicago presided over the final meeting of the first section. Among the other Americans in attendance were professors of Amherst, Columbia, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Missouri, Nebraska, Northwestern, Wesleyan, and Williams, and representatives of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and of Princeton, Radcliffe, Vassar, and Yale. In planning the work of the fourth section, Professor Castelnuovo had given prominence to the programmes and methods of teaching mathematics in the secondary schools of the leading countries of Europe and in the United States. Nine papers on this subject reflected the increasing tendency to introduce into elementary courses conceptions of derivatives, ideas of motion and of functions, that is, the fundamental ideas of infinitesimal calculus, to emphasize the community of ideas in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, and to develop a facility in making use of algebra and geometry later when solving the problems of mechanics and physics. The animated discussions which followed these papers led the congress, on motion of Professor Castelnuovo, to request Prof. Felix Klein of Göttingen, Prof. A. G. Greenhill of the Naval College at Woolwich, England, and Prof. H. Fehr of Geneva, the editor of *L'Enseignement Mathématique*, to appoint an international committee to study this subject and to report at the next congress. The foundation of such a committee, it should be added, was urged in a paper by Prof. D. E. Smith of Teachers College. The committee can hardly fail to pay attention also to the preparation of elementary teachers, a subject ably presented by Prof. Alberto Conti of Bologna, the editor of the *Bolletino di Matematica*.

A committee made up of Prof. M. Noether of Erlangen, Professor Poincaré, and Prof. C. Segre of Turin, appointed to award a prize consisting of a medal and a premium of 6,000 lire, offered by the Marchese G. B. Guccia of the University of Palermo, reported that none of the papers submitted met the requirement of essentially advancing present knowledge of algebraic curves or surfaces. As the conditions under which the prize was offered permitted award, in such a case, to the author of any works on this subject, published within the time set for the competition, this committee decided that eight monographs written by Francesco Severi of the University of Padua, a man still under thirty, were entitled to the prize.

The congress took action in favor of forming a new section devoted to engineering; of making the next congress (to be held in 1912 at Cambridge, England) a joint congress of mathematics and physics, and of supporting the Swiss Society of Naturalists in its effort to publish a complete edition of the works of Euler.

ALICE HAYES.

The Macmillan Company announces a new (fifth) edition of "Tolhausen's Technological Dictionary," in English, German, and French, revised and brought down to date by Louis Tolhausen.

"Wild Bees, Wasps, and Ants" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a popular study of the wild bees of England by Edward Saunders, an editor of the *Entomologists' Monthly Magazine* of London. The title covers wasps and ants, but they are here substantially negligible quantities. One with a taste for entomology, in search of a specialty well worth pursuing, could hardly do better than take up wild bees; and for that Mr. Saunders's little book would be a valuable help. Indeed, experienced entomologists in other orders or groups than bees, who care to know something of what their fellow-workers are doing, will find his book worth a place in the library. Mr. Saunders's facts are almost invariably trustworthy; but when he gives the age of Lord Avebury's famous old ant queen as seven years, he errs by nearly one half. These studies are printed in large, clear type and are illustrated with four good colored plates and a few cuts.

It would be hard to put together on one page notices of two nature-books so widely differing in tone and quality as Mr. Saunders's "Wild Bees" and John Burroughs's "Leaf and Tendril" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Both are excellent books, written by men of high standing and ability; both treat the life of the fields around us, but they move in wholly different atmospheres. The one gives the impression of a walk through a well ordered museum; the other of a jaunt through the woods and meadows. One author knows minutely and specially; the other broadly and generally. Saunders is a systematic entomologist trained in structure and classification, but dealing largely and in a popular way with habits; Burroughs is a naturalist, more particularly a philosophic naturalist, perhaps a modern development of what a century ago was known as a natural philosopher. The title, "Leaf and Tendrils," is chosen, apparently, to disguise rather than indicate, the contents. It is simply the title of the first, and by no means most characteristic, chapter. But under whatever title, a book by Burroughs is sure of a warm welcome from many readers. As a country summer companion, it will set one to study nature with sharper and kindlier eyes; for Burroughs is not only a sympathetic but a close and accurate observer of nature. He thinks as well as sees, and has the rare faculty of setting others to thinking. Such writers as Thoreau and White of Selborne have no doubt largely moulded his mind and style. He shows great reverence for the Darwinian group of scientific men, Huxley, Wallace, Tyndal, Lubbock *et id genus omne*. But he also has a refreshing independence of great names, and does not hesitate to assert vigorously his own views, as for example on the orthodox scientific opinions about "protective colorings" (p. 54). This coloration he thinks "nature does not have much at heart" (p. 61), but "plays fast and loose with it" and everywhere "gives herself a free hand." He supports his opinions (which are by no means peculiar among younger naturalists) with a breadth of knowledge and accuracy of reasoning that make his chapter on "Gay Plumes and Dull" one of the best in the book. We may add that Mr. Burroughs's observations on natural history are of distinctly more value than his utterances on philosophy and religion.

The last volume of the Alembic Club Reprints, No. XVII., bears the imprint of the Alembic Club of Edinburgh, and also of the University of Chicago Press. It is larger than most of its predecessors, and contains the "Medico-physical Works" of John Mayow, who as early as 1668 in chemical matters relating to combustion, respiration, and other vital activities, anticipated opinions which were not established for another hundred years. The text is a translation of the five essays of the Oxford edition of 1674. The editors have noted the main facts of Mayow's life and a few explanations in a rather brief preface. The phraseology of this so closely resembles the Harveian oration of 1899 that the reader may safely infer that the editorial initials (A. C. B. and L. D.) belong in part to Prof. A. Crum Brown of Edinburgh. Judged by a few random comparisons with the original text, the translation is exact and good. but we are not quite in accord with the limitations as to explanations which the translators have set themselves. Most readers to whom chemistry before oxygen is an unfamiliar territory will need decidedly more help in finding their way. Nor is the comment as to the neglect of Mayow altogether just. Whatever the sins of the chemists may be, medical men, and particularly physiologists, may fairly claim that Mayow's merits have been freely and frequently—albeit inadequately—recognized by them. Haller notes his opinions not less than fourteen times in the third volume of the "Elementa" (1761), and various other writers (for example: Tiedemann, Bostock, Heidenhain, Zuntz in 1882, and Pembrey as recently as 1898) have shown themselves not altogether ignorant of Mayow's deserts. It may be added that B. W. Richardson in his "Asclepiad" (1887) recalled Mayow's services in an article which reappears in the collection published by his daughter in 1900 under the title "Disciples of Æsculapius."

Miss Agnes M. Clerke's "Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century" (New York: The Macmillan Co.) is just from the press in a reissue of the fourth edition. No recent writer has covered the ground of the astronomy of the last century so well as the late Miss Clerke. Her acquaintance with the living, working investigators of the day and her study of the past of the science enabled her to catch a just perspective of astronomers and astronomical events. The "Popular History," first published in 1885, was revised from time to time by the author and brought forward in its story; the present issue notes events up to 1902.

Walter Gilman Berg, chief engineer of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, died in this city May 12. Born here in 1858, he studied engineering in Germany, and held important positions with several different railways. He was a member of various engineering societies, and a frequent contributor to the technical press. Among his books are: "Buildings and Structures of American Railroads" (1892), "American Railway Bridges and Buildings" (1898), "Strength of Timber" (1899), and "American Railway Shop Systems."

Dr. Franz von Leydig, professor at Tübingen in 1857 and from 1875 at Bonn, has died in his eighty-seventh year. He was the author of several works on the structure and development of the lower animals.

Drama.

The death of Ludovic Halévy, the dramatist and novelist, was announced in a dispatch from Paris, May 8. He was the son of Léon Halévy, who was himself a man of letters, and the nephew of the composer, Fromental Halévy. His grandfather was Hippolyte Le Bas, the architect. Born in 1834, he was educated in the College of Louis le Grand. For some years he held a position in the Colonial ministry, but the success of some of his earliest literary attempts, disinclined him for an administrative career; and he decided to devote himself entirely to the theatre. His first efforts were produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens, for which he wrote under the name of Jules Servières, but as soon as he was free from the duties of office, he wrote under his own name, soon forming a literary alliance with Henri Meilhac, whose name for many years was practically inseparable from his own. Their joint work was inspired by a delightful spirit of burlesque humor, which showed but small respect for the most dignified subjects or the most eminent persons. It made fun of both the military and civil administrations with an audacity and vivacity that won the hearts of Parisians, and later of the whole civilized world. Among their most memorable achievements were the librettos of Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," "Barbe-Bleue," "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," "La Vie parisienne," "La Périchole," and "Les Brigands," and many of the most successful comic operas of Le Coq and the "Carmen" of Bizet. Earlier in his career, M. Halévy, working with other collaborators, had contributed to the librettos of Bizet's "Le Docteur Miracle," the "Bataclan" of Offenbach, and other works long since forgotten. Of a widely different character was the exclusively dramatic work of Messrs. Halévy and Meilhac. This included almost every variety of stage production, from the lightest of vaudeville sketches to the brilliant comedy of intrigue or the serious five-act drama. Some were in rhymed couplets, others in blank verse, others in plain prose. Many of them have passed into oblivion, but nearly all enjoyed a considerable measure of temporary success. Among the more famous of these works may be mentioned "Froufrou," long associated with the names of Desclée and Sarah Bernhardt; "Le Réveillon," "La Petite marquise," "La Boule," "La Cigale," "Le Mari de la débutante," and "Le Roi Candaule." While thus occupied with the theatre Halévy gave further evidence of his fecundity by producing a long series of romances, novels, and historical studies, many of which are notable for their wit, their power of analysis, their keenness of observation, and delicacy of execution. Among them were "L'Invasion," "Mme. Cardinal," "Les Petites Cardinal," "Mariage d'amour," "L'Abbé Constantin"—of which charming tale there were numberless editions long before it was finally dramatized for the theatre to afford triumphs for Coquelin and others—"Deux mariages," "Les Trois coups de foudre," "Mon Camarade," and "Criquette." Of his later works the best known, perhaps, are "Princess" and "Karikari."

Emil Gött, the dramatist, is reported to have died at Freihurg im Breisgau. His best-known play is the "Verhotene Früchte," based on Cervantes. He has left a new completed play called "Mauserung."

Music.

Mozart. By Victor Wilder; translated by Louise Liehig. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scrihner's Sons. $3.50.

The most important life of Mozart is still that of Otto Jahn, who devoted twenty years of the most painstaking research to his task. His monumental work, in four volumes, appeared first in 1856-59, and has been translated into English. Invaluable for reference, it does not tempt one to continuous perusal. For that purpose it would be difficult to find among the many books on Mozart one more enticing than the "Mozart, l'homme et l'artiste," of Victor Wilder, published in Paris in 1880. It has certainly deserved the honor of a translation, even after this long interval, because of its lucid style and charm of narrative. There are reasons to think that the author of this book had not read Jahn; he was, however, familiar with the best of the sources on which Jahn himself built. A few ludicrous blunders appear, as when the writer accuses Daines Barrington of having stated gravely that Mozart was "a boy who measured seven feet in height," when as a matter of fact that lawyer had simply called the attention of the Royal Society to the fact that this eight-year-old boy's extraordinary musical talent surely made him as much worthy of that society's notice as if he were seven feet in height. Wilder also states that Mozart was "not impressed by Handel," because he re-arranged some of Handel's works, when as a matter of fact this very procedure attests his admiration.

The composers of our day who think themselves ill-used in the matter of copyright profits may derive some slight consolation from reading (pp. 190-192) how much worse off were their predecessors in Mozart's day. Attention may also be called to a paragraph which proves that Mozart was by no means as careless in the choice of librettos as he is supposed to have been. Once he wrote to his father: "I have just looked through more than a hundred, and I cannot find one to my satisfaction. Even the best would need endless remodelling."

The translator, who has done her work well, has appended a good index, and a bibliography of twenty-three pages, which is quite up-to-date, including, in fact, some things hardly worth mentioning.

European teachers of music agree with those of this country that while Americans are preëminent for beautiful singing voices, few students reach the high goal aimed at simply because of their great hurry. Anything that checks this fatal tendency and enforces the lesson of thoroughness must be welcomed. The systematic course, "The Art of Vocalization" (Oliver Ditson Co.), compiled and edited by Eduardo Marzo, belongs in this category. The exercises are selected from the works of Lahlache, Panofka, Randegger, Marchesi, and others, and are among the best of their kind. The style of singing taught is not that of modern dramatic opera—not the style of Wagner's "Tristan" or Verdi's "Otello"; yet these masters lost no opportunity to point out that before singers attempt their works they should have learned the breath control, the facility of execution, and the true legato which are taught by the art of vocalization.

The Bach Festival Choir of Montclair, N. J., will give its fourth annual festival May 22, 23, and 24. The principal work to be heard will be the great Mass in B minor. As this is too long for one performance, it will be divided, the Kyrie and the Gloria, comprising eleven numbers, being sung on Friday evening, while the thirteen numbers of the Credo, the Sanctus, Osanna, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, and Dona Nobis will be heard on Saturday evening. The soloists in the Mass will be Marie Kankil Zimmermann, Gertrude Stein Bailey, Nicholas Douty, and Carl E. Dufft. The final service on Sunday afternoon will include two of those magnificent motets of which Wagner said that they are incontestably the finest thing the world possesses in the way of unaccompanied vocal music. The conductor is Frank Taft.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 2.

There is a familiar remark of the older Crome to his son: "My son, whatever you may paint, even if it is a pigsty, dignify it!" But it is worth quoting again at the Royal Academy, for it seems to give the reason for the failure of that exhibition year after year. It is because the exhibitors there do not "dignify" their work, do not give it distinction. In some ways, the standard is higher than it was. Many of the younger generation have been to Paris and have learned their trade in a good school; the influence of societies like the International, and the New English Art Club, in its most youthful days, is beginning to make itself felt. But no school, no influence, will give the artist the "little more" that is so much; and the commonness of outlook, the vulgarity of conception and selection are appalling. Perhaps one is more conscious of all this in the exhibition just opened, because there are so few things that rise above the general level of mediocrity.

The one huge pretentious painting is typical. It is a portrait group of The Council of the Royal Academy. 1907, by Sir Hubert von Herkomer. It contains portraits of many of the best known Academicians—Sargent, Poynter, Swan, David Murray, Seymour Lucas, Herkomer himself. But there could not be a better example of the commonplaceness of the Academic vision. The figures, all seated save two, straggle across the canvas anyhow, against a dull, ugly, empty red background; their attitudes exhibit the free-and-easiness of the smoking-room rather than the dignity of distinguished Academicians. One cannot help thinking of the groups Rembrandt and Hals, or even the lesser Dutchmen, painted, of the dignity they knew how to give to every figure, of the fine design they could get out of any such assemblage, and the splendid color. In Herkomer's canvas there is cleverness—the cleverness of the scene painter. With the first glimpse, you might easily mistake the figures in the pictures for the Academicians themselves in the flesh. There is realism if you will, but it is the realism that belongs to the stage.

Among the portrait painters even Mr. Sargent fails us. To be sure, his Duke and Duchess of Connaught are not mere puppets; they live on the canvas; but they have not the character, the vitality, of, for instance, so many Jews that Mr. Sargent has evidently had pleasure and amusement in painting. Nothing could be more masterly than the way the gold braid and red sash of the duke's uniform are put in, and the whole dress has a wonderfully harmonious richness of color. It is the head that is weak. Perhaps the fault is not Mr. Sargent's. It is his fault, however, that the head does not keep its place in the harmony; like the figures in Herkomer's group, it seems to come out of the canvas. There is more character in the portrait of the duchess, and, it may be, more truth than Sargent meant to express in the suggestion of weariness and boredom in her face. But here, too, his interest has been apparently greater in the dress, the gorgeous black satin gown and jewels, and in the accessories. Mr. Balfour, of whom Sargent shows a large full-length, has been scarcely more of an inspiration. There is surprisingly little individuality. Of course there is the skilful handling that no other Academician can rival; there is the knowledge, the vigor that makes it restful always to turn to Mr. Sargent after the ineptitude and feebleness of too many of the exhibitors; but more than one painter who paints less well, could have given a more sympathetic and subtle rendering of the man himself. The one successful, the one beautiful thing in the picture is the strip of carpet across the foreground. The way the pattern is suggested, and a fine austerity found in the rich color, is alone a delight. There is nothing better than this in the whole exhibition. J. J. Shannon too has been painting royalty. He contributes a portrait of Princess Patricia of Connaught, and he has also a large arrangement of the Marchioness of Salisbury and Lord David Cecil, and a group of Lady Tennant and her children, the three very gorgeous and regal in detail and accessories. Yet the nudes, in the two women grouped with a gay plump little boy of a Bacchus, in Infant Bacchus, show more color, a more sumptuous harmony, than the royal and fashionable portraits he has been recently exhibiting.

The subject pictures are few and far between. A large design by F. Brangwyn may have been painted to fill some definite wall space, though there is nothing in the catalogue to say so. Its object, anyway, as in all his paintings, is frankly decorative. The effect of color is charming. He knows how to get richness and quality out of his pigments. But it is all color and little else. He calls the picture The Return. After you have looked at it a little while vague shapes emerge and you discover there is something more in the design than the chance, kaleidoscopic mosaic or paint it at first seems. You see clouds in

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the sky, you see a great cluster of grapes and fruit, you see a great brass bowl, and then arms and legs and heads, out of which, with the help of your imagination, you construct a number of figures and a procession, perhaps, returning from the vintage. Though color is a very important part of decoration, there must be line and form as well, and these essentials Mr. Brangwyn ignores more and more as time goes on. J. W. Waterhouse goes to the opposite extreme; one would thankfully have him borrow a touch of Mr. Brangwyn's vagueness. His nymphs and gods, or whatever they may be, are growing wearisome. Charles Sims, one of the new associates, is surprisingly fresh and fantastic in The Little Faun, who has strayed out of the same classic world where Mr. Waterhouse likes to wander, but to very different purpose; for he has leaped into the midst of an entirely modern luncheon party, whose cover is laid under the trees in springtime. I confess I do not quite know what it is all about, but the feeling of spring is in the gayety with which it is rendered, and, better still, there is good, sound work in the painting. The gayety and good work reappear in a fantastic little Fountain by the same artist. Another interesting picture is Campbell Taylor's Practice for the Ballet in 1830. Mr. Taylor's big canvas last year, bought for the Chantrey collection, appealed to me far less; it seemed in every way forced, affected, a reëcho. But the new canvas marks a decided advance. When you look at the low-toned interior with its quiet gray walls and serene, even light, and the little figures almost all so well enveloped in the atmosphere, you feel that the picture is one of the few in which there has been an effort to "dignify" the subject; the work is serious and refined.

The average of the landscapes is, on the whole, higher, but there are not many that call for special mention or description. George Clausen's work strikes me more than ever as having got scarcely beyond the experimental stage. In one sense an artist never should cease to experiment, for experiment means new themes and new solutions. But Mr. Clausen has never really mastered his first theme, has never got beyond his first experiment. In The Boy and the Man he gives chief importance to the figures though, again and again, he has proved that it is only when he subordinates his figures to the landscapes that he comes nearest success. Indeed, the figures seem quite apart from the rest of the picture. If Mr. Clausen lingers in experiment, Edward Stott threatens to lose himself in mannerism. In two of his small pictures I see little but the manner of expressing evening that has been growing upon him; in the third, The Flamingoes, there is such a delightful effect of color obtained from the grouping of the birds by the shores of a quiet pool that, after all, he may be already seeking new problems and new experiments, thus to save himself from falling into the pitfall of his own first successes. Alfred East has the great virtue of seeing, or wanting to see, things decoratively. He does all he can to arrange, to "dignify," to give distinction to the landscape before him. The drawback is that his pictures are often lacking in observation, while in his pre-occupation with form and arrangement he forgets light and atmosphere. His best picture this year is Outside the Bull-Ring, Algeciras, in which he suggests, though he does not realize, the play of Southern sunlight on the whitewashed wall of the ring, and fills the road leading to it with the color and movement of many figures. James Henry, Arthur Lemon, Bertram Priestman, Hughes Stanton, are others whose landscapes stand out from the mass of commonplace.

In the water-color room and the black-and-white room, there is little to detain one. The collection of sculpture has often been more distinguished in the past. Alfred Gilbert does not exhibit at all, and his absence is a serious loss. The small bronze groups by Frémiet, who has been made an honorary member of the Academy, bring a new note with them. George G. Frampton's recumbent figure for the tomb of the late Duke of Argyle has a certain solemnity and austerity, as well as a unity, that is the more striking when contrasted with the tomb of the late Marquis of Salisbury, by Goscombe John, where the head of the figure stretched out upon the tomb is so large in proportion that one seems to see nothing else. In Havard Thomas's marble bust, Portrait of a Lady, the modelling of the head is excellent, very delicately observed and felt, but the treatment of the drapery about the neck and bust is strangely awkward. Alfred Dunny's relief of Mrs. Craigie, for the memorial to be erected at University College here and also in America, is singularly characterless and ineffective. John M. Swan's bronze of Bacchus has the charm of all his smaller work. Here and there, the exhibits of a younger man—I might mention more especially the busts by Henry Poole—attract attention. But the sculpture, once the Academy's redeeming feature, is weaker than it has been for many years.

N. N.

John La Farge has been showing at his studio in this city two of his recent windows. One, based upon a Japanese motive and called The Peony in the Wind, has already been exhibited at Paris. It is one of the most characteristic and beautiful examples of the American method of leaded glass which Mr. La Farge originated. The other example is unique, partly because of the long time required for finishing it, and partly because of its extreme costliness. Although begun twenty years ago on the return of Mr. La Farge from the Far East, it has only lately been completed. Originally intended for the house of the late Secretary Hay, the panel was retained in the studio (another window being substituted), in order to work out the idea more thoroughly. The result is a masterpiece. The design of this Peacock and Peony window was suggested by a Chinese ivory of the Ming era, copied in its turn from a much earlier work. In the background, large color masses, dark purples and blues above, with a wonderful central passage of gray blue and lighter tones of broken green and lilac beneath, are relieved by the rich mellow and mysterious glow of flowers. The central motive, the bird, is built up within a leaded contour with the details fused in what seems a *cloisonné* technique; but the work is in reality infinitely more complicated, since not only thin copper wire fuses glass to glass, but platings of glass are fused to glass and other difficult processes are resorted to. Wedges of high illumination in amber and topaz shaded with purple define the wings; the plumage of the tail, superb in its mass and texture, has the sweep of a jewelled waterfall. Except for a ruby blaze and a spark or two of cardinal, there are no reds; and one may feel, as one experiences in seeing restorations of mediæval glass, how the slightest dissociation of hues in this magical work would break the spell. In the background, a large space of equable blue is the blue of night skies, or the suggested depth of the sea in a drawing by William Blake. The gold-greens of the leaves and buds have an elemental reality. Mr. La Farge is recording truth, and he reveals here his personal vision quite as completely as does his painting. In this respect the window is more than a marvel of original technique—and Mr. La Farge is the acknowledged master of glass in our epoch—and more than a document of research into color harmony. Yet on these grounds alone it is to be hoped that this unique and triumphant masterpiece, which sums up the artist's achievements in the medium, may find its permanent place in one of our public museums.

That very clever painter who needed so little to be a great one, yet so fatally lacked that little, Sir Thomas Lawrence, is the hero of the latest issue of the Newnes Art Library (New York: Frederick Warne & Co.). The text is of little importance, and it has been pointed out that two of the pictures reproduced are of doubtful, or more than doubtful, authenticity. The others give a fair idea of the ability and the weakness of their author.

"English Church Furniture," by J. C. Cox and Alfred Harvey (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the latest volume in the series, The Antiquary's Books, is completely English, and even Anglican, in character. It is a work of no great size or pretension, a simple octavo of 350 pages, in addition to an elaborate index, illustrated by small, rather old-fashioned wood-cuts, and thirty plates with half-tone pictures of fonts, stalls, misericords, dug-out chests, and carved pew-ends. The arrangement of the text and illustrations is strictly systematic. Chapter i. deals with the altar, and the accompanying rails and screens; chapter ii., with church plate, chalice and paten, cruets and flagons, and even the leather cases in which such plate is kept; chapter iii., with the piscina and the sedilia; and chapter iv., with choir-screens and rood-lofts. Thus the whole book, divided into thirteen chapters, offers a useful account of what one needs to know when visiting ancient churches, or when preparing to build and adorn a church. There is a pleasant mixture of archæology with modern criticism. The majority of readers will be attracted by the long chapter on fonts, which is adorned by photographs of admirable ancient examples. The chapter on church chests, based upon exhaustive studies, is also an excellent treatise. The first-named author, the Rev. Dr. Cox, is known as a writer on ecclesiastical archæology, but the book exhibits much feeling for antiquity other than that of the church traditions. The criticisms are unprejudiced, without bias of sect or theological faction. The pieces of the Jacobean period, for example, are treated with as fair a description and in as cool and critical a tone as are those of the earlier "ages of faith." Indeed, it might puzzle the reader to find out the exact position in ecclesiastical matters of the writers. They have been helped by a large number of able men, notably by Francis Bond, author of an important book on English Gothic architecture, and now engaged upon "a larger work that covers much the same ground" as the volume before us. The result is an intelligent guide-book valuable for any student of the subject.

Ars Sacra, a collection of twenty sheets to begin a new series issued by the Catholic house of Joseph Kösel, Munich, is confined to reproduction pictures of Christ. The explanatory letterpress, by Joseph Bernhart, is devoted chiefly to the interpretation of the portrait itself, and not to its painter or history. The bulk of the pictures are from older masters, the nineteenth century being represented only by two names. Another collection of nineteen portraits of Christ, called "Vom Heiland," constitutes a number in the series known as Kunst-Gaben in Heft-Form, issued by the Freie Lehrervereinigung für Kunstpflege. The editor is Wilhelm Steinhausen, the publisher Josef Scholz of Mainz. In this collection all the pictures but four are products of the nineteenth century.

The British Archæological School of Rome has been engaged for some time in preparing an elaborate catalogue of the Capitoline Museum, Rome, under the general editorship of H. Stuart Jones, the former director, with the coöperation of several English archæologists. The work, the publication of which will probably take place early next year, has involved the investigation of numerous archives; and as a result the ulterior provenances of many statues have been ascertained.

An exhibition of the art work of the schools in the United States will be held at the Museum of Natural History in this city, May 14 to 18. This exhibition will be forwarded to London for the Third International Congress on Art Education, August 3 to 8.

At the Catholic Club, No. 120 Central Park South, an exhibition of ecclesiastical art is open till May 16. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries are etchings in color at Edward Brandus's till June 1, and old sporting prints at Knoedler's.

C. H. Read, keeper of British and mediæval antiquities at the British Museum, has been elected president of the Society of Antiquaries.

The popular artist, Fritz Werner, pupil of Meissonier, has died in Berlin, at the age of eighty-one.

Finance.

RAISING PRICES ON REDUCED DEMAND

A conference of railway presidents to decide whether railway freight rates ought not to be increased, because business is bad and demand for transportation reduced by 25 per cent., is something which one might expect to find in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera; but such a meeting has actually been held in New York. The trunk line officials who discussed this extraordinary proposal last week, are said "not to have been entirely unanimous" and to have put off action "until after the Presidential election." This is more easily understood than the fact that such a proposition should have been discussed at all. One report was that the practical railway men objected vigorously, but that E. H. Harriman, who represented the Wall Street interest, applied all the pressure in his power. Other explanations have been circulated. The railways are under heavy running expenses; they have incurred large debts, and yet need more money for improvements and extensions; and the trade depression has cut down net earnings to less than three-fourths of what they were a year ago. If they can force the shipper to make good this difference by a 10 to 15 per cent. increase in freight rates, and if the shipper can then recoup himself by raising the price of his goods, the problem will be solved.

But this reasoning undertakes to establish too much. Probably there never was a merchant or manufacturer or transportation agent, confronted by a heavy shrinkage in demand for his goods or services, who would not have been glad to "average matters up" by raising prices against customers who still remained. He would, however, have laughed in the face of any one who suggested such an idea. That this plan, from a simple business point of view, is utterly unsound, no intelligent man will deny. If a railway can recoup its losses from trade depression by advancing prices, then so can any other industry in which fair play and honest competition prevail. On this supposition, the cotton mills, which lately met a 30 per cent. reduction in consumers' purchases by a 25 to 50 per cent. cut in prices, were victims of a delusion. What they should have done, in line with this new political economy and commercial practice, was to have marked up their prices a quarter or a half. Fall River and Providence will answer that such an experiment would have paralyzed the business. True, the steel manufacturers have thus far adopted a "stand-pat policy" and refused concessions; but the steel trade is not likely to continue this policy. Already the steel manufacturers have suffered; at the moment when the cotton trade is reporting improved demand and better business, the monthly production and consumption figures for iron and steel show a steady decline.

What, then, are we to say of the fact that, at least in a tentative way, last week's conference endorsed the plan of trying higher rates in the autumn? The railway men in private argue that they fear to make any cut in wages of employees—not alone because of the threats of labor unions, which they have defied before, and which, in the present slack traffic, they could defy again, but because of the attitude of the government, as indicated in an exceedingly ill-judged letter of President Roosevelt to the Interstate Commerce Commission, last February. In it he said of possible wage reductions by the railways:

> If the reduction in wages is due to natural causes, the loss of business being such that the burden should be, and is, equitably distributed between the capitalist and wage-worker, the public should know it. If it is caused by legislation, the public and Congress should know it, and if it is caused by misconduct in the financial and other operation of any railroad, then everybody should know it.

This manifesto created some embarrassment for the railroads, and in a double way. The first sentence hinted pretty definitely that dividends ought to be cut along with wages. In this suggestion—however unpleasant the process might be to the railways—a good part of the public would agree. But the closing sentence plainly held over the head of any wage-reducing railway the threat of an "investigation for misconduct."

This attitude of the President was unwarranted; because past misconduct cannot be alleged as a reason for not reducing wages in a time of depression and of greatly diminished earnings, any more than it could be urged as a reason for not reducing dividends. The question at issue is, whether a company's present earnings will or will not enable it to continue paying former dividends and former wages. If not, the fact that somebody mismanaged it in 1906 or 1901 or 1897 or 1873 has no relevance whatever.

It was reported in Wall Street, at the time of the above letter, that the President had expressed his willingness to see rates advanced. If this was true, his attitude is indefensible. Whatever may be said as to motives and inducements, plain common sense will show that the raising of rates under present conditions would be possible only through either monopoly or a combination as clearly in restraint of trade as were the railway undertakings which the Administration has brought into court. There is no intelligent railway official who would not admit that so violent an expedient as arbitrarily raising prices in the face of reduced demand would be surely disastrous to the company undertaking it, unless all competitors were bound by agreement to do the same. But if this were to be the case, what is the limit of the policy? Why stop with a 10 or 15 per cent. advance? Why not 50 per cent.? No wonder the mercantile organizations of the West have met the first rumors of this rate experiment with vigorous remonstrance. They ought to continue their protest until so inexcusable a manœuvre is finally blocked.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Florence Ellinwood. Patris. Cleveland: Horace Carr.
Astley, H. J. Dunkinfield. Prehistoric Archæology and the Old Testament. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Batiffol, Louis. Marie Médicis and Her Court. Translated by Mary King. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Bender, Ida C. The Primer. Charles E. Merrill Co.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. The Schoolmaster. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Britton, Nathaniel Lord. North American Trees. Holt.
Budget of Greater New York. L. Graham Crozier. 25 cents.
Case for the Goat, with the Practical Experience of twenty-four Experts. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Charles, R H. The Greek Version of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs. Henry Frowde. $5.75.
Chatfield, Mary A. Light on Dark Places at Panama. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.

Conant, Charles A. A History of Modern Banks of Issue. Putnams. $3 net.
Conant, Charles A. The Principles of Banking. Harpers. $1.75 net.
Daggett, Stuart. Railroad Reorganization. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Davis, Charles Belmont. The Stage Door. Scribners.
Deland, Margaret. R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People. Harpers. $1.50.
Dennis, James S. The New Horoscope of Missions. Revell. $1 net.
Edwards, John Harrington. God and Music. Baker & Taylor Co.
Essays Philosophical and Psychological in Honor of William James. Longmans.
Ficke, Arthur Davison. The Earth Passion. Carnleigh. Surrey: The Samurai Press.
Fletcher, Beaumont. Richard Wilson. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Franklin, Fabian. People and Problems. Holt. $1.50 net.
Godrycz, J. The Doctrine of Modernism and Its Refutation. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.
Harbin, Robert Maxwell. Health and Happiness. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press.
Harper, Ida Husted. The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony. Vol. III. Indianapolis: Hollenbeck Press.
Harrison. Frederic. My Alpine Jubilee. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Harvard University, Reports of the President and the Treasurer. 1906-07. Cambridge, Mass.
Hereford, Beatrice. Monologues. Scribners. $1.25.
Hevia, Aurelio. Articulos y Documentos Referentes a la Condicion Actual de Cuba. Habana.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Spanish Jade. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Hind, C. Lewis. The Diary of a Looker On. Lane. $2.
Horne, Charles F. The Technique of the Novel. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Hume, Fergus. The Red Skull. Dodge Publishing Co.
Johns, C. H. W. Cuneiform Inscriptions, Chaldean, Babylonian and Assyrian Collections contained in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan. Robert Grier Cooke.
Lewis, Alfred Henry. Wolfville Days. Appletons. $1.50.
Mabie, Henry C. How Does the Death of Christ Save Us? Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 50 cts. net.
Macy, John. Edgar Allan Poe. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cents.
Miller, Olive Thorne. The Bird Our Brother. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Moore, Frederick. The Passing of Morocco. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Nesbit, E. The Enchanted Castle. Harpers. $1.25.
Newmarch, Rosa. Tchaikovsky: His Life and Works. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Oman, Charles. A History of the Peninsular War. Vol. III. Henry Frowde. $4.75 net.
Oppenheim, E. Phillips. The Avenger. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Parker, J. Ellis. British Socialism. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Selections from John Bunyan; George Crabbe; William Cowper; Daniel Defoe. Henry Frowde.
Roberts, Theodore. Capt. Love. Boston: Page. $1.50.
Rives, Amélie. The Golden Rose. Harpers. $1.25.
Rousseau, Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques. Geneva: A. Jullien.
Sanborn, Kate. Old Time Wall Papers. Dutton. $5 net.
Sargent, Charles Sprague. Trees and Shrubs. Vol. II., Part II. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.
Schmiedel-Eisenach, Otto. Richard Wagners religiöse Weltanschauung. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr.
Spargo, John. The Common Sense of Socialism. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Sparks, Samuel Justin. In the Bend of the Estataue. Broadway Publishing Co. 75 cents.
Steele, Zadock, Captivity and Sufferings of. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting Co.
Sue, Eugene. The Poniard's Hilt. Translated by Daniel De Leon. New York Labor News Co.
Taylor, William H. De Quibus. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book and Stationery Co.
Tree of Knowledge. Stuyvesant Press. $1.50.
Vorse, Mary Heaton. The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50..
Walker, Edwin C. Moncure Daniel Conway. Published by the author.
White, Fred M. The Five Knots. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Winchevsky, Morris. Stories of the Struggle. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr Co.
Yeigh, Frank. 1908 Edition of 5,000 Facts About Canada. Toronto: Canadian Facts Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Zwemer, Samuel M., and Arthur Judson Brown. The Nearer and Farther East. Macmillan. 50 cents net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

The Week.

Another move in the time-honored game of hoodwinking the country on the tariff. On Saturday both Houses took what is heralded as a "long step" toward revision by appointing the Finance Committee of the Senate and the Ways and Means Committee of the House to sit during the recess, and "employ the expert assistants necessary to provide for an intelligent revision of the tariff, and to report what further legislation is needed to obtain equitable treatment for agricultural and other products of the United States." In the first place, there could be no less effective way of getting at the root of the matter than having these two committees sit during a Presidential campaign, when their members want to be busy electioneering. These committees, moreover, know that all the wisdom they may accumulate will be disregarded if Congress itself takes a hand and the protected interests use their influence.

Secretary Taft has put an end to the hopes of those who have believed with Col. Goethals that the Panama Canal would be finished in seven years. The work of excavation will, he reports, be completed within three or four years, and there is no reason to doubt the correctness of this estimate. In the Culebra Cut, for instance, it is only a question of how many men and steam shovels can be put to work; after that it is easy enough to estimate the time required. But as to the rest of the work, the locks and the Gatun dam, the Secretary said: "I can't make a very good guess. We have no means of measuring the time required to construct them." So that the final question is not one of making the dirt fly, but of piling up the masonry and the concrete, and building the huge Gatun dam, often described as an "artificial mountain." Still another important masonry work, the control of the Chagres River at a point fully twenty-five miles from the line of the canal, Mr. Taft did not refer to in his interview. Yet work on it has just begun.

In these days of battleship worship it is refreshing to find hard-headed business men like the Committee on Interstate Commerce of the Manufacturers' Association protesting against the squandering of the national funds "in so lavish measure upon battleships and militarism." Naturally, says the committee, the country cannot hope for the improvement of its waterways and the preservation of its great natural resources if the Treasury is to devote its means chiefly to building non-productive engines of war. Moreover, one of our largest assets is the labor of our workingmen; and therefore the waste in maintaining 150,000 soldiers and sailors who do not produce a dollar that in turn creates other wealth, is a serious drain upon the country's strength. It would be an excellent thing if over the door of every school there could be displayed these words of the Manufacturers' Committee:

> It pays so much better to sell the foreigner our industrial product than to wage war with him that our investments ought to take the former rather than the latter direction. In the long run, commerce is a better naitonal defence than armaments, giving the country immeasurably more strength.

It was the omnibus public building bill, carrying $23,000,000, which President Roosevelt threatened to veto in case Congress refused him four battleships. His theory was that he could not countenance that extravagance, unless accompanied by another. But it was explained at the time by a Representative that he made the threat "under great provocation," and it can scarcely be expected to hold good in this era of grace, mercy, and peace, and let us all get together so as to elect Taft. If the President had ever been severely economical, he might well oppose such large appropriations—which are, of course, largely dictated by political considerations—at a time when heavy deficits are piling up. But, with all his versatility, he does not make a stand for public retrenchment.

Once more an effort is to be made to replace the desks of Representatives in the House with benches, cut down the space in the chamber by one-half, and see if debating will not be improved and the public business transacted with less confusion. A committee has made a report urging the change, and it is possible that the plan will at least be tried at the next session. There is less reason for giving each member a desk in the hall itself, now that the office-building is occupied, and each Representative has a room. And Chairman McCall certainly makes a powerful argument, in his report, for going over to something like the arrangement of the House of Commons. He shows how the vast size of the chamber, with the attendant noise and disorder, tends to develop the worst type of oratory, in which shouting takes the place of reason:

> The House of Representatives occupies the largest legislative hall in the world, and it is chiefly due to that fact that it is not the greatest legislative body in the world.

Minnesota Democrats have put forward Gov. Johnson on a platform which is slightly tinged with demagogy, and of which the chief plank is a vigorous attack upon tariff iniquities. With kind words for Mr. Bryan, the resolutions of the convention plainly implied that he could not be elected, while Gov. Johnson might be. This is a common opinion in the party. Nor can one fail to notice the difference in spirit between the advocates of Mr. Bryan and the champions of Gov. Johnson. The latter have the generous air of going into a fair and free contest, in which they express the hope that the best man may win. If Bryan is nominated, they say they will support him; but no one has been able to get Bryan to say that he would support Johnson. The idea which Mr. Bryan and his lieutenants seek to spread is that he has a great personal following which can be got to vote for no other candidate. Their question is: "How can any man win who is nominated over Bryan's dead body?" He might dissipate this malign impression by a single direct word, but apparently he has no intention of uttering it.

"Hughes is destroying the Republican organization in this State," said a Senator at Albany. This, however, was before the result in the Niagara Senatorial district was known. It could only have been in the confident expectation that the Governor would be defeated there, that the Senator added: "It is a question of self-preservation, and my idea is that we ought to destroy Hughes." For a destroyed Governor, Mr. Hughes looks uncommonly alive and triumphant. It was only a special election to fill a vacancy in the Senate, yet it was a most momentous and impressive event. The reason is that the Governor had ignored the professional politicians, openly defied the party bosses, told them to their face that they misrepresented popular sentiment and did not know their own business, and then flung himself boldly upon the people who unexpectedly sustained him by their votes. This result is a terrible facer to the machine politicians. They never dreamed of such a thing. The Governor's enemies were chuckling over the disaster which was about to befall him. "He thinks he can get on without us, does he? He calls us children, and says that we don't even understand how to get the people's votes, does he? Well, we'll show him." There was, in fact, every sign of a determination to make the special election the end of the Governor's campaign. The Republican organization in the district made no real exertion. The Democratic machine was active and well supplied with race-track money and exceedin hopeful. The betting in the Albany poolrooms was two to one against the Governor. Yet that perverse and misguided man came off victorious. Th machine vote and influence of both parties were against him, but the church people, the educated people, the decent people were with him and brought the machinations of the politicians to naught.

Yet the instinct of the petty bosses was right. Hughes is destroying many things that are necessary to their success or even existence. He is destroying their reputation for power. They have alleged that they are indispensable; the Governor has shown that an honest and courageous man can get on withc them. He is destroying their claim that they hold the voters in the hollow of their hand. He is destroying all their pretences of superior astuteness and ability to read aright the political signs of the times. At his first flaming appeal to the people direct, he has shown how hollow are their boasts and how easily brought to the ground are all their schemes. No wonder the litt! captains of fifty and captains of hundreds hate him. Like the Ephesian silversmiths, they cry out in affright when they see the Governor winning victories on the issue of bossism: "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth!" But it is one thing to defy and destroy a selfish and wicked party machine, quite another to destroy a party which must live on ideas and inspirations. In this aspect, Gov. Hughes is the great invigorator of his party. H has displayed extraordinary capacity for quickening moral enthusiasm. He may know little about the politician's art but the gift of leadership is his. H knows how to mark out compelling issues, and then how to go to the people and win both acclaim and votes. And it is still true that Americans admire and will support a public servant of clear bravery fighting the battle of obedience to the law and public decency. Gov. Hughes has displayed that courage which the Prime Minister of England said the other day that the British people could not fail to recognize and uphold—"not the vainglorious courage which exhibits itself as a mere matter of histrionic display, but the courage which can face at all costs a great social problem, determined rather to sink the attempt to solve it than not attempt to solve it at all."

The Harvard authorities have just announced the appointment of several "Andover professors," as they are officially termed. These professors are primarily members of the faculty of Andover Theological Seminary; but now that the seminary moves to Cambridge and settles under the wing of Harvard, the professors thus designated receive appointments under the Harvard governing boards and are allowed, under certain restrictions, to offer courses which count toward the Harvard degree of bachelor of divinity. The arrangement is virtually an attempt to resuscitate the dying Andover Seminary. The plan was accepted with some misgiving on both sides; and predictions as to the outcome of the experiment would, course, be rash. Andover, at least, has little to lose, for the attendance had so dwindled that the institution was literally on the verge of dissolution. And, what is more serious, the decay of Andover is merely typical of the decline of theological seminaries throughout the country. In the May issue of the *American Journal of Psychology and Education*, David Spence Hill, a fellow in Clark University, has an article on "The Education and Problems of the Protestant Ministry." He gives some striking figures compiled from the United States Education Reports. From his several tables we cite the following figures which bear on our point:

	Students. 1893-1894.	1898-1899.	1903-1904.	Value of buildings and endowments.
Law	7,311	11,874	14,306	$3,911,800
Medicine	21,802	23,778	26,949	15,654,679
Theology	7,658	8,261	7,392	35,726,736

In short, the endowments for theological education are nearly twice as great as for legal and medical combined. While the number of students of law and medicine is growing steadily, even rapidly, the number of students of theology is falling. Into the much discussed causes of this decline we need not enter. The facts themselves, without further emphasis, are sufficiently eloquent.

Prof. Walter Augustus Wyckoff, who died at Princeton last Friday, was one of the first to give himself up to a first-hand investigation of our lower social strata, which many others have dug into since his time—few indeed with equal success. Ill health induced Mr. Wyckoff to undertake in 1891 a pedestrian trip across the continent, which from the beginning he determined to pay for by earning his way as a day laborer. In eighteen months he had reached San Francisco, though it was not until 1897-98 that he gave his experiences to the world in the two volumes of "The Workers." His books are marked by a depth of sincerity and breadth of understanding which are rare in the later writing on the subject.

The oppression of the Poles in East Prussia would appeal more effectively to the sympathies of the world if the Ruthenians of Galicia had not even a stronger complaint against the dominant Polish autocracy there. The recent assassination of the Polish Governor of Galicia, Count Alfred Potocki, by a young Ruthenian student is symptomatic of a state of unrest among the agricultural population to which several causes have contributed. There is, in the first place, the old hatred against the Polish ruling class, which, since the year 1867, when the Viennese government practically turned over Galicia to the Poles, has steadily pursued a process of reducing the Ruthenian masses to what is at present a state of practical helplessness. In 1867 the Ruthenians had 46 members in the Galician Diet; they now have only 21. In the Austrian Reichsrath they had 16 members in 1873; they have only 10 now. The Polish ascendency party has, of course, gone ahead with the traditional policy of making its language paramount in the courts and schools. Of fifty gymnasia, or secondary schools, in Galicia, forty-five are Polish and five Ruthenian. Added to the old Ruthene discontent, the last year has brought a period of economic distress. The prosperity of the country depends in considerable degree on remittances from the numerous Ruthene immigrants in the United States and Canada. The crisis which began last October put an end to this source of income, while Ruthenians by the tens of thousands have come back from America to compete in a restricted labor market.

Dr. Theodor Barth's withdrawal from the alliance of German Radicals—and he is joined by other prominent men who are bitterly opposed to the present "block policy" of their party—has brought forth many articles on the "tragedy of the Liberal situation," as Prof. Walther M. A. Schücking of Marburg has described it in a recent essay. For more than a decade past the Liberal forces have been breaking up into smaller and smaller groups. If Von Bülow had deliberately intended to split them still finer and weaken their influence, he could have laid no better trap than the one into which they walked to join Conservatives and Agrarians in giving him the majority he needs. The result has been furious dissension within the Radical camp. Devotees of principle have naturally assailed the unholy alliance which has even led to such a stultification of Liberal policy as voting for the discreditable anti-Polish measures. In return, the Liberals have not even received a decent mess of pottage; and as the Clerical Centre is as ready as ever to return to its old position of controlling the government, the Liberals may any day find themselves out in the cold with practically nothing to show for their abandonment of their time-honored position. It is certain that the reactionary Chancellor will snap his fingers at them the instant he can get the necessary votes elsewhere.

French and Spanish, united in a cordial *entente* for the pacific penetration of Morocco, came to blows last week at Casablanca. The official report describes the affair as a mere drunken brawl between a handful of soldiers on either side, which cannot possibly lead to complications between the two mandatory Powers; and this view, as far as it goes, is probably correct. At the same time, the encounter at Casablanca is symptomatic of a state of mutual discontent that has existed since the first occupation of that port. No Spanish troops have taken part in the campaign against the hinterland tribesmen, and even at Casablanca they were accused by their allies, unofficially of course, of failing to maintain adequate guard over the section of the town entrusted to them. At Madrid there has been continuous criticism of the conduct of the French government. At this moment, probably, Spain regrets her lukewarmness in the entire Moroccan enterprise. What seemed a formidable task at the beginning has turned out, on the whole, to be beset with less difficulty than was expected. The energetic campaign carried on by Gen. D'Amade has practically reduced the tribesmen in the west to submission. He has also inflicted several defeats on Mulai Hafid, whose cause is rapidly declining. The Sultan, Abdel-Aziz, is marching on Fez, which he will probably reoccupy without trouble. Once installed there, he will not be in a position to deny that it was the French who saved him. In that credit Spain cannot share.

France offers her annual contribution to the budget of vital statistics by another story of a steadily falling birthrate. The significant feature of the figures for 1907 is that, for the first time, the deaths exceed the births, the figures being 793,000 to 774,000. France's chronic problem has therefore become one not of a merely stationary population, but of one actually declining, and the old crumb of comfort that it was not France that was going back, but the other nations that are pressing unduly forward, will no longer suffice. In a way, good may come from the final swing of the pendulum to this side. The favorable margin between births and deaths has never been a broad one of recent years, but at least there was a margin, and the mind is willing to cling to little things, just as Mr. Churchill's election at Manchester by 8 votes instead of his defeat by 8 votes would have made little difference in essence, but a great difference in moral effect. Frenchmen may now be stimulated to greater efforts against depopulation. Whether prizes for large families and taxation of bachelors will do much good is doubtful; but the growing fight against alcoholism, with which depopulation is connected, should help, in common with other ameliorative social legislation.

Isolated events of seemingly minor importance, reported from Russia in the course of the last few weeks, may turn out to be the premonitory stirring of a renewed revolutionary activity. Of revolution, in the sense that Russia experienced it from 1905 to the summer of last year, there can be, of course, no question. By their own confession, the revolutionary elements are too greatly exhausted to attempt anything but a reorganization of their demoralized forces and to work out new theories of tactics and campaign. The recent attempt on the lives of government officials may be in the nature of an aftermath to the struggle a year ago, or the irresponsible acts of individuals who in this manner punctuate the more deliberate plans of the responsible leaders. It is in the prisons, however, that the results of the unsuccessful revolution are still working themselves out. In Kief, typhoid fever is killing the political prisoners by the hundreds. In other places strikes and mutinies among prisoners are answered with gun-fire. Twenty-nine were shot down last week in an attempt at escape at Ekaterinoslav, and as many were wounded. In the course of the Russian Easter festivities, one brief dispatch had it that 20,000 political prisoners had been liberated. Having seen no confirmation of the statement elsewhere, we doubt its authenticity. But whether 20,000 prisoners were released or remained in confinement, the report shows what tribute the revolution has exacted from its followers.

That the new Japan is still the old Japan is shown by the outcome of last Friday's Parliamentary elections. Complete returns are wanting, but there seems to be no doubt of a substantial victory for the Cabinet, which will face the new Parliament with an increased majority. And yet the conditions under which the Saionji Ministry went to the country were such as would have resulted in a political overturn anywhere in the West where the Parliamentary system is permitted to work without interference from the Executive. The financial policy of the Saionji Ministry, involving as it did a steadily rising scale of military and naval expenditure, took on additional unpopularity in a period of business depression. On this point the Cabinet had to meet the criticism not only of the regular Opposition under so stout a fighter as Count Okuma, but of certain of the Elder Statesmen. Nor was the Premier's foreign policy felt to have been extraordinarily successful. However pacific may be our relations with Japan, Count Okuma was in a position to argue that the government's policy with regard to events in San Francisco and the entire question of Japanese emigration had served to bring on something like a crisis, only to be followed by a decided backdown on the part of Japan. The Saionji Ministry has not been strongly entrenched. At one time, some weeks ago, it was on the point of resigning. Yet when the elections came, undoubtedly the Imperial influence made itself felt. The country understood that whatever errors the Cabinet might make, there was a guiding power behind it that could be trusted, and that on the whole it was best to avoid experiments with a new set of ministers.

The libel suit of John Murray, the publisher, against the London *Times* brought out testimony which shows one reason why the *Times* has been losing prestige. The *Times's* review criticised Mr. Murray for charging three guineas for a work which could be produced for ten shillings. A little later the *Times* published a letter, signed "Artifex," containing the following passage, on which the complaint for libel was based:

> Mr. Murray . . . has exploited the great personality of Queen Victoria for his own ends, and coined the national interest in her doings, for his own enrichment, into thirty-two pieces of silver, to be precise.

Mr. Murray proved that, for various causes which need not here be detailed, the book had been an extremely expensive one to produce, and that his profit on each set of three volumes had been only 2s. 3d. He also proved that in the *Times's* review the comment on the price was not written by the reviewer, but was inserted by the business manager of the *Times*, Moberly Bell. The letter signed "Artifex" was written in the *Times* office by H. E. Hooper, organizer of the London *Times* Book Club. It appeared, furthermore, that just before the book came out, Mr. Bell vainly tried to secure from Mr. Murray a large number of sets at a low price for the Book Club. There was a fair presumption, then, that Mr. Bell was trying to punish Mr. Murray for not forwarding the plans of the Book Club. This is the kind of transaction which has shaken confidence in the *Times*. It has been going into large ventures outside of its legitimate field as a newspaper; and it has used its editorial and news columns for the promotion of these enterprises. Its opinions have manifestly been shaped to the exigencies of the counting-room. In this case, the comment on a book was not a statement of unbiassed opinion, but was a libellous retort for Mr. Murray's refusal to accede to Mr. Bell's terms. It is not surprising that the verdict against the *Times* was $37,500.

BRYAN'S STRENGTH.

Efforts to prevent another nomination of Mr. Bryan by the Democratic Convention have been a series of "might have beens" and "too lates." The result of the Alabama primary of Monday is but one more illustration of this fact. Had the anti-Bryan fight in that State been begun three months ago, and pressed with vigor, the returns would have had a different color; and a genuine rallying of the South to the candidacy of Gov. Johnson might easily have followed. As it is, Bryan has received three-quarters of all the votes cast in Alabama, will undoubtedly get an instructed delegation from that State, and will continue his triumphant march throughout the entire South.

Looked at in any way, this is an extraordinary political phenomenon. For there is no mistaking the fact that the leading Southern Senators and Representatives are either lukewarm or hostile towards Bryan. So are the most influential Southern newspapers. Expressions of dislike for him personally, distrust of his policies, and despair of success under his leadership, could be quoted by the column from these [illegible] supposed to mould public opinion in the South. Yet Mr. Bryan has gone behind the official leaders and guides of his party, and shown that he commands a majority of the Democratic voters. And he has done this in other States, North and West, as well as in Alabama and the South. It is a remarkable demonstration of political strength. Whether we like it or not, we are bound to recognize it. Even if we distrust the man, we must admit that he has a wonderful hold upon the mass of his party. As it was said of the popularity of Dickens that it was a part of the total fact which critics had to explain, so the most convinced opponent of Bryan cannot deny his political strength, or escape the necessity of studying the secret of it.

Ordinary explanations go a certain way. Mr. Bryan has a political machine. He has devoted friends working for him, not without hope of reward; his campaign is well financed; he is a tireless and ready campaigner and adroit manager. But those things do not strike deep enough to account for all the facts before us. Above and beyond all these usual methods of winning political support, Mr. Bryan possesses certain qualities, and practises certain arts, which give him singular power with large bodies of our citizens. He is a tremendous advertiser, with a conspicuous moral attachment. We may think that this is cheap and vulgar, but there [illegible] We see it impressing and captivating thousands, and making Bryan stronger than Senators in their own States. We cannot shut our eyes to it or get away from it.

No man who tries to put away his prepossessions and dispassionately study Mr. Bryan as a political fact, can deny that he has won an access of power, of a certain sort, since 1896. This has been chiefly in evidence since his return from his foreign travels, two years ago. Since then he has been a frequent and admired speaker at religious gatherings. Before clerical associations and missionary boards, in churches and Young Men's Christian Associations, in schools and colleges, and on the lecture-platform, he has spoken on moral and religious themes with the greatest volubility and unction. He has stood up for all the virtues with fervor, and has been pitiless in exposing and denouncing all the vices. We have not had the pleasure of listening to his lecture, or sermon, on "The Prince of Peace," but those who have tell us that it is a perfect masterpiece of emotional goodness. It steals away the hearts of women and children, and leads the average father of a family to say, "Well, Bryan's a good man, after all. I guess I'll vote for him next time." Mr. Bryan himself has complacently remarked upon the difference between his standing with the clergy, now and twelve years ago. Then he was looked upon as a kind of bogey-man. The agitator, the innovator, the stirrer-up of class hatred inspired good people with fear. But to-day Bryan has changed all that. He is the friend of missionaries, the sympathetic reporter of the "forward movement" in China, the favorite orator at church gatherings. Moreover, he is a man of clean private life; does not drink or smoke—is, in a word, almost a Puritan. This counts enormously in the South, which is justly said to be the last refuge of Puritanism in this country. Against eloquence such as his, correct views of religion such as his, and a severe morality such as his, Southern enemies of Bryan will labor in vain to make a stand. The combination of qualities is overpowering.

We have said nothing of Mr. Bryan's policies, because they scarcely count in the present demonstration of his prestige. It is the man behind the policies who is sweeping everything before him in his party. Much has been said about President Roosevelt having drawn the fangs of Bryan's policies, by adopting most of them. People really can't work themselves up into a fright at them any more. But, putting that aside, it is a question whether Roosevelt has not also paved the way for Bryan as a moral exhorter. The time has been—or at least we fondly hope it has—when floods of talk by a Presidential candidate, combined with the itch for publicity, and a mania for saying the undisputed thing emphatically on all occasions, would have wearied the American people. But they have now had seven years of this *in excelsis*. They have seen one of the keenest advertisers, the most copious talkers, the most preachy of public men ever known, rise to unexampled power. How, then, can they be expected to despise in Bryan what they have applauded in Roosevelt? All the evidence goes to show that they do not, and that their appetite for harangues and "moral earnestness" has grown by what it has been feeding upon.

THE HEROIC UNEMPLOYED.

It has been said that the "man out of work" is a test of civilization. By this is meant that the ability to find employment for the margin of workers easily thrown out of their jobs by shifting industries or financial depression, is a proof of wise government. On those terms, we know of no government which can make large pretences to wisdom. But, however that may be, the man out of work is, in a very obvious way, a test of his country. He shows how well its citizens have been trained to meet temporary adversity with an equal mind. He may display, for himself and his class, high qualities which are an ornament and a safeguard for any nation. And we are free to say that, in our opinion, the bearing and conduct of our unemployed, during the past six months, have been such as to make Americans justly proud.

Estimates vary, but we suppose it is safe to say that at least 250,000 men have been out of work. Many more have been employed on part time. Yet the hardships and even suffering which this has entailed upon so many people in so many parts of the country have been met with a quiet determination and a patience which are worthy of all admiration. If any other country in the world could have equalled this display of endurance and hopefulness under great difficulties, we do not know where it is. There have been, it is true, certain demonstrations of the unemployed in Philadelphia and Chicago and other cities. The Socialists were plainly seeking to make of these a tail for their kite. But there was nowhere anything like the bitterness of feeling or danger of upheaval which would have marked such gatherings in Paris or Berlin or even in London. Only a few of the really unemployed—as distinct from the "work-shy"—took part in these parades and appeals to Mayors, and so on. The great majority were calmly facing their hard situation as best they could, and doing it with a lack of complaint or outcry which deserves the highest praise.

Of course, many of those out of work have had resources to draw upon to tide them over a temporary idleness. We understand that the records of savings banks show steady withdrawals of small sums by depositors who plainly need the money to live upon. One savings bank in Toledo actually went out of business because of the almost complete withdrawal of its funds by working-class depositors. It is clear that the workers did not use up all their wages in the prosperous years, but put something aside for sickness or bad times. But for such prudence, their plight to-day would be worse than it is; yet even so, no man likes to use up his reserve funds, and the uncomplaining way in which thousands of workingmen have been doing it, under compulsion, is one tribute more to the good stuff of citizenship in them.

The "mobility of labor" is an old abstraction of the economists, which is held in less respect to-day than formerly. Under modern conditions, it is not helpful to think of labor as so much water ready to flow instantly to the place where it is in demand. Laborers get fixed in one place, and at one kind of work, and many of them cannot move elsewhere and seek new jobs even if there were an opportunity. Yet there has been undoubtedly a good deal of transferring of labor from one point to another, and from one occupation to another. In this way, the pinch has been lessened or got over by some. In New England, for example, a great many mills are shut down or are running with a reduced force or on half-time. But we are informed that many of the idle operatives have sought work temporarily on farms. The New England farmer is finding it easier than ever before to get help. This is, of course, only a makeshift. The mill-hands are not, as a rule, fitted for farm labor, and they do not like it. When business revives, they will go back to their looms or their lathes; but meanwhile they have shown that they know how to turn their hands to other work and win a livelihood for the time being. A letter from an English carpenter in this country was recently printed in the *Manchester Guardian*, which illustrates the indomitable spirit and the adroitness with which workingmen are often able to shift for themselves in a period when employment is hard to find. He wrote:

> Myself and partner have left California—our trade in that State being practically at a standstill—and are tramping (hoboing, they call it here) east for Pittsburgh, a little pedestrian tour of some 3,000 miles. Of course, we shan't "ped." it all the way; we shall buy, beg, or steal rides on freight trains. We have little more cash at present than Johnson and Garrick had when they arrived in London, but we hope to pick up odd jobs on the way. I am writing this from Rawhide, Nev., where we have just concluded a two days' job.

There has been a wholesome tendency of late to magnify our "heroes of peace." In the really heroic fronting of misfortune by the thousands of the unemployed in the United States, an orator, wondering what he can talk about next Fourth of July, might find an inspiring theme. There has been in it all an amount of firm resolution, without complaint or clamor; an illustration of the endless charity of the poor for each other; a readiness of resource in trouble, and an unwavering confidence that things will come right in the end—all of which at once quicken faith in human nature and cause a patriotic thrill.

THE CASE OF COL. STEWART.

Not even the Brownsville affair brought out so clearly as has the case of Col. Stewart the President's conception of his relation to the law. In his letter to Senator Taliaferro, read in the Senate last week, he said that the appointment of a court of inquiry "is a matter purely within my discretion and judgment as commander-in-chief. I neither could nor would surrender the right to exercise such judgment." In other words, he has notified Congress that if it instructed him to give Col. Stewart the benefit of the court of inquiry to which that officer believes himself entitled, he, the President, would decline to obey. In the Brownsville matter, a similar intention to disregard any bill reinstating the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, even if passed over his veto, was conveyed to Congress, but not so bluntly or openly. Obviously, were Congress disposed to take up the challenge, there might soon be a battle royal between Congress and the Executive, with the best precedent—that of Gen. Fitz-John Porter—on the side of the contention of Congress. A definite break or contest is not, however, likely. Senator Rayner consented to allow his resolution on Col. Stewart to go to the Military Affairs Committee, where, if Senator Warren, the Chairman, has his way, it is certain to rest. True, Senators Bacon and Foraker are quoted as saying that an opportunity will be made for Congress to express itself on this issue before March 4 next; but the tendency will be to have done with the business as quickly and quietly as possible. Nevertheless, it is worth while to consider the facts in detail, for the disposition of this extraordinary case, quite aside from its bearing on the relations of the President and Congress, is of great importance to the army.

Granting everything that may be alleged against the fitness of Col. Stewart to command men, the action taken by Mr. Roosevelt is properly described by Senator Rayner as that of a military despot; it establishes a precedent by means of which unscrupulous superior officers could hound a subordinate out of the army. The President wishes Col. Stewart to retire; the colonel declines to, and as the law does not permit of his enforced retirement until he reaches the age of sixty-two, the President has adopted the policy of driving him into exile at Fort Grant—in quarters without sanitary arrangements and in such ill-repair as not even to keep out wind and rain—thus to compel him to apply for retirement. An effort to change Col. Stewart's station to Florida was successful, until the Florida Congressmen protested that the building he was to occupy was needed by the Florida militia. Col. Stewart was again ordered to Fort Grant, and, as when he was first exiled, the orders were not given to the newspapers, as is usually done except in cases where military policy requires silence, but were carefully suppressed.

To say that this action has the approval of three general officers who served in the artillery is no defence. No person is more likely to become arrogant in high office than your military man, educated to believe that his word is law, at times even in a question of life and death. Had these officers been wise counsellors, they would have simply suggested that Col. Stewart be put on recruiting duty, or detailed to stay at home to await retirement, or to write a history of the Coast Artillery. When Lieut.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur a year ago expressed dislike for further active service, he was ordered to his home in Milwaukee to prepare his opinions on the Japanese army in Manchuria; and on this congenial duty he will continue until his retirement for age in 1909. A shrewd President would have taken a similar method in disposing of Col. Stewart. But no; the edict went forth that Col. Stewart was to be punished. In his letter to Senator Rayner, the President repeatedly uses the word "punishment" in speaking of the exile to Fort Grant.

The President also assails Col. Stewart in the following terms: "Grossly unfit," a "nuisance in the service," "incompetent and temperamentally unfit to exercise command," "impossible," "tyrannical," and "unjust"; a "scourge to those who are so unfortunate as to be under his control." Now, from time immemorial, when an officer is accused or reflected upon in either the English or American army, his right and privilege have been to demand a court of inquiry. This Col. Stewart has repeatedly asked for, under the 115th Article of War, which reads as follows:

> A court of inquiry, to examine into the nature of any transaction of, or accusation or imputation against, any officer or soldier, may be ordered by the President or by any commanding officer; but as courts of inquiry may be perverted to dishonorable purposes, and may be employed, in the hands of weak and envious commandants, as engines for the destruction of military merit, they shall never be ordered by any commanding officer, except upon a demand by the officer or soldier whose conduct is to be inquired of.

It is rare, indeed, that a gravely accused officer is denied this safeguard; it is unheard-of that, on top of this denial, he should be so severely denounced by one who is both his commander-in-chief and his judge.

Again, were the President to order Col. Stewart before a retiring board, under Section 1245 of the Revised Statutes, he could "wholly retire" him from the service; that is, discharge him without pension or extra pay, if the board found that he was "incapable of performing the duties of his office." Some persons think that this provision relates solely to physical incapacity; but that opinion is hardly tenable. Certainly, an officer who is denounced as "grossly unfit," "incompetent, and temperamentally unfit" could be wholly retired under this law, just as readily as the man rendered incapable by drink or drugs.

The worst side of the incident is, after all, the position in which it leaves the Chief Executive, who should display cool judgment, moderation of language, and inexorable devotion to justice.

THE GOVERNORS AT WASHINGTON.

From the three days' meeting of the Governors of the States with the President of the United States at Washington, both too much and too little was expected. It was to revolutionize the relations of the Federal and the State governments; and it was to be merely a dress parade. Out of it we were to get a permanent "House of Governors"; and out of it we were to get nothing but one laurel more for the Presidential brow. It was to be a powerful weapon against centralization; and it was also to be a club in the hand of the chief of centralizers. The reader paid his money and took his theory.

Now that the results are actually before us, however, the assembling of the Governors appears to be neither the ominous nor the insignificant thing that men said. Definite and immediate purposes led to their summoning; those purposes animated their debates and conclusions; and the affair passes into the records not as an epoch-making innovation, not as something that will change our form of government, or even lead to sweeping legislation, but merely as one of those devices to collect and express public opinion and to forward good causes, in which American political genius has always been fruitful. No one who has closely studied President Roosevelt can think of him as a profoundly constructive statesman. He does not brood long upon principles; he flings himself upon details. A political generalization means nothing to him; an individual political achievement, everything. So we may be very sure that Mr. Roosevelt had no notion of erecting a new political organism. Certain large plans that he has at heart could be, he felt, furthered by a conference with the executives of the States affected, and they were accordingly invited to be his guests. They came, they saw, they were conquered; and now they have gone their way. No permanent organization was effected; the resolutions simply reciting, on this point, that the President might ask them again, with "members of Congress and others," to a conference, "to *this end*"—namely, coöperation regarding "the conservation of our natural resources."

Here, then, is no Novum Organon of government to remove all our political ills. That is not the American way of going to work. We experiment, we tinker, we put on patches; but we do not make all new. The man with a panacea, we smile at; we have taken too many infallible remedies which have left us as ill as before. If a politician comes along with a skeleton-key to fit every lock, we distrust him. But when any one is able to provide a novel way of attacking old problems, can bring fresh forces to bear upon civic inertia, knows how to unite powerful influences in favor of a movement for the manifest public advantage, we listen to him, we thank him, we profit by him, we make use of the new instrument he offers us until it is worn out, when we try again with some other tool.

It is praise enough for President Roosevelt that he has succeeded, by his recourse to a gathering of the Governors, in giving a new impetus to the study and settlement of important national questions. They will not appear again quite the same. He has given the country a new way of looking at these problems. When discussion arises hereafter, or laws are proposed, concerning the preservation and care of forests, soil, mines, waterways, those who oppose action or legislation will have to be more careful, as men who now know that a great body of educated opinion and political influence has been evoked in favor of checking the reckless and wanton exhaustion of the gifts with which nature has so richly endowed our land. For this, we all owe the President sincere acknowledgments. He has never appeared more statesmanlike than in looking anxiously to the physical future of the country; and in so easily and naturally obtaining the assistance of the Governors, Mr. Roosevelt has given the whole cause added momentum. That, we have no reason to doubt, was his sole object.

The legal and political obstacles remain precisely what they were. Mr. Roosevelt gained much applause from the not too critical Governors, for his definition of the "scope" of Federal and of State powers, respectively:

> Where the policy can be carried out best by the State, it ought to be by the State. Where it can be best carried out by the nation, then the nation should enforce it.

But this does not really get us forward an inch. What is "best"? That is the whole question. And as we see by the sharp controversy between Congress and the President over the right of the Federal government to exact payment for building a dam in a navigable river within a State, the practical issue is not at all cleared up by any such "definition" as Mr. Roosevelt made. The Governors and the experts depart, but still stands the old difficulty of reconciling the recklessness of the pioneer and the greed of the exploiter, with the ultimate good of the commonwealth.

ASIA'S FOURTH ESTATE.

From Peking it is reported that the Chinese government has published a press law, the severity of which makes it tantamount to the establishment of a strict censorship. Restrictive action of a thorough kind has been urged upon the government by the European element in China, which has looked with apprehension upon the exuberance of the young Chinese editor, and by Japan, whom the new journalism has made its particular object of attack. It is doubtful, however, if the Europeans at Shanghai, Hongkong, Macao, and elsewhere expected a law which should prohibit the publication of "certain legal proceedings, matters relating to diplomatic, army, and navy affairs, secret memorials or decrees, anything reflecting on the throne or calculated to disturb the order and stability of the government, or tending to lower the moral standard of the people." What is left for the Chinese newspaper writer to deal with, except the weather, floods on the Yangtse-Kiang, and an occasional speech of the German Emperor, is hard to say. But, fortunately, China's government has carried to a high point the art of framing ordinances as horrendous as the dragon god himself, yet as harmless as a new-born child. In spite of the rules prohibiting him from dealing with almost everything, we may be sure that the Delane or Greeley of Shanghai will hesitate at almost nothing.

The development of the vernacular press in China was recently described by a correspondent of the Paris *Temps*. The oldest Chinese newspaper, the official gazette at Peking, goes back, of course, to an age that makes the London *Times* an infant—some nine hundred years, in fact. Presumably, it announced in 1215 the advent of Genghis Khan, who, with a large number of Mongol followers, had "decided to make his home in our beautiful and thriving city"; and sixty years later chronicled the arrival of "the popular Venetian commercial traveller, Marco Polo, who is at the Hotel of the Seven Vermilion Paroquets, with a superior line of goods from Bokhara and Samarkand." But Peking's solitary official gazette continues to be solitary and official; that is, without interest or circulation. The journalism which the Chinese government has set itself to muzzle is much younger. It is four years old or less, according to our French authority, and it had its birth in the upheaval of national spirit that followed the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. So now there are in the large coast towns "dozens" of dailies, written in the language of the common people, and to them appealing. The editors are for the most part young Chinese students who learned so much of the journalist's trade as could be learned in Japan. The number of their readers is not to be sniffed at. Circulations of 10,000 or 15,000 can be properly called very large in a country where every copy has its dozens of readers, and the printed message is further disseminated by word of mouth. The Chinese, with their highly developed social instincts and their fine garrulity, make an admirable newspaper clientéle; and the Chinese editor has not failed to give his public what it wants in the way of news, reserving to himself, however, the right to shape news as well as editorial so as to direct public thought towards the one goal of "China for the Chinese."

What, then, do the various Chinese papers print? According to our writer in the *Temps*, nearly everything—political news and gossip, personal news, sensation, fabrication, scandal, and highly patriotic editorials. The Empress is said to be a devoted reader of the Peking newspapers, from which she finds out things she does not know concerning the high dignitaries who dwell about her person. In the same way, Alexander II. of Russia was a close reader of Alexander Herzen's revolutionary newspaper, the *Bell*, the circulation of which was prohibited in Russia. Chinese politicians, like their kind all over the world, have been quite ready to furnish the press with "inside" information, and Peking newspapers have to their credit an "exposé" leading to the punishment of corrupt officials. Finally, the new Chinese newspaper follows its European model in its attention to belles-lettres, especially fiction. The national fondness for story-telling makes the serial, or *feuilleton*, probably the most popular feature even of the daily press.

Censorship, in form at least, was, of course, bound to come. The hot-headed journalist, wielding a weapon that is still delightfully new, is likely to indulge in a good deal of unnecessary brandishing and slashing. On a population unused to be appealed to as the ultimate tribunal, the effect is often disturbing. The commercial boycott, first against the United States and at present against Japan, the agitation against the further granting of railway concessions to foreigners, the preaching of a general anti-foreign policy, have been the work largely of the vernacular newspapers. So in India the activity of the new national press is regarded by many as responsible for the condition of serious unrest with which Great Britain is confronted. In China and India both, conservative opinion is inclined to characterize press agitation as the empty utterance of irresponsible and half-educated youths. Against their supposedly idle exuberance is placed the welfare and content of the "silent masses." Yet that is an ancient plea which is hardly convincing. It is from among the silent masses that the blabbers and the shouters appear, and it is the inarticulate demands of the silent Chinese or Indian masses which find expression in their violent young newspapers.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, May 5.

It is a pleasure to chronicle the appearance of two volumes, one on top of the other, like "Maurin des Maures" and "L'Illustre Maurin," by Jean Aicard. This author is now sixty years old; and ever since the crowning of his poems of Provence by the French Academy thirty-four years ago, he has always been on the point of becoming one of the acknowledged great writers of France. These two books, completing one hero, must be his final triple appeal—to posterity, to his contemporaries, and to the French Academy, which has taken into consideration his claims for admission among its Immortals for no one remembers how many past elections. Maurin is obviously the rival of that other hero of Provence—Alphonse Daudet's Tartarin, whom all the world loves. It is not necessary that Maurin should prove a best-seller; even Tartarin was not that. But if Maurin, with his hundred and nine adventures and love stories, filled with the hot sun and frank, laughing eyes, and irresistible palaver of the South, finds only fit audience of a few, each delighted reader passing him on, as with Daudet, to two more, then Jean Aicard will at last slip into the literary seat which every one expected for him long ago.

Georges Rivollet, a legal functionary in that public figure-auditing tribunal, the Cour des Comptes, celebrated his fiftieth year by an "Alkestis" in French heroic verse which was very nearly Euripides's drama. Four years later he gave another antique drama of his own, still in lofty verse, "Les Phéniciennes." Now, after another such interval, he comes before the public with a prose historical romance from a most dramatic time—"La Dentelle de Thermidor." He says with the honesty becoming his profession in real life, that he has "tried to adapt his story to history, instead of a natural inclination to do just the contrary." Abbés, vicomtes, and duchesses of the shattered Old Régime make love and suffer, from their exile to prison and the guillotine, not without a chastened reminiscence of philosopher Renan's "Abbesse de Jouarre." *Figaro* says the book gives dainty, poignant, exquisite emotion.

In sober history of "the queens of Emigration," Vicomte de Reiset adds another to the series of his volumes, this on the "Comtesse de Balbi." It was she who pestered the *émigrés* (they were beyond scruple of scandal) by following the future Louis XVIII. to Coblentz, whence she was with difficulty made to return into France, only to conspire and keep a gambling house under Napoleon, eking out her old age under the Restoration by meagre subsidies from the still terrified monarch. In spite of the author's inherited reverence for royalty, his book is illuminative of an unwritten side of history. The Vicomte de Reiset's previous book on the Duchesse de Berry has a revival of interest from the publication of the fourth and last volume of the Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, dealing largely with that inveterately escapading wife and mother of forlorn hopes of Bourbon monarchy in France. If, as the publishers' announcement seems to indicate, this final volume is not to be included in the English translation, it is to be regretted. Never was a clever-headed, long-experienced, malicious-tongued female frequenter of royalties more inspired than the lively countess in these pages, nor with more real profit to posterity. Never was it more crudely shown that, by a law of nature independent of revolutionists, it was high time for the Bourbons to go—*lusisti satis*! I have not seen any English notice of the Comtesse de Boigne's account, written by her as gossip of the time, of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh," in which she confirms the poet's story of the village maiden even to minute detail, including the spelling of the lord's name—whereas in reality he was Lord "Burghley," heir of the Earl of Exeter. Did the aged countess refresh her historic memory from Tennyson's lyric ballad? She died as late as 1866.

The unrestrained outpourings of a great mind in letters to an understanding friend would of itself give interest to the volume of unpublished correspondence "Joseph de Maistre et Blacas (1804-1820)," edited with valuable introduction and notes by that chief historian of the Restoration, Ernest Daudet. The book is of still more importance to those who recognize the constant infiltration into modern political thought of Joseph de Maistre's ideas. His undying hatred of Napoleon and his armies was no premature pacifism. The whole theory of war as an instrument of Providence and a necessity for national health—a theory which is not unknown in republics—was elaborated for modern times and imposed on our own thought by De Maistre himself. In another and more personal vein, Paul Trémeaux has gathered together more completely than ever before all the contemporary testimony as to Napoleon's last days—"Sainte-Hélène; les derniers jours de l'Empereur." It seems to replunge Sir Hudson Lowe into the ill fame from which some later historians had lifted him—and his English masters with him.

The "Histoire socialiste" of France since the Revolution, edited by Jean Jaurès, has reached its twelfth and last volume of text, with the period of the Third Republic (1871-1900), written by John Labusquière, sometime leader of the Socialist majority of the Paris Municipal Council. M. Jaurès himself presents the conclusion of the entire work in a dissertation on "the social balance sheet of the nineteenth century." This long work, though not the production of professional historians searching out their matter at first hand, is not without historical importance. It is the result of the collaboration of the most competent Socialists of France, dealing with the very real evolution of views which are as good as news, and in detail with events and men too often passed over in cut and dried generalities by the bourgeois scholar. There are volumes here not greatly inferior to the Revolutionary histories of Thlers. There remains still to be published separately a minute and complete "analytical and alphabetical table" of all the volumes. The work represents the orthodox exposition of the history of present France as accepted by the political party which has all but gained possession of the country and whose politics is a gospel.

For those special readers for whom, either by military profession or taste, history is war, and peace a preparation for war, two notable books have appeared. One is the sixth volume of Pierre Lehautcourt's "Histoire de la guerre de 1870-1871," dealing in 800 pages and 9 maps with the epoch-making battle of Sedan, from August 7 to September 2, 1870. The other is a book which the unprofessional cannot easily appreciate, but which should be of urgent timely interest—"Choses d'Allemagne," by Capt. F. Culmann. It treats in order present German tendencies relative to the preparation of war and the conduct of battle; the recent fortifications of Alsace-Lorraine and their strategic rôle; and the new armament.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The "Bibliography of the Writings of Charles and Mary Lamb," by J. C. Thomson, just published at Hull, England, by J. R. Tutin, is a book that collectors will be glad to get. Besides the first editions of Lamb's books, the more important editions of the collected works are recorded, as well as contributions to periodicals. Mr. Thomson acknowledges that he has freely used the Lamb Bibliography compiled several years ago by Luther S. Livingston of this city, and privately printed at the expense of John A. Spoor of Chicago. That book, which contained reproductions of the title pages of every book described, was more limited in scope, including only first editions; and the record ended with Lamb's death. Mr. Thomson has made one important addition to the first editions, a little pamphlet privately printed by Coleridge in 1796: "Selected Sonnets from Bowles, Bamfylde, and others, with some original sonnets by S. T. C., and a Prefatory Essay on the Sonnet. Bristol: privately printed, 1796." This volume includes four sonnets by Lamb; two had appeared in Coleridge's "Poems" issued earlier in the year, but two are here first printed. They were reprinted in the 1797 volume of "Poems." On November 7, 1796, Coleridge wrote to Thomas Poole:

> I amused myself the other day (having some paper at the printers that I could employ in no other way) in selecting twenty-eight sonnets to bind up with Bowles's. I charge six-pence each for them, and have sent you five to dispose of. I have only printed two hundred, as my paper held out to no more, and dispose of them privately, just enough to pay the printing.

Mr. Thomson says that only a single copy of this little piece is known, the one in the South Kensington Museum; but there are at least two copies in private collections in this country. Besides the three copies of the Birmingham edition of Lamb's "Tale of Rosamund Gray," which he describes, we know of at least two others in America. A new and enlarged edition of Thomson's Bibliography of Dickens is in press, and a Bibliography of Thackeray is in preparation.

In the *Nation* of April 30, we noted that Sidney Lee seemed to have proved that of the two editions of "The Merchant of Venice" the one "Printed for J. Roberts" was actually the first. Since then W. W. Greg has exploded what may be called a bibliographical bombshell in the current number of the English quarterly, *The Library*. A little more than a year ago Alfred W. Pollard hazarded the opinion that those nine Shakespeare quartos which are most common, *i. e.*, "Merchant of Venice," 1600 (Roberts quarto); "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600 (Roberts quarto); "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600 (T. P. quarto); "King Lear," 1608 (N. Butter quarto); "Henry V.," 1608; "Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619; Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619; "The Contention of York and Lancaster" 1619; and "Pericles," 1619—that all these were publisher's remainders belonging to Thomas Pavier, a famous piratical printer of those times, who bound them up together to get rid of them shortly before the first folio of 1623 appeared. Now comes Mr. Greg to maintain that the dates 1600 and 1608 in those quartos are spurious, and that all were printed, probably in 1619, by Thomas Pavier. As is well known, of four of the above named quartos, there are "twin" editions, that is, other editions of the same date. These are the "Merchant of Venice" (Hayes quarto); "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Fisher quarto); "Sir John Oldcastle" (V. S. quarto), and "King Lear" ("Pide Bull" quarto). These, according to Mr. Greg, are the genuine editions from which Pavier's were reprinted. All but one of the nine title-pages of these common editions contain a device with a Welsh motto. This device, originally the property of Richard Jones, was used by him frequently from 1593 to 1596, but, with the exception of these plays, it seems not to have been used again until 1610. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" has a different device, and the proof that the date of the title-page is not the date of printing is still stronger. Mr. Greg reproduces side by side the same device printed from the same wood block as it appears in Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway," 1605, and in the Shakespeare quarto. The 1605 volume shows that the wood block had just begun to split, while in the book dated 1600 the crack has opened wider and the flaw becomes much more conspicuous. Other evidence is found in a study of the watermarks of the paper upon which the various plays were printed. In the London *Athenæum* of May 9 Sidney Lee suggests a number of doubts as to the validity of Mr. Greg's arguments. He says:

> Without disrespect to Mr. Greg or Mr. Pollard, both of whom have long since won their spurs as bibliographical experts, I venture to express a modest doubt whether their conclusions in their present shape, and in the absence of supplementary corroboration, ought to be treated as more than ingenious conjecture.

At a sale of autographs held by the Anderson Auction Company of this city, May 15, $76 was paid for a letter written by Gen. Grant, April 4, 1865, a few days before the surrender of Lee. The next highest price was $64 for a parole to a Southerner, signed by Lincoln, and dated "Executive Mansion, Washington, October 17, 1864." A letter of Robert Browning, telling how he came to write the "Ride from Ghent to Alx," brought $50. A damaged letter of George Washington, Mount Vernon, July 15, 1798, to Chief Justice Marshall, went for $38.

At a sale at Hodgson's, London, on April 30, the following prices were paid for rare books: Thackeray's Christmas Books, 4 vols., boards, £14 5s.; Combe's "Dance of Life and Death," 3 vols., £10; Keats's "Endymion," 1818, boards, £33 10s.; Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," 1827, £27 10s.; "Poems," 1842, 2 vols., £11 10s.; Swinburne's "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," 1860, £32; proof copy of Blake's illustrations of Job, £11 5s.

Correspondence.

A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT OF FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Library of Congress has just obtained a manuscript volume of some interest. The first page reads: "Mémoires de B. Franklin, traduits par M. Le Veillard." The following leaf is somewhat more full:

> Mémoires de Benjamin Franklin sur sa vie, traduits d'une copie du manuscrit original. qu'il avait donnée avant de quitter la France á son ami Louis Guillaume Le Veillard; la traduction est de celui-ci.

The volume contains 206 pages, of which pages 101 to 206 are in the writing of Le Veillard. The scribe of the first one hundred pages has not been identified. The manuscript throughout is perfectly clean and remarkably free from erasures or interlined words. It could not have been used as printer's "copy."

The autobiography of Franklin has appeared in France in five different translations. The earliest, that of Gibelin, may be set aside as too imperfect to warrant notice. In 1798 was printed Castéra's translation of an English translation of Gibelin with additions and corrections. He does not appear to have had access to the original. Thirty years later Rénouard printed his edition. This library possesses copies of the Gibelin and Rénouard editions, and the text is quite different from that of Veillard, so different as to indicate that Veillard's translation was not used. It is certain, therefore, that before 1828 this translation had not been printed, and I doubt if even any part has been used, for I can find no mention of this manuscript, or any translation by Veillard. As he was killed in the Reign of Terror, it is quite possible that the translation was finished before Franklin left France; though the fact that none of Franklin's letters mentions that Veillard was so engaged is a strong point against such a supposition.

In glancing over the first pages my attention was attracted by some poetry, of which both French and English are inserted. It proves to be the samples of verses of Benjamin, the elder, which were intended to be inserted in the autobiography, but were separated from the original English, their place being taken by the marginal note "Here insert it." The verses are as follows:

Believe me, Ben, War is a dangerous Trade.
The Sword has many marr'd as well as made;
By it do many fall, not many rise,
Makes many poor, few rich, and fewer wise.
Fills towns with ruins, fields with blood beside,
'Tis sloth-maintainer, and the shield of pride.
Fair cities, rich to-day, in plenty flow,
War fills with want to-morrow, and with Woe.
Ruined Estates, Vice, broken Limbs and Scars
Are the effects of desolating Wars.

ACROSTICK.

Be to thy parents an obedient son;
Each day let duty constantly be done.
Never give way to Sloth, or Lust, or pride.
If free you'd be from thousand Ills beside,
Above all Ills be sure avoid the shelf;
Man's danger lies in Satan, sin and self.
In Virtue, Learning, Wisdom progress make.
Ne'er shrink at suffering for thy Saviour's sake.

Fraud, and all falsehood, in thy dealings flee,
Religious always in thy station be,
Adore the Maker of thy inward part,
Now's the accepted time; give God thy heart.
Keep a good conscience, 'tis a constant friend.
Like Judge and Witness this thy act attend.
In heart, with bended knee alone adore,
None but the three in one for ever more.

It is possible there are other additions and variations to be found in this translation, which deserves to rank second among the manuscript copies of the autobiography, the first being that in Franklin's own writing.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

Washington, May 11.

A HITHERTO UNKNOWN SOURCE OF MONTAIGNE AND BURTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In making research into the sources of Montaigne I recently came upon one of special significance which may possibly interest such of your readers as are concerned with Renaissance literature. I am much mistaken if the same source was not utilized greatly by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy."

When Montaigne came to Basel in 1581, after the publication of the first edition of his Essays, he mentions among the literati whom he met there, Grynæus (whether Simon or Samuel is not certain), Felix Plater the physician, François Hotman the Protestant theologian and publicist, and a person to whom he, or, rather his secretary who wrote this part of the diary, refers as "the author of the Theatrum." Professor d'Ancona, the latest and most erudite editor of Montaigne's travels, declares that he is unable to identify this writer. I am much mistaken if it was not Theodore Zwinger, the author of the "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ" which first appeared at Basel in 1565 and then in a completer form in three folio volumes in 1571, just at the time that Montaigne started writing his Essays. Now this huge collection contains in classified order in twenty books illustrations of all the circumstances that could affect human nature, with examples from the classics and from later history, just in the manner of Montaigne. It has always been a puzzle to know how Montaigne collected so many happy examples of the particular truths he wished to force home, and I fancy the clue will be found in this work of Zwinger, of which the Columbia University Library contains the last two volumes. We know that Montaigne collected books of *loci communes*, for in the twelfth essay of the third book written in 1588 he mentions that he has a dozen of them on his shelves ("Essais," edit. Jouast, VI., 299). Zwinger was professor of moral philosophy at the Academy at Basel at the time when Montaigne visited it; and the only other author of a well-known "Theatrum" was Abraham Ortelius, the cosmographer, who lived at Antwerp.

I have found at least one case where Montaigne's use of this book is almost certain. In the eleventh essay of the third book (VI., 265). Montaigne *more suo* quotes a curious remark of the Queen of the Amazons as to the capacity of limping men. None of the commentators have been able to trace this in the exact form in which Montaigne gives it, but it is given by Zwinger folio 2534 of the "Theatrum" (which is paged continuously through the three volumes). Zwinger prints the Greek quotation which Montaigne, very exceptionally for him, quotes on this occasion: ἄριστα χωλὸς οἴφει. Montaigne adds the euphemistic translation "Le boiteux le faict le mieux." He is scarcely likely to have found the saying—which is at the basis of the myth which make the lame Hephæstus the husband of Aphrodite—in Eustathius, whence Zwinger obtained it, or in the Scholiast on Theocritus iv, 62.

Zwinger prefaces most of his books with an elaborate analysis of contents put in the form of a genealogical table, and this suggests to me that Burton, who uses exactly the same method in his "Anatomy" of Melancholy" may also have had Zwinger before him and, possibly in the expanded edition of 1605 in five volumes, obtained from him much of his erudition. But I leave the further working out of this suggestion to the next editor of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," a person whose appearance has long been desired.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

New York, May 15.

A DEFENCE OF THE SPECIAL TEACHER OF COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I present some arguments in contradiction of the position taken at the close of the editorial, "English and Other Teaching," in the *Nation* for March 19? This article suggested that training in English composition should be made a kind of by-product of the teaching of other subjects, and closed with the sentence: "The truth is that if all the teachers did their duty toward English, the special teacher of English composition would be a superfluity." While I admit the full truth of your statement that the work of the teacher of English is often "nullified by mere inattention and carelessness on the part of other teachers," and recognize the gain that would come from the coöperation of all the teachers in the training in English, yet I cannot say that the teaching of English composition can be made so far a part of the work of teachers of other branches as to enable our school boards summarily to dismiss the special teacher of composition. Regarded as theory, I question whether such a plan is good pedagogics; regarded as practice, I am convinced that it is radically wrong.

In the first place the plan for coöperation seems to involve a false pedagogic theory. Is not the argument for the coöperative teaching of composition reducible to the sophism, English is the property of all teachers, therefore all teachers can teach English? Is this true? Does it follow that men and women who have the ability to use good English and to write with a reasonable command of style are fitted thereby to impart their skill to others? I have great doubt whether such persons would be capable of doing so, for it is by no means true in the case of English composition and other arts that the persons who have facility in that art are gifted with the ability to impart that facility to others. Successful teaching of the art of writing presupposes ability in writing and requires further what is most important of all—a vivid recollection of the stages through which the teacher had to pass as a beginner, to enable him to help other tyros stumbling along the same road. This ability is not to be found in every teacher who writes fluently. It is only too rarely found even in those who give themselves up altogether to the teaching of composition.

But there is another and still better reason why general scholarship in English is not enough to fit one to teach the subject of English composition. In the teaching of composition, correction is an indispensable part of the teacher's business. "The assumption often seems to be," says Prof. F. N. Scott in Carpenter, Baker, and Scott's "The Teaching of English," "that anybody who can read and write the English language with a fair degree of proficiency may be entrusted with the correction of compositions. In one sense this is perhaps true. Everybody, or almost everybody, can correct mistakes in spelling or can caution the pupil against certain well-known errors of speech . . . but . . . this is not the essential part of essay-correcting." I should be carried too far away from my subject if I should detail the scope of the term, correction, in the broader meaning which it should have for the teacher of composition. In this part of my argument I must content myself with the statement that skill in the task of correction, without which skill there can be no successful teaching of English composition, does not come in all cases as the result of general training in English.

I have shown upon these theoretical grounds that it would be difficult to find among the teachers of other branches competent teachers for the subject of English composition. A further most practical difficulty in the way of obtaining suitable teachers lies in the tendency toward specialization that pervades all ranks of teachers. A tremendous change of sentiment must be wrought before the teacher of physics, let us say, will feel it incumbent upon himself when fitting for his career to add to his specialization in physics, specialization in English. And will school boards in the face of the public's expectation of specialization in teachers dare to make this double demand of teachers?

An objection to the coöperative plan, more important perhaps than those I have set forth, needs but mention. This plan leaves English composition without a centre of responsibility. What is everybody's business will soon become nobody's business. If English composition is left to be cared for incidentally by the teachers of other subjects, the subject will be practically abolished.

The last objection that I have to make to the proposed plan is that it does not provide for the symmetrical development of the pupil's powers of expression. The plan provides for considerable practice in writing, no doubt, but such practice as would come through "reports on laboratory experiments," "exercises in history," and the like, would be intermittent and one-sided. It would be as if the school should expect symmetrical bodily development among its pupils by permitting them to practise in the gymnasium throughout the year, at frequent intervals perhaps, but one or two exercises, and these selected without regard for the needs of individuals. Like the expert physical director, the special teacher of composition has it as his business to give a series of exercises likely to promote the symmetrical development of the pupils in general, and besides, to diagnose the case of each pupil and prescribe suitable corrective work.

For the reasons, both of theory and of expediency, which I have given, the special teacher of composition should be retained in the school. When his removal is proposed, are we not making the mistake of regarding him as an unscientific and unlearned person who merely knows "how to say things"? Are we not overlooking his larger work? This, as I would have it understood, has been put by Prof. G. R Carpenter, in the book referred to above, "The Teaching of English," in these words:

> He, the expert teacher of composition, is an expert in adolescence. Himself mature, broadminded, well read, he has not entirely put away his sympathy with the young. He understands them, knows when to repress and when to stimulate, of what is the substance of their thought, and how their minds may wisely be led. . . . This delicate, inspiring, tactful influence may well be the most important factor in their development. He owes himself, therefore, some self-esteem, for his place is hard to fill.

His is, indeed, a place that is often inadequately filled, but assuredly it will not be filled by making distinctive work of the trained teacher of composition a part of the work of every other teacher in the school. MAURICE G. FULTON.

Central University of Kentucky, Danville, May 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Following the lead of your recent editorial, Mr. Herbert L. Baker, in his letter in your issue of April 30, puts his finger on two important truths that need emphasizing. First, most teaching, in secondary schools, and in colleges as well, involves too much of what Mr. Baker aptly terms "the pouring-in process." Second, in teaching composition, it is essential to recognize the relationship of thought and language. Composition taught for form's sake only, without regard to the content of thought and its demands, is simply a return to scholasticism and sophistry. Such formal composition teaching richly deserves the strictures of Mr. Baker's letter, and of your recent editorials on the subject.

But, while Mr. Baker has put his finger on two valuable truths, or, perhaps, on two phases of a single truth, he has not presented them in their entirety. There is a further distinction between teaching science and teaching art, a distinction particularly important in the work in composition. The teacher of science may, generally speaking, rest content when his pupils have thoroughly assimilated the knowledge he has endeavored to impart. To assure himself that he has taught successfully, he will, as suggested, require the pupils to express what they have learned. But here expression in language will properly be used only as a test of attainment in that particular branch; and only so far is the science teacher directly concerned with expression. In other words, he will be satisfied when his pupils have sufficiently manifested their understanding of the subject. No doubt, he could exact more than he does; he might even require and teach improved handwriting. But this scarcely pertains to his proper function. As a teacher, he should, of course, cooperate with all his colleagues; but as a science teacher, his business is with his own subject. On the other hand, the composition teacher, dealing with an art subject, is concerned with two things that the science teacher is not. The latter's requirement is: Show that you can understand this subject. That of the former is: Show that you can adequately communicate your knowledge to others. Now, the point to which Mr. Baker rightly directs attention is that the second requirement includes and presupposes the first: the pupil cannot communicate to others what he himself does not thoroughly understand. But the converse does not hold true. The pupil may understand a subject, and be able to give evidence of his knowledge, and yet not be able to communicate it adequately. Even Max Müller, to whose "Science of Thought" Mr. Baker refers to show the essential connection of thought and language, clearly indicates that by expression he does not mean communication.

The other particular concern of the composition teacher is the individuality of the pupil. The teacher of mathematics, for example, need not care whether or not the pupil prefers multiplication to subtraction; his effort is to have the pupil understand both processes. The teacher of botany is not primarily interested in whether or not Peter envisages "a primrose by a river's brim" *sub specie æternitatis*; he rests satisfied if Peter comprehends its structure, classification, etc. But to the composition teacher the individuality of the pupil is all-important. He must start from the interests of the pupil; he must endeavor to deepen and widen those interests by relating them to the needs of mankind. The claim of the pupil's individuality, fundamental as it is for teachers of composition, is often sadly disregarded by them. The result is formal rhetoric and composition, with their natural accompaniments—lack of interest and neglect on the part of the pupils, and dissatisfaction on the part of every one else.

From this proposition a corollary applying to "infant criticism" of literature may easily be deduced. If literature is taught as it should be, not only will the pupil have something to say about it, but the teacher will care to know his opinion.

H. P. BREITENBACH.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, May 11.

A FAMILIAR TYPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call your attention to the following paragraph from the works of an eminent English writer:—

> Now, in the mind of Mr. ——— reason has no place at all, as either leader or follower, as either sovereign or slave. He does not seem to know what an argument is. He never uses arguments himself. He never troubles himself to answer the arguments of his opponents. It has never occurred to him that a man ought to be able to give some better account of the way in which he has arrived at his opinions than merely that it is his will and pleasure to hold them. It has never occurred to him that there is a difference between assertion and demonstration; that a rumor does not always prove a fact; that a single fact, when proved, is hardly foundation enough for a theory; that two contradictory propositions cannot be undeniable truths; that to beg the question is not the way to settle it; or that when an objection is raised, it ought to be met with something more convincing than "scoundrel" and "blockhead."

In order to avoid misunderstanding and, possibly, unpleasant international complications, I would state that the above extract refers to Robert Southey, and was taken from an article by Macaulay in the Edinburgh *Review* for January, 1830.

GEORGE A. TORREY.

Boston, May 8.

Notes.

Next week the University of Chicago Press will bring out the third volume of Prof. Walter C. Bronson's "English Poems." The selections in this volume are from the Restoration and eighteenth century.

Bertram Dobell will soon have ready his edition of Thomas Treherne's "Centuries of Meditations," which, to judge from the specimens already printed, ought to be more interesting than the Poems. Mr. Dobell is also publishing "The Partiall Law, a Tragi-Comedy," written about 1620 and founded on the same story as Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."

If literature is a race for fame, Blake and Meredith are to-day undoubtedly the favorites. The critical essays and volumes printing on these subjects grow portentous in number, and always more ethereally sublimated in tone. The latest study, and so far the most intoxicated with enthusiasm, is Richard H. P. Curle's "Aspects of George Meredith" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). In general, Meredith is here regarded as the psychological novelist of types, midway between the extremes of the realist and the idealist. "Psychology is the key to character and the herald of the future" (alas, the key! "There was the door to which I found no key"); but psychology itself is bound up with a metaphysic of evolution, and so the path of the critical commenter is a continual adventure with elusive subtleties of interpretation and engulfing generalizations. Much, perhaps most, of Mr. Curle's philosophy is true enough, and not a little of his criticism is substantial and helpful; but, judging the book as a whole, we frankly do not take pleasure in this tone of literary religiosity. One thing is notable in Mr. Curle's volume, as in Mrs. Sturge Henderson's (reviewed in the *Nation*, February 13, 1908, p. 147; on the whole, a more commendable study than the present work), and in the essays appearing in the magazines—the emphasis is laid on Meredith's poetry as the bearer of his message, rather than on his novels. Which suggests a consolation. There is apparently fostered in our modern education an appetite for this kind of criticism in which personal adoration combines with cosmic enthusiasm; it must have this food or wreck the brain. Now, for years, Browning has been the victim (yet not exactly victim, for in his own day he took a naïve delight in the rôle of veiled prophet) of this intellectual craving, with the result that his more human claims to greatness have been obscured. Evidently the fashion of the day is setting away from him to one who, though almost a contemporary, yet furnishes a more up-to-date expression of the eternities. Possibly the sober and the cynical will be permitted hereafter to read the plain parts of Browning with unmetaphysical enjoyment, and to scoff at his extravagances untroubled by the inquisitive devotee. And to the makers of clubs, to the housewives who dangle at their waist the keys of the universe, to the lovers of esoteric thrills, to the fashion leaders of the mind, a word of advice: Close your Browning and open your Meredith. And to others a word of caution: The Meredithians are upon us.

What shall be said of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's "Four Victorian Poets," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons? The poets are Clough, Arnold, Rossetti, and Morris, the two former being voices of Mid-Victorian religious anguish, the two latter of an attempted escape into pure art. The critic follows their works with page after page of well-informed, cheerful, smoothly articulated, and, it must be added, exasperatingly commonplace comment. Through it all runs that vein of—what shall we call it? — optimistic spirituality which is so praiseworthy and which tends so invariably to throw any stalwart soul into the camp of the cynics and sinners. The best part of the volume is the introductory chapter which surveys the poetical field between the close of the early romantic movement and the coming of Tennyson and Browning. Here Mr. Brooke shows flashes of that power of condensed characterization which brought such warm praise from Matthew Arnold for his "Primer of English Literature." The paragraphs on the "Joseph and his Brethren" of Charles Wells may call the attention of a few inquisitive readers to an almost forgotten poet who walked with Keats, and who has been praised in vain by Rossetti and Swinburne. The present reviewer confesses not to know "Joseph and his Brethren," and trusts that, when once he has found that book, he shall owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Brooke; he has been deceived more than once by chasing the swans of Rossetti and Swinburne.

Professors J. H. Robinson and C. A. Beard of Columbia have collaborated to produce a text book in two volumes which they name "The Development of Modern Europe" (Ginn & Co.). As might be expected from authors and publishers, the book is all that it should be as a matter of form; the grouping of the subject and the maps are good. The emphasis is thrown on the connection of history with present-day questions, and a chapter is devoted to a consideration of the actual problems of politics and civilization. While the authors are not particularly convincing at this last point, the book as a whole is an excellent example of its class, and is well adapted for school use.

Mrs. Mary A. M. Marks writes in the opening sentence of her "England and America, 1763 to 1783" (D. Appleton & Co.): "The history of the loss of America is the history of a Tory reaction," and the two volumes of 1,293 closely printed pages, in which this thesis is defended, form, in certain respects, a highly meritorious study of English politics during twenty critical years. The wealth of personal and political detail is imposing, while the parliamentary debates have been so liberally transcribed or summarized as to relieve all but the special student from the necessity of consulting the originals. The style is readable and often lively, and the author's attitude towards America pronouncedly friendly. To students of American history, in this country particularly, the story of the Revolution set forth in terms of English politics cannot but prove enlightening. More than this, however, cannot be said without important qualifications. While Mrs. Marks evidently knows her English sources well, if not exhaustively, her preliminary list of books consulted is singularly deficient in works by American writers; nor does the text show any wide use of the mass of documents, collected writings, and monographs relating to the period, brought out in the United States. The footnotes, though numerous enough, rarely give specific references to authorities. As a whole, too, the work distinctly lacks continuity; it is not so much a narrative as a treatment of a hundred and twenty-six consecutive and related episodes, in as many short chapters. With all possible recognition, accordingly, of the author's painstaking industry, good temper, and literary facility, we must nevertheless class the work as material for history rather than as history proper. One closes the volumes with a regretful feeling that, had the author omitted a fourth of the matter and worked the remainder into a straightforward narrative, the result would have been, in spite of the limitations of its research, a notable book. There are some slight errors in the text, mainly in dates and the spelling of American names, but these blemishes are on the whole negligible.

Prof. P. J. Blok's "History of the People of the Netherlands" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a work upon which we have commented more than once during the past ten years. We cannot perceive that the learned author gains lightness of touch as he advances. The fourth volume, translated by Oscar A. Bierstadt, begins with Frederick Henry and ends with William III. Between lies the golden age of Dutch civilization, furnishing a fine theme for any writer who to solid erudition adds literary gift. Macaulay's third chapter should be a model for Professor Blok, or any one else who attempts to delineate the life of the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. A single sentence, however, will show that in this volume the right touch is lacking; nor is the example cited to be looked on as an exceptional instance of clumsiness:

> The sober mantle of black cloth over the modest black doublet, adorned only among the rich with gold or silver buttons, became gradually brighter and finer in stuff and color, and was soon replaced by the fashionable silken mantle, while the doublet now slashed and trimmed with gold lace was of costly velvet, silk, and satin, and the stiff linen Spanish collars and sleeves since the time of Frederick Henry made way for all sorts of French lacework, the rings and bracelets compressing hands and fingers, giving evidence also of refined luxury.

Between them, author and translator concoct language of this kind with great facility. Hence the present volume cannot be styled a contribution to "popular" history. Professor Blok is an authority on questions of fact, and those in search of information can get it from him. But one needs to employ the cyanide process in extracting the ore.

Of the numerous half-witted or demented persons who have worn crowns during the last two or three centuries, Ludwig II. of Bavaria is one of the most interesting. He was the pupil and supporter of Döllinger, the patron and intimate of Richard Wagner; and his wonderful palaces, his queer habits, his associations with "Lohengrin," his tragic and in a way mysterious end, all help to surround him with an unusual, if unedifying, atmosphere. This is all set forth by Madame Clara Tschudi in "Ludwig II., King of Bavaria" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), in a spirit of true devotion to monarchial institutions and with the greatest sympathy for the morbid sentimentalism of the Bavarian monarch. Yet the true picture may be discerned if the author's point of view be discounted. Ludwig may be caught in his golden swan boat at Hohenschwangau, suddenly breaking into Josephine Schefsky's singing of "Tristan and Isolde" with "La donna è mobile" from "Rigoletto." His political ineptitude and the contempt and dislike of the Crown Prince Frederick are plainly revealed. And Wagner is clearly shown in very much the same relation to the Bavarian public as Lola Montes had stood under Ludwig I. To Ludwig I. the American adventuress was everything. To Ludwig II. Wagner was an "uplifted, divine friend . . . you and God!" The book is by no means a critical history, but it will serve its purpose for the general public.

The seventh volume of Gaillard Hunt's "Writings of James Madison" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is entirely devoted to the "instructions" sent by Madison when Secretary of State, to the American representatives to foreign countries. This field of Madison's activity has never before been exploited in this way, and the result fully justifies giving so much space to these official papers and sacrificing private correspondence which has already appeared in print. These instructions, covering the years 1803-1807, and prepared at one of the most interesting periods of our history, were not sent to Congress except in much mutilated shape; in their present issue, therefore, they constitute new historical material of high quality. The transfer of the Louisiana Purchase, the efforts to acquire the Floridas and to reach some understanding as to their boundaries, the British negotiations on impressments and the colonial trade, with the complications arising from the orders in council and the evil regard accorded to neutral ships; and, finally, the Chesapeake affair, were the leading subjects of these instructions.

That the ideas expressed were often those of Jefferson, or of the cabinet, does not detract from the merit of Madison. The form of the dispatches was his, and the discussion bears every mark of his authorship and not infrequently, as in the Merry or Yrujo incidents, of his personal prejudices. By reprinting his essay on the British doctrine concerning neutral trade, the editor enables us to determine how far Madison sought to enforce his views when seeking recognition from the offending powers; but Jefferson's foreign policy hardly permitted a resort even to forcible language of protest. To appeal to the "sensibility" of a nation was not enough when the situation was as follows:

> As long as the British navy has so complete an ascendency on the high seas, its commanders have not only an interest in violating the rights of neutrals within the limits of neutral patience, especially of those whose commerce and mariners are unguarded by fleets; they feel moreover the strongest temptation, as is well known from the occasional language of some of them, to covet the full range for spoliation opened by a state of war.

The sequel will appear in the next volume, where this policy bears fruit. It is to be regretted that the editor has not filled in the many missing names and dates, as his position is favorable to discover them. The volume emphasizes the need of a full publication of the early diplomatic archives of the United States, as the replies and dispatches of the ministers in Europe are essential to a proper understanding of these instructions. The masterly treatment of them by Henry Adams in his "History" is some compensation for the neglect of the government on this score, and at no distant day the publication will be undertaken on a plan framed by historical experts. Mr. Hunt's volume indicates the richness of this mine of material, and he has performed his part admirably.

The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland has issued Volume XLI. (Fifth Series) of Proceedings. As in previous years, a large proportion of papers relate to local explorations and early remains. The following are among the more important: Mr. Bruce's "Excavation of a Broch at Jarlshof, Sumburgh, Shetland"; Mr. Barbour's "Notice of a Stone Fort near Kirkandrews, Kirkcudbright"; the report on "Stone Circles Surveyed in Banffshire and Moray," by F. R. Coles; Hay Fleming's account of "The Recent Discovery of a Cist, near St. Andrews," and Joseph Anderson's "Brooches and Personal Ornaments from a Ship-burial of the Viking-time in Oronsay." Under the head of mediæval and modern history, special mention should be made of the paper on Duke Murdoch's Castle, Loch Ard, Perthshire, by David Christison; Mr. Munro's exhaustive "Calendar of Charters and Other Writs Relating to Lands or Benefices in Scotland"; and Mr. Brook's "Communion Tokens of the Established Church of Scotland," which amounts, with illustrations and index, to a hundred and fifty pages. Out of the total number of contributions two alone relate to countries other than Scotland: that on "Terra-cotta Lamps," by Coltman Clephan, and Mr. Abercromby's long and valuable discussion of "The Relative Chronology of Some Cinerary Urn Types of Great Britain and Ireland."

A handsome book from the Elm Tree Press of Woodstock, Vt., "Horace: Quintus Horatius Flaccus," by Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana, recalls a somewhat similar work recently published by Clarence Cary. Both are intended for English readers, both undertake to make Horace relate the story of his life and tell his opinions by arranging selections from his works in translation. Mr. Cary made his own versions, adopting a style which professed to follow the very contours of Horace's language and which as a consequence smacked more of Browning than of the Augustan poet; his work was intellectual but not easy. The present editors furnish introductions of their own, but the poems are taken from standard translations, in some cases the same ode being given in more than one form. Mr. Cary, as we remember his book, made much of the Satires and Epistles, whereas our new editors take but little from these, with the exception of a group of "Horace's Stories." Now, if the present reviewer can take his own case as typical, it is just the Epistles to which the seasoned reader of Horace turns with ever-growing affection; it is in these he seems to catch the true Horatian urbanity, and just to this extent Messrs. Dana have failed to make the best of their "Roman Poet Presented to Modern Readers." One other slight criticism: we should like to see an example or two of Gladstone's handicraft, if only out of respect to a man who could keep his love of Horace intact through *tanta negotia*, and better translations of several of the Odes than those given could have been found in the volume of the Temple Classics put out last year by John Marshall. As a compensation, Messrs. Dana draw largely from the admirable and too-little-known versions of Sir Stephen De Vere. And altogether, differences of taste aside, they have constructed a volume filled with pleasant recollections for the old Horatian, not without an occasional surprise, and well suited to interest the purely English reader. Here and there comes a touch of humor. Thus, among the mottoes and much-quoted lines in Latin and English at the end of most of the Odes (an admirable device, by the way, to show how thoroughly Horace has been absorbed into the language of the world), they give the "O laborum Dulce lenimen," with the translation, "O beloved lightener of all my labors," and the dry comment, "Horace here refers to his lyre and not to his wife." The book is finely printed and contains a number of maps, diagrams, and illustrations.

Prof. Louis Campbell's "Paralipomena Sophoclea" (London: Rivingtons) forms a convenient and indispensable codicil to his edition of Sophocles completed in 1881. Perhaps half of the annotations express his acceptance of the text or the interpretation of Sir Richard Jebb; the remainder, in which he disagrees with the conclusions of the late editor, is well worth examination. A considerable number of his criticisms of Jebb's views carry conviction, while others are, at any rate, suggestive and instructive. A few, which merely express dissent, ought to have been reinforced by a discussion of authorities (*e. g.*, on πυθοίμεθα Œd. Col., line 11). In defending the chilly and confused *rhesis* of Antigone, which recalls the story of the wife of Intaphernes, he quotes from Swinburne's "Atalanta" Althæa's sentiment when about to slay her son. Under the heading of "Condensed Expression" in the Introduction, he remarks "to the same category belongs the use of cases without prepositions, of optatives without ἄν, and of εἰ with the subjunctive." This certainly is a statement which, as it stands, requires decided modification and explanation.

Of the vast number of hymns and lyrics of the Greek Christian fathers, Bernhard Pick has included about one hundred in "Hymns and Poetry of the Eastern Church" (New York: Eaton & Mains). The compilation is evidently intended for popular use and general information, since the Greek text is not printed. After a brief biographical sketch of each author, such as one might gather from Julian or Schaff, a translation, in some cases several versions, of the better-known poems is supplied. The renderings are from various writers, those of John Mason Neale being of course of greatest merit. The arrangement is chronological, and the volume furnishes convenient information concerning the hymns of Greek origin commonly found in hymn books and religious writings.

Prof. A. Deissmann, hitherto of the University of Heidelberg, will signalize his entrance into the leading theological faculty of Germany, that of Berlin, by the publication, through J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, of "Licht vom Osten: Das Neue Testament und die neuentdeckten Texte der hellenistisch-römischen Welt." In this work he will utilize the wealth of recent finds, especially in the papyri of Egypt, that throw so much light on the language, literature, civilization, and religion of the first decades of Christianity. A large number of important texts are to be reproduced in facsimile, some for the first time. The book is written not only for the specialist but for scholarly readers in general.

"Vom Lesen und Deuten heiliger Schriften: geschichtliche Betrachtungen" by Hans Bollmer, in the series known as Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), popularizes for the general reader modern methods of interpreting sacred writings, chiefly the Old and the New Testament.

"Jesus im Lichte der modernen Theologie," by Pastor J. Heyn (Greifswald: Ludwig Bamberg), aims to show what, according to the teachings of the newer theology, Jesus and his message is for man. It is distinctively a modern life of Jesus, based on a critical study, but intended for the general reader.

"Katholische Weltanschauung und freie Wissenschaft," a brochure by Dr. Ludwig Wahrmund, professor of the law in the Catholic University of Insbruck, investigates from a legal and scientific point of view the recent Papal syllabus and encyclical. The tone of the work (Munich: J. F. Lehmann) is such that the Austrian authorities have suppressed it, and a demand is made that the author be deprived of his chair. A reply has already been made by the author's colleague in the university, Prof. Leopold Fonck, bearing the same title, but with the sub-title "Das wissenschaftliche Arbeiten Professor Wahrmunds kritisch beleuchtet." (Insbruck: Rauch.) In this the attempt is made to show that Professor Wahrmund has been stealing from the anti-Catholic writings of the former Jesuit, Count von Hoensbroech.

"Die Grundgedanken der paulinischen Theologie" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), by Prof. Carl C. Clemen of Bonn, the latest issue of the series known as "Theologische Arbeiten aus dem rheinischen wissenschaftlichen Prediger-Verein," is an analysis of Pauline thought, in order to answer the question propounded especially by Julius Kaftan and Wilhelm Wrede: Can the doctrine of justification still be regarded as the central thought of the Pauline system, or is the emphasis rather on an ethico-mystical doctrine of redemption? Clemen's own position is more or less mediating, but inclining rather to the older views.

"Thesaurus Totius Hebraitatis, et Veteris et Recentioris," by Elieser Ben Jehuda, Hierosolymitano (Berlin: Schöneberg, Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung), is to be, when finished in 1914, a dictionary of the Hebrew literature of all ages. The terminology of philosophy, of the exact sciences, of ancient and modern poetry, the new formations of modern Hebrew—all these and kindred features are to be included, with translations in German, English, and French. Not only printed Hebrew literature has been utilized, but also much manuscript material. There will be in all about one hundred and fifty parts, costing 1.70 marks each.

The seventeenth volume in the new edition of "Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon," covering the world from Rio to Schönebeck, has for its longest article "Russisches Reich," the history of which is brought up to the meeting of the second Duma in the spring of 1907. Only two and a half pages are given to "Russisch-Japanischer Krieg," the editors thus wisely sacrificing mere contemporary interest to the standard of correct proportion in which the German encyclopædias are so superior to our own. Our own great men do not loom large in the eyes of the "Meyers" editors. Seven lines are given to Elihu Root, while Theodore Roosevelt receives only three-quarters of a column. We wonder what the White House would say to the following characterization of President McKinley's successor: "He broke no new paths for American policy and the deep-rooted evils of political maladministration showed themselves much stronger than him."

In the beautiful edition of Adolf Pichler's "Gesammelte Werke," being published by Georg Müller, Leipzig, two new volumes have recently appeared, the fourth and the eleventh, leaving only the fifth still to come. The fourth contains six characteristic stories depicting life in the Tyrol, *Dorfgeschichten* in the higher sense of the term, the eleventh bears as special title "Beiträge zur Literaturgeschichte."

"Die Wahehe, ihre Geschichte, Kult-, Rechts-, Kriegs-, und Jagd-Gebräuche," by Capt. E. Nigmann, is a clear account of this vigorous East African tribe, among whom the author served for years as leader of the German *Schutztruppen*. The book is issued with three charts and eleven illustrations by E. S. Mittler & Sohn, Berlin.

The house of Fischbacher, Paris, announces as forthcoming a new collection of discourses by Pastor Charles Wagner, entitled "Par la loi à la liberté: six discours religieux."

We have already noticed at some length (November 17, 1904, p. 397) the first three volumes of Richard Waddington's "La Guerre de Sept Ans" (Paris: Firmin Didot). In the fourth, which has recently appeared, the chief interest centres on the *Pacte de famille*, and on Frederick's victories of Torgau and Liegnitz. As to the *pacte*, it may be said that historians are not yet really agreed in their way of viewing the diplomatic manœuvres of France, England, and Spain in 1761, and the note of this book is favorable to Choiseul. As to Torgau, the discussion of Frederick's extraordinary dispositions at that battle, to which Chancellorsville offers the only parallel, is quite inadequate. The last word must be of praise for a book that is by far the most comprehensive on the subject.

The Associated Charities of Rome has issued a "Guida della beneficenza in Roma," a well-printed volume of over 500 pages, furnished with two general and five special indexes. Its subjects range through a broad field of social service, and include such entries as cheap dwelling houses for the poor, free public libraries, scholarships in the fine arts, and prizes controlled by the Accademia dei Lincei. The work, which has been very thoroughly done, shows the evolution of charity administration in Rome from its origin to the most recent forms of education and social defence. The book is of interest not only to the benevolent of Rome, but to all students of this branch of sociology, and it would be likely to prove helpful to workers among the Italian poor in American cities. It is published by the Ufficio d'Informazioni e Indicatore della Beneficenza, Via San Vincenzo a Trevi, Rome.

Walter August Wyckoff, assistant professor of political economy at Princeton, died May 15. He was born in India in 1865, was graduated from Princeton in 1888, and, after a year of post-graduate work, he devoted his time to study, to travel, and to working among the wage-earners in all parts of this country. The result of his observations appeared in his books: "The Workers—the East" (1897), "The Workers—the West" (1898), "A Day with a Tramp, and Other Days" (1900). He was appointed lecturer on sociology at Princeton in 1895, and assistant professor of political economy in 1898.

Frederic May Holland died at Concord, Mass., May 17. He was born in Boston in 1836, was graduated from Harvard in 1859, and a few years later entered the Unitarian ministry. In 1874 he resigned, and since then he had devoted himself chiefly to writing. Among his books are "The Reign of the Stoics" (1879), "Sordello: a Story from Robert Browning" (1881), "Stories from Browning" (1882), "Rise of Intellectual Liberty" (1885), "Frederick Douglass, the Colored Orator" (1895), "Liberty in the Nineteenth Century" (1899).

The Rt. Rev. Ignatius Frederick Horstmann, Catholic bishop of Cleveland, died May 13. Born in Philadelphia in 1840, he was educated in this country and abroad. In 1892 he was consecrated bishop. He had been president of the Catholic Historical Society and an assistant editor of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. Among his literary productions were an edition of Nampon's "Catholic Doctrine as Defined in the Council of Trent," an "Introduction to the Holy Bible" and a "Dictionary of the Bible."

The Rev. George Mills Boynton, secretary of the Congregational Sunday School and Publication Society since 1888, died in Boston May 17. Born in Brooklyn in 1837, he was graduated from Yale and the Union Theological Seminary, and for more than twenty years he filled pastorates in Presbyterian and Congregational churches. He was author of "The Model Sunday School" (1892), and "The Congregational Way" (1904).

The death of Sir Alexander Condie Stephen was announced in the London dispatches of May 11. He was born in 1850 and entered the diplomatic service in 1876. He was a fine linguist, noted for his knowledge of Russian, Turkish, and Persian. He published "The Demon," translated from the Russian; and "Fairy Tales of a Parrot," adopted from the Persian.

Jules Christophe, the noted Balzacian, has died at the age of sixty-seven. He wrote on a number of subjects, but his chief work was a "Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine de H. de Balzac," compiled in collaboration with Anatole Cerfberr and published, with an Introduction by Paul Bourget, in 1887.

The death is announced, in his seventieth year, of Konrad Furrer, professor in the theological faculty at Zürich and head of the Palestine Union. His first work, "Die Bedeutung der Geographie für die biblische Exegese," was published in 1872, and was followed by a number of books on this and kindred subjects.

H. F. Ewald, father of the recently deceased Carl Ewald, and himself a well-known writer of Danish fiction, has died in his eighty-seventh year. His novels dealt for the most part with the romantic history of Denmark in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

DELANE OF THE "TIMES."

John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the "Times": His Life and Correspondence. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. 2 vols. New York: imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 net.

To pass swiftly over the defects of these volumes, they are diffuse and padded, yet leave much lacking. We are let very little into the inner life of Delane. What was his reading; what were his political convictions; what his methods of work; how he organized his office—all this we are left to gather from scrappy allusions. There is not even a connected account of the rise of the *Times* to commanding influence under Delane. Nowhere in these pages does one hear the actual hum of the newspaper; and the reverberation it came to make throughout Europe is stated rather than explained. Still, there is ample material here, though badly arranged, and one takes it to form his own picture of the man, and the rôle he played.

It was the chance of acquaintance and friendship with John Walter, proprietor of the *Times*, that made Delane its editor at twenty-three. He had served a novitiate of barely a year. Walter liked him, believed in him, and put him at the head of the paper. This fact shows of itself that neither the obligations of the owner nor the duties of the editor could have seemed so serious in 1841 as they were when Delane laid down his work. He began it in a lighthearted burst of youth: "By Jove, John, what do you think has happened? I am editor of the *Times*." He retired in 1877, broken in health, at sixty. Between those dates, England saw under him a development of journalism more wonderful, though less lurid and clamorous, than anything which has since occurred.

Delane was not a man of first-class powers, yet he was admirably fitted to do the work which fell to him. Personally, he wrote very little. He was editor in the sense of editing the matter of others. He knew what he wanted written; he had a good eye for the men who could do it for him; he built up a notable staff of editorial contributors and foreign correspondents, but his own duty, as regards the daily issue, he conceived to be to see everything in proof before it went in. For many years, it was his practice to stay in the office till four or even five in the morning, until the last page went to press. This was on top of the most lavish dining out. Whether it was the labors and vigils after midnight, or the social indulgences before it, that wrecked a naturally vigorous constitution, we would not undertake to say. Delane, of course, defended his great fondness for aristocratic society on the ground that in it he picked up a vast amount of useful information. Doubtless this was so; yet his diaries show a depressing round of dinner engagements, four or five a week in the season, many of which must have been barren to him in any sense except that of giving one opportunity more to roar as a lion. It was presumably of Delane that Disraeli made his famous gibe about "the stern guardian of popular rights simpering in gilded saloons." Yet there went with this a power of sustained and severe industry that might have entitled Delane to sit for that portrait of the editor of a daily newspaper which Carlyle painted—the man who "buckles himself nightly with new vigor and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years."

In the strictly editorial quality, besides what has already been noted, we find Delane had a keen scent for news. One day his physician casually remarked to him: "Lord Northbrook called on me to-day and asked me how a hot climate would be likely to suit his daughter, whom I have had under my charge. I said it would suit her very well." That was enough for Delane. The next day, the *Times* astonished the town and even the Ministry by announcing that Lord Northbrook was to be appointed Governor-General of India. "How lucky you are in murders!" he wrote from Interlaken in 1855, to the editor in charge. This reads like a prefigurement of latter-day sensationalism. But Delane liked the spice of horror. And he knew how "the only topic" of a given day must domineer over the *Times* of that date. It is characteristic of the genus editor, too, to find Delane groaning over misprints. "I never see a paper," he once wrote, when away on one of his long vacations, "but I long to slay a [proof-] reader." He would have wanted to slay another, had he seen the blunder (Vol. II., p. 266) which speaks of the treaty for the conquest of Belgium by Louis Napoleon, as one "offered to France by Prussia."

But we have yet to refer to the political circumstances which, falling in with the peculiar aptitudes of Delane, made the *Times* the most powerful newspaper in the world. It was an age in which the advantages of discreet publicity were beginning to dawn upon English statesmen. Delane offered them the vehicle. He made it his business to be in touch with them, and to lead them to see the profit of the contact. The result was that he soon became the repository of all kinds of official secrets. For years the *Times* used to print the Queen's Speech before it was delivered. Delane was in the confidence of both political parties. Ministers came to see him, as he went to see them, at all hours of the day or night. His informants and purveyors of information were in every Cabinet. Once he was told by a certain Minister that it would be impossible for him to furnish the *Times* the Queen's Speech. Delane replied that it did not matter, as there were four other men in the Cabinet from any one of whom he could get it. It was in the *Times* that people came to look for the most accurate political forecasts, for announcements of the fall of ministries and of the composition of new governments. A long course of success in such lines, with due affectation of mystery and infallibility, could not fail to give a newspaper immense prestige.

This, however, was not nearly the whole of it. With the new publicity, went an unprecedented meddling with the political affairs of Europe. The rise of the *Times* was almost coincident with the rise of Palmerston. He could keep his fingers out of no pie on the Continent. Foreign relations were never before so important in shaping English policy, and they have not been since so influential. It was the era when, as Lord Rosebery has said, England assumed a sort of "moral censorship" over Europe, and exhorted and interfered and bullied to her heart's content. Here lay the second great opportunity of Delane and the *Times*. He himself was called "one of the best-informed men in Europe." He gathered about him men of special knowledge, able to do the intelligent lecturing of Spain and Portugal and Greece and Italy. Then, with constant official intercourse, and receiving continually government inspiration, the *Times* was able to make itself the thunderous voice of England. Foreign chancelleries read its pages before they turned to their own dispatches. Both for advance information and for weight of opinion, this English newspaper led all others printed. Its prosperity waxed with its power. Its proprietor was enriched, its editor was munificently paid. But in all this unexampled triumph we search in vain for any fixed policy, any dominant moral purpose. England meddled everywhere, and made herself hated everywhere; and the *Times* and its editor had to take their share of the hatred.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Spanish Jade. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Hewlett's mannerism is less insistent here than in most of his fiction, perhaps because the substance of the work is less pretentious. One does not quite lose the impression of him as a person more intent upon being quaint than upon being himself; but the impression is more tolerable because what he has to offer is a confessed trifle and may as well be quaint as not. His incident of a travelling Briton having an affair with a half-gypsy dancing girl—an affair from which he at least emerges benevolently unscathed—has no striking novelty to commend it; but Mr. Hewlett's consciously graceful treatment makes a pleasant study of it. His imagination long ago proved itself at home in the South, and his present interpretation of the Spanish character is neither bookish nor offensively sentimental:

> That an Italian should make public display of his property in a woman, or his scorn of her, was a thing unthinkable; yet, if you came to consider it, so it was that a Spaniard should not. Set aside the grand air, and what has the Spaniard that the brutes have not?

So, with the apparent approval of his author, reflects our Briton. The poor jade, who has escaped from the brutality of her lover, is rescued from the grosser brutality of a rustic mob by the Englishman errant. The lover pursues, and is killed by the jade lest he kill the Briton. The casual pair are linked romantically by the incident, and meet thereafter under the shadow of a Spanish vengeance which is eventually stayed, not by the magnanimity of the Englishman, but by the chivalry of a humble Spanish follower of his. To this follower, who adores her, to be sure, and is on the whole the better man, our island adventurer turns her over without too much ceremony, but not without some inkling as to the inferior figure he himself makes in the whole episode. Mr. Hewlett's archaisms are less crabbed here, his air of complacent virtuosity less marked, than in much of his more pretentious writing.

The Sisters. By Mrs. Percy Dearmer. New York: The McClure Co.

Whatever else this story is, it is exceptionally interesting. The drama is unusual, and the persons greatly alive. The situations and predicaments are so knitted into one another that suspense is kept at high tension—and this in spite of length, of much reflective and philosophic comment, much quotation from the poets, and the trick, in the Meredith manner, of an accompanying Greek chorus in italics, drawn from the note-book of one of the characters. The story concerns the destinies of the lawful and unlawful families of Sir Raymond Templeton of Templeton. Though they are kept apart by his contrivance for many years Fate at last brings them face to face, the more tragically that Sir Raymond's nephew is the lover of each daughter. Though both the unhappy mothers, the angel of light, and the genius of darkness, go down to their graves, the sisters survive to prove the might of tolerance, kindness, and self-sacrifice. The lesson throughout is one of patience and charitable judgment for any unfortunate girl who through ignorance or inheritance, is born to sin. The broadest charity and the most generous interpretation of life run through the book, with an unsparing, ironic scourge for the coward and the double dealer, whether in the person of outward complacent respectability, or of young paganism delighting in the chase.

Having said thus much in recognition of the ability and high aims of the book it remains to wonder if anything can quite justify its horrible painfulness. The scenes that hurt are not introduced in the detestably "knowing and showing" manner of lesser novels, but a greater writer, we think, would have conveyed the moral with less offence. The author herself feels called on to explain in her preface that her justification lies in the necessity for darkness as well as light in the development of character. Granting this and readily granting her seriousness of aim, the development of a story demands artistic abstinences.

The Golden Ladder. By Margaret Potter. New York: Harper & Bros.

This book is a long and verbose arraignment of American commercialism and American "lust for gold as gold." Alike in design and language, it is overloaded with a bias for the profuse. Even contrast, that is, American contrast, is denied the reader, since the only group existing without baseness more or less frank and without selling itself for gold, is the French family, father, mother, child, who monopolize the friendly and domestic virtues:

> Not Americans, these people; to whom the joys and the woes of others were almost as their own. They were of an order of life more primitive. They were —they are—human beings: men and woman: brothers and sisters of the family of Adam.

Huge canvases of Chicago and New York constitute the scenery, minutely painted over with microscopic details of greedy money-making. The pigments in this priceless painting are mixed with dry Martini cocktails and highly colored with poisonous dyes obtained from Wall Street and the underworld. Except for the Briand family, and an occasional lapse from egotism on the part of the hero, the novel is unjustifiably repulsive. In a bygone day Thackeray used to be called a cynical writer. But compared with "The Golden Ladder," "Vanity Fair" breathes of heliotrope.

Quickened. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

> Now let us sing
> Long live the king——

this is a clean story.

The scene, which is laid in Canada, gives a vivid impression of landscape and figure in Quebec and the neighborhood. The persons are of many types, French Canadian Catholics, English Canadian, and American Protestants, priests, and laity. The pivot of the matter is the flight to Canada from New York of a young man involved in a financial fraud of which the full story is not revealed, till the end. In his new surroundings he enters upon the honorable life from which weakness rather than an evil nature, had tempted him. He becomes a Catholic; and under the influence of his friend and confessor, while the latter lives, and still more after he has lost his friend by death, he is led to see that confession and reform are not enough, but that restitution must be made. The story is in no sense a great one, but its deftness of description of place and person, its seriousness and refinement, make it comfortable reading. In passing, one wonders how long a man's "peroxidized" hair could deceive a community.

Woven in the Tapestry. By Emily Post. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

A slender, delicate, white-vellum-paper-bound tiny volume this, with corresponding contents—graceful, imaginative, white-souled. The nosegay of chapters from the life of a fairy-like princess holds allegories that trace the growth of her mind, soul, and heart. Side by side with these are cameo portraits of her lowlier neighbors, of her courtiers and counsellors, and of the true and only prince. The soul not dead to the whisperings of poetry, may pleasurably walk in this pretty garden of fantasies.

The Old Room. By Carl Ewald; Translated from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is emphatically a book for its own and for none other. Its own will find it a beautiful, mystical allegory of marriage, full of old faiths, and their triumphs over the lure of modern life; of heredity's clutch and law's majesty, the might of custom, the tears of repentance, the tread of Fate. And there will be, it may be surmised, another public whose eyes will be darkened that they see not; who are not eligible to enter that symbolic room where generations have sat and discoursed of the deepest things of life. To these blind ones the mysticism will be dark and the allegory vain, the conversation Scandinavian drivel, and the conclusion of the whole matter unsatisfying yet welcome.

The Tenants. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The McClure Co.

This is almost an invention in stories. For though many a short tale has been written about the abandoned ancestral home, the land-poor descendants who rent, and the engaging fraud who hires, and though many a novel has had similar accessories, this is a fresh arrangement, in which the plight is amplified into a long story without a novelistic love affair for the central interest. The book is "an episode of the eighties"—a chronicle and abstract of the time in the matter of costuming and conduct, extended to take in a deal of the universal in human nature. The family circle, resenting yet needing the presence of strangers in the old abode, the mutual lack of admiration among the different branches of the family tree, the ins and outs of town surveillance, and finally the arrival, through a story of period and manners, to a quite sufficiently climactic episode—all raise the book out of the list of merely local literature. A certain confiding quality, a certain reminiscent strain, a total absence of egoism, though the story is told in the first person, a leisureliness possibly over-leisurely, offer a pleasant, if far-off suggestion of the De Morgan manner, shifted from fields English, to pastures American.

The Religion of the Veda, the Ancient Religion of India. By Maurice Bloomfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The seventh series of the American Lectures on the History of Religions, inaugurated by Prof. Rhys Davids with his History of Buddhism, reverts to India again with this volume by Professor Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins. As the term *ancient* is rather vague when used of Indian literature, the sub-title explains that the religion treated is "from Rig-Veda to Upanishads." The implication that the polytheism of the Rig-Veda is one religion with the pantheism of the later period is likely to awaken distrust, but it may be permitted as a fashion of speaking, as if one should talk of the religion of the Bible. The topic is discussed in the six lectures which make up the book as a complex of religious and philosophical thought. The details of ritual are neglected, and mythology is treated as a mine from which are drawn specimens calculated to illustrate the author's views. This method is perhaps inevitable under the circumstances. Popular lectures must be dogmatic or they would lose the charm of conviction. The result is an exposition of Professor Bloomfield's theory of what he calls the religion of the Veda.

The first lecture is an admirably clear introduction, in which the author expresses his opinion that the beginnings of Vedic literary production date from 2000 B. C., rather than from 1200 or 1500. He brushes away discussion of the probability of the chosen date by assuming that scholars who do not agree with him are guilty of something, it is not clear what, and have to "salve the conscience," in order to adopt a more conservative date. But the result remains about the same, since, after all, "we do not know" within centuries to what time to assign the Rig-Veda. It may belong to any period, or to the whole period from 1000 to 2000 B. C., that is, as "literary production," though the institutions and beliefs of which it is the outcome may of course be older by other uncounted centuries. This is, it may be said, an improvement on the extravagant view of Tilak and Jacobi, who tried, on very insufficient evidence, to add another millennium to the age of the Rig-Veda, a view, if we remember rightly, formerly endorsed by Professor Bloomfield.

In his interpretation of the Vedic hymns the author is inclined to see only one side of religious expression. To him there is in these early devotional poems only the voice of priests tied to the ritual and concerned mainly with the prompt payment for their services. Selected quotations easily show that even some of the hymns to Aurora are composed under the influence of greed rather than of devotion, and the author's conclusion is that Vedic worship in general is not only influenced but is wholly inspired by the same cause. A less extreme view, however, seems to be nearly attained when Professor Bloomfield says that "such performances, to some extent, continue the pious ways of the fathers." This was a theme that might profitably have been enlarged upon. The father's work mechanically imitated by the son is sure to be more mechanical as time goes on and generation copies generation. No one, in fact, recognizes more clearly than the later Vedic poet that he is a degenerate. He scarcely ventures to hope that his work, no matter how carefully wrought, can be as acceptable to the gods as was the earlier inspired work of his fathers. Naturally, in the mass of matter, a thousand hymns addressed chiefly to the same few gods, there will be any amount of material to support the thesis that the Rig-Veda is composed for baksheesh only. But there are other hymns revealing the other side and these are the hymns Professor Bloomfield does not quote, though he admits that the Vedic poets are not merely technicians but "tense observers of the great facts and acts of nature . . . poets and philosophers."

As regards the derivation of the monistic philosophy of India from a source outside of Brahmanism, Professor Bloomfield takes sides against the view of Professor Garbe and holds, quite correctly in our opinion, that it is not justifiable to look upon the warrior caste, in distinction from the priestly caste, as the inventors of the doctrine which raised religion to a philosophy. He notes that this monistic philosophy developed naturally from the Brahmanistic religion, or theology. On another point, also, the author is quite right—that is, in objecting to Oldenberg's theory that the Vedic "monotheistic" Varuna is due to Semitic influence. In the final lectures he gives a good account of the Hindu's religious life and the goal of religious aspiration.

England in the Seven Years' War. By Julian Corbett. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

It seems the fashion of the hour among historians to affect a complete ignorance of military questions and a large competence in legal and constitutional ones. The result is not always happy, in either direction. Just as the historical interpretation of legal doctrine frequently fails from over confidence and lack of the legal point of view, so does the account of great wars fail from inexcusable lack of effort to grasp the essentials of military affairs; and, after all, great wars, the national struggles for existence, deserve something better than slipshod treatment. Fortunately, there are signs of improvement, and writers like Tout, Oman, and Firth point a way where others should follow. The volumes before us are conceived in accordance with the better ideal. In them Professor Corbett approaches England's great struggle for colonial empire from the point of view chiefly of sea power, and by his details and skilled interpretation clears up many aspects until now obscure. Thus our latest historians of the subject may turn to Professor Corbett to learn important points of American history they have hitherto completely failed to understand. They will realize, for instance, that Loudoun's abandonment of the attack on Louisbourg in 1757 was neither ridiculous nor cowardly, but a correct and courageous decision, which was "more than justified." And, to take another instance, they will discover that Wolfe's final attack at Quebec was not in pursuance of the plan of his brigadiers, as commonly stated, but a brilliant strategic stroke of a totally different nature, which was opposed by his brigadiers, who, like our historians, could not understand it. To sum up the merits, then, of Professor Corbett's book: it follows the naval operations of the Seven Year's War with close scrutiny of detail, with profound appreciation of naval strategy, and with illuminating judgment. Incidentally the military and diplomatic aspects of the war are covered.

Nevertheless, the history as a whole cannot be praised without reserve, for it falls short of the highest class. From the first to the last page there is a perceptible preoccupation with present-day conditions, and an anxiety to measure events by the standard of naval principles that are often overelaborated and far from convincing. Professor Corbett follows Capt. Mahan's footsteps with greater accumulation of detail, but with far less certainty in framing generalizations. A few extracts may be given to illustrate these criticisms. In the comment on Frederick the Great's negotiations for an alliance with Turkey, we are told that it "was an unscrupulous policy which . . . some have tried since. The only result that has ever come of it is to make the perpetrator a pariah in Europe" (II., 26). In other words, the author forgets the Crimean war and other like incidents, and is solely preoccupied with the Emperor William and his Eastern policy. It is always Germany and the great naval war of the near future that is in Mr. Corbett's mind, and this makes him so eager to inculcate sound principles of naval warfare that he often gets carried into quite impossible positions. Thus, it is continually suggested that Chatham and Newcastle were deliberately applying complex laws of naval strategy, with a large apparatus of technical terms, to the shifting conditions of the Seven Years' War. In 1756 Newcastle believed that "he had manœuvred France into a position which left her no move except the desperate expedient of invasion" (I., 140). Yet in fact nothing can be clearer than that invasion was the one thing which was calculated, and justly, to alarm this most pusillanimous of party bosses. Pitt in 1758 develops his attack on Cherbourg, from a "raid into an eccentric attack" (I., 295). This may be true, according to Professor Corbett's technical values, but cannot be true as an interpretation of the working of Pitt's mind. This attitude on the part of the writer is constant throughout, and taken with a certain carelessness of style, detracts considerably from the value of an otherwise excellent piece of work.

Anthropological Essays presented to Edward Burnett Tylor. Pp. viii., 416. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.

This stately volume, issued in honor of Dr. Tylor's seventy-fifth birthday (October 2, 1907), is a fitting tribute to this Oxford scholar's eminent services in the investigation of the early life of man; the essays, nineteen in number, are by distinguished specialists, and contain a large mass of permanently important material. A sympathetic and discriminating sketch of Tylor's work by Andrew Lang sets forth clearly his importance as an explorer—the cautiousness and thoroughness which make him in a real sense the creator of the science to which he devoted his life; the lines laid down by him have been followed substantially by all succeeding writers.

In a notable article on the method of investigating the laws of marriage and descent (in Vol. XVIII. of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*) Tylor expressed the opinion that the best way to study the subject was by a tabulation of customs. Since that article was written many new facts have been brought to light, but no improvement on his method has been suggested. The question of the form of the original family, the origin of exogamy and its relation to totemic kins, is one of great obscurity, reaching back, as it does, beyond the earliest historical records. The four essays in the present volume that are devoted to it, while they do not solve the problem, contribute to the clearing up of certain points. Atkinson's view that exogamy arose from the jealousy of the father in the original family, who claimed rights over all the females of his group, drove out the young men, and forced them to seek wives elsewhere, is open to various objections, the principal of which are stated by N. W. Thomas. In support of the theory that marriage relations were determined originally by sexual jealousy, Atkinson adduces the custom of certain of the lower animals, as the New Caledonia wild cattle—the old male is said to expel the young ones; and Thomas accepts as a fact the existence of sexual aversion among the lower animals between parents and offspring. But, apart from the doubt as to the universality of the custom in question, it is to be noted that the expulsion of young males proves not sexual aversion, but aversion to rivals—the dominant male generally drives out all other males, whether they are his offspring or not. On the other hand, there is much that favors Havelock Ellis's theory, here adopted by A. E. Crawley, that the custom of adelphic avoidance (that is, the prohibition of marriage between brother and sister) arose from the fact that in young persons of opposite sexes brought up together from infancy the pairing instinct is dulled by long familiar intercourse. This view explains much in early marriage laws; and another important step is gained if we hold, with Crawley and others, that the normal constitution of the early tribes is a division into two groups (phratries), each of which, by friendly agreement, furnishes wives and husbands for the other. This hypothesis, with which W. H. R. Rivers is here in general accord in his criticism of Lewis Morgan's system of relationships, appears to offer the best starting-point for the study of exogamy; but the further question, whether the phratries precede the totem groups, answered in the affirmative by Crawley and in the negative by Lang, it does not seem possible to settle in the present state of our knowledge.

L. R. Farnell's criticism of Professor Usener's hypothesis of *sonder-götter* (divinities with highly specialized functions and transparent names, and almost impersonal), out of whom the Indo-European concrete gods were evolved, is vigorous and in the main points successful. Two points, however, should have been made clear at the outset: first, the term "impersonal" in this discussion is out of place, for all such divine figures, in Greece or in Rome or elsewhere, are distinctly personal, since they have definite functions and aims; and secondly, the chronological position of the particularistic divinities is to be determined from the nature of their functions—the ταράξιππος, for example, who frightened horses in the race-course, is naturally assigned to a period when there were races. Farnell shows, in fact, that many of the Greek figures cited by Usener are late, and that the deities with specialized functions, after the manner of the Roman *indigitamenta*, are rarely to be met with in savage religions. He points out also that a god is not necessarily nameless because he or she is usually addressed by a simple appellative, such as "the god" or "the mistress" or "the virgin"; among the Semites, indeed, the common designations of gods were such epithets as "the strong one," "the lord," "the lady." Farnell does not discuss the whole of Usener's description of the growth of the great gods, but from his statements in this article it may be inferred that he regards the description as inadequate.

The Poems of Sappho: An Interpretative Rendition into English. By John Myers O'Hara. Chicago: Privately Printed.

Thirteen years ago Pierre Louys published his "Chansons de Bilitis" and advertised the work as a translation of some newly discovered poems by an Egyptian pupil of Sappho, Bilitis, whom he invented for the occasion. The trick had been played before and took in no one, except perhaps a few general readers. The only interest that a scholar could have in such a book was to find out how far its author had grasped the spirit of the sixth century B. C., how far, in fact, Bilitis had expressed herself as a contemporary of Sappho conceivably could. Any scholar could foresee that a Frenchman of the type of Louys, letting his imagination work on the sixth century, would inevitably drift into the tone and language of the later period of which we know so much more, the Alexandrian; and that in the mouth of Sappho's friend we should find the sentimentalities and the ingenious prettiness of the Alexandrian epigram. Nothing short of genius could avoid this risk of literary contamination, though that a genius can escape it has been demonstrated by Swinburne.

Mr. O'Hara's enterprise differs from the ingenious Frenchman's in certain essential points. We possess two odes of Sappho and a number of very brief fragments whose precise value every reader can judge for himself in Wharton's useful little book which gives below the original Greek a faithful translation into English. No one therefore need be taken in by the present work; and the phrase "interpretative rendition" should be enough to put any experienced reader on his guard. Nevertheless this seems to us a mischievous little book. It is very attractively got up in the style of the Mosher reprints, a dress that would sell almost anything, and especially Sappho, about whom those who do not read Greek maintain an insatiable curiosity. Our quarrel with Mr. O'Hara is not that he makes a false pretence of giving us Sappho in English verse, for he has managed to work in, so far as we can see, every coherent fragment, even those that editors now reject as spurious, and the new Charaxus ode. But it would give a scholar some trouble to track the originals down in these verses, since Mr. O'Hara translating Sappho is almost indistinguishable from Mr. O'Hara composing what he thinks Sappho might have written. If, indeed, he had indicated by italics all that he took directly from Sappho, the reader might well be left to judge for himself of the value of the mass of verse that remains.

What we have said so far applies chiefly to the fragments. Of the Ode to Aphrodite he makes a fairly good translation into sapphics and confines himself to the text. But the Second Ode, for which Catullus gave us three stanzas, Mr. O'Hara expands into seven, and the last three stanzas are all his own. He proceeds through about eighty pages to scatter and conceal the few petals of the "rare roses" of Sappho that have come down to us on the lips of grammarians. A writer who does this may plead the precedent of Swinburne, who decided that Sappho was beyond the powers of any translator, and so wove into his own verse, with consummate skill, most of her that is worth preserving. But Swinburne had the power to "cast his spirit into the mould of hers" and no poet has a surer footing than he in the "purlieus of the past." The mere scholar can only envy him from afar. He was incapable of printing under the name of Sappho poem after poem in which there is either nothing at all of hers, as in the case of the ten stanzas on page 9 of Mr. O'Hara's work or the eight stanzas on page 75, or almost nothing, as in the seven stanzas on page 25, where the exclamation "Ah for Adonis!" alone represents Sappho. Still less would Swinburne have offended the ear by scanning so as to throw the accents thus: Androméda, Megára, Pándion, and Naucrátis (see pages 72, 66, 81, 14), or by giving us for a sapphic such a line as,

> Theatre pledged to the Muse, now deserted.

A number of anachronisms are also to be expected from one who is evidently not thoroughly familiar with the classics.

We cannot leave the subject without a word as to the general impression of Sappho, her character and tastes, offered to the reader of this book. With Welcker and all the other distinguished scholars who have defended her reputation the author is, we should imagine, unacquainted, and he probably derives from such writers as Pierre Louys the decidedly unpleasant atmosphere of his verses. No one would thank us for quoting specimens of this sort of writing. It is sufficient to say that it is old-fashioned from the scholar's point of view. The true Sappho may be read and quoted by all, young and old, without reserve. This is not so with Mr. O'Hara's Sappho.

A Calendar of the Court Minutes of the East India Company, 1635-1639. By Ethel Bruce Sainsbury; with an introduction and notes by William Foster. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15.

The doings of the English merchants in India and the Spice Islands, as revealed in the letters received by the East India Company from its servants in the East, have already been set forth in volumes of records under the editorship of Mr. Foster. In the volume before us, to which he has written an excellent introduction and a few notes, we have an opportunity to see in detail the doings in London of the Governor and the General Court—the meetings, the sales of the goods brought home, and the attempts to protect the monopoly. The "Court Minutes" down to the close of 1634 were calendared by the late Mr. Sainsbury in the invaluable series of Calendars of State Papers: East Indies. Continuing the work of her father, Miss Sainsbury has calendared the Minutes for the five following years to the close of 1639.

It was in this period that the company fell upon evil days. As usual, the competition with the Dutch and Portuguese was always severe. It was characteristic of the Hollanders that when they had to abandon to the English, according to the Accord of 1623, one of the Bandas, they took care to cut down all the nutmeg trees with a view to making the island as useless as possible to the new owners. Frequent also were the reprisals made by natives on the company for outrages for which none of the company's servants were in any way responsible. The company's vessels wore out rapidly in the tropical waters, and many a precious cargo disappeared beneath the waves on the hazardous homeward voyage. The "private trade" of the company's servants had greatly increased; one Boothby, for example, by such trading on his own account, was said to have made £30,000 in less than six years. In 1635 Charles I. trebled the customs duty on pepper; and so burdensome was this increase that the advisability of unloading in Holland instead of in London was seriously considered. As the company had paid no dividend on the Third Joint Stock, which had been subscribed in 1631, and as the Governor announced in 1634 that there could probably be none for a year or two more, the subscribers naturally became restless. They were inclined to lay the blame on the Governor and directors. In this case, however, the suspicions against the management appear to be without foundation. There seems to have been neither graft nor reckless expenditure. On the contrary, during these lean years, the salaries of officials were scaled down so that the secretary, for example, received only £100 a year instead of £120.

Of the many matters recorded in these minutes none appears so frequently as Charles I.'s grant of trading privileges to the wealthy and influential group of interlopers commonly known as Courteen's Association. That this grant infringed the monopoly promised to the East India Company in its charter made no difference to Charles. His good will had been won by the interlopers through that "poetaster, courtier, speculator, virtuoso, patron of the muses and of the Olympic games on the Cotswold Hills," Sir Endymion Porter. In the new association Charles put his name down for £10,000, but never paid the money. He had committed himself to Porter's schemes without any clear perception of the harm they were likely to do the existing East India Company or the resentment they would arouse; and when once these things became manifest his pride would not allow him to draw back, and he took refuge as usual in tortuous diplomacy. The result was that he satisfied nobody, and only increased the mistrust with which he was regarded by a large part of the nation. After reading about all his vexatious delays and evasions, one is inclined to judge him more severely in his relations to the East India Company than Sir William Hunter has done in the second volume of his "History of British India." Hunter, we may add, has also exaggerated Paul Pindar's part in Courteen's Association.

Science.

On the Witness Stand: Essays on Psychology and Crime. By Hugo Münsterberg. pp. 265. New York: The McClure Co. $2.50 net.

Each attempt to popularize a science raises the question whether the result is likely to be advantageous to the public or helpful to the development of the science itself. Prof. Percival Lowell's writings in relation to Mars are cases in point. It is not obvious that the public has gained materially clearer conceptions of the aims and methods of astronomy as the result of these publications, nor certain that Lowell might not better have devoted his time to the search for proofs which would bring conviction to the minds of his own professional brethren. The book before us raises the same questions in another field. Is it advantageous to the science of psychology to present to a wide public certain considerations the full import of which are not clearly understood even by the experts? Is it advantageous to the public to be induced to read fascinating tales which cannot but unsettle many a conviction without giving any to replace it, and which must yield to a majority of readers a sense of bewilderment which carries with it either utter scepticism or hopeless credulity?

The matter treated in the chapters on "Illusions," and on the "Memory of the Witness," is important and timely. The public should surely be taught to realize that we must abandon the old-fashioned store house theory of memory, which leads most people to assume that a memory record is invariably correct. The average man of intelligence should be taught what the psychologist knows so well, that each memory drawn out of that supposititious store-house is more or less corrupted by the moth and rust of time, and that to it cling accretions that did not attach to it when the hypothetical storage took place. If men generally realized the frequency of the occurrence of illusions of memory we should have much less uncritical acceptance of records of premonitory dreams, of spiritualistic phenomena in general, and of thought transference theories.

On the other hand, the main contention of the book is open to serious question. Notwithstanding the casual waiver (p. 108), "there is probably no one who desires to increase the number of 'experts' in our criminal courts," the general reader will surely think that the author intends to urge that the time is ripe for the courts to call upon psychological experts to determine the nature of the facts described in diverse ways by different witnesses, and to settle questions of veracity. He speaks slightingly of the "science" of the handwriting experts (p. 46); but, apart from a few very exceptional cases, it is exceedingly doubtful whether it would be possible to present to the court any results in relation to memory, or to power of perception or attention, or to associations, to volition or suggestibility, which would be more conclusive than those in relation to handwriting. In the one case as in the other, high authorities at this date would surely be found to disagree—a result which would not only tend to the greater bewilderment of juries, but would be prejudicial to the interests of psychology itself.

Professor Münsterberg, at the time of the writing of the last chapter, would probably have argued from certain perturbations in the modes of activity of a witness or patient that the latter had been taking small amounts of alcohol; but the latest experiments of Dr. W. H. R. Rivers of Cambridge, England, tend to show that the experiments upon which this judgment would be based warrant no such conclusion, for it appears that the perturbations of motor energy referred to are not discovered if the patient is kept in ignorance of the fact that he has taken alcohol, this showing that the effects recorded by the delicate instruments referred to are due to expectant attention rather than to the stimulant imbibed. In another connection (p. 132) the author himself acknowledges that "experiment gives us so far not sufficient hold for the discrimination of the guilty conscience and the emotional excitement of the innocent"; and similar doubts may well be raised in relation to the conclusions to be drawn at this time from the other experiments to which he refers.

On the whole, it seems clear that we are not yet prepared to apply psychology in judicial procedure, and that we are warranted in begging the experimental psychologists to forego any suggestion that such application be made until they are more settled in their convictions than they are to-day.

A life of Lord Kelvin has been prepared by Prof. Andrew Gray, who succeeded him in the chair of natural philosophy at Glasgow. It is soon to be published in Dent's English Men of Science.

The Outing Company will publish in a few days a book on "Training the Bird Dog," by C. B. Whitford.

The remarkable scientific work of the late King Don Carlos of Portugal, as described by Sir C. R. Markham in the *Geographical Journal* for May, had for its aim the good of his people. Being deeply impressed with the importance of the fisheries to a large section of his subjects, he began in 1896 to make a methodical study of the distribution of different kinds of fish, the periods of their arrival, and of their habits. For eleven years he personally conducted oceanographic campaigns on his yacht Amelia, sounding, dredging, and collecting specimens of fish. In addition to this work he conceived a plan for preparing a complete manual of the *avi-fauna* of Portugal, two parts of which, on the thrushes and warblers have appeared. They contain notes on each bird, recording the King's observations of its first appearance and departure, locality, and habits, together with thirty-nine colored plates. His published works, giving the results of his investigations, are eight in number, and are described on the title-page as simply by Don Carlos of Braganza.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued Part ii. of Vol. II. of "Trees and Shrubs: Illustrations of New or Little Known Ligneous Plants," prepared chiefly from material at the Arnold Aboretum of Harvard, and edited by Charles Sprague Sargent, director of the Arboretum. In every respect this part keeps on the high level of its predecessors. The mechanical execution leaves nothing to be desired, in plates, printing, or paper. Mr. Faxon's remarkable drawings are as telling as ever. As we have said before, Mr. Faxon has the happy faculty of transferring to paper the characteristic features of his plants, and presenting them with a sort of stereoscopic effect which frees his plates from flatness; he also exhibits extraordinary skill in detecting and depicting minute differences and in emphasizing details without producing confusion. This phase of the artist's skill properly accompanies the exactness which characterizes the descriptive text by Professor Sargent and his coadjutors. Of the twenty-five species here figured and described, ten belong to the genus Crataegus and thirteen to the genus Viburnum. Of the former genus, the hawthorns, all these forms are separated by very slight distinctions; but these are so carefully stated and so strongly insisted upon, that their sum in each instance makes out a pretty good case for the integrity of the species. In many of the recently published botanical descriptions, exact measurements are becoming more and more prominent, much as they have long been used in descriptions of birds. At first, it would seem an idle task to measure and record the precise length and breadth of a ripe fruit of a thorn, but it is only by such exactitude that we can ever reach a clear notion of the range of variation. While, therefore, we cannot agree with the conclusions which the editor of this work reaches, in regard to the limits of his species of hawthorn, we cannot insist too strongly upon the value of these descriptions as a distinct contribution to a neglected part of biology. Recent reëxamination of many of our variant species has made clear the existence of diverse forms which are probably *species in the making*. Every attempt to conduct a canvass of such forms and to place on record their differences, no matter how slight, is useful and important. It should be still further said that all of Professor Sargent's study in the recognition and description of slight variations is almost as valuable as a contribution to biometry as it is to systematic botany. Students of variation in general may well keep watch of these rapidly accumulating species, or "races," or "forms," or whatever they may ultimately be called, for Professor Sargent is placing in their hands much valuable and hitherto unattainable material in an attractive shape.

The handy volume of Dr. John S. Milne on "Surgical Instruments in Greek and Roman Times" (Henry Frowde) is not only an attractive study of the subject, but also welcome evidence of a growing interest among British practitioners in the history of medicine. From all available ancient authors who touched on medical matters Milne has collected the references which throw light on the description or use of an appliance. This material he supplements by illustrations from the more important museums and collections of Europe. In the text the instruments are grouped under suitable divisions, but no account is taken of devices for the reduction of deformities, or of splints and related appliances, which the writer puts in a class by themselves as requiring special treatment. There are fifty-four plates on which some two hundred objects are figured by a photographic process whose results are for the most part clear and convincing. Of these figures rather more than a fifth reproduce objects in the museum at Naples, and nearly another fifth seem to belong to the private collection of the author, who, however, gives very little indication of where they were found. The explanation (p. 61) of the spoon, or scoop probe (cyathiscomele) in the Naples museum, misinterpreted by Vulpes and his followers for sixty years, seems plausible and happy. Although the book itself is well indexed, the plates are not indexed, so that to find any figure is a matter of some difficulty. The bibliography, which appears to have been put together somewhat hurriedly, pays too little attention to journalistic literature, such as the articles in Rohlf's Archiv and elsewhere. One gets the impression that the Roman finds have not been fully examined, particularly those described by Scalzi, about twenty years ago. That Dr. Milne has overlooked, or, at least, does not refer to, the Servian find to which Gérzetic devoted a pamphlet in 1894, is not a serious fault.

"Astronomy with the Naked Eye," by Garrett P. Serviss (Harper & Bros.), aims to recall to busy men a branch of astronomy—the earliest astronomy of all—which has in these later years fallen into disuse. "More and more it is neglected," writes the author, referring to astronomy in general. "The public schools do not teach the constellations and do not tell their pupils where and when they should look for Sirius, Aldebaran, or Arcturus." The book must prove useful, for it is the first of its kind for many years. It takes the constellations month by month, describes them and places them in the heavens, and refers to a convenient chart for the configurations. Nor does the work stop here, for the constellations are but the frame-work on which to hang a wealth of folk-lore, tradition, history, literature, and poetry. Mr. Serviss is a clever writer, and the text is trustworthy, for the author has himself helped in a modest way in astronomical research; but the material is assembled in heterogeneous fashion, and the index is very imperfect. The typography of the volume is good and the charts, a reduction of those of Heis, are excellent.

With the change of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* from a daily to a weekly, the famous scientific *Beilage* also disappears in its historic form. The publishers announce that the contents of the supplement will in part be published in the *Zeitung* itself, and partly in the *Internationale Wochenschrift für Wissenschaft und Technik*, edited by Prof. Paul Hinneberg, of Berlin.

From Berlin comes news of the death of Prof. Karl August Möbius, in his eighty-fourth year. From 1853 to 1868 he was a teacher in the Johanneum in Hamburg; from there he went to Kiel as professor of zoology, and to Berlin in 1887. Besides other works, he has published "Fauna der Kieler Bucht," "Fliegende Fische," "Die Fische der Ostsee," "Ästhetische Beurtheilung der Säugetiere, Vögel, Insekten."

Charles-Édouard Chamberland, devoted assistant of Pasteur and popularly known for the filter which bears his name, has died at the age of thirty-seven. Among his works are "Le Charbon et la vaccination charbonneuse, d'après les travaux récents de M. Pasteur" and "Les Eaux d'alimentation dans l'hygiène et les maladies épidémiques."

Drama.

Early next month the Oxford University Press will publish an edition of the six plays of Terence, prepared by Prof. Sidney G. Ashmore of Union College. Besides its notes this volume will contain an extended Introduction on the subject of ancient comedy.

Ernst Rosmer (Frau Elsa Bernstein of Munich), whose "Königskinder" was compared to Hauptmann's "Versunkene Glocke," has not repeated the success of that remarkable work. Her latest play, "Maria Arndt" (Berlin: S. Fischer), is a variation upon a theme that seems to haunt her—the jealousy with which a child regards a new love interest in the life of the parent. In an earlier work, "Dämmerung," the daughter interferes when the widowed father contemplates taking a second wife. In "Maria Arndt" the daughter interferes when the mother, long estranged from the husband, is about to embrace the happiness which the devotion of a lifelong friend offers. The difficult problem is treated with a moderation that contrasts sharply with the usual rant of modern problem plays. The characters are well delineated. The moral is not too obviously pointed.

Emil Strauss, the author of one of the most popular German novels of recent years, "Freund Hein," has written a play on the subject of a conventional marriage arranged by a greedy father between his young daughter and an old wealthy friend, "Hochzeit" (Berlin: S. Fischer). The latter's philosophical acceptance of her elopement with his nephew, the father's wrath on seeing his air-castles crumble, the bizarre personality of the young man who prefers a cave in the woods to a niche in his uncle's house—all this has elements of humor which relieve the seriousness of the problem. The story is presented with a simplicity which, but for the romantic episode of the cave, impresses one as a dramatized incident from real life.

It seems likely that there will be a Dramatic Authors' Society in England before long. Formerly there used to be a Dramatic Committee of the Authors' Society, but now the dramatists are beginning to feel that they need some kind of organization to look after their interests. One object which they have in view is war upon the censor. About seventy playwrights have expressed approval of the new organization, and a special committee is at work upon a constitution and by-laws.

Paris has been much interested in what is known as the Affaire du Foyer. MM. Octave Mirbeau and Natanson are the authors of a play called "Le Foyer," which, after having been accepted by M. Claretie for the Théâtre Français and rehearsed seventeen times, will not be given at that theatre unless the judges order it. The reason is that M. Claretie, after the refusal of the authors to make certain alterations which he thought indispensable, stopped the rehearsals and withdrew the play, on the ground that it was a libel on the French Senate. The authors plead that their play was accepted as it stood and without conditions. They add that M. Claretie, in refusing to continue the rehearsals, owing to a passage which he regards as objectionable, is acting less within his rights as director of the House of Molière than in his own private interests. They ask the courts to compel him to resume the rehearsals. It is thought that any curtailment of his authority would result in M. Claretie's resignation.

Music.

The Life and Works of Tchaikovsky. By Rosa Newmarch and Edwin Evans, Sr. New York: imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Richard Wagners religiöse Weltanschauung. Von Otto Schmiedel. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr.

God and Music. By John Harrington Edwards. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.

Tchaikovsky died in 1893. Six years later, no adequate biography having been written of him, Rosa Newmarch, the leading English authority on Russian music, prepared a volume in which she briefly told the story of his life, and followed this up with chapters containing extracts from his writings, an essay on his musical criticisms, some pages on his attitude toward Russian art, and a translation of the interesting diary he wrote of his tour in 1888. The appearance of the Life and Letters of Tchaikovsky by his brother Modeste, of which Mrs. Newmarch brought out a condensed English version in 1906, by no means made this earlier volume superfluous, for it contains much that is not included in the Life and Letters, in which the emphasis falls on the letters. Mrs. Newmarch's book is now reissued with nearly two hundred additional pages by Edwin Evans, who discourses in six short chapters on Tchaikovsky, under the heads of Instrumentation, Form, Idealism, Nationalism, Individuality, and Criticism. Mr. Evans is somewhat old-fashioned in his taste; to him the sonata form, which most composers have now abandoned or subordinated, seems to be the one perfect thing in music; and he is no great admirer of programme music. Yet this does not prevent him from being enthusiastic over a composer to whom the sonata form was a hindrance rather than a help, and who contributed some of the most successful examples of programme music. What attracts Mr. Evans particularly is the rare melodic gift which enabled Tchaikovsky to attain to that supreme and rarest achievement of creative genius, the writing of works which please alike the educated and the uneducated public. Such works, as he justly says, "have always been produced by composers of strong individuality; and, even by them, at moments of intense earnestness." Mr. Evans then proceeds to analyze four of the Russian's greatest works, the piano trio, opus 50, the piano concerto, opus 23, and the fifth and sixth symphonies. To the sixth he devotes no fewer than fifty-four pages. There is much that is of interest and value in these analyses, but also not a little that is no better than parsing. Why write pages of explanations which are intelligible to those only who do not need them?

Interesting as Tchaikovsky is, both as a man and a composer, it is not likely that the literature concerned with him will ever in extent reach more than 3 or 4 per cent. of that which is concerned with Wagner. So numerous are the books relating to the Bayreuth master that there is little hope of securing attention for any new contribution unless it is a special study of some particular phase of his life or activity. A monograph of this kind is Otto Schmiedel's sixty-four-page book on Wagner's religious views. The author confesses that it was not Wagner's music or his poetry as such that first attracted him, but a common interest in Buddhism. Herr Schmiedel is an excellent writer, clear and incisive, and nothing could be better than the first two pages, in which he sums up the many seemingly inconsistent traits in Wagner's character. The utterances on religion, too, if cited at random without reference to the time of their expression, would seem often contradictory; our author therefore connects them with a brief sketch of Wagner's life, dividing it into four periods, each of which was characterized by a special attitude toward religion. In the first period, ending with 1849, and including the operas up to "Lohengrin," Wagner appears to have been animated by the usual feelings current in a Christian community; that they were of considerable depth our author infers from the fervent prayers which occur in all these early operas. In the second period Wagner came under the influence of Feuerbach, which made him a revolutionary and an atheist. In his letters to Liszt he made some "almost blasphemous allusions to God and immortality," which were cut out when the letters were printed. Schopenhauer and Buddhism influenced his third period; and in the fourth he returned to the Christian fold with his "Parsifal." Herr Schmiedel illustrates his thesis by numerous short excerpts from Wagner's letters, poems, and prose writings, and his book is altogether one of the most valuable contributions to the Wagneriana of the twentieth century.

"God and Music" is a book of an altogether different character—vague, dogmatic, diffuse, and rather tiresome. The author's object is to "give reasonable proof that music, by its constitution, correlations, and effects, discloses a Supreme Being." He thinks it remarkable that the theological value of the whole territory of æsthetics has been so little appreciated; but his chapters do not make it appear as if this were a particularly fertile field. An argument like this, that "nothing but soul can put soul into music, and the soul is God's work," may convince a believer; an unbeliever will call it a *petitio principii*. The agnostic Huxley suggests a more convincing line of thought:

> One thing which weighs with me against pessimism and tells for a benevolent author of the universe, is my enjoyment of scenery and music. I do not see how they could have helped in the struggle for existence. They are gratuitous gifts.

It is quite true that, in the words of Carlyle, "all nations that can listen to the mandates of nature have prized music as their highest vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatever in them was divine"; but in arguing (p. 76) that there can be no true appreciation of music apart from religion, Mr. Edwards ignores the David Friedrich Strauss movement which would practically substitute æsthetics for religion. Our author's bird-song philosophy is not deep, and he betrays a quaint lack of the humorous sense in remarking, while describing a series of experiments on animals, that "the violin suited the animal auditors best of all, which shows a fine appreciation." The best chapter in the book, and one well worth reading, is that in which the author sums up the evidence showing that music has a true therapeutic value. He quotes one hospital superintendent who declared that nothing can give so much pleasure to the patients, or add so much to the reputation of a hospital, as the maintenance of a good musical organization.

J. S. Shedlock has translated Dr. A. C. Kalischer's edition of "Beethoven's Letters," and the work will soon be published by Dent. This is the first complete edition of the letters in English.

The new management of the Metropolitan Opera House announces that next year there will be two orchestras, one of sixty players, for the simple Italian operas, and another of ninety for the spectacular operas and music dramas. The combined orchestra will be used for a series of concerts to be conducted by Mahler and Toscanini. Next season's novelties will be selected from a list including D'Albert's "Tiefland," Catalani's "La Vally," Smetana's "Die verkaufte Braut," Goldmark's "Das Heimchen am Herd," Puccini's "Le Villi," Dupont's "Cabrera," Bruneau's "L'Attaque du moulin," Tchaikovsky's "Pique-Dame," and Lapara's "Habanera." The revivals will include Verdi's "Otello," Bizet's "Carmen," Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," and Massenet's "Manon." The conductors will be Hertz, Mahler, Toscanini, and a young Italian, whose engagement will be announced later.

The sum of $252 was paid at a recent auction sale in Berlin for a letter written by Mozart, near the end of his life, to Puchberg, in which he said:

> You are right, my dear friend, to leave my letters unanswered. My importunity is too great, but try and realize the terrible position I am in and forgive me. If you could help me just once again out of this momentary difficulty, and, oh! I do implore you to do so, for the love of God; I would be grateful for the smallest donation which you could give me.

To this cry of distress Puchberg answered by sending twenty florins.

Sir Walter Parratt has been appointed to the professorship of music at Oxford, succeeding Sir Hubert Parry.

Art.

Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Unter Mitwirkung von 300 Fachgelehrten des In- und Auslandes, herausgegeben von Dr. Ulrich Thieme und Dr. Felix Becker. Vol. I., pp. xii., 600. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann; New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

The object of this dictionary, as announced by the editors, is to treat of the artists of every civilized land and of every epoch. To cover that broad field twenty volumes will be needed, containing about 150,000 names. The arrangement is on the plan of Dr. Julius Meyer's "Allgemeines Künstlerlexikon," a work which, planned as a revision of the great Nagler Dictionary of our youth, has never been carried beyond Bez. The three published volumes of Meyer, 1870-1885, will be utilized, though in revised form, and with many items enlarged and brought down to date. The great scale on which the book is planned is encouraging, for "room to turn round in" is a primary need in any such undertaking. Fifteen pages is allotted for the most important and interesting subjects. The names of the collaborators, many of them directors of museums, curators, and other specialists, make a list almost eight columns long, and they are of various nationalities.

Volume I., now issued, containing Aa to An, is an octavo with pages 7x10¼ inches, of pleasantly opaque and not glossy paper. The work includes, in addition to biographies of painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects, those of goldsmiths, gem cutters, illuminators of manuscript, lithographers, potters and china painters, bell-founders, and workers in many artistic crafts. It is not surprising that the book should give more names than Seubert's "Künstlerlexikon," for of that valuable compendium even the edition of 1895-1901 consists of but five thin volumes. This volume also includes more names of English painters and engravers than Bryan's Dictionary, five huge volumes, 1903-5; and more names of French artists than the French biographical dictionaries. Of living Americans we find mentioned thirty-five or more out of the fifty given by an American directory of artists. But among architects there are only four names out of the fifty given by our directory; and among the omissions are two, or perhaps three, names which no such book should fail to include. But this is a minor defect The countries whose art workers are less well known are also liberally represented.

A bibliography follows almost every article of importance. The list appended to the account of Anthemios (architect of Hagia Sophia, Constantinople) is an admirable piece of research. Under Andreani, wood engraver and maker of famous chiaroscuro prints, the list opens up the whole literature of the controversy about his signature and his personality. For Leon Battista Alberti, the great forerunner of the Italian classical revival, there is a bibliography of his life, one of his writings, and one of his known works of architecture. A noticeable feature is the signing of many biographies with full names, while perhaps an equal number have as a signature a triangle, or else one, two, or three asterisks. Those marks of identification must surely be tabulated in a later volume; for nowhere in the book before us is there any explanation of them. Possibly these denote the editorial contributors—the writers of the home office. Dr. William Bode, C. Enlart of Paris, Dr. Suida of Vienna, Supino of Bologna, and Mrs. Strong who was once Eugénie Sellers, are always excellent writers.

It is unfortunate that the English used in the bibliographies and elsewhere was not edited by one familiar with that language. There are a number of small mistakes in proof-reading.

"Building a Home," by H. W. Desmond and H. W. Frohne, a work of 222 pages, is published by the Baker & Taylor Company. Probably every man in moderate circumstances hopes some day to build for himself a house exactly suited to his needs, and even those who have no such aspiration find it enjoyable to glance at the pictures of charming country houses. To this large body of readers this attractive work will appeal. The authors intend it to be "a book of fundamental advice for the laymen about to build"; and in general the advice seems to be sound and worthy of attention, although the word "fundamental" seems somewhat inappropriate. In the estimates of cost on p. 31 an error has crept into the "per cubic foot" column, where the word dollars should evidently read cents, an error which is likely to mislead the unknowing reader, to whom the book is supposed to appeal. In general, it may be said that estimates of cost can scarcely be held to be of value where the authors find it necessary to warn the reader that "the figures are perhaps 25 per cent. too low."

"Geschichte der Goldschmiedekunst auf technischer Grundlage," a valuable work on the history and technique of the goldsmith's art, by Dr. Marc Rosenberg, founder of an industrial art museum at Karlsruhe, is being published by Heinrich Keller of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The introductory volume, which appeared in March, gives, in general outline, the history of the winning of gold and silver, and even the costumes of the miners in different lands. It also treats of the qualities of gold and silver as adapted to artistic workmanship, the older standards of fineness, a large number of heretofore unexplained hall-marks of the Byzantine and Renaissance periods, and the historical development of the processes of gilding and soldering. The succeeding volume will contain specimens of cast and wrought gold and silver, and will explain and illustrate stamping, granulation, filigree work, interasile, incrustations, and all varieties of enamelling. One section of this work now in print treats of niello, that peculiar metallic mixture, a sulphide of silver and copper. It is apparently unalterable even when the metal which it serves to decorate has itself been changed to cerargyrite (horn silver, a chloride), or to a natural sulphide. Perhaps the first work in niello that is known appears in the inlays of an axe and a dagger of the Pharaoh Ahmose of the XVIII. Dynasty (1530-1320 B. C.), and also in the similar treatment of a falcon's head which belonged to Ahhotep, the mother of Ahmose. These examples are now in the Galerie des Bijoux, Cairo. The history of the art is traced from this early period to modern times. Among the specimens of mediæval art, one of the most interesting is the cross of Monza, given both in photogravure and color in the Dom Treasury of Mornza. It bears an extremely archaic representation of the figure of Christ, with a cruciform halo. Dr. Rosenberg inclines to the belief that this cross dates from the eighth century, although tradition states that it was given by Pope Gregory the Great to Theodolinda for her son Adulouuald, later King of the Longobards. Another remarkable specimen of early niello work is the cross of St. Trudpert, executed about 1200. Though the representation here is still very primitive it testifies to considerable progress, and may remind us of the nearly contemporaneous paintings of Cimabue. These examples are cited only to give some idea of the quality and range of the material presented in the work of Dr. Rosenberg. The folio section already issued is beautifully printed and is enriched with many finely executed illustrations, both in photogravure and in colors.

The latest of the Knackfuss Künstler-Monographien to reach us (imported by Lemcke & Buechner) is by Hans Wolfgang Singer, and deals, with the profusion of illustration usual in this series, with the little masters of engraving, Aldegrever, Altdorfer, and the rest.

From E. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, we have received a large photographic portrait of the late E. C. Stedman, suitable for framing.

The American Exploration Society will publish the results of excavations by the Wells-Houston-Cramp expeditions to Crete in a form attractive to collectors as well as to archæologists. The publication is edited by Mrs. C. H. Hawes (Harriet A. Boyd), who headed the three expeditions. More than 500 objects are classified and illustrated on twenty-four photogravure plates, eleven in color. The yield of the soil at Gournia, Vasiliki, and other prehistoric sites is fully described (with plans), and readers are given a synthesis of Cretan discoveries and the links which connect these discoveries with the ancient civilization of Egypt and with the youth of Europe.

The German Emperor has given Professor Dörpfeld, director of the German Archæological Institute in Athens, $1,250 for the purpose of starting excavations on the site of the ancient Pylos, which Dr. Dörpfeld places at some distance from the modern Pylos. A portion of a palace, believed to be that of Nestor, was discovered there last year.

The Imperial Ottoman Museum of Constantinople is making systematic excavations on the territory of Notion, south of Giaurkjāi, in Asia Minor. Up to the present time the work has consisted chiefly in laying bare the remnants of the temple of Apollo Clarios. Thus far the finds include inscriptions showing the purpose of the building, tombs of various kinds, jewelry, some of pure gold, instruments in bronze, and terra-cotta figures.

The mosaics of S. Sophia at Saloniki, which have hitherto been covered with crude paintings and inscriptions from the Koran, have been successfully cleaned by the French architect, Le Tourneau. The figure of Christ in the central dome appears to be a work of the middle of the seventh century; the Madonna in the apse belongs to the eighth century. The mosaics will prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of Byzantine art.

The death is announced from Berlin of the artist Charles Frederic Ulrich, in his fiftieth year. Mr. Ulrich was born in New York, and got his first lessons in art at Cooper Institute, and the National Academy of Design. From here he went to Munich, where he studied under Loefferts, Lindenschmidt, and Leibl. He returned to New York, and was elected an associate of the Academy in 1883. Of late years he has lived much in Venice. Among his better-known pictures are Wood Engraver (1882), Spinner (1882), Glass Blowers (1883), Waifs (1885), and Relics of Bygone Days (1885).

Finance.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND TRADE REVIVAL.

When prices on the Stock Exchange, in January and February, advanced 10 per cent., or thereabouts, with greatly increased activity both in stocks and bonds, Wall Street speculators began to talk of immediate revival of the "boom" interrupted by the collapse during 1907 and the panic of October. Financiers of more judgment and experience answered that this was a rather hasty jumping at conclusions. They pointed out that the rise in prices had followed resumption of payments by the banks and restoration of the machinery of credit, and that the buying of securities was a necessary consequence of such return to normal banking. So long as credit facilities were cut off, the investing community was not only unable to buy stocks largely, but was frequently forced to sell to meet its business engagements. It was natural, therefore, that with the money market again in working order, the selling of stocks should cease and a certain amount of legitimate buying begin. Moreover, a rise of this sort had occurred, on resumption of bank payments, a month or two after each of our financial panics.

As a matter of fact, it soon turned out that the "January rise" had not correctly foreshadowed trade revival, except such as came when absolute stagnation gave way to gradual resumption of hand-to-mouth operations as the banks began to lend again. Indeed, the visible indices of trade movements during March and April, and up to the present date in May, showed that industrial conditions were growing worse instead of better. The Steel Corporation's recent report for the first three months of 1908 showed that, on March 31, orders on hand for future delivery were 859,000 tons below December 31, and 4,278,000 tons, or 53 per cent., below March, 1907. Still later reports showed that the country's iron production in April was nearly 3,000 tons per day below that of March, and 31,000 per day, or 42 per cent. below April of last year. A week ago, the Railway Association reported that idle cars, whose number had fallen from 344,000 on February 5, the maximum of the winter season, to 297,000 on March 18, had increased to 414,000 at the close of

April. Production at the New England cotton mills, in the middle of May, was less than one-half the 1907 rate of output. Business failures in April were 60 per cent. more in number than in April, 1907, and, in both number and liabilities, were the largest of any corresponding month in our history. Our foreign trade in April, on which the government reported this past week, showed shrinkage of $66,000,000 from April of last year, and was $80,000,000 less than last January. April's exchange of checks at the country's clearing-houses fell short 23 per cent. of 1907. The national Treasury's deficit for the month was larger by 70 per cent. than in any month since the panic.

Here was apparently a picture of uninterrupted depression. Yet on the Stock Exchange, a second upward movement began at the close of April, and has continued, with increasing rapidity and violence, ever since. During the past week, speculation for the rise became more excited than at any time since the famous "Union Pacific boom" of August, 1906. "Million-share days" have again become commonplace. Prices of stocks, in their furious advance, have not only recovered all the losses since the outbreak of panic, but this week rose higher than they have been since March and May last year. Once more, as in the "boom times" of 1901 and 1906, Wall Street began to hear of a group of enormously wealthy financiers engaging in speculation on an extensive scale, and of obscure speculators who had made sudden fortunes. The stock market of January had plenty of after-panic analogies in other periods; it would be difficult to find one for the stock market of May. What did it mean?

The question is important; because, whatever may be the incidental vagaries of Stock Exchange speculation, a prolonged movement in one direction is commonly taken, by all experienced business men, as something of an index to the industrial future. The rise in stocks has been so accepted, though with more or less reservation, by the commercial community; and it has led to a rather general feeling that at all events the worst is over. Much of this spirit of reviving confidence has had its origin in the unquestionably high promise of the growing crops; even Mr. Harriman, who is reputed to be a believer in the brute force of capital, declared last Saturday that "the basis of prosperity in every country is the product of the soil, and the crops here could hardly be better." The crops have not yet been harvested, and there are chances of unpleasant accidents between now and the end of August; still, as matters stand, the agricultural outlook is more encouraging than in any previous season following a panic.

The question remains, whether this much of actual encouragement is a sufficient basis for the violent rise on the Stock Exchange; or, to put the matter in another way, whether the sharp recovery in Wall Street is a fair forecast of trade recovery. Cautious observers will be slow to adopt that inference in full. It has been recognized all along that the soundness of the currency, the well-fortified position of the national Treasury, and the wealth of the interior communities, were mitigating influences which have never before appeared immediately after a panic. But to assume that they can offset—in a shorter time than intervened between the moderate financial reaction of 1903 and the trade recovery at the end of 1904—the influence of so ruinous a collapse of credit as occurred last autumn, would be assuming much. The Presidential election, traditionally an unsettling factor in business, lies just before us. Europe's mistrust of the Stock Exchange "boom" itself has been expressed, not only by the refusal of great banking houses to finance any more American railway loans at present, but by the outflow from New York to Europe, within a week, of the extraordinary sum of $16,000,000 in gold. And as yet, the visible signs which experienced watchers habitually accept as the pulse of trade, have shown no evidence of quickened activity.

* * *

Horace J. Stevens's "Copper Handbook: a Manual of the Copper Industry of the World," published by the author at Houghton, Mich., is now issued for the seventh time. Considering the inevitable changes in this branch of the mining industry, this useful work of reference is, as far as possible kept up to date. The present volume contains the familiar introductory matter of former issues, dealing with the history, geology, chemistry, mining, grades, and uses of copper; a glossary of mining terms; and a series of reviews, by countries and continents, of copper deposits the world over. The remainder of the volume, nearly five-sixths of the whole, consists of an alphabetical list of the companies organized for copper mining, with a paragraph of comment upon each—often illuminating to would-be investors.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bearne, Mrs. A Sister of Marie Antoinette. Dutton. $3 net.
Besant, Sir Walter. Early London. Macmillan. $7.50 net.
Bindloss, Harold. Delilah of the Snows. F. A. Stokes. Co.
Book of the Mormon. By Joseph Smith, jr., Chicago: Northern States Mission.
Bruce, Mary Stone. Lectures Faciles. Boston: Heath.
Buchanan, James, The Works of. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Chapple, Joe Mitchell. The Happy Habit. Boston: Chapple Publishing Co.
Chardenal's Complete French Course. Revised by Maro S. Brooks. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Creed of Buddha. Lane. $1.50.
Dietrich, Max. The Schulz Steam Turbine for Land and Marine Purposes. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Elwang, William Wilson. The Social Function of Religious Belief. University of Missouri. $1.
Field Museum Report, 1907. Chicago.
Fitzpatrick, Samuel A. Ossory. Dublin. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Frazer, Perry D. The Angler's Workshop. Vol. I. Forest and Stream Publishing Co.
Girard, Mme. Jeanne. L'Éducation de la petite Enfance. Paris: Armand Colin.
Glyn, Elinor. The Damsel and the Sage.—The Vicissitudes of Evangeline.—The Reflections of Ambrosine.—Beyond the Rocks. Duffield & Co.
Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Edited by Richard A. von Minckwitz. Charles E. Merrill Co. 60 cents.
Gribble, Francis. Montreux. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Half-Smart Set. F. A. Stokes Co.
Hannahs, E. Helen. Lessons in Psychology. Albany: Brandow Printing Co.
Hardy, Thomas J. The Gospel of Pain. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Henry, George Garr. How to Invest Money. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cts. net.
Hikson, H. A. Father Alphonsus. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Hitchcock, Mary E. Tales Out of School about Naval Officers. Gotham Press.
Houck, L. C. Violett. The Girl in Question. Lane. $1.50.
How the Public Can Own and Control New Railroads. New York: Samuel Jaros.
Hugo, Victor. Selected Poems by. Edited by A. Schinz. Boston: Heath. 80 cts.
Hutton, William Holden. The Age of Revolution. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Ibsen's Brand. Edited by Julius E. Olson. Chicago: John Anderson Publishing Co.
James, Henry. The Awkward Age.—The Spoils of Poynton.—A London Life.—The Chaperon. Vols. IX. and X. New York Edition. Scribners.
Jekyll, Gertrude. Colour in the Flower Garden. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Johnson, Robert Underwood. Poems. Century.
Knight, William. Letters of the Wordsworth Family from 1787 to 1855. 3 vols. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Lomas, John. In Spain. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Lyster, Gertrude. A Family Chronicle. Dutton. $5 net.
Mabie, Henry C. The Divine Right of Missions. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press.
Meier-Grafe, Julius. Die Grossen Engländer. Lemcke & Buechner.
Miltoun, Francis. In the Land of Mosque and Minarets. Boston: Page.
Mitchell, Henry Bedinger. Talks on Religion. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Norton, Grace. The Influence of Montaigne.—The Spirit of Montaigne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net each.
Oliver, Thomas. Diseases of Occupation. Dutton. $3 net.
Pasture, Mrs. Henry De La. The Grey Knight. Dutton. $1.50.
Pell, Albert, The Reminiscence of. Edited by Thomas Mackay. Dutton. $5 net.
Pellissier, Georges. Voltaire Philosophe. Paris: Armand Colin.
Rosegger, Peter. The Light Eternal. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
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Schofield, A. T. Functional Nerve Diseases. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Sembratovytch, Romain. Le Tsarisme et l'Ukraïne. Paris: Édouard Cornély.
Slaught, H. E. and N. J. Lennes. High School Algebra: Advance Course. Elementary Course. Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Smith, F. Dumont. Blue Waters and Green. Topeka, Kan.: Crane & Co. $1.50.
Souriau, Paul. Les Conditions du Bonheur. Paris: Armand Colin.
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Thomson, E. W. Peter Ottawa. Published by the author.

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Wilder, Marshall P. Smiling 'Round the World. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Williamson, C. N. and A. M. The Chauffeur and the Chaperon. McClure Co.
Williamson, M. G. Edinburgh. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Williamson, W. H. The Traitor's Wife. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Winslow, Helen M. Spinster Farm. Boston: Page.

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The Week.

Congress is expiring in a blaze of insincerity. The Democratic filibuster seems to have driven the Republicans to their neatest tricks. In parliamentary adroitness the old hands of the majority are undoubtedly the superiors of the Opposition, and have successfully dug several holes for the other side to fall into. On the currency bill, and again on the campaign-publicity bill, the cleverest tricksters of the Republican membership prepared snares for the Democrats, which left the latter both baffled and furious. It has been a gigantic battle over trifling side-issues. Partisans on the spot roar with delight over these manœuvres, and call them sailing to obtain the weather-gage of their opponents, but the country, so far as we have observed, remains like Marjorie Fleming's turkey, "most unusual calm." The whole crafty game of Congressional wits is supposed to be played for popular effect, but none of the great intellects concerned seems to have stopped to inquire what the real effect has been and will be. Yet we may be sure that, whatever the decisive issues of the coming campaign are to be, they will have very little to do simply with the tactics of debate, or the laying of traps in the transaction of public business. If there is to be any serious attack upon the Republican party's record, we may be certain that it cannot be met and repulsed by jubilant references to the way in which John Sharp Williams was caught napping, or to the astuteness of Dalzell in compelling the Democrats to vote against the very measures for which they had been clamoring. The work and the justification of a political party lie in something beside retorts and twitting, or an unreal and theatrical display upon the Congressional stage.

The great trouble with all these petty devices of the Republicans to hamper and enrage the Democrats, is that they lead nowhere. Made an end in themselves, they are worth nothing whatever. There is sometimes a warrant and a demand for the nicest strategy of parliamentarians. They may need to disentangle the issue at which they are driving, to give it the advantage of position or precedence, and so to arrange the order and details of discussion as to compass their object. But in such a case it is always understood that the means are to an end, the road to the goal; the tactics merely precede and smooth the way for final action. In all these sly bills and resolutions of the Republicans in Congress, however, there is no pretence that anything will be completed. The manœuvring to get the wind goes on briskly, but there is no closing to battle. It is as if Nelson had tacked and filled in order to get the French and Spanish ships at Trafalgar where he wanted them, and then had made off for England in triumph without firing a gun. None of the measures about which the Republicans have so exulted in getting the better of the Democrats are made laws, or will be; yet it is expected that great will be the "effect"! No one should imagine that the people can be deceived in any such way. They may laugh at the "smartness" of rival politicians, but they know that the real business of government is something different. It is not the sharp contrivances or the angry recriminations of Representatives in Congress that impress the popular mind, so much as large and sober policies painstakingly wrought into law. Compared with Mr. Roosevelt's far-sighted schemes in reference to irrigation, and forest preservation and the improvement of our waterways, all the jollifications of the Republicans at Washington over their success in putting the Democrats in a parliamentary hole, are but as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

The extravagance of the projects urged at Washington this session is a subject on which we have dwelt more than once—the proposal to lay down four battleships at a cost of about $10,000,000 apiece, and the public buildings bill ("the pork barrel") with its appropriation of some $33,000,000. Advocates of economy may be interested to learn that the Bureau of Education is to secure an increase of only $1,250 over the amount for the current year. Of this addition, $250 is for books for the library and for completion of valuable sets of periodicals. The $1,000 is to raise the salary of the Commissioner of Education, who will henceforth get $4,500. This is less than the pay of a full professor at Harvard, or of a superintendent of schools in a city of 100,000 inhabitants. The Commissioner of Education, however, like other high officers at Washington, is expected to find his reward in serving his country and securing professional distinction. No appropriation whatever was made for the investigation by the Bureau of Education of special educational problems, for which purpose the Secretary of the Interior strongly requested $40,000. We venture to say, however, that every $10,000 spent by the Bureau brings a richer return to this country than every $100,000 expended on the navy. But the needs of the Bureau do not appeal to those men who love noise and parade and the shouts of the Jingoes.

Without asserting that the Hon. James Guffey of Pennsylvania is the highest type of the American statesman, we cannot but feel that the Democrats of Pennsylvania, in following his leadership and resisting the Bryan craze, have done well by their party and the country. Their action must intensify the regret that the sound elements in the party did not begin to work for Gov. Johnson some months ago. His remarkable, even though unsuccessful, run in Alabama, shows, the more it is studied, how eager the rank and file of the party are to vote for some one beside the man who has been defeated twice, and whose nomination will bring an access of strength to the Republicans. It will be gratifying, if Pennsylvania, New York, and other important States record their protests in the convention against Bryan. Otherwise, the Democracy will be completely committed to a political harlequin.

Timid souls who have been afraid that the President was getting a little lax on the subject of civil-service reform, will be cheered up by the news from Albion, N. Y. The postmaster there has been removed for "pernicious activity." It seems that the audacious man neglected his official duties in order to "round up delegates" for Wadsworth in his fight against Congressman Porter. The stern President would not have such meddling in politics by Federal officials, and promptly cut off the head of Postmaster Coan. This shows what a pity it is that nobody ever called Mr. Roosevelt's attention to the hundreds of postmasters who have been hunting delegates for Taft. Of course, he would have decapitated them all if he had only known what they were doing.

Vigorous opposition by the organizations of interior merchants has apparently called a halt on the plans for increasing railway freight rates in order to meet reduced demand for transportation. The latest argument to be presented in favor of the step is that the proposed higher rates are not to be used for dividends, but to keep up the standard of wages and the standard of transportation facilities. The increase as suggested would average up to a per capita tax of $1.61 on every man, woman, and child in the country; and who can reasonably object to such a tax for such a purpose? It is "a defensible distribution of an economic burden." The trouble with this argument, as with all other efforts seriously to justify an advance in prices because of reduced demand, is that it proves too much. Certainly, the manufacturer is as deeply interested in keeping up wages and maintaining his plant as is the railway president; therefore, according to this newly-discovered economic logic, a 50 per cent. reduction in his sales ought to be met by increasing prices one-half. Hard times, poverty of the people through agricultural disaster or trade reaction, loss of markets through the distresses of foreign purchasing communities, should be the signal for exacting higher prices on all merchandise. No one can fail to recognize the absurdity of this idea. Had it been seriously proposed, say, in the January conferences of the New England cotton mills, the reply would, of course, have been, first, that such an advance would go far towards killing such feeble purchasing power as remained; second, that any manufacturer who tried to put it into practice would promptly have been driven out of business by competitors who retained possession of their senses. If it be asked why these two arguments did not settle the question in the railway conference, there is no easy answer except that the railway men who urged the higher rates proposed to bind every competing railway by a promise to maintain them. That is to say, an indefensible and uneconomic action was to be carried out, in the face of public protest, through the power of virtual monopoly. And President Roosevelt, of all men on earth, is quoted as approving the undertaking.

The theory that last week's violent break in stocks was a response to failure of the currency-tinkering plans at Washington would be more convincing if somebody beside the financial experts of the Senate had discovered the connection. Financial opinion in Wall Street, including even the bulletins of commission brokers to their customers, shows a provoking tendency to ascribe the 5 to 8 point fall in speculative shares to the fact that a group of speculators had recklessly bid up prices, in the four preceding weeks, and that, when these speculators tried to secure profits at the high level thus established, they found nobody to buy. "This condition," one Stock Exchange house writes to its constituency, "was one of the chief causes of the panic of last autumn"—nothing about the currency, even in this retrospect.

If the newspaper dispatches have covered the important issues in the suit against the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, under the Anti-Trust Law, we are bound to confess that the action, on its face, is less justified than any other of the suits against corporations brought by the government. The New Haven is called to account for its acquisition of Boston and Maine Railroad stock, and for its purchase of trolley lines. In the first place, both these movements are subject to the control of the States, and both have been under the consideration of the State Legislatures. They are, we should say, matters for State rather than Federal regulation; because, while a merger with the Boston and Maine would naturally fall within the scope of interstate traffic, that line is not primarily a competitor of the New Haven, but in essence a connecting line. In so far as this is the case, the Massachusetts railway law, which can deal with other aspects of the matter than restraint of trade, is the proper statute to invoke. The case of control of trolley lines seems to us not dissimilar, for nothing would apparently be easier than to dismember the street railway corporations, so that none of them should of itself engage in interstate business. The wisdom or unwisdom, from a financial point of view, of the New Haven's engaging in its recent purchases of such securities, at prices declared by experts to be abnormally inflated, is indubitably a serious question by itself, but we do not see how this can fall within the scope of the Federal law.

It is more than appropriate that the first day's session of the Lake Mohonk Conference should have been concerned chiefly with the affairs of the Spanish-American republics. Peace, like charity, should begin at home, and there is no better way of answering the doubts or jeers of those who know that war is inevitable, than by emphasizing the progress that has been made towards peace in that traditional laboratory of domestic and international strife, Central and South America. It is easy to dwell on the broad discrepancy between the lofty aim that animates the calling of a Hague Conference or the establishment of a Central American peace tribunal and the actual achievement. It is perhaps legitimate for the professional humorist to point out that at the very moment when the corner-stone of a Pan-American temple of peace was being laid at Washington, there should be something like a minor reign of terror in Guatemala, the possibility of foreign complications in Venezuela, snarling discontent between Panama and Colombia, and attempts at revolution in Peru. But it is the dramatic nature of episodes of violence that draws public attention, while the forces that make for peace do their work in silence. On every hand there are signs that the ideal of order is finding its way into our tropics. In a closer approach to our own government and Mexico as their natural tutors in the lesson of independence with peace, in the advance of industrial development and railway building, and of education, the elements of a stable society are being created.

Ray Stannard Baker and other writers on the economic situation of the negro have laid stress upon the increased tension between the races in the agricultural districts of the South. This they have attributed in part to the wandering of the negro to the cities and to the North, and the lack of steady black labor. There is another reason for the scarcity of good field laborers. In certain parts of the South, the negro is going into other than agricultural employment, with great success. Thus, in the Birmingham, Alabama, coal and iron-ore district negroes are to-day mining between 80 and 90 per cent. of the ore, and about 50 per cent. of the coal. On Red Mountain, where 75 to 80 per cent. of the miners are negroes, the general manager of the ore mines reports that they are "doing very efficient work." The chief mine inspector of the State reports that, from his personal observation, he thinks that more than half of the laborers in the coal mines are negroes. When the mines were opened in the Red Mountain district, foreign white miners were employed, with negroes as helpers. Gradually the negro became the miner, and now will soon monopolize the mining industry. This great change has come about in twenty years. Mining iron ore is much more difficult and trying than handling coal, but the negroes have stuck to the heavier task. This is another illustration of the way in which the negro is advancing industrially.

President Fallières, being a man of peasant origin and robust physique, probably entered with no excessive alarm on the four days' festivities which began with his arrival in England on Monday. There is in the entire world of formalism nothing so rigidly oppressive, perhaps, as the programme of a European state visit, from the moment when the first salute is fired by two lines of as many warships as the host can muster, to the last lifting of the glass in honor of, etc., and the distribution of ribbons and orders. In the latest Parisian stage success, "Le Roi," the authors represent a visiting monarch at the French capital as returning from just such a gala performance at the opera as President Fallières and Edward VII. attended on Wednesday. "Your Majesty was amused?" some one asks. "Oh, delighted." "But your Majesty did not applaud." "Well, I was afraid of waking the President of the Republic." Moreover, not so very long ago, these royal and Presidential visits used to be regarded as rather empty parades. The political cartoonist was fond of depicting monarchs in each other's arms, with a dagger or a gun conspicuously in sight. But since M. Loubet's visit to Russia some ten years ago or more, and the memorable announcement of the Franco-Russian *entente* as a fact, and not merely a suspicion, European state visits have been either the forerunners or conclusions of significant political events. The understanding between Great Britain and France is now too old a matter for the present visit to assume any other character than that of an expression of continued friendship. That there should also be a Franco-British exposition at London and the chance of drumming up trade, naturally helps.

A foreign observer who should base an estimate of English character on the outcome of a series of Parliamentary bye-elections, might describe the Englishman as the most emotional and volatile of men. Not even the French, with a record of two empires, two royal dynasties, and three republics in a century, could be capable of such sudden changes in public opinion as the United Kingdom has apparently witnessed since the beginning of 1906. The British elector, having swept into power a Liberal government with an anti-Conservative majority of nearly 350, almost immediately turned about-face and began to plump regularly for the Unionists. The same British elector, having fashioned, almost out of the whole cloth, a Labor party with fifty-four representatives in Parliament, most of them tinged with Socialism, fell, within a short time, into a panic over Socialism. It may simplify the problem to say that the apparent reaction against Liberalism and Socialism is in reality only a reaction against the latter. The common explanation is that the party of Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman has suffered because it was friendly to the radical programme of the new third party. This view is supported by many facts; but the interesting question remains whether, now that the Liberal party and the Labor party have openly professed hostility, the country will keep on voting for Conservative candidates at bye-elections. Winston Churchill's campaign at Dundee, and last week's election of a successor to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman by an increased Liberal majority, indicate, perhaps, the turning of the tide.

If Lewis Carroll were alive, he would probably take pleasure in writing a book on Morocco. Things go by opposites in the land of two Sultans, three capitals, and one God with Mohammed as his prophet. In other countries, when a monarch is driven from his capital, his cause is supposed to be on the decline, and when he marches back on his capital with an armed force his fortunes are supposed to be improving. In other countries, when a Pretender is defeated, the throne is strengthened, and when a Pretender runs away the lawful ruler comes into his own. Not so in Morocco. There, a few months ago, the inhabitants took advantage of the departure of the Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz, from Fez, to proclaim his brother, Mulai Hafid, ruler in his place. Abd-el-Aziz held quiet court at Rabat on the coast, allowed his brother a clear road—and the cause of Abd-el-Aziz prospered. Mulai Hafid, on the other hand, succeeded in putting several small armies in the field, won several small victories over his brother's forces, and finally ran away. Thereupon Abd-el-Aziz set out triumphantly for Fez. He is on the way still, but his army is now reported to be ready to go over to Mulai Hafid, for the sole reason, apparently, that the latter ran away. We have also in Morocco the French policy of pacific penetration by means of rapid-fire guns, based upon an amicable understanding between France and Spain, whose soldiers have come to blows. And, finally, there is Germany, who watches France jealously, because German trade in Morocco has doubled since the beginning of French activity; and who, in her desire to make the French task easier and to prevent European complications, rings the bell and shouts "Fire!" whenever France makes a decisive move.

The income tax bill, passed by the French Chamber of Deputies this week, has been warmly debated for nearly two years, after having been under consideration for a long time before. It is one of the measures to which the Clemenceau Ministry came in pledged, in October, 1906; and because of it M. Poincaré was replaced as Minister of Finance by M. Caillaux, the present Minister, whose financial policy is much more radical. On the part of the moderate and conservative press, the bill has been stubbornly fought. It was prophesied that French capital, described as already overburdened, would desert the country, and that the load of taxation would thus fall with increased weight on the shoulders of the poor. In a lighter vein, the Opposition press has assailed the inquisitorial methods prescribed for ascertaining a taxpayer's income. Aged ladies have been represented as having the soles of their feet burned with hot irons by revenue agents, and babies as bribed with candy-sticks to point out where their papas kept the money hidden. Should the bill become law—and, in spite of possible amendments in the Senate, its enactment now appears to be assured—it would mean an important readjustment of the entire French fiscal system. A large portion of the direct taxes, which constitute about one-sixth of the national income, will be suppressed; notable among these is the door-and-window tax.

Pius X.'s unwavering conservatism is attested once more by his veto of the scheme to organize the French priesthood into mutual aid societies, under the law of devolution of Church property enacted in November, 1907. High hopes had been entertained that these mutual aid associations might become a means of reconciling the Church and the government, or at least of mitigating distress among the priesthood. While last year's bill was under consideration, the proposal was made by the Abbé Lemire, the Christian-Democrat Deputy, that certain pension funds for old priests should be handed over to the proposed mutual aid societies. The government not only accepted the amendment, but provided for the additional transfer to such societies of property left to defray the cost of masses for the dead. The pension funds which the societies would have received under the law amounted to some twenty million francs. The funds left for masses were still larger. All the Deputies and Senators of the Catholic Right voted for the bill, and for a long time it was believed that the Pope would sanction the establishment of the associations. But, apparently, the argument of the extremists at the Vatican, that these societies would constitute a menace to episcopal authority by injecting an element of democratic self-government into the church, has prevailed.

In no country has Socialism made as marked progress among the agricultural classes as in Italy, where its latest weapon is the strike of farm laborers. Within the last three weeks Parma, in the north of the peninsula, has been the scene of such a strike, engineered largely by the socialist leaders, but finding its strength in the generally just demands of the strikers. The amount of violence, considering the bitterness of the struggle, has been inconsiderable, showing that the labor organizers have succeeded unusually well in enforcing discipline. Italy, like other European countries, is now feeling the pressure of competition in the labor market, following the return of tens of thousands of emigrants from the United States; and especially in the north the agricultural laborers are sufficiently well organized to fight with a chance of success. One feature of the strike at Parma stands out in curious contrast with recent land agitation in Ireland. There, cattle-driving was one of the offences that led the Irish Unionists to clamor for repressive measures. The Italian strikers, however, attempted to keep the cattle from being shipped out of the district affected by the strike, so that the animals might perish for lack of pasture and fodder. Nevertheless, the landowners succeeded in exporting their cattle, though at a heavy loss.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR EXTRAVAGANCE.

Republican leaders in the House are visibly worried over the vast total of appropriations. The sum will be considerably above $1,000,000,000—and this with the Treasury running behind about $400,000 a day. Feeling that somebody will be blamed for this, the men at the head of the House organization are looking around to find shoulders more willing than their own to assume the burden. Congressman Tawney has elaborated the ingenious theory that the Democratic minority is responsible for at least $50,000,000 of the waste. He argues that but for the filibuster the majority could have prevented this expenditure. But this roiling of the water upstream does not appear to Congressman Burton to be an adequate explanation. In his speech in the House on Monday he pointed to the Senate as the guilty party. Referring to the undoubted fact that most of the appropriation bills come back from the Senate with heavy additions, he affirmed that the real cause of extravagance lay in the existence of "another House with different ideas, and more readily reached by those who represent local or special interests." Mr. Burton's remedy is to refuse to "yield the prerogatives of the House to the Senate."

Even theoretically, this is not convincing. Money bills can originate only in the House, yet the Senate has the Constitutional right to amend them, and amending may mean, usually does mean, increasing. But we do not see that any "prerogative" of the House can successfully be asserted against this. The brute power of the House might be asserted. It could, if it chose, take an immovable stand on the issue of economy, refuse assent to every Senate amendment, and compel an extra session, if necessary, with an appeal to the country to sustain its position. But everybody knows that the House will not do this. And everybody should know the reason why. Practically, the individual members of the House are often interested in the swollen appropriations urged by the Senate. Representatives have fought for them in vain before the House committees, and then have gone quietly to their Senators to get the desired sums inserted in the bills in the Senate. When these bills are returned to the House, they thus have numerous and powerful friends on the floor, no matter what the attitude of the leaders may be. Hence the spectacle, which we have seen again and again this session, of the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations solemnly warning the House and his party against squandering the public funds, yet voted down by his own followers in a log-rolling league with Democrats.

There could not be a clearer or more melancholy illustration of the haphazard way in which our national budgets are framed. One committee looks after raising the revenue, a dozen others, unrelated and intriguing against each other, have the spending of it. It is only a happy accident if income and outgo have any relation to each other. We have no responsible Finance Minister, or even a party organization in charge, to put the foot down firmly and say: "You can't have this money, because the state of the Treasury does not admit of it." All is left, under our system, to pulling and hauling and giving and taking—or giving and grabbing.

This lack of financial control is the chief reason why Congress is extravagant. In respect to the national finances, we have no really responsible government. And without it, one should always remember, the instinct of a popular assembly is to be wasteful of the public money. The House of Commons began as an economical body, checking the expenditure of the King; but when it became itself the real executive, it fell to spending more than any King or Minister ever dreamed of. Hence the government had finally to step in and take charge of all money-bills; for, as Walter Bagehot laid down the general principle of action by the House, when left to itself: "If you want to raise a certain cheer in the House of Commons, make a general panegyric on economy; if you want to invite a sure defeat, propose a particular saving." That rule holds good of Congress.

There is, however, a superadded reason why the appropriations of Congress, seen against the black background of shrunken revenues, appear glaringly extravagant. The party in power is traditonally lavish in its policies; and its President is a man into whose ken economy never swims. Mr. Roosevelt has not uttered a single earnest word in favor of retrenchment; his demand is always for more money expended on new projects. The orator at the Columbia Law School on Monday maintained that a study of the law would have been of the greatest advantage to the President. We ourselves think that a business training and serious effort to grasp financial principles would have been more profitable to both him and the country. In President Cleveland's second inaugural, he upheld the homely American virtues of frugality and thrift, and, although the clouds were but beginning to gather upon the financial horizon, called for the utmost economy in public expenditures. But not even in these bad times—which good Republicans do not mention as they pass—have we had from the President anything so weighty or direct. With his constant attitude being that of "hang the expense," it is not strange Congress has hanged it.

FREE TRADE AND THE MERCHANT MARINE.

The National Association of Manufacturers, in session in this city last week, went bodily over to the view that the only way to build up a great merchant marine is by putting the government into partnership with the ship-owners. This was not a surprising decision, for these manufacturers are themselves in partnership with the Federal Administration through the tariffs under which they prosper, always at the expense of those who do not belong to the privileged class. The manufacturers wish to see liberal subsidies paid, both in the form of bounties and of mail subventions; and they telegraphed to Washington their earnest desire for the prompt enactment of the post office appropriation bill, with its ship-subsidy amendment, then pending. Fortunately, that measure has since been defeated.

Fortunately, we say, for we have more than once pointed out that subsidies too frequently mean the establishment of lines which are not justified by genuine economic demand, but only by the purely sentimenal desire to display the flag. Were the Manufacturers' Association to investigate a little more thoroughly the subject of subsidies, it would find that the two greatest merchant fleets, those of Great Britain and Germany, have been created in other ways than by Treasury grants. That assistance has been extended to certain passenger ships for naval reserve or mail-carrying purposes is true; but this kind of subvention would in no way account for the enormous growth of the two fleets under consideration. That of Great Britain and her dependencies increased from 7,149-134 tons in 1870 to 12,791,381 in 1906. In every decade during that period the growth was steady and normal—in the neighborhood of a million and a quarter tons—and no section of the British marine prospered so well as the "tramp" portion, which receives retainers neither as naval reserves nor mail carriers. The fleet has grown primarily because, thanks to free trade, England does a great business with all parts of the globe, and not having to pay artificial prices for the materials used in shipbuilding, can construct ships more cheaply than any other country.

As for Germany, had the committee of the Manufacturers' Association read a recent article by A. W. Bloem in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, they might have revised their opinion as to the real reason for the splendid increase in that country's sailing and steam vessels. It has repeatedly been said, for instance, that German ships are favored by especially low railway rates and by subsidies. As Mr. Bloem points out, it is actually cheaper for the great industrial section of western Germany to ship goods out of the country by way of the Dutch and

Belgian harbors than to send them to Bremen or Hamburg; and of this fact the manufacturers of that region are taking full advantage. So far as subsidies are concerned, Mr. Bloem notes that they are of comparatively slight importance—the greatest German steamship company, the Hamburg-American, has never received a cent of subsidy. Mr. Bloem also asserts that the benefits of some of the subsidies now conferred are open to grave question. Thus, the annual report of the German East African Line shows once more very plainly that it suffers grievously from its government contracts and subsidies, and would be better off without them.

As for the United States, Mr. Bloem has something to say which is well worth the manufacturers' attention:

> A pitiful picture is afforded by the United States merchant marine, whose ocean-going tonnage receded from 2,700,000 tons in 1870 to 882,000 in 1902. . . . All efforts up to this time to bring about a change must be regarded as total failures. Tariff politics and tariff legislation kill all desire to develop the merchant fleet. On the one hand, the enormous tariffs prevent any competition by increasing greatly the cost of construction; on the other, the laws forbid the purchase for American register of foreign-built vessels. Whence shall any new ships come?

Certainly, the answer of a reasoning man cannot be: by means of subventions and bounties.

So far as England is concerned, the new Chamberlain school is bent on showing that, while the fleet developed wonderfully under free trade, the time has now come for aiding it by preferential tariffs, retaliatory measures, more subsidies, and perhaps even navigation laws. The protectionists aver that there is a slackening in the development of the fleet, and that some of England's rivals, notably Germany, are increasing at a more rapid rate. But the growth of the German marine is not due to artificial stimulation, but to other causes. The United States, with its wonderful seacoast and natural resources, lags far behind, not because its government is stingy of its funds, but because it is so stupid as to refuse to remove obvious obstacles from the path of our shipbuilders and owners. If Congress really desires to do something for American shipping, the method is simple and easy: abolish the tariff on all materials that enter into the construction of vessels; allow Americans every opportunity to build ships at a low price, and allow them, also, to buy ships wherever in the world they can be built most cheaply. In fine, conform to those economic laws which make it profitable for Englishmen and Germans to construct and operate ships.

THE MYSTERY OF CRUELTY.

The interest awakened by the case of Belle Gunness, the Indiana woman who lured so many victims to death, is not surprising. To many minds such a combination of mystery and horror is irresistible in its attraction. Nor is this attraction confined to persons who have little or no intellectual resource beyond the crude sensationalism of the newspapers. Edward FitzGerald tells us in one of his letters that his "chief Article is Murderers," and he is "having a Newgate Calendar from London." One of the most distinguished scholars in New England, in answer to the question why he studied all the evidence in the Borden murder trial, urged that Shakespeare's tragedies and, indeed, the great tragedies of all literature, are chiefly murder stories. Undeniably, there is a fascination in untangling the complex of motives which have actuated famous criminals. The Gunness woman seems to have been largely influenced by greed; but greed could not have been all of it. She must have had something of that gusto in killing which De Quincey discusses in his "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." Such outbreaks of cruelty, such displays of positive pleasure in another's pain, and of an insatiate lust blood, are often reported in the press. Only a few months ago the English newspapers were filled with stories of a Mrs. Rushworth, who, for sheer love of brutality, used to beat a little girl, to deprive her of proper clothes, bedding, and food, and even to burn her with hot irons; and the dispatches from Paris have just been telling us of a Jeanne Weber who strangled seven, and perhaps nine, children. These survivals of savage passion serve to remind us how thin is the veneer of our civilization, how easy it is to drop back to the moral level of the ape and tiger.

Now, as in the Psalmist's time, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. History records no atrocities which cannot still be matched, say, in darkest Africa, where the instincts developed by the long and fierce struggle for existence are still untamed. Spots yet exist where man as well as nature is red in tooth and claw. What we forget is the short distance of time and space that separates us from our ferocious forefathers. Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Western Islands," relates the tradition that the Macdonalds—honored name to-day!—surrounded the Culloden church on Sunday, fastened the doors, and burnt the congregation alive. The entertainment received its perfecting touch when the Macdonald piper mocked the shrieks of the perishing crowd with the notes of his bagpipe. The massacre of Glencoe occurred as late as 1692; and a chief conspirator was the Master of Stair, whom Macaulay describes as "one of the first men of his time, a jurist, a statesman, a fine scholar, an eloquent orator. His polished manners and lively conversation were the delight of aristocratical societies." Within the memory of men not yet old the hanging of criminals was the most popular of public spectacles in England and America. This wholesale glutting of cruel appetites more than once furnished a subject for the pen of Dickens. And what are prize-fights but an opportunity to slake one's craving for blood? No one who has read Hazlitt's essay, "The Fight," can forget one harrowing description:

> I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's "Inferno."

From this picture Hazlitt passed on to "the brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-colored cottages" and to digressions on "some topic of general and elegant literature." The friend with whom he attended the exhibition was deep in a volume of "The New Eloise." And Hazlitt pertinently asks the ladies whether, after this, they will contend that a fondness for prizefighting "is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment."

Perhaps an even more striking illustration of the survival of savagery may be found in men's religious beliefs—say, in the conception of a god who is a cruel man endowed with omnipotence. Grave divines were telling us within a generation that a just and merciful Father, for his good pleasure, had doomed certain of the non-elect to the most hideous physical tortures for all eternity. It was in 1879, less than thirty years ago, that Herbert Spencer, in "The Data of Ethics," stated the theory quite nakedly:

> Derived from bloodthirsty ancestors, such gods are naturally conceived as gratified by the infliction of pain; when living they delighted in torturing other beings; and witnessing torture is supposed still to give them delight. The implied conceptions long survive.

Some of our readers may recall the attacks upon Spencer for this and similar utterances, and even upon clergymen otherwise orthodox, like the late Frederic William Farrar, who ventured to doubt the doctrine of eternal torture.

But the years are bringing to each of us a clearer recognition of the fact that the man we meet in the street is as human and alive as we; that if you prick a Jew he bleeds, and if you poison him he dies; that He who made us made also the beast of the field and the bird of the air; and that He beholds our cruelty and hears their cry. Even in civilized countries, however, most children pass through the stage of savagery—"as cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows to pity." And, though cruelty disappears before the sensitiveness of a cultivated imagination which enables us to comprehend the feelings of others, men quickly relapse into brutality. As Lecky reminds us, Europeans in their dealings with an inferior race are likely to display "complete and absolute callousness"—like the Belgians in the Congo. Asylum and prison attendants, with no one to check them, revert into cave-men. Often, too, some fit of anger, some mental or physical disturbance, a drug or a drink which paralyzes the will and slips the leash from the passions, will suddenly transform a restrained and gentle woman into a fury. Every one can probably remember some terrible moment when the blind, biting rage of the gorilla has flamed up in his heart. The memory of those crises when the wild man within us has almost broken the chains of custom and discipline, lends a fearful interest to the careers of a Mrs. Gunness or a Mrs. Rushworth, and makes us echo Wesley's sigh of relief, "But for the grace of God, there am I."

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

The death of François-Édouard-Joachim Coppée of the French Academy was announced in a dispatch from Paris on Saturday. Born in Paris, in 1842, he received his early education in the Lycée St. Louis, and then secured an appointment in the French War Department. But his inclination lay toward the literary life; and he had scarcely emerged from boyhood when he published his first efforts in romantic verse, which, imitative as they naturally were, yet revealed unmistakable signs of poetic genius. He was one of the most distinguished of the band of "Parnassians," who published a volume of poems in 1866. Soon afterwards he printed a collection of his own verse, called "Le Reliquaire," and a little later a second book, "Poèmes modernes," of which two pieces, "La Bénédiction" and "La Grève des forgerons" were recited all over France, and attained great popularity.

But nothing contributed more to establish his literary fame than the tender little play, "Le Passant," which was produced in 1869 at the Odéon, and was rewarded with prompt critical and public appreciation. It has provided Sarah Bernhardt with the inspiration for one of her most artistic achievements. His "Fais ce que dois," a dramatic episode in one act, charged with lofty, patriotic spirit, and written in fine, heroic verse, was received at the Odéon, in 1871, with acclamation, and created similar enthusiasm throughout France, which still was quivering in the bitterness of defeat. A second piece, conceived along the same lines, and with similar patriotic intent, "Les Bijoux de la délivrance," had an almost equally fervent reception. Other plays that belong to this early period are "Deux douleurs," "L'Abandonnée," "Le Luthier de Crémone," and "Le Petit marquis." Among later plays may be mentioned "La Guerre de cent ans," written in collaboration with D'Artois; "Le Trésor," a one-act comedy; "Madame de Maintenon," an ambitious drama in five acts and in verse; "Severo Torelli"; "Les Jacobites"; and "Le Pater," which dealt with the Commune. His greatest triumph, however, was won in 1895, by his fine romantic drama, "Pour la couronne," which was compared by several of the most eminent French critics to some of the great masterpieces of ancient classic literature. The subject, dealing with supposed incidents in the struggle of the Bulgarians against the Turks, was one which appealed with special force to French susceptibilities, and the play had a most prosperous run. A translation of it by John Davidson was successfully presented in London, with Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the leading parts. In this country the piece was put upon the stage, in admirable fashion, by Edward Vroom, but failed to meet with appreciation.

Several collections of his poems, published during his prime, were crowned by the Academy. We may name "Les Humbles," dealing with the virtues of the poor; "L'Exilée," "Les Mois," "La Marchande de journaux," and "Arrières saisons." All of them bore the distinguishing marks of his fine workmanship, ardent patriotism, and delicate fancy. He was also the author of several novels and of more than one collection of short tales, all of which found eager readers. Some of the better known titles of his works are "Toute une jeunesse," "Une Idylle pendant le siège," and "La Bonne souffrance."

For a number of years Coppée was librarian to the French Senate, and was then appointed keeper of the archives of the Comédie Française. This post he resigned in 1884, on being elected a member of the Academy. Four years later he was promoted to be an officer of the Legion of Honor. During all these years he continued to live on the Rive Gauche, a figure beloved of the students who would address him as *Cher Maître*. After his first connection with the Parnassians he remained somewhat apart from the changing schools of Paris. For symbolism he had only an amused toleration.

The death of Coppée is the fourteenth in the ranks of the French Immortals within less than five years. Fourteen out of forty is a high ratio, even considering that men who enter the Academy are no longer young; it is the best-known names that are bound to disappear first. Any country would feel itself the poorer if within a short five years it had to suffer the loss of such men as Brunetière, Sully-Prudhomme, Heredia, Theuriet, Berthelot, Ludovic Halévy, and François Coppée. Of these seven all but one have died in a little over a year.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Worthington C. Ford, in his letter in the *Nation* of May 21, telling of a manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography lately acquired by the Library of Congress, closes by saying that it "deserves to rank second among the manuscript copies of the Autobiography, the first being that in Franklin's own writing." This original, in Franklin's own autograph, is now owned by a private collector in Brooklyn. It was composed at four different periods, and at different places; and it consists of 119 leaves, folio, varying slightly in size, containing 234 pages. Franklin took his folio leaf and creased it by folding it down the middle. The narrative was written on one-half of the page, the other half being reserved for additions and corrections. Frequent use was made of this wide margin. The first section was written in 1771 at Twyford, at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, and is paged, by Franklin himself, from 1 to 87. Page 71, smeared with ink, which was probably spilled upon it accidentally, was rewritten by Franklin, the lines on this sheet extending entirely across the page. The second portion was written at Passy in 1784, and is paged 88-104. The third and larger portion was written after Franklin's return to America. It begins, "I am now about to write at home, Aug't, 1788,—but cannot have the help expected from my Papers, many of them being lost in the War." It is paged 104 to 213, but pages 191 to 200 are repeated in the numbering. This portion brings the history of his life down to July 27, 1757, and is the end of the Autobiography as printed by Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin. The later portion, pages 213 to 220, which was first published by John Bigelow in 1868, from this manuscript, was written during the last year of Franklin's life in the intervals of suffering from disease. Preceding the Autobiography are two leaves added later in another handwriting. Page 1 is a title, "The life of Benjamin Franklin, an autographical [*sic*] manuscript." Pages 2 and 3 contain a memorandum, in French and English, on opposite pages, giving the history of the manuscript. The English rendering (written evidently by a Frenchman) is, in full, as follows:

> The life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself. The only manuscript entirely of his handwriting. Dr. Franklin, when ambassador in France, was very intimate with Mr. Le Veillard, gentilhomme ordinaire du Roi, his neighbour in Passy near Paris. He presented his friend with a fine copy of the memories of his own life. When William Temple Franklin, Dr. Franklin's grand-son, came to Europa, in order to publish the Works of his illustrious grandfather, he required from Mrs. Le Veillard (Mr. Le Veillard had perished on the revolutionary scaffold) the correct and fine copy given by his grand-father, as more convenient for the printer. "If I give it to you, I shall have nothing more of our friend." "I will give you, in place of the copy, the original manuscript of my grandfather." In this manner the original and only manuscript, came by inheritance into the hands of Mr. de Senarmont, Mr. le Veillard's grand-nephew.

The translation by Le Veillard described by Mr. Ford, must have been made from "the correct and fine copy," which Franklin gave him, and which probably lacked the fourth portion.

The Greek manuscript of the Gospels, written on 304 leaves of vellum, and ascribed to the twelfth century, which was sold with the Edward H. Lowe Library by the Anderson Auction Company in this city on May 21, brought $1,175. At the same sale a copy of Hawthorne's first book, "Fanshawe, a Tale," 1828, in the original boards, cloth back, paper label, brought $510. A first edition of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" was bid up to $114.

Correspondence.

PROPER WORK OF A GRADUATE SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: No one is likely to see more clearly than the teacher of graduate students how much of truth there is in your editorial of May 14 on a "School of Authorship," and in the editorials of like kind which are not infrequent in the *Nation*. Because I sympathize with so much that you say, I am moved to ask if you are taking quite all the case into account. As I understand it, the object of a graduate school is not culture; it is scholarship. It is as much a professional school as a law school. Its avowed object is to train the investigator, and the teacher of the higher grades, not of the lower, and only incidentally of the intermediate.

Is the criticism of a graduate school that its studies do not conduce to culture, or to authorship of the artistic literary kind, more in place than it would be of a medical school? Has not the student who seeks these things from graduate study been badly advised? Were they the chief product of such a school, would it seem to be doing the work intended of it as a department of the university and would it not stand in need of reform? Is it not essential to the advance of civilization that the scholarship of the world be maintained and the sum of things known be increased? It must be admitted, however, that no professional school has yet learned how to prevent the occasional graduation of a quack, nor any faculty how to avoid the occasional appointment of an ass to be a professor.

Again, a graduate school, whose business is training in scholarship, must have something definite to teach which can be taught. Now I think it is very generally the belief of practical teachers that, after the more elementary ranges of instruction are passed, it is not possible directly, or even with any real success indirectly, to teach culture or literary authorship. I think it is the general experience of universities in all lands, and in all subjects of study that when these things are made the chief objects sought, except by the very unusual teacher who is as much the gift of the gods as the maker of true literature, and as rare, the result is a fatty degeneration. The respect of the student himself is lost and the work fails to accomplish the purpose sought, or any worth while. The place to try for such ends is in the undergraduate department, but even there if they are too directly sought, the result is apt to be the same, and the course of study of the unfortunate instructor becomes known in the student dialect as a "soft," or "snap" course, or by some less euphonious term. My own opinion is, however, clear that in the college the risk of such a deplorable classification ought to be run, with due vigilance on the part of the instructor to avoid it, until he finds it cannot be avoided. In respect to the graduate school the attempt seems to me at present out of place.

You write chiefly of the departments of English and history, and in this respect they have many points in common. History is, however, the best case because almost every one seems to feel that high literary accomplishment in that field is attainable by labor and pains, and that such a result is the primary purpose of historical writing. I am quite ready to admit that this will be a legitimate purpose of the ultimate and final history, and that the story of the human race is likely to be the grandest theme of all time. In order, however, that such a work should be written, and that it should be at the same time history, it is first necessary that the facts should be known in so far as they can be established by careful investigation. It is necessary to be able to distinguish what we can know from what we cannot. If the purpose is literature only, merely to entertain, or to point a moral, or to write a drama, it is not necessary to know more than the surface appearance of the facts, and apparently much history has been written in that way. Some of it may very likely retain its place in literature.

We still read Carlyle for his vivid picture of a nation in the white heat of passion, but I doubt if any one would think of going to him for the history of the French revolution, as history. Michelet is, perhaps, a better example, for it is doubtful if any historical work was ever received, or ever will be, with so universal an outburst of applause from contemporaries, as his. Michelet is still read, and he deserves to be long read, for the potent stimulus which his eloquent pages furnish to historic interest and insight, but no one would dream of quoting him as an authority upon any uncertain fact of history. Gibbon is, so far as I now recall, the only example from a past distant enough to give us the right to judge, whose work retains something like its original position, both as literature and history, but this is not due to its literary quality. It is due to the fact that in him occurred the combination almost unique as yet, of a literary gift and a scientific command of the material, so far as science and material were possible to his age. Without this his work would have survived, if it survived at all, merely as literature.

I am afraid that the man who is ambitious to write a great literary work in history, for a long time to come, will either have to submit himself to a severe training in historical criticism, preferably in some good graduate school, which he can do without quenching the spark of genius, if he has it in him, or be content at no distant day to have his fame rest upon the literary side of his work alone as truly as if he had written a formal drama. For most of us ambition must be more modest. Very few can hope to realize a dream of literary achievement. Any industrious student of good intellect can hope to aid in bringing on the time when the drama of human history can be truly written. To enable him to do this, and while doing it to hand on to others what past laborers have found out of how best to do it, is the object of the graduate school. That the purpose to which you would call us is, in the ultimate balance of things, a higher one, at least in English and history, I think we should all admit. We are, indeed, conscious enough of this to make it of little use to reiterate the fact. If it can be shown that there is some practicable method of accomplishing such a purpose, of really accomplishing it, while supplying the world's need of scholars, I am sure we shall all be grateful. GEORGE B. ADAMS.

New Haven, May 21.

Professor Adams's criticism is directed rather toward the letter of Dr. Stuart P. Sherman, in our issue of May 14, than toward our editorial comment. Dr. Sherman complained that graduate school instruction stifles literary taste and aspiration:

> Original literary power is the very thing that the graduate school should nourish. This, however, is the thing that the graduate school ignores, mocks, seeks to discourage.

Our comment was that the primary aim of the graduate school is not to produce authors, but teachers. It encourages specialization, not wide intellectual ranging. "The man who goes to a graduate school in order to become an author is patronizing the wrong shop." And we reached a conclusion not far from that of Professor Adams:

> We can hardly ask the ordinary graduate school to abandon its present work and change the whole direction of its energies for the sake of our intending essayists, novelists, and poets.

—[ED. NATION.

GRADUATE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: You published in your issue of May 14 a letter from a correspondent, in which he frames an indictment against the graduate instruction in English literature given in our Eastern universities; and in your editorial comment you seem to accept the validity of the accusation.

Your correspondent declares that the young graduates of Western colleges, gifted with a keen sense of literary excellence, go hopefully to the graduate schools of the East expecting to advance steadily to higher levels and broader prospects. He asserts that they then meet with sad disappointment, since "they are bidden to provide themselves with an adding machine to count the occurrence of 'flesh' and 'fish' in the poetry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; they are asked to hearken to the vowels and consonants singing together through the Dark Ages," and "they are set astride an enchanted broomstick and sent chasing Cuchulinn through the Celtic moonlight."

This is a grotesque picture, but it is the result of looking at the actual facts with the spectacles of prejudice. The graduate schools in the East to which Western students are most likely to go to study English literature are Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Johns Hopkins. If your correspondent had taken the precaution of glancing over a list of the recent dissertations of these four universities, I think he would not have ventured to write his letter. I doubt if he would have found any support for his contention in the subjects treated at Harvard, at Yale, and at Johns Hopkins; and I know he would have found none in those treated at Columbia. Our dissertations must be published; and here is the latest list issued by the Columbia University Press: "Scott as a Literary Critic," "Outlines of the Literary History of Colonial Pennsylvania," "The Early American Novel," "The Oriental Tale in England in the Eighteenth Century," "A Study of

Shelley's 'Cenci,'" and "Studies in New England Transcendentalism." No one of the students dealing with these subjects has been "set to burrow in a gopher-hole," and no one of them has had to provide himself either with an adding-machine or an enchanted broomstick.

I note another statement of your correspondent, which is quite as fantastic and remote from the fact as that I have already commented upon. He sees fit to assert that "the very best men do not enter upon graduate study at all; the next best drop out after a year's experiment; the most unfit survive and become doctors of philosophy." As I read this, I recalled almost at random a few of the men who have taken the doctorate at Columbia within the past eight or nine years: Prof. J. E. Spingarn, Prof. F. W. Chandler, Prof. John Erskine, Mr. Ferris Greenslet, men who possess, all of them, solid scholarship and the gift of expression. Highly as I have rated the majority of the graduate students with whom I have had the pleasure of working, I must confess that I have failed to rate them highly enough—if Messrs. Spingarn, Chandler, Erskine, and Greenslet are examples of "the most unfit" who survive and become doctors of philosophy. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Columbia University, May 18.

WHAT A DARWINIAN IS NOT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter in the *Nation* of May 14 there are two references to "Darwinians" which appear to be flings of some description, though it is difficult to arrive at their exact connotation. It would seem that unfair and belittling references to Darwin and his methods are going to outlast the centenary of his birth and the fifth decade since the "Origin of Species." Regarding the application of pseudo-scientific methods to literature, there is probably much to be deprecated, but there is no excuse for labelling the industrious counters of b's and p's "Darwinians."

It appears at times as if the sorrowful admission of Darwin that he could no longer, in his old age, appreciate poetry, art, and music has been the only thing about that great and good man that has taken hold upon the minds of the champions of culture. And so, when it is desirable to call up the concept of one dulled by scientific research to the niceties of life, the thing to do is to refer to a "Darwinian." Let Goethe adumbrate the evolutionary theory, and it is poetic insight or what-not; but let Darwin grasp the idea in all its fullness, and prove it to even the "hodcarriers of science," and it is gross grubbing, or worse. Evidence is "shovelfuls of facts," the compelling appeal to the intellect is objective presentation, "embanked and barricaded with notes."

I do not mean to say that the letter to which I refer gives example of more than a conventional usage, but it affords a text notwithstanding for remarks upon what is behind the convention. For instance, people with Darwinian tendencies are here assumed to be averse to generalization and generalizers; and they "shun popularity as they do the devil." But Darwin was the grandest generalizer of the past century, as is proved by the fact that Darwinism is now built into the foundations of modern thought. Let Weismann tell how, up to Darwin's time, men stood in a maze before the infinite variety of the organic world—how naturalists described types, labelled them, and left them—until Darwin, by a sheer feat of the scientific imagination, seized the elemental principles upon which all this complexity became explicable, and made other men see them and acknowledge them. Before Darwin it was mostly "Grübeln"; thereafter the harmonies of things stood forth. Again, as to popularity: Huxley was certainly a Darwinian—one of the first two or three—but who has done more to popularize science's achievements, and their bearing upon life and its theories and philosophies, and in a style, withal, not "unrelieved by humor or feeling," and not the least literary of his age? Certainly, he was not "suspicious of felicity of expression." Nor, indeed, was Darwin. It is true that Darwin was not, as he himself said, a "clever man like Huxley"; any one who takes pains to read those letters of his which set forth the heartening sight of a strong and humble soul, readily appreciates the cost to him of being clear and happy in expression. But I do not know where in the essayists and poets one will find a more haunting impression of the reverence of man before Nature than in certain passages in the "Origin of Species"; the language-medium is used with at least sufficient skill and "felicity" to convey what the poets not seldom strive for in vain.

There is no quarrel with felicity of expression, except as it becomes an end in itself. Darwin never wrote elegant nothings concerning caviar or marmalade, it is true; but he had something great to say, and he said it so that it could not easily be improved upon in the matter of clarity, logic, feeling, and even humor. Also, he wrote or supervised the writing of no German theses; he never delved without some wide generalization in view. He deserves in no respect that an uninspired soul who insists upon "digging clams with a derrick" along the shores of English literature, should be called a "Darwinian" in reproach. There is somewhat too much of this superior attitude toward scientific method in general. It is perhaps pardonable in view of the unedifying fatuousness of certain "scientists"; but to affix the adjective "Darwinian" to concepts of this nature is to misrepresent one to whom the world owes such sum of honor as is due to the greatest.

ALBERT G. KELLER.

Yale University, May 19.

AUTHORS AND TEACHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial of May 14 you trifle suggestively with the idea of a "graduate school of authorship," and then seem to relegate it to the limbo of ideas Utopian. Your title is a little damaging to the plea set forth in my letter of the same date. Now, as a matter of fact, I am primarily interested in the production of teachers, and not, as your editorial suggests, in the production of authors. (These rare creatures I regard as possible and fortunate by-products of a thoroughly sound school for the higher teachers.) Therefore, I particularly welcomed your definition of the proper aim of the graduate school: "to turn out teachers." My earlier faith in this obscure matter coincided with yours, but it has been much shaken—for example: by a teaching doctor of philosophy who naïvely inquired of a colleague what Dryden thought of Rousseau; by another who expressed his opinion that the successors of Shakespeare can be distinguished from the predecessors only by the dates; most of all, perhaps, by a professor of English literature, doctor of philosophy and contributor to learned journals of many articles on Anglo-Saxon syntax, who gravely informed his classes year after year that Burke was an ardent champion of the French Revolution. These things and others of like nature unsettled me so thoroughly that I was singularly surprised and delighted to hear you reaffirm my old belief. The cause of my difficulty became clear: in an instant, it flashed over me that a knowledge of Dryden, Rousseau, the Elizabethans, Burke, and the French Revolution was no necessary part of the equipment of a university teacher—otherwise, of course, the graduate schools would have insisted upon it. My illumination increased as I read on in your editorial and found that a "school of authorship would need a different organization" from anything now existing, that there would have to be extensive reading, and "hard discipline in reflection and assimilation." Such organization of study would put the young author in a fair way to become acquainted with some of the important men and facts of the modern world. To the author, then, such knowledge is indispensable; to the university teacher, it is not—clear as a conclusion in geometry!

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., May 16.

STOLEN LETTERS OF PENN AND LORD HOLLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A Grangerized copy of Faulkner's "History of Kensington" (London) was sold by auction in Kensington on the 18th of March last, and was bought by a gentleman with a view to its being ultimately placed in the Kensington Public Library. After having been delivered to him, it was found that at least two autograph letters were missing. One was a lengthy signed letter of William Penn. This letter is of considerable value. Another letter missing was of Henry Fox, Lord Holland. As it is possible that one or both of these letters may be offered for sale in the United States, the purchasers are communicating with collectors, institutions, and well-known dealers who are likely to be approached in such matters.

They request me to say that they will be much indebted to you if you will mention this loss in your widely-read journal. They feel confident that all collectors, institutions, as well as dealers of repute, would like to aid them in recovering property missing under such circumstances. Any communications addressed to Messrs. B. F. Stevens & Brown, Trafalgar Square, London, W. C., or the Chief Librarian, Public Library, Kensington High Street, London, W., will be much appreciated.

HERBERT JONES,
Chief Librarian, Kensington Public Libraries, London, W.

London, May 11.

BITING THE BITER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I recently wrote in your columns (January 2) on the unmoral methods of auction cataloguers of manuscripts, methods which could only be intended to mislead the buyer and increase the profits of the dealer or seller. I was amused by the published comments on my letter of a well-known dealer in autographs, who admitted the prevalence of the methods characterized, and their purpose of taking in the "ignorant rich." The latter could not be "induced to buy anything unless a great hurrah is made over it, and unless they see a chance to get some advertising out of it. They want the item to be sensational, either truly or falsely, and they want to pay a big price for it." But he would not admit that there was any real harm in such misleading catalogues, as the buyer would be perfectly happy in his purchase—as also, he should have added, would be the seller.

I am still more amused to learn from a published statement that this same dealer purchased at auction in London a Voltaire letter which was not a Voltaire manuscript at all, and he rails thus at the situation:

> No matter how falsely the item may have been catalogued; no matter how much to blame the auctioneers may be for having catalogued an item wrongly—the poor American buyer must pay for it just the same.

The obvious lesson to be drawn is that it is fun and morals to "skin" a rich American but wrong and unmoral to play the same trick on a dealer. There is a vast amount of dishonesty, we hope unconscious rather than conscious, in autograph dealings, and when those who should be in a position to know—the few recognized dealers—stoop to deceive, it is well to call attention to their position.

Worthington C. Ford.

Washington, May 20.

BETTER ELEMENTARY TRAINING NEEDED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial paragraph in your issue of May 7 concerning higher education in the South suggests to my mind the reflection that what is really needed is elementary training, a foundation. I meet again and again young women, college graduates, who cannot write two pages of good English on current topics. A good foundation, a good elementary education, prepares for college or life.

The country is cursed with schools and teachers who propose to prepare pupils for some specified goal. Ask pupils or teachers of these schools or classes to give a résumé of the career of Julian the Apostate; ask them to sum up the main points of Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi's"; allow from one to three days for preparation after assignments are made, and watch the result. To read the classics of one's own language readily and to be able to summarize in language fairly correct the result of the reading is a distinct gain in intellectual activity; and should form a test at every stage of preparation.

L. G. Crozier.

Cincinnati, May 14.

AN ANCIENT BATTLEDORE FOR QUAKERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The word *battledore* was doubtless originally applied to the horn-book on account of its resemblance to that instrument.

In the eighteenth century Benjamin Collins of Salisbury, England, who was associated with John Newbery, immortalized by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield" as "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's Churchyard," invented a three-folding cardboard A. B. C., containing also two short spelling lessons, the Lord's Prayer, the Arabic numerals, and six small wood engravings; the reverse was covered with the "flowery and gilt Dutch paper" then so much in vogue for the decoration of books for children. Collins called this "The British," "The Imperial," and "The Royal Battledore"—as there were three varieties, with slightly differing contents. Between 1771 and 1780 over 100,000 of them were sold at fourpence plain and sixpence colored.

But it would appear that the word battledore had at an earlier date taken wider hold of the public mind as connoting an instrument of education. Thanks to Dr. W. C. Lane, the librarian of Harvard, I recently encountered a rare and remarkable volume printed about 1660:

A
BATTLEDOOR
for
Teachers and Professors
to learn
Plural and Singular.
You to many and *thou* to one;
Singular one, *Thou*: Plural many, *You*.

That now why the teachers of the world, schollars and schoolmasters teach people and children which will not have People nor children speak *Thou* to *one* and *you* to *many* is not sense, nor good Latine nor good English, nor Greek nor Hebrew. Therefore to you that stumble at the word *Thou* to a particular is this.

The light which Christ hath enlightened you withall believe in the annoynting within you, you may know to teach you.
GEO. FOX.

This battledore deals not alone with the English language, but with Latin, Greek, German, French, Hebrew, Italian, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, Æthiopic, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Low Dutch, Cornish, and others—thirty-eight languages in all—and each section is prefaced by a half-title printed in the exact shape of a horn-book or battledore, thus:

The
WELCH
Battledore

The insistence on the correct use of the plural and singular is full of tiresome reiterations; and the whole book is written in the involved and obscure style of the legends quoted above. It is not a little remarkable that many of the very faults in usage which this work seeks to correct were a few years ago still existing in common speech in remoter districts of England, and doubtless they survive in some places to-day. At the end of the book is a collection of curious and slashing criticisms of some of the educational books of the time, such as "Pueriles Confabulatiunculæ," "Colloquia Scholastica," "A Treatise of English Particles," by W. W., "Antient Adages and Sententious Proverbs from English, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish," by T. Drake. The whole book, which is most curious, is a painstaking and pedantic plea for the Quaker method of speech. The author, George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, was assisted by John Stubs of Bishoprick and B. Furley of Colchester, both members of the same sect.

The book is very rare. The Harvard copy is well preserved in the original binding; a fine example in similar binding, but with brass clasps, is in the library of the Friends' Meeting House in Bishopsgate Street, London.

Charles Welsh.

Winthrop, Mass., May 12.

"BARBADOSED MEN."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Hardly a book about the great Civil War, the Monmouth rising, or the Jacobite rebellions of 1715 and 1745 has been published but some reference is made to prisoners transported to Barbados. "We have made an active verb of it, 'to barbados you,'" notes Carlyle in Cromwell's "Letters and Speeches." But as soon as these broken men are shipped from England, darkness falls upon them. For all one hears of them afterwards they might have passed into the tomb.

First of the voyage. What was their experience, pent for four or five weeks aboard that small vessel, bound for America? Is anything preserved that describes such a voyage? Are we afforded at all a glimpse into the hold of a vessel whose cargo was Irishmen from Drogheda, or Redshanks from Dunbar, or West Countrymen from Sedgemoor? In his valuable "Original Lists of Emigrants," John Camden Hotten published some bills of lading of the Betty, the John Friggat, and the Jamaica Marchant, conveying Monmouth rebels to Barbados, from which one may gather the mortality on the passage—the number and names of those who, in the brutal words of the lading, "dyed since they were reced on board and were thrown over board." What of vessels conveying other prisoners of war? Is anything preserved, in British or American libraries, showing what were the conditions aboard?

Then secondly, what of life in the plantation itself? After the vessel had anchored in the bay and the planter had boarded and had bought what men or women he wanted and had sent them ashore to be taken to their wattle-and-daub hovels, what of the bondservant as he toiled day by day, along with the African, under a Barbados sun? In his "History of Barbados," Ligon has described briefly the "Christian" as observed in Barbados during three years, 1647-50. Unfortunately Ligon was more interested in the natural history of Barbados than in "barbadosed men," and he devoted many pages to the pineapple and the palmetto royal that one would he had devoted to the Christian servant. There were many wild Irish in Barbados then—skulking in part among the wooded and inaccessible gullies—and there were also a few kilted Scots, one of whom, kilt and all, adorns Ligou's map of the island. But in a volume of 122 delightful pages the "Christian," poor wretch, is dispatched in three.

Apart from Henry Pitman, whose "Relation," reprinted by Professor Arber, is disappointingly barren about Barbados, did no bondservant write some small account of the island? Many of the prisoners of war were illiterate: of 127 men "barbadosed" after Culloden Moor, 115 attested their indenture by mark; but some were penmen of a sort, and a few, such as Pitman himself, were educated gentlemen. Did they not pen an account of their lot in Barbados to kin in Dorsetshire or Argyll? In a volume of the Lauderdale Papers, it is stated of the Highlanders at the end of the seventeenth century that "the Barbados doth no longer terrifay them." One may therefore infer that some bruit of Barbados had reached Scotland in some way.

Perhaps something may be preserved in the State libraries or manuscript collections of North America. The terms of banishment for those broken men were that they were to remain for the term of their natural lives, "in some one or other of the American Plantations." Hotten shows (pp. 347-418, "Tickets granted to emigrants from Barbados") that many bondservants after their times were out, passed on to Virginia, New England, and other North American plantations. It is not unlikely that some of the emigrants were prisoners of war whose seven or ten years indenture had expired. Is any instance known of a prisoner of war, hailing from Barbados, writing a paper or publishing a pamphlet of his sufferings in that island, after he came north? Of an evening, he may have told his sad story to a friend who, feeling the pathos of it, used it in a small way, as well as the town printing-press would allow, for literary purposes. Reference to any book, pamphlet, or manuscript that would throw light on the bondservant's voyage to Barbados, his labor in that island, or his adventures afterwards when he passed to the Northern plantations, would be welcomed by the writer. I exclude the books already quoted, also the Calendars of State Papers, Am. and W. I., which are available in British Guiana.

J. GRAHAM CRUICKSHANK.

Audit Department, Georgetown, British Guiana, May 11.

Notes.

The R. E. Lee Company announces the first edition in book form of William Austin's "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," which, as it appeared originally in the *New England Galaxy*, for September 10, 1830, excited much interest and comment throughout the country. The sequel, written by Austin a few years later, will also be included in the new publication. Col. T. W. Higginson, in an Introduction, writes of Austin as a precursor of Hawthorne. Another reprint from the R. E. Lee Company will be "The Debate of the Body and the Soul," which some years ago the late Prof. F. J. Child of Harvard modernized from an early fourteenth-century manuscript, and printed privately as a gift for his friends. To the present issue Prof. G. L. Kittredge contributes an Introduction.

Early next month G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish Garrett C. Pier's "Inscriptions of the Nile Monuments," a book of reference for tourists, which gives translations of the inscriptions along the river, with comments by the editor and illustrations. From the same house will come John M. Dillon's "Motor Days in England."

Henry Altemus Company of Philadelphia announces a forthcoming book by Grover Cleveland, called "Good Citizenship."

As a sign of the times, we note the appearance of the first number of the *American Colonial Review and Intertropical Magazine*. There is also an edition in Spanish, though the matter is not entirely identical with that in the English copy. The aim of this new venture is, as stated by the editor, L. V. de Abad, to discuss "the questions and facts of peculiar interest" both to Spanish Americans and citizens of the United States, giving "due weight to the aspirations of each country." We observe in this issue for May a long article on Cuban affairs, with particular reference to Gov. Magoon's official report. Referring to the proposed elections next April, the *Review* urges delay, saying:

> We are not so optimistic as Mr. Magoon. Apart from the many details that must be attended to prior to an election, it is desirable that when the drafts of the municipal and election laws made by the Advisory Commission are published they should be seriously considered by the Cuban people; and the time spent in weighing the opinions of the Cuban people as to these laws will not be time lost.

John Halsham's "Idlehurst," or, as the sub-title properly runs, "A Journal Kept in the Country," after a life of ten years, has been brought out in a second edition by E. P. Dutton & Co. The book is unchanged, save for a few verbal corrections.

E. P. Dutton & Co. send out fifty-three volumes which have just been added to Everyman's Library. Notwithstanding the lowering of the price, the quality of printing and editing has been maintained. In the department of Religion and Philosophy we note Sir J. R. Seeley's "Ecce Homo," with an introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge; and Rowland E. Prothero's "Psalms in Human Life"; in the Classics, the second volume of Euripides, translated by Shelley, Dean Milman, and others; in Poetry and the Drama, Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," edited for the modern reader by Arthur Burrell; George Herbert's "Temple," with an introduction by Edward Thomas; Herrick's "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers," by Ernest Rhys; Wordsworth's Longer Poems, also edited by Mr. Rhys; and Cary's Translation of the "Divina Commedia," edited by Edmund G. Gardner. In the Chaucer the spelling has been "slightly modernized"; moreover, "some care has been taken to preserve Chaucer's melody." The additions to Essays and Belles Lettres are Thoreau's "Walden," by Walter Raymond; Emerson's "English Traits" and "Representative Men," by Mr. Rhys; Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," by Grace Rhys; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" and "Heroes and Hero-Worship," by William Henry Hudson; and Machiavelli's "Prince," translated by W. K. Marriott; to Travel and Topography, Marco Polo and Vols. III. and IV. of Hakluyt's "Voyages," edited by John Masefield; Giraldus Cambrensis's "Itinerary Through Wales," in the translation of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, edited by W. Llewelyn Williams; and Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," by Mr. Rhys; to History, Arthur Murphy's translation of the "Annals," the "Germania" and the "Agricola" of Tacitus; and Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," by Mr. Rhys; Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," by Thomas Seccombe; to Biography, Cromwell's "Letters and Speeches," as presented by Carlyle; Lewes's "Life of Goethe," with an introduction by Havelock Ellis; and Voltaire's "History of Charles XII.," translated by Winifred Todhunter, and introduced by John Burns. Mr. Burns says: "To Charles the Twelfth of Sweden I owe much of what has stood me in best stead all my life." In the section of Romance the Niebelungenlied is translated by Margaret Armour. Fiction includes Defoe's "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and "Journal of the Plague Year"; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," with an introduction by Whitelaw Reid; Dickens's "Little Dorrit," "Our Mutual Friend," "Hard Times," "American Notes," "Pictures from Italy," and "Child's History of England"—the latter volumes put under this head in order to make up a uniform edition of Dickens; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley"; Charles Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake"; Reade's "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone"; Herman Melville's "Omoo"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped"; and translations of Balzac's "Les Chouans," "La Recherche de l'absolu," and a volume of short stories. For Young People there are Kingsley's "Water Babies" and "Glaucus"; Abbott's "Rollo at Work" and "Rollo at Play"; and Ballantyne's "Ungava."

The Beacon Biographies of Small, Maynard & Co. have been resumed, after the silence of several years, with a volume on "Edgar Allan Poe," by John Macy. It is written in a subdued key, with here and there an epigrammatic touch. Mr. Macy tells the familiar, sad story, neither extenuating nor condemning. His critical comment, interspersed throughout the narration, runs for the most part in the common groove, although occasionally we can not follow him. Thus, there would seem to be some lack of appreciation as well as a union of things disparate in such a paragraph as this:

> The same persons will be haunted by "The Raven," and all Poe's best poems, who respond to the divine insanities of Blake, the sometimes hollow enchantments of Mr. Swinburne, and who are fain to worship the painted lady leaning out from Rossetti's painted heaven. For the rest, as Neal said, "Why waste words upon them?"

As an aftermath of the one-hundredth anniversary of Whittier's birth, celebrated at the Essex Institute of Salem, we have a reprint of Mrs. Abby J. Woodman's "Reminiscences of John Greenleaf Whittier's Life at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass." Whittier went to live at Oak Knoll, the home of Col. Edmund Johnson, in 1875. This was in the full tide of his fame, and Mrs. Woodman's reminiscences bring in the names of Paul H. Hayne and other pilgrims to the old poet. The booklet contains, also, a list of the first editions, portraits, engravings, manuscripts, and personal relics of Whittier exhibited at the Institute at the time of the centenary.

"The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson" (Henry Frowde), is the title of William Stebbing's two volumes, but its sub-title, "Impressions," should not be omitted. The work is not impressionistic in the technical or reprehensible sense; there is no flaunting of personal opinion against tradition, no wanton romanticism, no sceptical trifling, no striving after subtle and questionable effects. It is merely that the author has chronicled the various pleasures impressed on his memory during many years of intercourse with the English poets. The pages are not rich in ideas or striking discriminations, but they are sound and genial, and might well entice a hesitating reader back to the paradise of English dainties. Mr. Stebbing exhibits no theory of inclusion or elimination beyond what has given him pleasure, but his pleasure is conditioned by a genuinely cultivated taste. He can begin one section with the words "I rank Crabbe among the great poets," and immediately afterwards can speak of Blake as "a poet-prophet, who sang and prophesied for fifty years to a stone-deaf people." And this, we take it, is not the result of a desire to be universal, but of much and wise reading. Even the American poets—Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, and Lowell—receive full and just treatment. The quotations are so abundant as to make of the work a book of elegant extracts. Not an important work by any means, but one pleasant to read.

The second edition of Vincent Arthur Smith's "Early History of India" (New York: Henry Frowde), coming so soon after the first, duly reviewed in these columns (see *Nation* of February 9, 1905, p. 117), is a notable sign of the rapid progress of Indian studies. Half a century ago, Max Müller might well call the date of Chandragupta, or Sandrokottos, the "sheet-anchor of Indian chronology," and Whitney speak of all the rest as pins set up to be bowled down again. Travellers in Central Asia, archæologists, numismatists, epigraphists, and translators from Chinese, Arabic, Greek, Sanskrit, Pali, and Prakrit have changed all that, as Mabel Duff's "Chronology" and this "History" most clearly show. Alexander's campaign still occupies a large part of the book, as disproportionately ample as are the sources concerned. The Mauryan dynasty (B. C. 321-184), with the great figures of Chandragupta, Bindusara, and Asoka, takes only a few pages more; the reign of Harsha, twenty-three pages. The revision has been a careful one. Stein's travels compel the author to withdraw his identification of Mount Aornos with Mahaban. He holds the evangelization of Southern India by the apostle Thomas to be purely mythical (p. 222). Alexander, Buddha, and the famous pilgrims from China to the Holy Land of Buddhism—these are personalities which Mr. Smith's skill invests with the charm which is their due. The book has excellent maps and illustrations.

The tenth volume of Worthington C. Ford's edition of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Government Printing Office) covers the first four months of 1778. With the country settled down to the acceptance of a prolonged war, albeit cheered by the surrender of Burgoyne, the business of Congress becomes somewhat less miscellaneous, and time is found for much needed reorganization of the military administration. The controversy over the carrying out of the terms of capitulation at Saratoga led, January 8, to an order suspending the embarkation of Burgoyne's army; and it was not until March 3 that Burgoyne himself was allowed to return to England. Congress still looked with longing eyes upon Canada, and on January 22 empowered Lafayette to make an "irruption" thitherward; but March 2 the plan was abandoned, and the works at Ticonderoga were presently ordered to be destroyed. The treatment of American prisoners by the British gave rise to much discussion, and to a correspondence with Howe which Congress regarded as highly unsatisfactory. In the management of the business, Washington, just then the object of much secret machination, was aggrieved, and on April 10 Congress voted him an elaborate letter of explanation. The personnel of the army and navy received attention, the most notable items being the dismissal of Esek Hopkins, January 2, and the appointment, March 2, of Nathanael Greene as quartermaster-general. Another offer of conciliation from Great Britain was vigorously repudiated, the employment of Indians authorized, and liberal inducements to desert offered to British officers and soldiers. In the relations with France, the chief step taken was the conclusion of the contract with Hortales & Co. for furnishing supplies. The censure of Thomas Burke of North Carolina, in April, for refusing obedience to a call of Congress, is a rather amusing illustration of the jealous regard of that body for its dignity and authority.

The Humanist Library, edited by Lewis Einstein, the accomplished and scholarly secretary of our Embassy at Constantinople, has been augmented by a volume on "Petrarch and the Ancient World," by Pierre de Nolhac. It is scarcely necessary at this date to call the attention of cultivated booklovers to this interesting series, printed from special type by the Merrymount Press of Boston, and illustrating the happiest combination of intrinsic charm and external taste. Leonardo da Vinci's "Thoughts on Art and Life," with an introduction by the general editor, and "Erasmus on War," edited by J. W. Mackail, have already appeared; and Sidney's "Defense of Poetry," with an introduction by G. E. Woodberry, is to follow. M. de Nolhac's essay on Petrarch is an abridged version of his monumental work on "Pétrarque et l'humanisme," of which a second edition has just appeared at Paris. He has selected for translation those portions only which might interest the general reader; and the work in its present form is the pleasantest of introductions to the study of Petrarch's relations to the revival of learning and to the beginnings of modern classical culture. All critical apparatus has been dispensed with, and pedantry of any kind is wholly absent. The translation is not all that it should be, but is doubtless adequate for its purpose.

We are in receipt of the third volume (1907) of the "Annales de la Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau." The contents include "Les provincialismes suisses-romands et savoyards de Rousseau," by Alexis François; "Rousseau et Madame de Larnage," by Louis Aurenche; "Tolstoï continuateur de Rousseau," by I. Benrubi; "La Question du Pygmalion de Berlin," by Albert Jansen, Charles Malherbe, and Edgar Istel; and "Rousseau joueur d'échecs," by I. Grünberg. The Bibliography and Chronicle are as full as usual.

Prof. Friedrich Reuter of Erlangen, the well-known Rückert biographer, continues his contributions to the poet's life by publishing, under the title "Aus Friedrich Rückert's Leben. Nach Akten. II." (Ansbach: Brügel), a number of hitherto unknown Rückertiana from the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century. Most of them refer to the trials and disappointments of the last years of Rückert's stay in Erlangen, the troubles caused him by the reactionary Bavarian ministry, and the hopes of a new poetic activity aroused in him by the call to Berlin in 1841. It is pitiful to see how delusive these hopes were. Rückert was a recluse by nature, and he by no means filled the part which Frederick William IV. of Prussia desired him to play at his court. He felt out of his element in the brilliant and somewhat artificial intellectuality of Berlin salons; more than ever he retired within his own self. By concentrating his poetic power upon dramatic subjects, he attempted to win back the public attention which had been so richly accorded to his early lyrics. Thus there appeared between 1843 and 1845 the dramas "Saul und David," "Herodes der Grosse," "Heinrich IV.," and "Christofero Colombo"—all of which fell entirely flat. His activity as professor of Oriental languages, also, although it helped to produce such scholars as Paul de Lagarde and Max Müller, failed to attract the notice of wider cultivated circles. Apparently Rückert lacked the power of inspiring the many. So it came to pass that after a few years he would spend habitually only part of the winter in Berlin, devoting himself for the rest of the year to his garden and farm in the Thuringian Forest. The letters and documents published by Professor Reuter give many interesting details of this pathetic story.

"Allumschlingen: Melodien," by Emma Helbig (Munich: E. W. Bonsels), is a collection of lyrics from a new writer, who has marked individuality and promises even better things.

"Der Schimmelreiter," recently issued by Ginn & Co., is of interest to teachers of German as an additional story from Storm, author of the popular "Immensee." The editing is the combined work of Professors John MacGillivray of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., and E. J. Williamson of the University of Manitoba. Although it may be difficult to persuade the admirers of Storm that anything could excel the tale of Elizabeth and Reinhardt, there are critics who regard "Der Schimmelreiter" as Storm's masterpiece.

How rich are the literary associations of the Germans on the peninsula between the North Sea and the Baltic may be seen from a welcome contribution to the literature of summer travel, "Meerumschlungen: ein literarisches Heimatbuch für Schleswig-Holstein" (New York: imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), edited by Richard Dosche. The book is a compilation of selections from various authors. Some of the pieces relate to the theme *Heimat;* others tell of the coast country, its people and their customs; and still others are reminiscential. Only living writers are represented, some forty-four, all born in the district. There are twenty-nine illustrations, mostly full-page drawings, by Herman Linde. What first strikes one in wandering with these authors in their *Meerumschlungen* or sea-girt country, is the extent to which Nature has impressed their minds and led their fancy. The sea is ever before them, the storm is lurking near or already breaking upon the coast, the sandhills vary the monotony of the landscape. There is an index of authors, and a general index.

In his "Geschichte der neuesten Zeit vom Frankfurter Frieden bis zur Gegenwart," Dr. Gottlob Egelhaaf covers modern historical developments to February of the current year. The author is a veteran in the literature of contemporary events, his first work of this kind having been published in 1875. The new book deals with all the nations. (Stuttgart: Carl Krabbe.)

Of the "Acta Borussica," the great collection of material for the economic history of Prussia, especially during the eighteenth century, published by the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin and edited by Prof. G. Schmoller of the University of Berlin (Berlin: Paul Parey), the sixteenth volume has now appeared. It is announced that this work, of which the first volume came out in 1887, will not be completed for a quarter of a century.

Pastor Wilhelm Bruhn, in a book of 202 pages, entitled "Theosophie und Theologie" (Glückstadt: Max Hansens), describes first the modern theosophical movement, then explains the moral content of theosophy.

A recent small book by Pastor Johannes Steinbeck, "Das göttliche Selbstbewustsein Jesu nach dem Zeugnis der Synoptiker" (Leipzig: Deichert), aims to show that according to the Synoptic gospels also, and not only according to John, Jesus claimed for himself divine origin and character. The author defends, among other things, the virgin birth of Jesus.

In "Die wichtigsten Reformbestrebungen der Gegenwart auf dem Gebiete des Religionsunterrichts in der Volksschule" (Leipzig: Dörffling & Franke), Rector O. Eberhard, an experienced teacher of earnest Christian convictions, outlines the place of religion in popular education.

"Ohne des Gesetzes Werk" is the title of a new work by Prof. Georg Schnedermann of Leipzig, the special purpose of which is indicated by the sub-title, "Eine Anleitung zu selbständigem geschichtlichen Verständnis des Neuen Testaments." The work aims among other things to show the peculiar character of the New Testament system of truth even when that system is judged by the modern historical method. (Leipziz: Dörffling & Franke.)

The Orthodox Theological Encyclopædia, which was begun some few years ago, under the editorship of Prof. N. N. Glubokovskij, of the Ecclesiastical Academy in St. Petersburg, has now reached its eighth volume, coming down to the word Karmanov. This work is credited with being the best of the kind produced by the scholarship of the Eastern Church.

The programme for the fourth International Congress for Historical Sciences, to be held in Berlin August 6 to 12, is published in the *Internationale Wochenschrift,* No. 17. The work is to be divided into eight sections: (1) History of the Orient; (2) History of Hellas and Greece; (3) Political History of the Middle Ages and of Modern Times; (4) History of the Civilization and Thought of the Middle Ages and Modern Times; (5) History of Jurisprudence and Economics; (6) Church History; (7) History of Art; (8) Historical Auxiliary Sciences. No fewer than one hundred and fifty addresses have been announced. David J. Hill, recently appointed minister to Germany, will speak on "The Ethical Function of the Historian." The official languages will be German, English, French, Italian, and Latin.

After a half-century of collegiate teaching, Dr. Edward S. Joynes, professor of modern languages in the University of South Carolina, will retire in June, with the honor of a pension from the Carnegie Foundation. Probably few, if any, American professors have personally taught so many students in foreign tongues, and certainly no American professor living has so widely influenced the study of modern languages in America. Best known of all his many publications are the Joynes-Meissner German Grammar and his edition of Schiller's "Tell," but the many editorial acknowledgments in German, French, Spanish, and Italian works testify to the breadth of Professor Joynes's scholarship and his ready coöperation with others in the same field.

Prof. Hume Brown, well known for his work in Scottish history, has been appointed to the place of historiographer royal of Scotland, left vacant by David Masson.

Philip Loring Allen, a member of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post,* and a frequent and valued contributor to the *Nation,* died in this city May 26. He was born in Madison, Wis., in 1879, a son of Prof. William Francis Allen. After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he came to the *Evening Post,* in 1899, as a reporter, and in the course of five years he rose by successive steps to the position of editorial writer. For his chosen career he had varied qualifications. Bookish from his childhood, he had read widely and his memory was tenacious. His keen interest in politics led him to amass information about public men and political movements, upon which he was able to draw quickly and instructively. He had a strong statistical bent, which gave body to his writing; while a vein of original humor lent a charm to his lighter productions. He was author of "America's Awakening" (1906), and of various short stories and magazine articles.

The death is announced from Paris of Madame de Witt, at the age of seventy-eight. She was the author of many stories for children and the translator of several important English works. As Henriette Guizot, daughter of the historian, she had assisted her father in his literary work, and had added a fifth volume to his "Histoire de France racontée à mes petits-enfants." In 1880 she published "Monsieur Guizot dans sa famille et avec ses amis."

Marcel Thibault, a promising historian, has died at the early age of thirty-three. He had already published "Isaheau de Bavière" and "La Jeunesse de Louis XI."

Franz Bücheler, professor of classical philology at the University of Bonn, has died in his seventy-first year. He was first professor at Freiburg, then at Greifswald, and in 1870 removed to Bonn. He wrote largely on classical subjects, and was an authority on Umbrian and other ancient Italian dialects.

From Altona comes the announcement of the death of Prince Emil Schönaich-Carolath, in his fifty-seventh year. After some experience in the army and extensive travelling, he had devoted himself to literature. His poems ("Don Juans Tot," "Lieder an eine Verlorene," etc.) and his novels ("Bürgerlicher Tot," "Adliger Tot," "Tauwasser") are in the tradition of Byron and Alfred de Musset.

SOCIALISM AND ITS CRITICS.

Capital: A Critique of Political Economy. Vol. II.: The Process of Circulation of Capital. By Karl Marx; edited by Frederick Engels; translated from the second German edition by Ernest Untermann. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

A Critical Examination of Socialism. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

New Worlds for Old. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

An Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. Third Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40 net.

British Socialism: An Examination of its Doctrines, Policy, Aims, and Practical Proposals. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

English Socialism of To-day: Its Teachings and its Aims Examined. By the Rt. Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

The Fundamental Fallacy of Socialism: An Exposition of the Question of Landownership, Comprising an Authentic Account of the Famous McGlynn Case. Edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.

The living philosophies of to-day are not those which at the bar of cool reason can proffer the strongest claims for recognition, but those which embody in largest measure the dominant class impulses of the age. Marx's Socialism sways thousands incapable of understanding a page of his work, because there slumbers in its ashes the hot resentment felt by the many against an industrial system which has raised their desires above their possible attainments. At the other pole, Nietzsche dominates the temper of those fierce individualistic strivings which have become calloused to collective needs and collective suffering. In a very true sense, therefore, it is impossible to "disprove Socialism," for Socialism is born not of proof but of passion. Its only disproof must come from remedying those conditions which give point to its paradoxes.

The present reprint of Untermann's translation of Volume II. of "Das Capital" from the second German edition varies essentially from its predecessor only in its more exact citation of authorities quoted. These were originally turned into English from the German without collating the renderings with the actual sources. Engels's prefaces of 1885 and 1893, now reprinted, indicate the intrinsic difficulty of reducing Marx's various manuscripts to a coherent and systematic whole. It is quite superfluous at this late day to enter upon any examination of Marx's system. To its devotees it is above criticism; to its critics its fallibility is self-evident. Marx's contention that value is merely the embodiment of labor-time, proportioned in each case to the duration of labor working with the customary mechanical appliances, has to-day few defenders even among advanced Socialists. This view neglects differences in productive capacity between the far-seeing enterpriser and the manual laborer. It assumes efficient machinery as springing automatically into being; and, worst of all, it assumes that value originates in the efforts of the producer rather than in the estimates of the consumer. Marx will serve, however, as a convenient point of departure in characterizing a recent swarm of writers who buzz around the eternal social question.

First comes the vivacious Mr. Mallock, with his so-called critical examination of Socialism. This volume, which begins with an examination of Marxian Socialism, owes its orign to the anti-Socialistic addresses made by Mr. Mallock in this country in the autumn of 1906, at the invitation of the Civic Federation. Haste in the preparation of the copy for the press must account for the absence of an index, and for such solecisms or misprints as occur on pages 38 (line 1), 61 (line 15), 89 (line 8), 146 (line 30), 185 (line 14), and 200 (line 9, note). It must be admitted that there is little in Mallock's criticism of Marx that is original. His attack is chiefly effective by reason of the sharp contrast he points between the Marxian doctrine and the Socialism of the succeeding generation. Marx contended, as Mr. Mallock puts it, "that, in justice, production and possession were inseparable." The later Socialists start with a truer theory of production, which recognizes the superior ability of the director of industry and his indispensable service in the organization of labor. "They reconcile this with their own practical programme, only by associating with it a false moral psychology" (p. 174)—false, because it assumes that the effort now put forth by hope of individual gain will be forthcoming in equal measure when rewarded only by inward satisfaction, supplemented by "the cheap coin of honor." The strength of Mallock as a critic of Socialism lies in his vivid realization of the essential rôle directive ability plays in production, and in his appreciation of the psychology of motive which underlies industrial activity.

Mallock's weakness inheres in his patent ignorance of the detailed economic criticism of the last two decades. By reason of this ignorance he revamps a number of discredited theorems. The first is his notion of "wage-capital," a tenuous reproduction of the old "feed and work" theory of wages. For decades, it was assumed that the laborer was absolutely devoid of the means of subsistence, and that real wages in the shape of food, clothing, and shelter were "advanced" by employers who figured in the double rôle of philanthropists and captains of industry. The truth is, as Edwin Cannan says:

> It is the exception and not the rule for wages to be paid in advance. As a rule work is only paid for after it is done; those who are paid by time are paid when the day, week, month, or quarter ends, and those who are paid by the piece after they have finished each piece of work, and not before

The second of Mallock's discredited theorems is the delusive idea that a definite fraction of the joint product of industry can be specifically traced to each coöperating factor. Still another example is his revival of Henry George's "natural productivity" theory of interest whose naïve *petitio principii* Boehm-Bawerk exposed years ago. Yet Mallock asserts gravely that the source of interest is found in the "gifts of unaided nature." The ram and the sheep are capital; the fleece and the progeny are interest. But he fails to consider the care, feeding, and pasturage necessary to secure this interest. Do untended flocks give rise to this sort of interest? Not if they are like the sheep we know. And if expense is requisite to secure the increment, what proof does Mr. Mallock give that the entire increment is not due to the labor of tending the flock? "Gifts of unaided nature" will bear more scrutiny than Mr. Mallock imagines. There are other defects in Mallock's *apologia* for the present constitution of industry, such as his clever but unfair travesty upon Christian Socialism. This creed has often been crude enough in all conscience, but to charge it with advocating "the maximum of idleness and self-indulgence" (p. 164) for the majority of the race, is neither generous nor true. Equally unconvincing is Mallock's argument as to bequest. If literary property of limited duration, such as that secured by copyright, is sufficient to evoke the present literary output, there is no certainty that a small impairment of the right of bequest would dry up the motives making for accumulation. With all his cleverness Mallock is unconvincing. To deal effectively with Socialism, one must have some genuine capacity for appreciating the need and the possibility of social betterment, and Mallock's work makes the impression of one whose social sympathies are atrophied.

Mr. Wells in his "New Worlds for Old" comes, towards the close of his volume, to the rescue of Marx; but so widely separated is Wells's social outlook from that of "Das Capital" that the praise sounds forced and strange. Marx was a true prophet, he tells us, and the "class war" was inevitable, "*given a continuance of our industrial and commercial system*, of uncontrolled gain-seeking" (p. 220). But the prophet did not foresee that a peaceful transition was possible through the gradual growth of administrative Socialism! Even this ambiguous vindication is qualified. The Marxian treatment of Socialism "arrested for a time the discussion of its biological and moral aspects altogether" (p. 243). Wells says truly that Marx's "conception of the world after the class-war is over is . . . antagonistic to intelligent constructive effort" (pp. 230, 231); and that Marx was a purblind believer in a "mystical democracy . . . supposed to be not only morally but intellectually omniscient." Wells properly ridicules this "diffused, intangible Oracle, the Ultimate Wisdom" (p. 231). But if the orthodox Marxian can derive comfort from this temperate approval, he is easily satisfied.

Wells's own constructive argument in this, his latest volume, is simply an allotropic form of his previous proposals. His title might with equal truth have been "New Words for Old," for this book does not present an essential project of Utopian Socialism which he has not elaborated before. He urges again the system of pensioning mothers for each child born to the state, provided always the Utopian parents have been duly licensed to have offspring. Presumably, the children of other persons are not expected to create any difficulty. The "spirit of service" is to supersede the "spirit of gain," although, curiously enough, Mr. Wells does not propose to "abolish competition," but to "leave men free to compete for fame, for service, for salaries, for position and authority, for leisure, for love and honor" (p. 107). This concession is the more remarkable in the lurid light of Mr. Wells's dictum that "self-interest never took a man or a community to any other end than damnation" (p. 105). Mr. Wells has a certain imaginative range denied to most writers on social philosophy. He invests the socialistic programme with a certain breadth of view which is refreshing after long journeys in the arid track of material betterment. He sees that Socialism can not be confined to the mere task of more amply provisioning the proletariat, that its implications are ramified, that it must transform much more than industry. There is thus a certain freshness about his presentation, even though he is not particularly convincing. One could hardly expect an index from a writer who is spawning volumes at the rate now characteristic of Mr. Wells; but it is disappointing to find him keeping up cheap tricks of style, such as his neologistic plurals—"wholesale prides," "these freedoms," "controls must be divided," and the like.

Of this entire batch of writers, Kirkup, in his "Inquiry into Socialism," which until now has been out of print since 1890, gives the pleasantest impression of genuineness and balance and a real covetousness of truth. Kirkup is a Socialist, but is fair-minded and open-eyed. At the very outset of his "Inquiry" he relegates Marx and his Social Democracy to the limbo of prejudice and tradition (p. 8). His examination of capitalism is conducted in an even temper. He recognizes the social value of competition when duly subordinated to moral principle (p. 70). He does not deny that the captains of industry perform a "useful function for the society in which they live" (p. 90). Most economists would incline to think him in error in his contention that in the long run machinery creates unemployment (p. 80), and that productive power can outstrip the capacity for consumption. But they would heartily agree with him that the proximate end of industrial reform is to elevate the plane of competition, and that "self-interest can be trusted as a principle of human nature only when placed under higher ethical guidance" (p. 161). Indeed, his concession that if "it really be the tendency of Socialism seriously to undermine individual responsibility, . . . it has no case" (p. 167), is all that any opponent of Socialism can fairly require so long as the argument is conducted in the abstract. His admission that it would at present "probably be hazardous to nationalize the railway system" would very likely prevent his admission into most orthodox Socialist communions; but it extorts the admiration of the unbiassed critic. Mr. Kirkup reminds us of the saying of one of Mr. Gilbert's heroines, the daughter of a bandit, who is described as sitting at her window when a worthy suitor passes:

> She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good
> and true,
> That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you."

We confess to a similar feeling for a Socialist like Mr. Kirkup. It is to be hoped that he may be spared the fate of his poetic congener, and escape being chopped up by his fellow-Socialists "into little bits."

Variants from the usual type of Socialism make serviceable such a book as Barker's "British Socialism"; for this volume enables one to obtain a conspectus of the views of typical Socialists upon the various concrete problems to which they direct their attention, such as the family, the empire, the land, the army, the railways, and a host of similar issues. Mr. Barker has consulted "altogether about a thousand books and pamphlets," and gives "representative extracts" from about five hundred of them. The very extended bibliography of sources which is appended includes not only the text-books addressed to students where Socialism is seen, as it were, on dress parade, but the equally illuminating and less widely known propagandist literature which is to move the masses when duly supplemented "by a liberal use of chest notes and red flags." It cannot be said, unfortunately, that the critical thread of comment which ties the illustrative extracts together is altogether fair or discriminating. The reliance placed by Mr. Barker on protection (page 480), as a means of remedying lack of employment in Great Britain, gives one pause as to his competence to serve as an economic guide. But he has collected an instructive and compendious anthology, whose most valuable feature is the latest official programmes of socialistic organizations which are printed in the appendix.

Arnold-Forster's book, "English Socialism of To-day," is a reprint of popular anti-socialistic articles which appeared first in the London *Standard*. It has all the faults and few of the merits of Barker's volume just noticed. It had originally the justification that its aim was polemic. The hits are often hard and fairly made, and are unexceptionable as everyday newspaper politics. But it was thrown off as a series of campaign articles, and the judicial quality is not expected under such circumstances. "A reasonable scheme of Fiscal Reform" will contribute, so the author imagines, to alleviate the evils which Socialism combats; and "the system of free imports is doomed by its inherent injustice and absurdity" (page 195). No index is appended.

Preuss's "Fundamental Fallacy of Socialism" is a rather belated echo of the McGlynn controversy, which arose out of that priest's espousal of the single tax doctrine of Henry George. The conclusions reached that "between Agrarian Socialism and the other Communistic forms there is no essential difference" (p. 181), and that "*private property in land* has the very same *natural basis as private property in general*" (p. 182) are unquestionably valid as general propositions. But they are not novel. They are at least as old as Grotius; and the late Professor Sidgwick conclusively made the same points against George's theory of the right to property many years ago.

CURRENT FICTION.

Rose MacLeod. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Brown's vein of whimsical romance still holds; it may be that the whimsy gains upon her a trifle. In this story, indeed, it runs pretty frankly into extravagance. The general situation is not quite amusing or moving because it is absurd; and the probability of some of the persons is obscured by the flat impossibility of the others. This story-teller is in the habit of getting her effect by well-known means: by bringing together as the chief romantic pair two persons between whom some picturesque disparity exists, whether of age or tastes or social position. Or it may be that the disparity is between the person and his aspirations. This book provides us with an old lady who has retained all the impetuosity and irresponsibility of youth in contrast with her housemate and granddaughter, who is the well-trained and exemplary young woman of the present generation developed *ad absurdum*. Madam Fulton is hard enough to believe in and it is not easy to say whether her belated kittenishness is more engaging or annoying. But Electra is an intolerable caricature of the female prig; it is impossible that any of these persons should have endured her for a moment. In the end, to be sure, she actually fulfils Madam Fulton's prediction by "flying all to pieces and making an idiot of herself," but we feel that it is a late retribution for all that she has made us suffer.

Rose MacLeod, the real leading lady, is daughter of Markham MacLeod. He is leader of a Brotherhood; his headquarters are in Paris. He inspires the utmost personal devotion in his followers, and has the air of an apostle, though only, as his daughter has reason to know, a demagogue and time-server. He has deliberately sold her girlhood to a handsome rake who, after abusing her for a year, luckily dies. The father, who has been unable to make terms for marriage, has persuaded her that the ceremony is a farce, and she has lived with Tom Fulton (brother of the immaculate Electra) without being legally his wife. After the lover's death, MacLeod conceives other plans for turning her to profit, this time in connection with a prince, a morganatic marriage being the arrangement somewhat vaguely spoken of. She escapes to America under the escort of a friend, one Peter Grant, a brilliant young painter, who chances to be the betrothed of Electra. That model person refuses to accept Rose as her brother's wife; and she is left to the hospitality of the Grants, Peter, the artist, Osmond, his brother, and their grandmother, whose virtue is a foil to the frivolity of poor Madame Fulton. Peter is presently freed by Electra and discovers that he is in love with Rose, but she is not for him. Osmond is the person fated (by disparity) to become consort of the beautiful young Parisian. A cripple from birth, he has brought himself by a life of the utmost abstemiousness and regularity to a condition of great physical strength, though he is a hunchback. As market-gardener and seedsman, he has not only supported himself and the grandmother, but given his brother the best training in his art. His life is almost a hermit's, and he instinctively withdraws at the coming of the beautiful stranger. But she seeks him out, and an extraordinary intimacy springs up between them, which, after many struggles of compunction on his part, is eventually confirmed in the natural way. Certainly Osmond and Rose are a romantic pair of more than common interest. We could wish them uncompromised by the crude absurdity of Electra, the crude villany of MacLeod.

Home from Sea. By George S. Wasson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A connoisseur has recently said that among reproductions of the Maine fisherman's dialect, Mr. Wasson's stand preeminent for truthfulness. It is easy to believe this in reading or rereading the stories old and new that are brought together in his latest volume. The absence of the stage Yankee phrase strikes even the inexpert linguist. The genuineness of words and sentences that only generations of seafarers could have evolved and that only generations of salt could have preserved, attests itself on every page. The originality of the stories does but add to their credibility. Two of the hitherto unpublished ones deal with dry land exclusively. "Keeping Tally" shows an old couple soothing their latter days with patent medicines and striving not to lose their reckoning; while "Skipper Haultaut's Wooing" defines amusingly an isothermal line beyond which the Killick Cove aspirant declines to adventure for the "toney rusticator." Illustrations by the author have always the advantage of fitting the text. One of these perpetuates the moment when "the breeze commenced to mortify down"—priceless phrase.

An American Patrician: Or the Story of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an ultra-lively galloping picture of the times. No modern newsboy could call the day's news on the highways with more disregard of classic forms; consequently it possesses a measure of novelty in the handling and unquestionably brings history and historic persons "up to date." Each character has his own adjective, which he carries with him till death doth them part—even "to the point of childish," if we may paraphrase one of Mr. Lewis's favorite idioms. Burr is "young Aaron" till he outgrows the epithet; Gen. Putnam is "the old wolf-killer"; Washington "the big Virginian," or "the big general"; Jackson, "lean Jackson"; Schuyler, "rusty Schuyler"; Theodosia, "lustrous Theodosia";

Hamilton, "Son-in-law Hamilton," when he is not "Terrier Hamilton" taking "skulking refuge behind Mastiff Washington." Other violent mannerisms disfigure the pages.

There is no rehabilitating of anybody. Gen. Putnam comes off rather well; Washington not quite so favorably; Marshall hovers in a half-light. Burr is not idealized, but Hamilton is depicted as "utterly the sycophant, wholly the politician." That there is a vividness which puts the wars, factions, and policies of the day in gay colors before us is not to be gainsaid. The truth of the colors may well be questioned. As to the method of putting on colors there can be no question.

The Golden Rose. By Amélie Rives. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is to the author's credit that although this story deals with an abnormal situation the characters are all sweet at heart. The heroine, though too much occupied with her own soul, means generously and well; and she is charming with the charm of the Virginian. The confidante in white muslin is sane and sound; the family doctor is astute; the hero fantastic but engaging; the negroes the very real thing. So that one assists at a dissection in irreproachable company. The author's greatly tempered style, too, materially helps the patience of the reader. To be sure, things "volume"—such things as wind and electricity; and other things, like ecstasy and music, are "white"; but it might have been, and used to be, much worse.

The heroine has outlived a cruel married experience, and by natural nobility and Indian philosophy has attained a high plane of peace and freedom whence she renouuces marriage forever. Then comes a young man who has looked deep into sunsets and high into stars, and who, above all, "understands." He falls to worshipping the woman; she, fully persuaded that their souls have met in earlier states of being, drifts into ecstasy, and for a time they live in a lofty paradise, he adoring, she adored, and both content. Then, in enforced absence, the man's attitude relaxes ever so little from unquestioning acceptance of this airy relation. She awakes from her dream and returns to companionship with things eternal. The most unreal part of the matter is that this ending should be called by the sensible doctor and the sane friend a failure on the part of the man, whom they find to have been "too little for the great moment." The exceptional experience of the woman may well have made of her a being apart. That her friends should demand for her the impossible is to make them unnatural, too. On the whole, the abnormal, however loftily treated, is unsatisfactory, even where, as in the Englishman's estimate of Indian pudding, "it isn't as nasty as it looks."

Monologues. By Beatrice Herford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Those who know Miss Herford's inimitable monologues in the actual delivery naturally open this volume of six with a slight misgiving—a prevision of a pang as at looking upon a form whence the spirit has fled. But such is the compulsion of great talent that every word and phrase and pause reads itself in Miss Herford's well-remembered way and "again we see our bliss at hand." And there is also pleasure for those who have not heard them, for these sketches are life itself. If, however, they were merely life they would be as dull as a haphazard photograph; but they are life with a comment conveyed in a laugh.

Oliver Herford's illustrations are marked by humor and fitness, but it is to be observed that even he shrinks from a literal transcription of "that Remson girl's hat."

Ancient Italy: Historical and Geographical Investigations in Central Italy, Magna Græcia, Sicily, and Sardinia. By Ettore Pais; translated from the Italian by C. Densmore Curtis. The University of Chicago Press. $5.

The work is a collection of twenty-six papers originally printed at widely different periods, either in the proceedings of various Italian societies or in separate pamphlets; in either case they came before a limited public. Unfortunately the translator has failed to give the dates of the several publications, and the reader is unable to take into account the condition of knowledge under which each article was produced. Among the papers most interesting to the student of history are "Ausonia and the Ausonians," "The Origin of Siris," "The Expedition of Alexander of Epirus to Italy," "The Pretended Expedition of Agathocles against Φοινίκη," "The Daunians and Umbrians in Campania," "Naples and Ischia at the Time of Sulla," "Siceliot Elements in the Earliest History of Rome," "Italiot and Campanian Elements in the Earliest History of Rome," and "Concerning the Time and Place in Which Strabo Composed His Historical Geography."

The first illustrates the author's method and the importance of his conclusions. As regards the Ausonians (Latin Aurunci), Huelsen, in Pauly-Wissowa's "Real-Encyclopädie," I., 2561, states that they were limited to the small strip of coast between the Volturnus and the Liris, and that the application of the name to a wider area is due to the inventions of Alexandrian scholars. From a study of the early sources, especially those of the fifth century B. C., our author concludes, on the contrary, that these people once inhabited a large part of southern Italy, in fact "the entire portion of the peninsula which was bordered by the Apennines," including Samnium in the interior and Latium on the western coast. This wide extension of the name preceded the Iapygian, Etruscan, and Samnite invasions. These results of research in literature he finds confirmed by the toponomy of the region. Anthropology, archæology, palæology, and linguistics, on the other hand, have not been pursued in a direction, or with sufficient precision, to throw light on the subject. The papers of which this is an example form a contribution of the highest value to our knowledge of the early history of Italy. It is interesting to find the man whom from our acquaintance with him in his "Storia di Roma" we are accustomed to regard as the arch-skeptic, appearing in this volume as a valiant defender of historical faith against the onslaught of German skeptics. Moreover, the author lays us under obligation by indicating the cultural relations of the Italian peoples to one another and to Greece, and by suggesting the lines along which these connections may be further investigated. Early Rome has been studied as an isolated community till no more progress can be looked for along that narrow path. The more liberal, and we may hope more fertile, research of the future will have as its object Rome as an Italian community, developing under the influence of intercourse with her neighbors and especially with the superior civilization of the Greek settlements in the peninsula and in Sicily.

In the face of the author's minute specialization in his field, scholars will be cautious in dissenting from his interpretations, and in impugning his accuracy. On p. 233 he states that the Roman annalist assigns the Cassian treaty with the Hernicans to 494 B. C., whereas in fact the annalist's date is 486, as Pais correctly gives it in his "Storia di Roma," I., p. 432. The error may, however, be in the translation. As regards Pelasgians in Italy (p. 71), although it may readily be admitted that people called Pelasgians by one or two ancient writers migrated in early time from Epirus to Italy, it is extremely doubtful whether such people were known to themselves by that name. All studies of Pelasgism should take account of Eduard Meyer's careful paper on the subject. Such minor criticisms, however, should not detract from the sincere appreciation of the profound knowledge and the intellectual keenness of the author.

The volume is printed on good paper in large type, and is illustrated with numismatic cuts and full-page plates. A comparison of one of the papers with the original indicates that the translator has been faithful; but he has left an excessive number of misprints; and, still more unfortunately, his English is defective in grammar as well as in general smoothness and lucidity.

Collection des poètes français de l'étranger. Publiée sous la direction littéraire de Georges Barral, 14 vols. Paris: Fischbacher, 1897-1907. 3fr. 50 per vol.

This interesting collection was started with a view to making known to a wide circle of readers the best of contemporary French poetry produced outside of France. The series contains not a few works of high and permanent value; indeed, the French Academy has crowned three of the volumes. The editor's programme is ambitious: he intends to scour the earth in quest of poets who, in the words of his *note explicative*, "ont adopté notre verbe pour assurer à leurs ouvrages une parure de beauté et un élément de pérennité." He thus hopes to encourage more and more the cultivation of French letters abroad.

As was natural, he first took Belgium, so near the French heart in feeling and in culture. Moreover, the literary reawakening which began there about 1880 has produced, besides the writers who eventually gained wide fame—Maeterlinck, Rodenbach, Verhaeren, Lemonnier, and Eckhout—a number of poets, of less striking originality and somewhat younger in years, who had not yet won the ear of the large reading public. The first volume was "La Nuit," by Iwan Gilkin (1897), a work of an inspiration similar to that of Beaudelaire's "Fleurs du mal," yet differing in tendency. Whereas both are products of the *décadence,* and permeated by an atmosphere of sin, death, and corruption, "La Nuit" contains a philosophical and critical vein totally lacking in the "Fleurs du mal." Gilkin sees the evil around him, and though he himself may be affected by the virus, yet he studies its effects objectively as the physician might study a disease. In style he is a strict follower of the Parnassians and is one of their best pupils. His next volume, "Le Cerisier fleuri" (1899), preceding the other in composition, is less pessimistic, yet of less uniform excellence. His "Prométhée" (1899) is a philosophical poem of some four thousand lines, in which the Prometheus legend is treated in an original and poetic manner. As a whole, it is the most notable poetic effort of the school of Young Belgium, and is not unworthy of comparison with Goethe's fragment or Shelley's poem on the same subject. In treatment it differs from both in that the poet has cleverly incorporated in the legend the modern evolutionary and monistic theories and has thus imparted a new philosophical significance to the antique story.

Valère Gilles has also three volumes in the Collection: "La Cithare" (1897, crowned by the Academy), "Le Collier d'opales" (1899), and "Le Coffret d'ébène" (1901). Of all the Belgians Gilles is perhaps the most Parnassian. His style is limpid, flawless; his rhythm masterly, and apparently of more concern to him than the subject matter. Attracted chiefly by the beauty of form, his mind naturally lingers in the sacred groves of Greece:

> Loin de ce siècle vil et des laideurs humaines
> En des temps disparus, dans un rêve enchanté,
> Je t'évoque aujourd'hui, foyer de la Beauté,
> Ville-fleur, Ville-femme, ô lumineuse Athènes!

He has all the Parnassian coldness; yet here and there, especially in "Le Coffret d'ébène" and "La Cithare," we catch glimpses of his inner emotions, of his soul's *Heimweh,* dear to all decadents.

Of Albert Giraud the Collection contains "Héros et Pierrots" (1898), both original and graceful. These droll clowns, singing their love ditties to a listening, pale moon, are as absurd and as unreal as the conventional birds and flowers on a Japanese screen. Yet their humor is irresistible; and their quaint complaints voice a real pathos. Besides, what they sing is never flat; is always pretty, sometimes beautiful; frequently as full of music as these lines of Pierrot Narcisse:

> Vos concetti sont lourds à côté des flocons
> De la neige qui tourne et qui valse et qui chante!
> Tombe hermine des cieux sur la cité méchante,
> Tombe comme un pardon sur ces êtres épais!
> Couvre-les de candeur, de silence et de paix!

Not all Giraud is in this volume. Other manifestations of his talent are published elsewhere.

Other Belgians are represented in the series: Ferdinand Séverin with "Poèmes ingénus" (1899), Paul Brogneaux with "L'Isolement" (1901), and Adolphe Hardy with "La Route enchantée" (1904), each of a different type, but all interesting. Particularly notable is "Poésies choisies" (1901), by André Van Hasselt, the friend of Victor Hugo, the first good French poet the nineteenth century produced in Belgium, and the first since the sixteenth century who has seriously tried to adapt classic and Germanic metres to French poetry. His experiments in this direction are worth more than passing attention.

From Belgium the editor turned to Switzerland for "Théoduline" (1906), a Valaisan idyl in one hundred short poems, by a monk of St. Bernard, Abbé Jules Gross. No ultra modern inspiration is here discernible, save perhaps the freedom with which the poet has handled his metres and the use he has made of local and dialectic terms, carefully explained, however, in an accompanying glossary. The subject is a naïve and touching love story unfolding itself on the sublime stage of an Alpine village. The simple and patriarchal life is depicted in fresh colors and with loving touches.

> Je vous peindrai d'après nature,
> Mes braves et chers Valaisans

forms a fitting dedication to this volume.

The two latest additions to the Collection are in many respects the most interesting. They are "Années tendres" and "Poèmes de la mort," both published in 1907. The most noteworthy fact about them, apart from their high literary quality, is that they come from Hayti and that their author is a mulatto, Etzer Vilaire. He was born in 1872, and educated in the city of Jérémie, where he holds at present the position of principal of the national lycée. In his own country he is favorably known as a writer, but outside of these narrow confines, no one was aware of his existence until Mr. Barral brought out his poems in Paris. Etzer Vilaire writes in the purest of French, and shows astounding facility in the most difficult forms of verse. Moreover, he has a message. It is indeed something quite uncommon, this *Weltschmerz* of a cultivated and extremely sensitive colored man, whose vision of a higher destiny for his race is continually blurred by the pall of native and social disability that hangs over the black soul; whose beautiful dream of intellectual, moral, and artistic emancipation is ever destroyed by evidences of the grossest materialism round him; and whose heart bleeds from all the wounds inflicted on his wretched native land. His African strain, passionate and revelling in color and sound; his careful French culture, imposing restraint on his native exuberance; his feeling for the charms of climate and scenery, his ardent love for a country torn by dissension—all this is reflected in his writing. For us who receive our impressions of Hayti from newspaper reports of political intrigues and excesses, it might be useful to read Vilaire's verses in order to convince ourselves that above the class of political agitators is an intellectual élite which is gradually gaining ground and may some day command the attention of the world.

Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony: Canada and the American Revolution. By Justin H. Smith. 2 vols.; with 315 illustrations and 23 maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6 net.

This work has certain features which are most praiseworthy, and at other points it provokes severe criticism. The merits that must receive hearty commendation are breadth of reading, and a desire on the part of the author to present his results in an agreeable form. There can be no doubt regarding the range of Professor Smith's research. Bibliographies and footnotes are sometimes misleading, but here, where the text shows full grasp of the subject, the notes and bibliography confirm one's sense of the care which has been taken in preparation. Now and then a question might be raised about a point of fact. For example, we cannot believe that Professor Smith is right in saying that the fort at Chambly "was a summer hotel rather than a fortress." But the strongest impression is that the book rests upon first-hand investigation.

Although Professor Smith desires, as we have said, to tell his story in entertaining style, yet the book is far too diffuse. History, if an art at all, should be looked on as an art of selection, and Professor Smith apparently cannot bring himself to throw overboard much of his superfluous cargo. Whoever courts picturesqueness must employ details, but there is reason in all things, and here the town is obscured by the houses. Reduced to a single volume, the work would be far more effective. We may cite a single passage which shows not only that he is diffuse, but that at times style runs away with him. It is taken from a character sketch of Richard Montgomery:

> Like a Damascus blade, his will could bend until point and hilt met, or work its way through a problem like the wards of a lock; yet for that his blade never ceased to be a sword. By yielding he could conquer; and in bowing to the unwisdom of others, he could bring it into close contact with his own sagacity and put it out of countenance.
>
> One had to sally a little from the realm of prose to understand his character. This Damascus blade had an Æolian cord strung in its groove, and every stroke was a song —a song from Tara's ruined halls, powerful but sad, and yet forever breaking into a sparkle of gayety like the waves on the beaches of Sligo.

C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre! Nevertheless, these volumes, in spite of the multitudinous details which make it difficult to follow the story episode by episode, are a distinct contribution, not to be neglected by any who would study the invasion of Canada in 1775.

Science.

Earthquakes: An Introduction to Seismic Geology. By William Herbert Hobbs. Pp. xxxi., 336; pls. xxiv., figs. 112. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

It is twenty-five years since the first edition of John Milne's "Earthquakes and Earth-Movements" appeared and made accessible to the general reader the causes believed by geologists to lie behind these mysterious phenomena. Meantime, however, methods of investigation have been improved, and in the transactions of learned societies many new and accurate observations have been recorded. The so-called "new seismology" has so developed that the time is ripe for a book to gratify an intelligent interest which has been greatly stimulated by recent shocks of impressive violence. For more than ten years past Professor Hobbs has been investigating the indications of past disturbances as recorded in present topographic relief, and has developed somewhat positive views upon so-called "earth lineaments." These views have seemed to many geologists as rather extreme, and to others as resting on a solid substratum of truth. Professor Hobbs's experience in America has been supplemented by study abroad, all resulting in the present work, which is an accurate, clearly written, and condensed exposition of the subject. The reader should be warned, however, that Professor Hobbs lays greater emphasis upon the above-mentioned "earth lineaments," or old fault lines, than all geologists would be willing to concede.

The book begins with an historical outline of theories, leading up to a discussion of causes, of which, naturally, earth-movements along faults are chief. The author passes in review the regions of most frequent shocks and discusses the nature of the movements and their effects upon topography and drainage-lines. Next he describes a number of great earthquakes, especially those within the United States. In this country he points out certain "danger-spots," so characterized because of intersecting "earth-lineaments." It is here that differences of opinion will arise, since the lineaments will appeal to some critics as ambiguous in significance or even as non-existent. The author also takes up methods of study and interpretation, both upon the ground and at a distance with instruments; and he somewhat illogically interrupts these closely connected themes in order to describe submarine effects. A discussion of the relations of shocks to disturbances of earth-magnetism and of gravity, closes the book proper, but several appendices contain scientific records. On the whole the book is a modern and readable presentation of a theme possessing more than ordinary interest.

Cassell & Co. have started a new series of hand books called The Complete Farmer. The first volume is "Soils: Their Natures and Management," by Primrose McConnell. This will be followed next by "Gardening for Women," by Frances Wolseley.

Prof. J. R. Angell's "Text Book of General Psychology" is to be issued by Henry Holt & Co., in thoroughly revised form.

"The Solar System; A Study of Recent Observations," by Charles Lane Poor, professor of astronomy in Columbia University, is a recent addition to Putnam's Science Series. The book may be recommended with confidence to the general reader. It is not too abstruse, is thoroughly entertaining, and is timely. We may note in passing that Professor Poor, without being overpositive or dogmatic, argues strongly against the recent theories about "canals" on Mars.

The Fitz-Patrick Lectures before the Royal College of Physicians of London, for 1905-06, have appeared with the imprint of the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde), and the outer title, "Medicine in the British Isles." They were given by Dr. Norman Moore, known for his interest in the history of medicine and long engaged in gathering material for a history of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whose early appearance is announced. The inner title, "History of the Study of Medicine in the British Isles," is somewhat misleading, since Dr. Moore does not attempt to show precisely how practitioners were trained. What he has done is to pick out various medical men of different periods, and to sketch partly their training and partly their methods as indicative of the general state of medical study in Great Britain at the time. The result is an exceedingly entertaining and instructive book, despite the somewhat rambling and unsystematic treatment. The author selects as his representative personages Mirfeld (about 1320-1400), Mayerne (1573-1655), Glisson (1597-1677), Sydenham (1624-1689), and Edward Browne (1644-1708), but this list of the preface gives no indication of the rich variety of information about persons and things to be found in the text. We note, for example, the ancient advice that hay slept on by "three poor travellers" (evidently forbears of the modern tramp) after suitable entertainment on Christmas eve will surely protect oxen against the epidemic of an entire year if placed between them from Christmas day to Twelfth day. In an appendix Dr. Moore prints various early charters witnessed by Grimbald or John of London, the Latin notes of Mayerne on the health of James I. (not before published), and on the health of Queen Henrietta Maria, and also the account of Harvey's notes on Galen, which he published some twenty years ago. The book has ten illustrations reproducing parts of old manuscripts concerning St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and other matters of medical interest.

"The Psychology and Pedagogy of Reading," by Edmund Burke Huey, is a volume of 469 pages, issued by the Macmillan Co. Since a writer usually looks forward with some dread to the criticism of those who claim to be experts in his subject, we cannot but admire the courage of one who, like our author, discusses an art in which each of his readers must necessarily be a skilled practitioner. But he who opens this book with a sense of self-confidence is likely to close it in a humble frame of mind, astonished to find how little he really knows about the art which he practises most constantly. The work is divided into four parts, dealing respectively with the Psychology of Reading, the History of Reading and of Reading Methods, the Pedagogy of Reading, and the Hygiene of Reading. In the part devoted to the Psychology of Reading the author appears as one of a group of investigators, many of whom are among the leading psychologists of the day. The results of their work are presented with few technicalities to trouble the reader, who cannot fail to feel that the serious study now devoted to the subject may soon lead to an immense improvement in our modes of acquisition of knowledge. The material for the remainder of the book, which gives fulness and symmetry to the treatment, is in large measure a record of the work and opinions of others. Expert teachers and printers will turn to the original works to which the author refers in a somewhat lengthy bibliography. But there is much in the book to interest others than the experts. We learn of "the work of the eye in reading" and of the danger of straining the delicate organ of sight. We are taught something of the mechanics of reading if we may so speak, and of the psychological processes involved, and are led to see that the current methods of teaching reading to the young are crude and unscientific. We have our attention drawn to the influence of the forms of letters, of their size, spacing, and other arrangement, in relation to ease of reading, and discover that many of the books we peruse seem cunningly devised to weary and distress us. We cannot expect pedagogical reforms unless teachers and the more intelligent of parents are awake to existing evils; nor can we look forward to advantageous changes in the making of books, unless pressure is brought to bear upon our publishers by an awakened public. For these reasons all who are interested in these reforms should welcome this work as an attractive study, which is likely to arouse a broader interest in the questions at issue.

Allen Vannérus, author of "Vetenskapssystematik" (Stockholm: Aktiebolaget Ljus), has in the last ten or fifteen years published a number of important philosophical treatises, among them a large "Kunskapslära," and several popular volumes written from the point of view of radical idealism. In his latest work he offers a comprehensive handbook of the classification of the sciences, and virtually a new system of classification, round which he has woven a survey of the scientific knowledge of our time, with estimates of the various sciences and of their relations to each other. For practical reasons the technical, or so-called applied sciences, are not included in the scheme, and the medical sciences are barely mentioned. The system that Dr. Vannérus outlines is eclectic, as he does not accept any one principle of classification throughout. An important part of the work is the historical introduction, in which the author, after a glance at the scientific conceptions of ancient times, reviews the various systems of classification. This part is of particular value because it supplements Flint's "History of the Classifications of the Sciences." The large number of Italian writers which Flint includes are omitted by Vannérus, who, on the other hand, treats fully of many important systems not mentioned by Flint, such as those of John Stuart Mill, Helmholtz, Dilthey, Windelband, Ostwald, and others. Taken in all, Dr. Vannérus's book is an important contribution to an important subject, and well deserves translation into English.

An international association for cancer research was formed in Berlin May 22. The objects are to promote the care of patients suffering from the disease, to collect and publish statistics, to establish an international centre of information on this subject, to publish an international technical organ, and to organize international conferences.

Prof. Leslie Alexander Lee of Bowdoin died May 20. He was born in Woodstock, Vt., in 1852, was graduated from St. Lawrence University at the age of twenty, and in 1876 became professor of biology and geology at Bowdoin. He was a member of several scientific expeditions, and was director of the Bowdoin College expedition to Labrador in 1891. He was author of various reports on scientific subjects.

Francis B. Forbes died in Boston May 21. He was born in 1840, and at a comparatively early age he went to China to engage in business. In the course of a long residence there he wrote a work on the flora of the country, for which he was elected a fellow of the Linnæan Society of Boston. He also made a collection of flora, now in the possession of the British Museum.

Drama.

Drama and Life. By A. B. Walkley, New York: Brentano's.

There is much entertaining and a considerable proportion of solid and instructive matter in this volume. It consists of revised dramatic reviews and essays taken from the London *Times* and two longer and more deliberate papers, the one on modern English and French drama and the other on selected French and English plays, which were printed originally in the Edinburgh *Review*. Mr. Walkley, as most readers know, has been for some years the dramatic critic of the *Times*, which, since his occupation of the post, has spoken with greater authority upon theatrical matters than it ever did before, at all events during the last four or five decades. In many respects he is extraordinarily well qualified for his task. He is not only a sound scholar, but a man of the world and a man of letters. He has an intimate acquaintance with the Continental theatre, ancient and modern, as well as the British, a retentive memory, a striking power of analysis, a keen sense of humor, and a fluent, vivacious, and—except for its occasional polyglottic excrescences—unaffected style. The fruits of his scholarship, his experience, and his wit are displayed liberally in these essays, which will give intellectual satisfaction to readers who care nothing for the traffic of the footlights. But ardent supporters of the theatre, who believe in its almost limitless potentiality as an engine of civilization, will regret that so competent a writer should, in his championship of the newer or newest drama, so often seem oblivious of the true significance of the old. In his admiration of realism and the theatre of ideas—whose great value within certain boundaries of taste and reason no one would dream of disputing—he apparently overlooks the fact that these are but single phases of a most comprehensive art, and that the representation of them demands the exercise of but few of the faculties—and those but seldom the highest—which form the equipment of the true actor. The vital question to-day is whether the literary, romantic, imaginative, heroic, historical, and inspirational functions of the theatre are to be abandoned as worthless or not. They will assuredly vanish—they have almost reached the vanishing point already—unless actors can be provided to interpret them with proper effect.

The misfortune is that Mr. Walkley does not write as if he regarded the theatre as a serious institution, with infinite possibilities for good or evil in its social effects. He can praise or ridicule, but he never protests. He is instant in the castigation of ignorance or stupidity, in appreciation of cleverness, apt characterization, or thrilling situation. In swiftness of comprehension and clearness of description he is almost wholly admirable. In sketching the synopsis of a plot he puts his finger on the salient points with most illuminative accuracy. Sometimes he seems to see the drift of an argument more clearly than the author. Nothing could be better than his sympathetic reviews of "The Admirable Crichton" and "Peter Pan." He reads the heart of Barrie's mystery. His appreciation of Sir Henry Irving, after the funeral services in Westminster Abbey, is brief, but thoroughly fine and sufficient. His criticisms of actors constantly carry the conviction of the nicest discrimination and judicial truth. He says, for instance, of the Hamlet of the younger Irving, that it was a little hard, a little too elaborately emphatic, but distinctly intellectual and original. But he is only dimly aware of the power and vast imaginative scope of Thomas Hardy's, "The Dynasts," which he maintains might be acted on the stage, by the skilful use of puppets. This attitude, perhaps, is explained by his contention, elsewhere, that the imagination in the study, cannot realize the vividness of stage representation. Herein he betrays the shortsightedness of the realist. But, on the other hand, in another paper, he demonstrates with unanswerable logic, the inartistic vulgarity of the dramas of mere curiosity or horror, which are the most prominent articles in the stock in trade of realism. With all his brilliancy Mr. Walkley is not always consistent.

As a rule, his judgment of modern plays and playwrights is sound in argument and discrimination, but occasionally it provokes exceptions. One may be taken, certainly, to his high estimate of Pinero's "Iris," which Mr. Walkley pronounces "solid, living, throbbing drama," whereas few pieces bear more internal evidence of cunning theatrical calculation. But he recognizes the artificiality of the dialogue, and makes it the subject of a capital little essay on literary conversation. It is rather startling to note his inclusion of Bernard Shaw among the "thinkers" of the day, but it is only fair to add that he also compares some of Mr. Shaw's deliverances to the madness of March hares. A more serious matter is his condonation, if not positive approval, of Beerbohm Tree's offences against Shakespeare in his remorseless mutilations of the text in the interests of spectacle. It is true that Mr. Tree, having no company capable of doing bare justice to the text, could not hope to make Shakespeare pay expenses in any other way, but it is plain that such a policy can only lead to the utter extinction of the old poetic drama, so far as the stage is concerned. Mr. Walkley seems to hold that the application of modern methods to these ancient masterpieces is only a step in the process of evolution, and that the rhetorical theatre, which was the product of the open-air platform stage, could not hope to survive long in the modern theatre, to which it is ill-adapted. This theory would be more plausible if the poetic drama had never prospered upon the enclosed stage. But the point need not be argued now. One thing is certain, and that is that, with the practical disappearance of the rhetorical drama, the theatre has grown narrower in its aims, and feebler in its achievements. Mr. Walkley does not realize this, and, considering his authority and influence, it is a pity.

Smith & Elder, of London, have brought out a newly revised and cheaper edition of Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare." All the illustrations are carried over from the more expensive issue.

A. W. Pinero's play, "The Thunderbolt," recently produced in the St. James's Theatre, London, secures, as might have been expected, a liberal measure of praise from the writers of the daily press; but, mingled with the laudation, there is to be discerned an occasional note of disappointment. Plainly, the piece is more remarkable for its technical excellences and its general theatrical effectiveness, than for the value or novelty of its theme; any definite purpose in its inception—beyond the creation of suspense or excitement—or any tonic intellectual or spiritual effect in its treatment. Reduced to its skeleton, the tale is sordid in quality, and trite in detail, but the cheapness of the original material is skilfully disguised by the cleverness of the decorative workmanship.

The death is reported from Berlin of Adolf L'Arronge, the dramatist and theatrical manager. He was born in Berlin in 1838, and after studying music became the conductor of an orchestra. About 1870, however, he began writing plays, and soon he became very successful in depicting the life of middle-class Germans. He was active in the founding and management of the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. Among his plays are: "Das grosse Los," "Mein Leopold," "Hasemanns Töchter," "Dr. Klaus," "Wohltätige Frauen," "Haus Loney," "Kompagnon," "Sorglosen," "Heimchen," "Der Weg zum Herzen," "Loreley," "Die Verkannten," "Lolos Vater," "Pastor Brose," "Annas Traum." "Mutter Thiele," "Der Wohltäter," "Sanatorium Siebenberg," "Über Nacht," and "Das letzte Bonbon." He also wrote "Deutsches Theater und Deutsche Schauspielkunst."

Music.

Harmony and Ear Training. By William Alfred White. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.

Thirty Preludes for the Organ. Edited by H. Clough-Leighter. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

An encouraging aspect of many new books on the theory and practice of music is the growing hostility to the pedantry and impracticability of traditional methods. Mr. White's book is a conspicuous example of this tendency. The author has endeavored, and with success, to provide a book in which systematic studies in ear training are connected organically with a thorough course in harmony. He is professor in the theory and practice of teaching music at Syracuse University, and offers his novel suggestions as a result of many years' experience in the classroom. He applies himself to the study of the music itself, instead of musical theories, and he records remarkable results in the perceptional development of hearing. While this is a book for students, even the general reader who loves to think about music as well as to hear it will be interested in Chapter xv., wherein the author discourses on tone color, in the development of appreciation. He does not profess to be able to explain why the C major chord is so commonplace and characterless as compared with that of F sharp, which has character, tone-color, rich mellowness, and brilliancy combined; but he goes through the whole circle of keys and notes their qualities. Perhaps he goes too far in asserting that differences in the various keys are as marked as the different odors of beautiful flowers; but it is certainly true that the pleasures of musicianship are largely a result of the subtle sensibility to exquisite nuances in tone-color.

Tone-color, in the larger sense of the word, including not only key-differences, but qualities of different instruments and organ pipes and their combinations, has become so important an element in modern music that organists are increasingly estimated by their skill in selecting and commingling them. In the collection of organ preludes made and marked by H. Clough-Leighter, there is perhaps a little too much of the older style of "diapasons and oboe" registration. The diapasons are fundamental, of course, but they are colorless. The voix céleste and vox humana are to the color scheme of the modern organ what the strings are to the orchestra, and are therefore indispensable. The editor has shown excellent taste and judgment in his selections; the list includes not only standard organ pieces, but transcriptions of preludes by Chopin, Gounod, Wagner, and others that sound well on the organ. He has had the courage to include the Ave Maria written by Gounod on the first Bach prelude, which has received more abuse than it deserves. The introduction includes a disquisition on the word Prelude, and brief biographic sketches of the composers represented in the collection.

The publication on the occasion of her eighty-ninth birthday (May 27) of an "Album of Fourteen Songs, Original Poems, and other Verse Music," by Julia Ward Howe, will come as a surprise to many of our readers. Mrs. Howe has not been known as a composer of music. Through a long life of beneficent activity, her fine musical abilities have been kept in the background. A special poem is contributed to the work by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Oscar George Theodore Sonneck, who is chief of the division of music in the Library of Congress, and whose "Early Concert-Life in America" is a model of scholarly research, has lately compiled two catalogues (Government Printing Office) which have a value and interest even to those who cannot have access to the Washington library. One is "Dramatic Music: Catalogue of Full Scores," which shows a remarkable zeal in the acquisition of full operatic scores since 1902, when the library had only about sixty of them. The other is a grouping of the musical compositions and literature (largely educational) that have been gathered together. On March 31 of the present year the Library of Congress possessed a collection of about 375,000 volumes and pieces of music, 5,000 books and pamphlets of the literature of music, and 6,000 books, pieces, etc., of musical theory and instruction.

Julius Hainauer of Breslau has published an arrangement for violin and piano, by Arthur Hartmann, of the Cradle Song and Concert Study from MacDowell's opus 24. These pieces will be welcomed by those who regret that MacDowell wrote so little chamber music.

Rubinstein once wrote that to him Bach seemed incomparably higher than Handel because "more earnest, more genial, more profound, more inventive, more incommensurable." The world is gradually coming to share this opinion. Bach's choral works are indisputably the grandest in existence, yet when a choral society was organized in Boston, in 1815, it was called the "Handel and Haydn Society," and it was not till 1871 that Bach was adequately represented on the programmes by selections from his "Passion according to St. Matthew." In England, owing to the Handel monopoly, the Bach cult was equally slow in developing; but to-day it is one of the conspicuous phenomena in the musical world on both sides of the ocean. The London *Musical World* in its last number points with pride to the fact that the greatest of Bach's works, the B minor mass, was sung nine times in the United Kingdom within four months. This same mass was the principal feature of the Fourth Bach Festival held at Montclair, N. J., last week. Frank Taft had gathered a chorus of 135 singers, an orchestra of 40, and capable soloists. The performance was held in the First Congregational Church, and its results indicated that Montclair has now taken the place of Bethlehem, Pa., which gave Bach performances that attracted music lovers from all over the country until Professor Wolle went to California.

The heirs of Donizetti are still fighting for their rights—or copyrights—in Paris. Two years ago they sued the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, and the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques for royalties. A recent decision of the courts is in their favor. It is decided that four of the Donizetti operas—"La Favorita," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Don Pasquale," and "Lucia"—are still subject to royalty, and the heirs expect to receive about $160,000.

Art.

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May 8.

Nothing could better explain the character of this year's salons than the fact that the great success is Jean Veber's La Guinguette, shown in the New Salon. It attracts the public; it amuses artists; it occupies the critics; it is destined for the Hôtel de Ville, according to the catalogue, in which it is described as a decorative panel. At first, this success seems almost unaccountable. The picture is nothing more than a huge version of paintings the artist has shown before, representing a resort where Paris takes its holidays, and filled with the detail that has won for Veber the name of the modern Brueghel. In front of a little inn people are eating, drinking, dancing, painting, swinging, sleeping, talking, making love, being photographed. Cyclists arrive, a motor is at the gate. In a word, it is the modern holiday crowd, but rendered in a spirit of broad and bitter satire. As a caricature you can understand the picture; scarcely, however, as a decoration. True, if you stand a little way off you will find that the tiny figures, so out of proportion to the size of the canvas, are not placed at random, but arrange themselves into lines leading up to the distance where Paris stretches vaguely toward the horizon; and that the composition is framed by the trees on either side of the foreground. Even then the color is not pleasant, while it is evident that the artist did not elaborate his detail merely for the sake of an arrangement of lines; he meant you to look at it carefully, to study it out, to lose nothing of its fun and cruelty. Then you remember the great designs that used to hold your attention at the New Salon—the Ste. Geneviève watching over Paris, the stately muses trailing their draperies through the dim lotus lands of Puvis de Chavannes, or the seas and clouds and shores radiant in the light that never shone save in Besnard's canvases at their very best; and you wonder the more that the laurels of these masters should now have fallen to Veber. But as you wonder, you laugh and are interested, despite yourself. There is a humor, a zest, a vivacity, a truth, in the expression and action of the little figures, and in their grouping, that is quite irresistible. They are exaggerated, distorted, but they show keen and often illuminating observation, as well as originality of conception and treatment. And here you have the reason of Veber's success: he is not afraid to be himself, nor to see things and put them down in his own way. Therefore his work abounds in the life, the vitality that always tells, whatever the artist's subjects and methods.

There are only too many other enormous decorative panels in both salons, the larger number on a far more colossal scale than Veber's. They are marked, as a rule, by a greater ability than his to cover a vast expanse of canvas, and by a more profound knowledge of the decorative value of masses and lines. But they are without the life he knows how to give to his most fantastic and absurd parodies. The painters are accomplished, but they originate nothing, basing style and observation both on long accepted conventions. The skill is immense, and so is the energy, in a performance like Detaille's Chant de Départ, the song of the soldiers on their way to battle, Victory—or whatever the allegorical figure may be—leading them on; or like Jean-Paul Laurens's La Musique, a gigantic tribute to Beethoven. But the machinery—it is admirable machinery—creaks and you would rather have it turn out something less correct if it gave you in exchange one touch of genuine emotion or personal observation. Even Henri Martin's method, while it smells less of the schools, has grown into a convention. Certainly, this year, his subject, L'Étude, a large panel for the Sorbonne, has not inspired him. His sowers and reapers were more picturesque, as he saw them, than the students who now wander and group themselves in the same sunlit groves and meadows.

Detaille, Laurens, Henri Martin have always remained in the Old Salon. In the New, though there is not so much as there once was to choose between the two exhibitions, a few of the big decorative panels strike you as something more than mere variations upon well-worn motives. There is a distinct freshness in Maurice Denis's L'Éternel Printemps, a series of panels—cool, white visions of gardens where fruit trees are forever in flower, and grass is forever strewn with blossoms, and maidens forever move in languid dances or pose in listless unconcern. In their languor they recall the old motionless Madonnas of the early Italians and Flemings, and the whole design is carried out with a deliberate assumption of primitiveness, based, however, on the knowledge of the modern painter. The simplicity of the drawing and the naïveté of the figures give the repose that is the first essential of successful decoration, if almost the last thing now considered by the decorator. As different as possible is the work of M. Caro-Delvaille who also has executed a large panel, Le Paon Blanc. M. Delvaille never strays into imaginary gardens of Eden, but keeps scrupulously to the world he knows, and is as realistic in his presentation of it as in his vision. Here is no assumption, no adaptation of primitiveness, but an altogether modern grouping of men and women of to-day on a high terrace, round a long table, where the cloth is spread in an altogether modern fashion. Behind, a row of windows open out upon the terrace; in front, wide steps descend into a garden. On these steps, the peacock that gives the panel its title stands, spreading out the splendor of its tail, the color and the line, too, repeated in the trailing skirts of a lady at its side. The arrangement is ingenious, and the color has charm. But, in this instance, repose has been sought by the sacrifice of all semblance of life in the figures.

In France, artists themselves are keenly conscious of the period of degeneracy, or decadence, as they call it, through which they are passing. The change is most evident in the New Salon, so brilliant in the beginning. Of the older men who are left, Besnard does not exhibit, and few show work they have not surpassed in previous exhibitions. M. Boldini is one of the exceptions. His two portraits—both of women, one a full-length in gorgeous black satin, the other a half-length, all delicate grays—have the style and distinction he gives to every canvas, and are simpler in pose and costume than some of his recent portraits, which, in their exaggeration, were like amazing caricatures of fashion plates. On the other hand, they appear to me to suggest less the character of the individual, which he can, when he chooses, render so astonishingly as in his Montesquiou or his Whistler, than the character of a type—the woman of fashion. Like Van Dyck when he painted the ladies of the court, Boldini has evolved a formula by which to render the faces and, above all, the hands, the gorgeous silks, and jewels of his sitters. It is, however, his own formula, and, though many have attempted to appropriate it, he is still unrivalled in the way he can, with a sweep of his brush, give a fold of the draperies, a long tapering finger of the slim hand, the waves of the hair.

Formula, too, though of another kind, threatens M. Zuloaga, able and daring as he is. His backgrounds, for which he was once wise enough to study Velesquez, grow murkier and murkier, a foil for the vivid burst of color made by the shawls and dresses of the Spanish women whom he delights to paint. This year, it is Mademoiselle Lucienne Bréval, as she will, or should, look in the second act of "Carmen," who figures on his canvas, and she is arranged, not in the conventional properties of the operatic wardrobe, but in the costume worn by the real Carmens in Spain. Her red gown trails below the most flamboyant shawl that, surely, even a Spaniard ever wore, and the pattern is worked out with marvellous elaboration. There is none of the delicacy the old Dutchmen brought to the most intricate detail; and Zuloaga has no respect for surface; his technique is coarse, almost brutal. But, like Veber, he puts life into his work. Nor does his interest cease with the costume; the woman who wears it is very real flesh and blood, with all the fire and passion of Carmen in her face. His other two canvases have little to redeem the murky color and coarse technique. Zuloaga seems always to be forcing up his effects to exhibition pitch, which is the less necessary because he is the strongest of the Spanish group now so prominent in both Salons, with the exception perhaps of Anglada, who, unfortunately, is not represented this spring.

Many exhibitors in the New Salon make their bid for notice, not by violence, but by affectation of technique. In one way, they succeed. You simply must look at Flandrin, who blocks out figures and foliage in curious flat, square, masses, making no endeavor even to indicate the planes in a face, or in a bit of drapery, or in a landscape; you must look at Minartz, to whom realism appears to mean grotesqueness, as it meant grossness to Zola; and at Truchet, who is so blinded by sunlight that, in his eyes, flesh seen *en plein air* is turned to leather. But it is the more useless to call attention to work of this kind when I have not space to speak of all the good work, which is still to be found. There are pictures, like those of Louis Legrand and Hochard, where the merit is in the masterly study of character and the accomplished drawing. M. le Sidaner must be noticed because of his new departure, provincial France and Venice, as subjects, exchanged for London, but not with unqualified success. On his canvas Trafalgar Square looks like part of the garden of some old French château, and it is far too fine in its own way to borrow picturesqueness that does not belong to it; and if, in painting St. Paul's from the other side of the Thames, Le Sidaner has seen, as so few painters of London have, the delicate rose and white which the London atmosphere sometimes gives to the grimiest, dirtiest city in the world, he has not been able to express the delicacy of color quite adequately, nor yet to show the wonderful dome in all its might and majesty as it rises above the tall warehouses.

Again this year, as last, I find the two strongest features of the two salons to be the work of Spaniards and Americans. Of the Spaniards I have already spoken. It is extraordinary that, violent as their painting is, it tells far less in these vast caravansaries of pictures than the painting of Americans who seek their effects by refinement both of tone and technique. I referred to this refinement in the American group when I wrote of the salons a year ago, and I am now as impressed with it as I was then. I take it to be the healthiest sign in modern art as represented in the big Paris shows. For the great evil of the modern exhibition is that it has led artists, in their struggle for success, to accept only the exhibition standard and to think it necessary, as I have just said of Zuloaga, to work up to exhibition pitch. But those of our younger artists who now exhibit in Paris have escaped the evil and have based their art chiefly on the teaching of the greatest American of all—that the pictorial appearance of Nature should be respected, that figures should keep well within their frames and remain in the light and atmosphere where the artist found them. Perhaps the best example at the Old Salon is the work of Mr. Vonnoh, whose Bessie Potter Vonnoh is a proof that the endeavor to obtain harmony of tone need not interfere with a painter's careful study of beautiful detail, and whose small head of a man is a proof that it need not prevent his sympathetic study of character. Perhaps the best example in the New Salon is the work of Mr. Barlow, whose subjects scarcely vary—three or four figures of women in a simple interior, that is all—but who creates a new harmony from each new variation of the same theme. Charles Warren Eaton, whose landscapes are full of feeling; Mr. Frieseke, who at times loses his grip on his figures in his pre-occupation with his design as a whole; Richard Miller, who, however, strikes a louder key; Mr. MacCameron, who is somewhat weighted by the sensationalism of his subject, three absinthe drinkers; James R. Hopkins; Miss Lucretia Spielmann; George C. Aid; are among others of the group who aim above all at arrangement and atmospheric truth.

The sculpture is, as usual, overwhelming in quantity and in its average of excellence. It is out of the question to go into detail, and all I can dwell on here are the three contributions of M. Rodin: Orphée, Triton et Néréide, and the Muse. They are all three in the unfinished, the fragmentary, stage in which, evidently, Rodin now prefers to exhibit his work—a preference many think a mistake. There is, however, passion already in the Orphée in its incompleteness, and there are vigorous passages in the Triton et Néréide. But it is the Muse that is of special interest, the sketch, it is said, for the symbolic figure in Rodin's design for the Whistler memorial. The figure, as he shows it, is armless, and it is nude, though, eventually, there is to be drapery. Therefore, the pose does not explain itself so logically as it no doubt will when the design is completed. From a certain point of view, the lines are awkward; but the drapery will make all the difference. From every other point of view the effect is one of great stateliness and dignity, while, unfinished sketch as it is, the figure, cast in heroic mould, has a solemnity, an impressiveness, I have never seen equalled in any of Rodin's previous work; and in the face there is a simple grandeur that is unrivalled anywhere, unless it be in the figures brooding over the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo.

When it comes to the drawings and the prints, one still feels the dulness that, during the last few years, has fallen upon the section that was once the most interesting and stimulating. One thing it is a pleasure to note is the special honor paid to M. Lepère, at the New Salon, where he holds an exhibition apart in one of the smaller rooms. Timothy Cole and Mr. Wolf are in the Old Salon, Mr. Cole showing some of his reproductions of the French masters, Mr. Wolf his copies of Ver Meer and of Sargent's portrait of Mr. Pulitzer. Among etchers, are the Americans, Mr. Pennell and Mr. Webster. Of other prints, none need be mentioned except the lithographs of M. Belleroche, M. Léandre, and M. Dillon.

N. N.

Lewis F. Day, author of "Enamelling" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is not an enameller, but he is well acquainted with men who are. He is familiar with the historical researches of Von Falke, Kondakow, and other Europeans who have not been content, like many of the Anglo-Saxon writers on ceramic and metallurgical subjects, simply to borrow statements and misstatements from each other. Above all, he has convictions, a point of view from which he regards all fine art; and he knows how to write. In this book he has produced a model work of its kind. It is hard reading in places, because it treats of a highly technical subject, but it nowhere goes beyond the comprehension or interest of an intelligent person who understands the elementary practices of metal working. An enamel, in Mr. Day's discussion, means a coating of vitreous color fused upon metal; and strict adherence to this definition marks the entire discussion. The striking illustrations, some of them pen drawings, others half-tones, ought certainly to be in the hands of all American metal workers who have not ready access to important enamel collections at a museum.

"Stained Glass Tours in France," by C. H. Sherrill (John Lane Co.), offers holiday-makers a highly specialized form of entertainment in well-devised trips, which present the development of this branch of French art in three periods or groups, as illustrated chiefly in churches north of Limoges. In system and accuracy of treatment the volume renders capital service as an introduction to the subject. Even so little visited (though accessible) a chapel as that at Champigny-sur-Veude obtains due appreciation of its interesting examples. Concentration on such a hobby naturally tends to present France as a "stained-glass museum," without inhabitants; indeed, it is in Brittany alone that the author seems to become conscious of a population.

"Safe Building Construction," by Louis de Coppet Bergh (The Macmillan Co.), a book written by an architect of long experience, is practically a treatise on engineering, dealing especially with those problems which the architect is called upon to solve. Its simple rules for "those who do not understand trigonometry," its diagrammatic illustrations, and its pages of tables will be attractive to many an architect and builder. Whether it is thoroughly sound in detail can only be judged by the technically trained expert after close study of its closely printed pages.

"Modern Baths and Bath Houses" (John Wiley & Sons), written by a sanitary engineer of long experience, William Paul Gerhard, cannot but be valuable to those interested in the subject treated, and especially to architects who are called upon to design bath-house structures.

A "Handbook of the Germanic Museum of Harvard University," prepared by the curator, Prof. Kuno Francke, has been published by the university. This useful booklet will indicate in a striking way, to those who have not had the good fortune to visit this museum, how much has been accomplished by the energy and devotion of Professor Francke and other friends of Germanic studies in bringing together in so short a time this unique collection. But for this energy and devotion, the German Emperor would hardly have been moved to present the remarkable series of casts, illustrative of German architecture and sculpture of the middle ages and the Renaissance, which forms the kernel of the collection. Short as the handbook is, it is something more than a mere guide to the museum. It indicates the character of the artistic movement which each object illustrates; and each of the important works of art represented by the casts is described and analyzed. The main portion of the book, devoted to the monumental German sculpture of the middle ages and the Renaissance, is thus of value as a work of reference on German art. The photographic illustrations of objects in the museum add to this value; but the illustrations would have been more useful—especially for the reader who is not visiting the museum—if titles had been printed under them. The collection of reproductions of German metal-work from the twelfth to the eighteenth century is more briefly treated. References to important authorities are given in footnotes. The pamphlet closes with the statement: "Even now this museum contains a larger and more methodically selected number of reproductions of objects illustrating the history of Teutonic civilization than any other university museum, either in America or Europe"; and points to the necessity for a larger building to house the growing collection which even now "requires for proper housing and arrangement a building three times the size of the present one." According to the "foreword" more than 100,000 persons have so far visited the museum.

The national Freie Lehrervereinigung für Kunstpflege, which through the house of J. Scholz, Mainz, has been publishing some excellent reproductions of the works of artists, old and modern, now brings out some of the works of Fritz von Uhde, not the well-known Biblical pictures, but scenes taken from daily life. There is an introduction by A. Troll.

In the series known as Hiersemanns kunstgeschichtliche Monographien, Dr. Johannes Sievers has published as a ninth volume a work on Pieter Aertsen. He shows particularly that Aertsen was inspired by southern influences and ideals. The author has travelled all over Europe in search of Aertsen pictures, and furnishes an exhaustive catalogue, which is really the backbone of this work.

In a lecture at University College, London, May 14, Prof. W. Flinders Petrie gave an account of his first season's work in the ruins of Memphis. In the great Temple of Ptah were discovered a number of votive tablets on which ears are carved. Hitherto the ears, modelled in clay or carved in relief on stone, found throughout Egypt, have been classed with the similar small objects found in other parts of the ancient world. For instance, David G. Hogarth unearthed in the Temple of Diana of Ephesus numerous eyes, hands, ears, and occasionally a leg—evidently thank offerings or petitions for cure. But the fact that in Egypt only ears were found and other parts of the body were missing, suggests another explanation. On some of the Memphis tablets there is one ear only, on others many ears, without an inscription. In one case the tablet is covered over with roughly incised outlines of a multitude of miniature ears. But on others there is the explanatory inscription: "Listen, O Ptah!" or "Ptah, listen to the petition made by such an one." It is probable that the ears were not those of the worshipper, but extra ears intended for the god. One rather delicately carved tablet strengthens this theory. On one side is the kneeling figure of the suppliant, with his name and inscription, and on the other side the standing figure of the god Ptah, who, besides his ordinary ears, has two enormous supplementary ears carved one on each side of his head. In Memphis also were obtained some little terra-cotta grotesques. Three of them are clearly East Indian figures, and in one the face is well enough marked to be recognized as a type from Orissa. There are also a head of the Persian King; a mounted Scythian horseman, which suggests a date soon after the invasion of Cambyses; a Persian warrior with a lion's skin and lion's claw on his cap; and a Bedouin Arab, uncommonly like a modern inhabitant of a Polish Ghetto. Excavations were also undertaken on the site of the city of Athribis in Upper Egypt. The ruins of a temple were found there with carvings dating from 60 B. C. to 120 A. D. One of the most interesting discoveries was a chamber containing carvings of trees and inscriptions, recording an expedition to Punt, the land of incense at the south of the Red Sea. The western side of the temple was in a good state of preservation, and the explorers dug deep enough to reveal a portion of the great doorway. Two miles to the south of Athribis the excavators came upon a cliff, 600 feet high, which was honeycombed with tombs. Among these were five painted and inscribed tombs belonging to the fourth and fifth dynasties.

The excavations carried on at Olympia, near the great temple of Zeus, under the superintendence of Professor Dörpfeld, have resulted in the discovery of remains of the neolithic period, including house-vessels and implements. From this it is evident that the site of Olympia was a place of human habitation even before the bronze age.

Recent excavations beneath the Church of St. Crisogono in Trastevere, Rome, have uncovered the walls of an apse of Constantinian date. The original decorative paintings are in a fair state of preservation. Besides these there have been found, outside the original altar screen, the figures of three saints, apparently of eighth century date, and extraordinarily fresh in color. The excavation will be continued into the nave of the old basilica, and there seems good hope that remains of early painting fairly rivalling those of Sta. Maria Antiqua and S. Clemente may be brought to light.

From Jacques Reich we have received an excellent etching of Andrew Jackson, after the painting by Thomas Sully. The size, 14¼ by 10¾ inches, is convenient for framing.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are etchings in colors at Edward Brandus's, till June 1; early American art at Ehrich's, June 14; and etchings by American artists at Frederick Keppel's, June 20.

The collection of modern pictures and water-color drawings made by the late Stephen G. Holland of London is to be sold at Christie's on June 25, 26, and 29. It is rich in Turner drawings, among them being the Hastings, which in 1881 sold for $5,522; the Heidelberg with Rainbow, Saltash, and The Diligence. In oils Turner is represented by Mortlake Terrace (1827), for which $27,300 was paid in 1895; The Storm, and The Morning After the Storm, which he painted in 1840. The principal Constable is the Salisbury Cathedral, painted from the grounds of the palace in 1826 because the bishop who ordered it did not appreciate the earlier one, now in the South Kensington Museum, and conceded to be one of Constable's most perfect pictures. Gainsborough, as a landscapist, is represented in The Harvest Wagon. Among the Continental pictures are two very fine Jacqueses, Woody Pasture, with the inevitable flock of sheep in a Diaz-like forest, and Watering the Flock; Diaz's The Bathers, two Daubignys, two Troyons, a Van Marcke, and two Corots.

At an auction at Christie's, London, May 8, the following pictures were sold: Raeburn, Alexander Allan, £367; Mrs. Allan and Child, £367; Romney, Mrs. Maria Hughes, £336; Hoppner, Portrait of a Young Gentleman, £283.

Emil Neide, an artist of the Munich school, has died at the age of sixty-four. Among his best known pictures are Die Lebensmüden, Am Ort der Tat, Vitriol, Orpheus and Eurydice.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adam, James. The Religious Teachers of Greece. Imported by Scribners. $4 net.

Barr, Robert. Young Lord Strainleigh. Appletons. $1.50.

Breasted, James Henry. A History of the Ancient Egyptians. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Brumbaugh, Martin G. The Life and Works of Christopher Dock. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.

Bryan, John Ingram. Films of Blue. Tokio: Kyo Bun Kwan.

Callahan, James Morton. The Alaska Purchase. Morgantown: West Virginia University. 50 cts.

Campbell, James M. Paul the Mystic. Putnams. $1.50.

Campbell, T. J. Pioneer Priests of North America. New York: Fordham University Press.

Campbell, W. S. The Passerby in London. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.

Cardashian, Vahan. The Ottoman Empire of the Twentieth Century. Albany: J. B. Lyon Co.

Casson, Herbert N. The Romance of the Reaper. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.

Colonial Society of Massachusetts, Publications of the. Vol. X. Boston: Published by the Society.

Cope. Henry Frederick. Levels of Living. Revell. $1 net.

Cruttwell, Maud. A Guide to the Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Daily Mail Year-Book of the Churches, 1908. Edited by Percy L. Parker. London: Associated Newspapers.

Davidson, Lilias Campbell. Catherine of Bragança. Dutton. $5 net.

Dresser, Horatio W. The Philosophy of the Spirit. Putnams. $2.50 net.

Everyman's Library. No. 266 to 315c. Dutton. 35 cents per vol.

Fontaine, Lamar. My Life and Lectures. Neale Publishing Co. $3.

Fuller, Robert H. South Africa at Home. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.

Glyn, Elinor. The Sayings of Grandmamma. Duffield & Co. $1.

Gould, George M. Righthandedness and Lefthandedness. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Holtz, Frederick L. Nature-Study. Scribners.

Hudson, C. S., and C. M. Garland. Tests of a Liquid Air Plant. Urbana, Ill.: Published by the University.

James, George Wharton. What the White Race May Learn from the Indian. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.50.

Johnson, Herrick. The Ideal Ministry. Revell. $1.75 net.

Last Egyptian, The. Edward Stern & Co. $1.50.

Library of Congress: List of Works Relating to Deep Waterways; First and Second Banks of the United States; Currency and Banking. Washington.

Low, A. Maurice. America at Home. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.

Lowell, A. Lawrence. The Government of England. 2 vols. Macmillan. $4 net per set.

Maury, M. F. Physical Geography. American Book Co. $1.20.

Maynard, Samuel T. The Small Country Place. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Meyerhardt, M. W. The Movement for Ethical Culture at Home and Abroad.

Moore, James H. Defence of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Raleigh, N. C.: Edwards & Broughton Printing Co.

Moses, Bernard. South America on the Eve of Emancipation. Putnams. $1.50.

Mott, Hopper Striker. The New York of Yesterday. Putnams.

Nojine, E. K. The Truth About Port Arthur. Translated by A. B. Lindsay. Dutton. $2 net.

Paulsen, Friedrich. Philosophia Militans. Berlin: Reuther & Reichard.

Robertson, James Alexander. Bibliography of the Philippine Islands. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.

Scott, John Reed. The Princess Dehra. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Sickert, Bernard. Whistler. Dutton. 75 cents.

Silver, Arthur P. Farm-Cottage, Camp, and Canoe in Maritime Canada. Dutton. $2 net.

Speech of Robert Y. Hayne on Foote's Resolution. Cincinnati, O.: Phonographic Institute Co.

Thwing, Walter Eliot. History of the First Church of Roxbury, Mass. Boston: W. A. Butterfield.

Walpole, Sir Spencer. The History of Twenty-Five Years. Vols. III. and IV. Longmans.

Walton, George Lincoln. Why Worry? Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.

Williams, Jesse Lynch. The Girl and the Game. Scribners.

Willson, Thomas B. Norway at Home. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.

Yeats, William B. and Lady Gregory. The Unicorn from the Stars and Other Plays. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908.

The Week.

Congress has well deserved the epithet, prophetically applied to it in advance by its own leaders, of a "do-nothing Congress." This is not necessarily a reproach. It may be, on the contrary, high praise. There are times when doing nothing is vastly better than the "do-something" policy. Lord Cromer remarks that statesmen and legislators are never so dangerous as when yielding to the cry that they "must do something." The chances are that they will do something wrong. And there are certain aspects of the determination of this Congress to do nothing which appear highly commendable. That it persisted in such a course in spite of the alternate buffetings and beseechings of the President, heightens the credit of the performance. If the plan of "we must do something" had been applied to the project for four battleships, for ship-subsidies, for modified writs of injunction, and for amendments to the Sherman act, we should have a muddle of legislation out of which it would take years to dig ourselves. In a time cursed by too much and too raw legislation, few will blame Congress for refusing to add to its volume. The worst thing to be said of the session is that it has been inexcusably extravagant. Lavish appropriations are always to be condemned; in a year when the money to pay the bills is not in sight, they come near constituting a legislative crime. The Republican leaders were dimly conscious of this, and struggled feebly against the spendthrift policy. But a bad system of financial control, with the acquired momentum of an era of extravagance, was too much for them. They strove against the stream but strove in vain. Now it will be their duty to go before a people who have been pinching and economizing, and defend as best they can the voting away of the largest sums of public money ever known. The most plausible apology which they may be able to make will not, in effect, be very different from the excuse of the Irishman who proposed to feed a hungry dog with joints cut off his own tail! The utter failure of Congress to be frugal, if it could not actually retrench, may be a real issue in the campaign. Senator Culberson seems to think so, from his deliberate biting in of the facts last Friday. It is possible that a people wrestling with prolonged business depression may be angry with a Congress that squandered public money, and may make the anger felt politically. But apart from that possibility, we think there is little in the record of Congress to excite popular emotion, one way or another.

In the compromise currency bill, as finally passed, the one vital and workable provision is that of the Senate measure, against which intelligent banking opinion and intelligent economic opinion unanimously protested. Mr. Vreeland's clumsy machinery of "national currency associations," whereby ten banks in a given territory may unite to authorize emergency banknotes based on general assets, is included. But these groups of banks, after passing officially on the application of a member, must apply to the Comptroller of the Currency, who must apply to the Secretary of the Treasury, who must examine the collateral and decide if it is sufficient. When his assent has been transmitted, through the same channels, the bank may obtain new circulation up to 75 per cent. of the cash value of the deposited assets (within 30 per cent. of its capital and surplus), and all banks in the group become jointly and severally liable for redemption of the notes. This process insures delay, and, taken along with the progressive tax of 5 to 10 per cent. on outstanding "emergency currency," would scarcely predispose a bank to adopt the Vreeland scheme. The Aldrich section of the bill, on the other hand, allows any national bank to apply directly to the Comptroller for such currency on the basis of State, city, town, or county bonds, and authorizes it to take out notes up to 90 per cent. of the market value of such securities. Plainly, therefore, such inducement is offered for use of the Aldrich bill's provision as to render any alternative recourse improbable. This shows to what extent the House conferrees swallowed their scruples at the behest of the experienced intriguers of the Senate, and makes a sufficiently interesting anti-climax to the hearings of the House Banking and Currency Committee, and to the assurances of the House conferees, and the Republican representatives in general, that the one thing they would never do was to accept the Aldrich bill.

At the currency commission clauses, and the appointments made in accordance with them, the Senate clique may indulge in ironical laughter. The Senate's delegation on the commission is made up from the Senate Finance Committee, where the Aldrich bill was drafted. From the House, Speaker Cannon named the three conferrees who assented to the compromise bill, and a group of miscellaneous representatives carefully selected, save in one instance, so as to shut out the members of the regular Banking and Currency Committee. There are, of course, no outside experts; Aldrich is chairman and Vreeland vice-chairman. The predisposition of a body thus constituted is not particularly doubtful. The New York Chamber of Commerce, the numerous trade organizations, and the House of Representatives, had not only called for a commission one-third of which should be outsiders, but had stipulated that the commission, after public hearings, should submit its report before the close of 1908. The bill as passed directs that it "report to Congress at the earliest date practicable." The only obvious comment on this outcome is that it represents a notable victory for the Aldrich cabal and the interests which stood behind it, and a notable defeat for the chambers of commerce, the banking organizations, and the believers in currency reform.

Every one must be pleased to learn that President Roosevelt has been constructing the platform which his party is to adopt at Chicago. These things ought not to be left to chance or the occasion. And there is obvious propriety in permitting the man who has forced a candidate upon his party to frame the platform upon which that candidate is to stand. Furthermore, the gathering of the platform-makers at the White House insures just the right touch of awe and adulation in the resolutions endorsing the Administration which raised the country to a new pitch, etc., has given a glorious example, and so on, to which we pledge ourselves and so forth. If some hypercritical person objects that Mr. Roosevelt is undertaking too minute a management of the Chicago Convention, the reply is that he will permit it to appoint its own doorkeepers and notification committee. There is a familiar story that once, when an alarmed Democrat went to Dean Richmond to point out that his "slate" did not include the nomination of some minor official, the boss pondered for a moment and then said magnanimously, "I'll leave that to the Convention."

Concerning the dignity and importance of the Office of Vice-President of the United States we have had, repeatedly of late, the following somewhat incoherent apologia: It is a great office which is unjustly depreciated, which any man should be proud to fill, and for which, consequently, there is no more fitting candidate than Mr. John Smith of Homesdale, whom no one has ever heard of. Vindication of the Vice-Presidency is as hardy a political annual as acknowledgment of the necessity of a revision of the tariff by its friends, or

Mr. Bryan's readiness to step out in favor of another candidate. It would be interesting to see what a really strong Vice-President, coupled with a somewhat less strong Chief Executive, could do in the way of building the flesh of authority about the skeleton of mere office. Fate decreed that Mr. Roosevelt as Vice-President should have no chance to develop the latent possibilities of the office. Had he been left a little longer in the Vice-Presidency, the position would have come to its own.

The battleship fleet is expected to resume its journey, after the beginning of the fiscal year 1908-1909 with the new appropriations for coal. It is a question, however, whether at least eight of the ships should not remain permanently on the Pacific Coast. One of the many reasons given for the cruise was the desire to put an end to the dread of a sudden Japanese raid on San Francisco or some other Pacific city. But since the Pacific Coast has shown sensitiveness and a desire for a stronger naval force, it might be a wise policy to increase the Pacific fleet so that there could be no recurrence of the alarms. When Rear-Admiral Evans's ships arrived at San Diego, the Pacific fleet, which is under the command of Rear-Admiral Dayton, had on the West coast thirteen ships. Of these eight are our finest armored cruisers of high speed and power, next in strength to our battleships; four are modern protected cruisers, and one is a gunboat. With the addition of torpedo boats and destroyers, there would be available for duty a very respectable fleet of all branches of the service—considerably more powerful in battleships and heavy cruisers than our entire strength on the Atlantic on March 1, 1898, just before the war with Spain. Moreover, there are now out of commission or under repairs in various Pacific Coast harbors, but available in an emergency, the battleships Oregon and Wisconsin, the monitor Wyoming, three destroyers, two submarines, and eleven unarmored cruisers of various ages and sizes.

If eight battleships should remain in the Pacific, ten would be left for the Atlantic. When Evans sailed last December there remained in Atlantic waters practically no battleships save those in reserve and out of commission, the Iowa, Indiana, Texas, and Massachusetts. Of armored cruisers there was in reserve the Brooklyn, and under repair, the New York; of the monitors, three in reserve. Since the beginning of 1908 there have been placed in commission the new battleships New Hampshire, Mississippi, and Idaho, and the recently finished armored cruiser North Carolina. If the Iowa, the best of the older vessels, were recommissioned, a division of four battleships, or one-half of the eight to be left in the Pacific, would be ready to join the ten which will arrive from the Pacific. To take the places of the other four there are under construction or approaching completion the South Carolina, the Michigan, the Delaware, and North Dakota. In about two or three years, therefore, the loss of the eight battleships from the Atlantic fleet would be made good—unless the Iowa be subtracted, because of her age; and there would then be nearly completed the two leviathans just authorized by Congress. Plainly, therefore, such a plan as we suggest would only weaken the Atlantic fleet for a brief period; and to replace the armored cruisers on the Pacific a division of four could be found, the Montana—just 98 per cent. completed—the North Carolina, the Brooklyn, and the New York. Within four years, were this programme followed, we should have, without any further legislation, the two-ocean fleets which our naval enthusiasts are now so loudly demanding, reinforced also by the two new scout cruisers, five new destroyers, and eight new submarines. And this tabulation takes no account of the swarm of unprotected cruisers, torpedo boats, destroyers, and submarines, now in service in Atlantic and West Indian waters and in reserve in our various navy yards.

For shaking hands in public with a woman anarchist—three years in jail. This is the fate of a soldier of fifteen years' excellent military service, including one war. No; this has not happened in Russia. It was not the decree of Kaiser or Czar or of an aristocracy in deadly fear for its existence. It is a little incident in our American life, in the land of the brave and the home of the free. The soldier is Private William Buwalda of Company A of the Engineer Corps, and his offence consisted in going to an anarchist meeting in uniform and there shaking hands with Emma Goldman at the conclusion of her speech. Buwalda himself insisted that he attended the meeting merely in order to perfect himself in shorthand; the court-martial which tried him gave him a sentence of five years, afterwards reduced to three by Gen. Funston. Now, nobody is more opposed to anarchists than the *Nation;* but it is news to us that attending an anarchist meeting is a military crime. It is certainly not defined in the Articles of War; indeed, we doubt if it is specified anywhere as contrary to army regulations. If Buwalda had any knowledge that he was forbidden to attend certain meetings, we should be surprised. At most, he was guilty of an indiscretion; and the sentence is wholly disproportionate to the offence—unless the court wishes to make an anarchist of him. Meanwhile, the case stands as another example of our national hysteria over what is a state of mind, and not in itself a crime.

The result of the vote on prohibition in North Carolina was a foregone conclusion. If, in the heat of the campaign, Gov. Glenn and other leaders of the anti-liquor movement called for a majority of 50,000 as necessary definitely to settle the question, an actual majority of 35,000 to 40,000 ought to be more than satisfactory. The line between the urban and the rural vote does not seem to have been sharply drawn. In some country districts there was an unexpectedly large anti-prohibition vote, while in the large towns the liquor vote appears to have shown a decided falling off. Thus North Carolina joins Georgia, Alabama, and Oklahoma in supplying new impetus to the prohibition movement in the entire South. In so far as the State itself is concerned, the change, though marked, will not be extremely radical, since already 95 per cent. of the area of the State has no saloons. The effect of North Carolina's action should be felt, however, not only in States that are contemplating taking the plunge into the swimming hole of prohibition, where, according to an Atlanta cartoonist, "the water is fine," but in Georgia and Alabama, which have already taken the plunge. In both States it has been inevitable that the imperfections of a drastic law should manifest themselves immediately after its application, and especially a law so notoriously difficult to enforce as that against the manufacture and sale of liquor. But Georgia's law is less than a year old, and Alabama's is an infant of weeks. That North Carolina should have refused to be frightened by the initial difficulties of her sister States argues a resolute desire to try prohibition.

We have not read a better account of the political revolution that has been going on in the South since the close of the Ku Klux period than that in the current *American Magazine* by Ray Stannard Baker. Many observers have dwelt upon the rise to power of the "poor white," but few have realized that this is essentially a great democratic movement, a reaction from the aristocratic régime which began with this republic and only now is finally passing. Democratic institutions never really existed in the South. During slavery times, there were no public schools, and the leaders in the political world were as proud of their blood and breeding as any English aristocrats. The downfall of slavery, peculiarly an institution of caste and privilege, gave the ordinary white man his opportunity; but he made little use of it until such demagogues as Tillman, Vardaman and Jeff Davis showed the way. Since the overthrow of privilege in any guise must cause rejoicing, particularly in a republic, the question which naturally suggests itself is why the new politican of the South should not be welcomed with open arms. The reply is that such a man as Tillman is not a democrat at all, but simply a leader engaged in wresting for his own class the special advantages heretofore enjoyed by others. Were these men standing on the simple platform that all men are born free and equal before the law, it would be easy to bear with their crudities, their vulgarities, and their impassioned appeals to the groundlings. But, as Mr. Baker clearly shows, it is only for the white man of their own kind that they are laboring, when they are not in the field for their own personal advantage. The negro figures in their reckoning only as a sort of bogy with which to stir the passions of the multitude and strengthen their own faction. But if dangerous tendencies, grave wrongs, and many false leaders have been developed in the South's political revolution, it is, nevertheless, a revolution in the right direction. Learning, wider knowledge of the world and affairs, the greatly increased variety in the industrial product of the South—all these things forbid the thought that any movement to make helots either of negroes or the lowest whites can ultimately be successful. This is the worst period in the world's history for any set of men to try to make themselves masters of the fate and the labor and the lives of others. The very democratic forces which Tillman and Vardaman have set in motion move like the glacier, imperceptibly to the casual observer, but none the less steadily; since the days of Magna Charta progress, despite temporary delays, has been in only one direction.

Forgery is a natural handmaid of gambling; and the opposition to the Governor's plans to abolish legalized gambling on the race-track seems to be suspiciously afflicted by the assistance of forgers. In addition to the forged telegram to Senator Cassidy, for which the guilty man in Washington is to be put on trial, we now have the fact that forged letters of protest are being sent in numbers to Senator Agnew and others who have stood by Gov. Hughes. The job is clumsily done: alleged workingmen are sending nicely typewritten letters, on stationery of fine texture. But the animus and unscrupulousness of the attempt are plain, and show what kind of forbidden weapons desperate gamblers will not hesitate to use.

The American Free Art League tells in its last circular of the way in which our barbaric tariff on art operates against even public museums, which are supposed to get their importations free. As a matter of fact, four-fifths of the foreign works of art have come to the museums through the medium of private ownership and have thus paid duty. But there are other instances of hardship. Recently the Chicago Art Institute found itself in possession of two examples of Jules Breton which were very similar. The policy of the Institute was therefore to sell one, and with the proceeds secure some painting that would be a greater addition to the collection. But since the painting by Breton had entered the United States under bond, the Institute was compelled to turn over to the government a duty of $1,000. In any case, duty must be paid on picture frames made abroad; and here again the museums are mulcted. The story is an old one, but it must be told again and again till Congress is brought to the point of revising the tariff and abolishing a tax on education and æsthetic culture.

The proposed "canons of legal ethics" published by a committee of the American Bar Association, preparatory to submission at the annual meeting in August, will not of themselves purify the profession. No one expects that, or thinks that the solemn oath now suggested will really make it much harder for corporations to obtain men of eminent ability to show them how to evade the laws, or will drive out all the shysters who pluck and fleece the unfortunate and create litigation that they may profit by it. But since the genuine uplifting of the profession can come only from within, this symptom of the stirring of the lawyer-conscience is full of encouragement. It will be well, indeed, both for the client and for the legal adviser, to have these opinions as to what does or does not constitute proper professional conduct. It would be of value, also, if there could be a wider knowledge of the existence of the grievance committees of local bar associations. Some other easier way there ought to be, too, of disbarring the corrupt practitioner. The courts themselves could lend a hand here, were they so disposed; but, unfortunately, our permitting the naming of the judges by political organizations has left them, in this city at least, so open to attack by the profession that they are themselves often unfit to sit in judgment upon professional delinquencies.

In Radical parliamentary circles in England there is vehement opposition to the contemplated journey of Edward VII. to St. Petersburg. Should the head of liberty-loving Britain take to "hobnobbing with a blood-stained creature like the Czar?" The problem frequently recurs, and is not free from anomaly. What use is there, for instance, in speaking of that force of the world's opinion before which even Russian tyranny must tremble, if the world's crowned heads and governors stand ready to enter into the most amicable exchange of courtesies with the men so largely responsible for the stifling of liberty in Russia? It would seem that foreign opinion could express itself in no stronger form than through a refusal of the British monarch to meet the Czar. That would be repeating with tremendous force the late Campbell-Bannerman's challenge: "The Duma is dead, long live the Duma!" But that, unfortunately, is royal action of a kind possible only in a world of distinctly separated saints and sinners. How if the Czar were to refuse to meet Francis Joseph because of the way the Galician Poles treat the Ruthenians? And if Francis Joseph should refuse to meet William II. because of the way East Prussia treats the Poles? And if William II. should cut Edward VII. on account of the Bengalis, and Edward VII. should snub M. Fallières on account of the Moors, and M. Fallières should convey to Mr. Roosevelt his distress over our policy in the Philippines? Public opinion, expressing the moral protest of the best elements in a nation, may be justly directed against the evil that other nations do. But heads of states, who sum up in themselves the vices of their country as well as the virtues, are not in a position to cast stones.

Along with movements for the preservation of scenic beauty, naturally go efforts to make that beauty accessible to the public. The House of Commons has just read a second time a bill conferring "the right of free access to uncultivated mountain and moorland." A similar bill for Scotland was pushed by that enthusiastic mountaineer, James Bryce, about twenty years ago, but failed of passage. It was about the time when the Winans case—a man holding a great tract of land from sea to sea, patrolled by keepers, and with the public wholly excluded—caused much scandal. The present bill applies to England and Wales, as well as Scotland; and the disposition of the House appeared so favorable—the vote was 177 to 65—that the measure seems likely, in some form, to be made law. It would suspend the ordinary law of trespass to the point of providing that no person could be kept from uncultivated hills or heaths if he were there "for purposes of recreation or of scientific or artistic study." One golfing opponent of the bill appealed to prejudice by declaring that, under the terms of the proposed act, a tramp might sit down on the eighteenth green at Sandwich and refuse to move, for the reason that he was there for recreation. But the Attorney-General met all such legal quibbles with good-humor and apt judicial decisions.

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES.

Everybody at Washington has been working so assiduously to put everybody else "in a hole," that the practice has spread. Mr. Bryan has now attempted to give Secretary Taft a tumble in the matter of making public all campaign contributions. The latter, however, with that agility by which stout men often surprise onlookers, climbed lightly out of the cavity. He made public his letter of a month or so ago to Senator Burrows, advocating the McCall bill to enforce publicity. Mr. Taft added that he stood firmly by his record in favor of preventing corruption at elections by the secret use of money. At this, Mr. Bryan could be no less than "very much gratified"; and renewed his urging that Congress pass the pending measure before adjournment.

On one point, both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan could immediately enlighten their countrymen without an act of Congress. They could tell us what their respective campaigns for the nomination have cost. If we are to have publicity, let us have it all along the line. It might easily happen that an election would be comparatively pure, although a nomination for the election had been procured by corrupt means. Mark Hanna's two years' campaign to bring about the nomination of McKinley in 1896 was lavishly financed; and the political paying off of the pecuniary obligations thus incurred was an embarrassment and a reproach to the Administration. Even if the preliminary expenditures are wholly honest, the demand may be legitimately made that their amount be published. This is one of the things that

> 'tis but just
> The many-headed beast should know.

Under the English Corrupt Practices Act, all this outlay by candidates has to be inventoried and made oath to. Section 63 of that act fixes the time from which a candidate has to keep accurate account of all his expenses, for subsequent filing, as "on or after the day of the issue of the writ for such election"; and those who have to make the return include "any person who is nominated as a candidate, or is declared by himself or others to be a candidate." This would cover both Bryan and Taft for at least six months back; and it would be interesting and pertinent to know what sums have been spent to promote their candidacy. We have heard a very large sum mentioned as the contribution of Mr. Taft's wealthy brothers. A friend of the Secretary's stated as of his own knowledge that more than Taft's official salary had been paid out on long-distance telephone tolls alone. It has been estimated that Mr. Bryan has personally expended $50,000 to secure the nomination, besides what friends of his have put into the common treasury. All these details are an essential part of campaign expenses. A law as rigid as the English would compel their publication. But our two "leading candidates," as they modestly avow themselves to be, can settle all this on their own motion. Gov. Johnson, we notice, declares heartily for the idea. We dare say that Gov. Hughes would be willing to submit his personal accounts, which we have every reason to believe would include nothing but his travelling expenses. Certainly, it will not do for candidates to complain of the inaction of Congress so long as they take no action themselves. Let Mr. Bryan send another telegram to Secretary Taft proposing that they inform the people what amount of money has been laid out by or for either in securing delegates. We think the resulting "hole" would be large enough to accommodate both candidates.

The bill which the House insincerely passed, after tacking on amendments designed to make its defeat certain in the Senate, is a reasonably good measure to regulate the actual election of Congressmen and Presidents. Full and itemized accounts are to be kept of all funds received and expended. Not more than fifteen days and not less than ten before the election, a sworn statement of receipts and expenditures is to be filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and become a public record freely open to inspection. Similarly, within thirty days after the election, a supplementary statement is to be filed, containing a complete and final account. Lastly, to round out publicity of contributions, all sums above $50 given by any individual or association not through the party committee, must likewise be made oath to by their donors, and recorded as in other cases.

It is really unaccountable that no help in the passage of this bill to secure pure elections was had from President Roosevelt. He referred to it perfunctorily in his annual message, but in none of his urgent special messages, enumerating the things which Congress ought to do before adjourning, did he speak a good word for this measure. Its friends did not pretend that it awoke any interest in the White House. Yet no one should know better than Mr. Roosevelt what suspicion will dog the Republican campaign this year unless effective steps are taken to let the country know about political contributions. Democrats will shout from every stump that the President is again, as in 1904, getting secret gifts from his "practical" friend, Mr. Harriman. It will be asserted that Wall Street is for Taft, as it undoubtedly is, and the charge will be made that speculators are contributing large sums to buy the election. Now, the only way to refute such slanders, if slanders they be, is by entire frankness in making the party accounts public. The day of the huge corruption fund, gathered in the dark and spent in secret, has gone by. One way or another, the people are bound, as they are entitled, to know what it costs to nominate and elect a President. In the absence of legislation, the two national committees should bind themselves to do what the McCall bill would have required; and if the Independence League is invited to join in, we make no doubt that the shrinking Mr. Hearst will be glad to let his costly light shine.

THE SENATE RULES.

Senatorial indignation has run high over the attempt to prevent "the most august assembly on this earth" from voting on the currency bill. Both filibuster and filibusterers have been denounced without mincing language. One Democratic Senator was quoted as saying: "This has been the most disgusting proceeding I ever witnessed in the Senate." In the cloak-rooms and hotels, the language used was still plainer. Well, everybody knows what it is that exposes the Senate to this ignominious treatment. It clings to antiquated rules of procedure which open the door wide to such abuses. According the right of absolutely unlimited debate, and possessing no machinery to make an end of sheer obstruction, it places itself in the power of any unscrupulous or determined or merely fanatic member. If May 29, 1908, had been March 2, 1909, the Senate would have been wholly unable to pass a bill which a large majority earnestly desired to enact into law. This is to reduce any law-making body to imbecility.

It must not be supposed that the Senate has maintained its obsolete rules out of pure inertia. One motive has undoubtedly been a kind of pathetic ambition to preserve an ancient dignity. When the Senate consisted of 26 members, met in secret, and was much like a Privy Council, parliamentary constraint was scarcely necessary. Gentlemen would agree in a gentlemanly manner. Steeped in this honorable tradition, some Senators are unquestionably sincere in deploring the need of limiting debate in the Senate. But that has been by no means the chief consideration. Senators have grasped at the enormous power which the rules offer to an individual. They have been glad to have a weapon in the rules which would give them more influence than they could hope to exert by weight of character or force of argument. The opportunity to interpose a personal veto upon legislation is what Senators have cherished. They have been able to serve notice that a given bill could not be passed because, if necessary, they would talk it to death. This power, they have felt, has greatly enhanced their position. It is this which has helped them to control Representatives, dozens of whom one Senator would outweigh; and to threaten the Administration and force favors in the way of patronage from the Executive. So when the Senate groans over a "disgusting proceeding" under the rules, people are not really blind to the selfish motives which have thus far prevented such a change in the rules as would put the Senate on a par with all other legislative assemblies in the world. The Senate has not changed its procedure because the leaders of the Senate see individual profit in not changing.

The question is how many more senseless filibusters will have to uncover the defencelessness of the Senate before measures are taken to assert its authority. There is no demand for applying the rules of the House to the upper chamber. Nobody wants to throttle debate; all that is asked is that the wanton abuse of debate shall not be allowed to throttle the Senate. There is such a thing as reason in legislative discussion, and when it has run beyond all reason, legislators owe it to themselves and to their constituents to devise rules by which the endless flow of irrelevant words shall be stopped, and the individual or the group be compelled to let the majority have its will. What is wanted is not the extinction of the freedom of debate, but the parliamentary suppression of the man who takes advantage of outworn rules and bars all action.

Short of some form of the closure, which we think the Senate will yet be forced in self-defence to adopt, there is much that could be done by a vigilant and firm presiding officer to put an end to such inflictions as the Senate suffered from on Friday and Saturday. Certain dormant rules were, for the occasion, revived and enforced—as that no Senator should speak more than twice on the same subject on the same day. But there is an inherent power in any presiding officer, which could be asserted, rules or no rules, and which would cut off a great deal of the talking (or rambling) against time which disguises itself as debate. We mean the power to make every orator speak to the question. This is a recognized function of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Debates in that body are, heaven knows, tedious enough, but if a member wanders far afield, either out of mere stupidity or in order to kill time, the Speaker calls him back to the subject before the House. This may be done on the Speaker's own motion, or at the prompting of a member. A similar practice holds in our House of Representatives. More than once, during the past session, a member has been called to order for not speaking to the question. This is an essential part of the orderly progress of debate; and it is the business of the presiding officer to see that business is conducted in an orderly manner. And if Vice-President Fairbanks had resolutely refused to permit Senator La Follette to read from a novel, or from irrelevant government reports, he would have been acting within his inherent rights as a presiding officer, and would surely have been sustained by the Senate.

Without a change in the rules, a bold presiding officer might go still further. He might do what Speaker Brand did when he broke through the systematic obstruction of the Irish members in the eighties. After two or three days and nights of that clutching of the House by the throat, the Speaker announced that the right of debate had been grossly abused, that it was plain that the pending question had been more than sufficiently discussed, and that he would proceed to put it to vote. Of course, he first notified Mr. Gladstone of his intention, and also the leader of the Opposition, and was certain of being upheld; yet his action was only an assertion of the inherent dignity and the real duty of the chair. Such a course might profitably be followed by the Vice-President, who presides over the Senate.

A SOUTH AFRICAN FEDERATION.

The college instructor who wishes to give his students a clear conception of the circumstances in which the American nation was born, might well quote freely from the current dispatches from South Africa. Where British and Boer fought some six years ago, a new British commonwealth is now in the process of formation; and the causes that are bringing Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony together are largely those with which writers on the "critical period" in our own history have made us familiar. If the past really helps us understand the present, the obverse is equally true. The Jacquerie that preceded the outbreak of the French Revolution, the château-burnings, and that prolonged, partly silent, yet mortal "war in the village" that went on over the greater part of France while royal ministers of finance kept on contracting new loans, must have taken on new color to the reader of W. E. Walling's recent articles in the *Independent* on the agrarian upheaval of two and three years ago in Russia. The story of Nunzio Nasi, a former Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, who has been found guilty of gross peculations, and who was fond of removing art treasures from the public buildings to his own house, brings his countryman, Caius Verres, more vividly to mind than all of Cicero's orations. And Diocletian, in his Dalmatian cabbage-patch, may come nearer to us if we think of him as carefully watching from his retirement at Salona to see that the Cæsar who succeeded him was faithfully carrying out his predecessor's "policies." And so in the present South Africa we may read something of past America.

A united South Africa has been predicted for some years, if on no other ground than on the analogy of our own country, of Canada, and, within the last decade, of Australia. The British Empire is the fecund mother of self-governing commonwealths, and the pangs of their birth do not greatly differ. The latest move towards South African federation has arisen out of colonial quarrels over railway and customs policy. The Transvaal is, of course, the richest of the four colonies, and is predominantly an industrial region. It is the largest purchaser both of foreign manufactures and of domestic agricultural produce. Hence, the prosperity of the Cape Colony ports, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, and of Durban in Natal, and of the Cape Colony and Natal railways, has depended on the Transvaal trade. But the natural harbor for the Transvaal, Lourenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa, is over fifty miles nearer than Durban to Johannesburg, and, approximately, only one-third as far from Johannesburg as Cape Town. The obvious interest of the Transvaal in shipping by way of Lourenço Marques has thus been in conflict with that of the other colonies—a conflict which has hitherto been minimized by mutual concessions under a railway agreement to which all the colonies are parties. But the years since the war have been years of industrial depression in the Transvaal, and of consequently growing restlessness under an arrangement which that colony has always regarded as more or less inequitable. It was to consider a revision of the railway agreement and of customs rates—the colonies are united in a customs union—that a conference met at Pretoria on May 4, and it was only two days later that this body, having assembled in no very amicable spirit, issued the following declaration:

> The delegates of the self-governing colonies have adopted the principle of closer union, and undertake to submit certain resolutions to their Parliaments with reference thereto. They also undertake to recommend to their Parliaments the appointment of delegates to a national convention for the purpose of framing a draft Constitution.

It was like the ending of a lovers' quarrel. The convention is to meet some time this year, and it has already been decided that the Constitution which it may frame shall be submitted for approval or rejection, without the right to alter, to the various colonial Parliaments.

Federation will not, however, come within a year or two, if the Australian precedent is to count. But that it will come soon is everywhere looked upon as a certainty; and the colonies have already fallen to disputing over details. Here again we are reminded of the period preceding our own Constitution. The conference fixed the membership of the convention at thirty, of which the Cape Colony is to have twelve, the Transvaal eight, and Natal and Orange River five apiece. Whence arises much discontent in Natal, and a less amount also in the Transvaal. Readers of our history will recognize an old friend in the protest of the *Times of Natal*, that, "Natal is entitled to equal representation at the proposed conference, and that the resolutions strike a blow at the State's rights"; or in the fear of the Transvaal *Cape Times*, lest "the resolutions give the big states power to squeeze the smaller." It is the Virginia plan, and the New Jersey plan of 1787, all over again.

Other analogies are to be seen. There is in Rhodesia a vast territory reserved for future British-Boer expansion, which exercises to some extent the same unifying influence that our own Northwest Territory did. There is the native question, more formidable to South Africa than our own was to us, as we see it now, though not as the founders may have thought it. There will come up, too, undoubtedly, the question of apportionment of power in the federal legislature as between British and Boer, corresponding roughly to our own North and South. For, though there is no question of actual racial division in the future state, a line of demarcation must naturally persist for years to come. The United States of South Africa, when a fact, will contain an area of 475,000 square miles, a white population of some 1,200,000, and a native population of over 4,000,000. And, if we include Bechuanaland and Rhodesia, the area will be 1,200,000 square miles, and the native population nearly 6,000,000.

A WORD FOR THE SWAN OF LICHFIELD.

It is time that some one spoke a good word for Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield. She died in 1809. The next year Constable brought out her poems in three volumes, edited by Scott, who generously said: "The name of Anna Seward has for many years held a high rank in the annals of British literature." In 1811 Constable published also six volumes of her letters, in which the editor discovered "many intellectual and moral excellences." Finally, in 1813, W. C. Oulton compiled "The Beauties of Anna Seward, Carefully Selected and Alphabetically Arranged under Appropriate Heads." He declared that "as a writer Miss Seward had great merit." But since then the devil's advocate has been busy. Our historians and critics of literature have named her only to damn her. Lately the interest in her has slightly revived. Last autumn E. V. Lucas gave us a book devoted to the Lichfield circle, "A Swan and Her Friends"; but he could not resist the temptation to ridicule her. Some months ago Miss Repplier, in one of her wittiest articles in the *Atlantic*, made game of the Swan; and now in the June issue, writing of "Our Great-Grandmothers' Novel," Miss Repplier indulges in a few more sly digs at Miss Seward—*tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!*

Miss Seward's affectation and vanity we do not deny; but we maintain that her faults were due largely to her social and intellectual surroundings. If we take her as a representative of her class, the eighteenth-century blue-stocking, we shall find it very entertaining to skim through her writings. Even the most ambitious of us cannot always follow Frederic Harrison's advice to read only "the best, the eternal, the indispensable books"; and if we turn aside from the main travelled road of the age, we can find no pleasanter or more instructive by-path than Miss Seward's "Letters" and her "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin." This path does not lead over the heights; it does not command a noble prospect; but it runs through a quiet cathedral town where Samuel Johnson and Garrick were born and where the luckless Major André made love to Honora Sneyd; it affords us glimpses of a few of the great authors of the day, and a host of the lesser; it passes the Etruscan vase at Bath-Easton and the learned ladies gathered round it to read their verses and wear the crown of myrtle—assuming important little airs of authorship, just as hundreds are doing to-day. If we are familiar with the work of Miss Seward's contemporaries, we perceive that her absurdities of thought and style are but an exaggeration of the traits of Johnson, of Cowper, of Henry Mackenzie with his "Man of Feeling," and of Miss More. Even these absurdities seem almost pathetic as we draw to the end of the "Letters" and pierce through all affectation to the fact that Miss Seward's life, in spite of literary success and popular plaudits, was in essence a tragedy.

Her "Monody on Major André" is to this day much sought by collectors of Americana. Since Honora Sneyd had been her bosom friend, Miss Seward's interest in André and her indignation at Washington are but natural:

> Oh WASHINGTON! I thought thee great and good,
> Nor knew thy Nero-thirst of guiltless blood!
> Severe to use the pow'r that fortune gave,
> Thou cool determin'd murderer of the brave! . . .
> Remorseless WASHINGTON! the day shall come
> Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom!
> When injur'd ANDRE'S memory shall inspire
> A kindling army with resistless fire;
> Each falchion sharpen that the Britons wield,
> And lead their fiercest lion to the field!
> Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
> When dubious dread and unavailing flight
> Impel your host, thy guilt-upbraided soul
> Shall wish untouch'd the sacred life you stole!
> And when thy heart appall'd, and vanquish'd pride
> Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd,
> With horror shalt thou meet the fate thou gave,
> Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave!
> For infamy, with livid hand, shall shed
> Eternal mildew on the ruthless head!

But for such an outburst as this we need feel no resentment, for, as she tells us in one of her letters, when she learned all the facts she was "filled with contrition for the rash injustice" of her censure.

The story she tells in the "Life of Dr. Darwin" about Thomas Day, author of "Sanford and Merton," has often been reprinted. Disappointed by a fickle sweetheart, he decided to train a wife to his mind. "He resolved that she should be as simple as a mountain girl in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines." But he was grievously disappointed. Struggle as he might, he could not make the girl proof against the dread of pain and danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, and when he fired blank pistols at her, she would persistently start and scream. Less familiar, perhaps, are Miss Seward's anecdotes of Johnson as she saw him on occasional visits to Lichfield. For example:

> Johnson told me once that he would "hang a dog that read the 'Lycidas' twice."
>
> "What then," replied I, "must become of me, who can say it by heart, and who often repeat it to myself with a delight 'which grows by what it feeds upon'?"
>
> "Die," returned the growler, "in a surfeit of bad taste."
>
> Thus it was that the wit and awless impoliteness of the stupendous creature bore down by storm every barrier which reason attempted to rear against his injustice.

Miss Seward when young, Sir Walter assures us, "must have been exquisitely beautiful"—as an engraving of her portrait by Kettle abundantly testifies. She had her share of attention from men. While scarcely more than a girl she became engaged to marry, but her father broke off the match. Other suitors appeared, but, for some reason, she accepted none of them. Outwardly she made the best of her lot as a spinster: she advised bringing up girls with a taste for literature, which "must preclude the discontents of celibacy, should celibacy be their lot"; and she protested that she was "perfectly reconciled to her . . . old-maidism." Certainly, she enjoyed all the consolations of fame. Wherever she went she was lionized; and she was convinced that the offspring of her mind would live forever in the hearts of posterity. Yet the fondness with which she dwelt on compliments to her fading charms, and on the memory of her love affairs, indicates that, as the burden of lonely years and ill-health increased, she might gladly have exchanged her laurels for a husband and children of her body. And if she can now look down upon the dust which lies thick upon her books, disturbed once in a score of years by some curious student, she must feel infinite pity for all women—from the ambitious, sweet girl graduate to the last popular novelist—who are founding their happiness on the hope of literary immortality.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

I.

There is withal something of the amateur about Sir Thomas Browne, and, more perhaps than any other great writer of English, he is saved from "the iniquity of oblivion" by his unexpected phrases and his isolated flights of fancy that cling to memory like the "wild enormities of ancient magnanimity." And yet as, lured on by the handsome pages of this new edition of his works,[*] we read his greater and lesser treatises in order, it gradually becomes clear that his writing is not so haphazard as it seemed, and that even to a peculiar degree he was concerned with a single idea dominant in his age.

The two aspects of that idea were rationalism and science, for which the early years of the century had prepared the way and which the latter years were to see fully developed. Between the inception and the consummation of the movement we may, without insisting too arbitrarily on such a division, observe in England a moment of uncertainty, marked in philosophy by the attempt of Henry More to reconcile the ancient sombre mysteries of religion with the coming optimistic deism, and in science by the divagations of our Norwich physician. From the many workers who laid the foundation of science three names may be selected as variously typical: Bacon, its prophet; Descartes, its theorizer; and Aldrovandus, its practical exemplar. All three were conscious of the radical break with the past involved in the new idea. "The only clue and method," wrote the Englishman in the Preface to his "Great Instauration," "is to begin all anew, and direct our steps in a certain order, from the very first perceptions of the senses"; and at the end of this path he descried as in a prophetic vision the race of discoveries, sprung from the nuptial couch of the mind and the universe, which should fulfil the wants and vanquish the miseries of mankind. How deliberately Descartes swept, or tried to sweep, his brain free of the cobwebs of tradition, need not be told; he too had his vision, not so much of the future, as of the present universe revolving like some monstrous engine, wheel within wheel, all of whose intricate motions could be explained by purely mechanical laws. And already Aldrovandus, in his garden at Padua, had seen, imperfectly no doubt, the necessity of rewriting the whole book of natural history from actual observation. The fruition of the movement, so far as England is concerned, began in the year 1660, when Charles II., himself a curious observer of physical experiments, chartered the Royal Society. In a few years Newton and Locke, the acknowledged fathers of the eighteenth century, were to complete the theory of natural law and extend its sway over mankind, the one by his investigations of universal motion, the other by his analysis of the human understanding.

It was thus not merely the shackles of tradition the new scholarship would throw away; it would invade the ancient sanctuaries of the heart also, and for the humility of religious faith substitute its own pride of investigation. The end of that movement was not unapparent even to the men involved in its triumphant progress. Not a few of them foresaw and dreaded what seemed to them a limiting of man's spiritual life under the rationalizing tendency of science and deism; and the middle of the seventeenth century, in the years before the dominion of Newton and Locke, shows a number of writers who revolted against the new tyranny, either by denying its dictates or by accepting them and twisting them to other conclusions.

II.

Our Norwich physician, half-unconscious, no doubt, of his position, and with the Briton's usual incapacity of logic, was led by the insubordinate faculties of the poet within him to another door of escape. Coming back to England from the Continental schools where the militant ideas were already far advanced, he felt a troubled uneasiness of conscience, and in his "Religio Medici" undertook to establish himself in a safe compromise. As the title of the book implies, the problem presented itself to him immediately as the need of reconciling orthodoxy and the materialism of the new medicine; and so he begins:

> For my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all, as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my Behavior and Discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently Defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention Opposing another; yet, in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable Style of a Christian.

Such is his thesis, but religion, as Pascal and Bunyan understood it and as his orthodox enemies were not slow to observe, receives scant attention from his wandering mind, while his boasted tolerance toward the creed of Catholic, Jew, or Pagan is next of kin to indifference. In effect his work takes its place, a splendid place, among the innumerable protests of the imagination against the imperious usurpations of science. The freedom of fancy which had wantoned in every arbitrary and impossible combination of natural objects—

> Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam—

such license was becoming impossible for a trained intellect, as Browne himself had proved in his "Vulgar Errors." If the spirit were to maintain its liberty against the encroachments of a fatalism, which would reduce the circle of a man's life to a mere wheel spinning for an hour in the vast unconscious mechanism of the world, it must be by the assertion of another principle distinct from and unmoved by the levers of physical energy. Bacon, and more definitely Descartes, had indeed granted this immaterial law,, but—*quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*; they were pleased to leave it in the sphere of the lofty inane, with no hold upon the heart and actions of men, with no answer to the cry of the bewildered conscience, with no root in human experience—an empty figment of the reason or a sop to quiet the barkings of the Church. What they lacked essentially, and what Sir Thomas Browne supplied, was the primary imagination, as later it was to be defined by Coleridge—the faculty, that is, by which we unite the broken and dispersed images of the world into an harmonious poetic symbol. In their investigation of the law of nature they did not sufficiently recognize that these observed phenomena are but the shadow, too often distorted and misleading, of the greater reality which resides within the observer himself, and obeys its own law. In their haste they lost the power of subjecting the less to the greater reality, of associating the outer with the inner, and thus of finding through the many that return to the one, which was, as Coleridge interpreted the phrase, the *esemplastic* function of the imagination. They followed too well the precept of Bacon: "The understanding must not therefore be supplied with wings, but rather hung with weights, to keep it from leaping and flying."

III.

It is, I know, a part of our present-day eagerness for obliterating distinctions to deny any incompatibility between science and religion, as between science and poetry. And in a way no doubt science has its own faith and its own imaginative domain. Who can be insensible to the exaltation that must come from tracking nature into her secret reserves? who has not felt that exaltation when the mind opens to the thought of illimitable dynamic law? And always there is the residuum of mystery at the end of our actual vision, intensified it may be by the slow-groping security of our approach. There is the imagination of science as of religion. Some minds may dwell in one and the other of these alternately, or even confuse them together; but in their essence they are distinct. If we were to define these two genera scholastically we should say that the scientific imagination is quantitative, the religious qualitative. Thus Lucretius, impressed by the almost infinite divisibility of matter, and the impossibility of conceiving any ordered relation among so many parts, sees in vision the innumerable atoms hurtling blindly toward some centre of space, all obeying, so far as the shock of other atoms permits, some incalculable whim of diverse motion, and, after countless changes of combination, cohering for a moment in the forms of this world. Such a vision is the carrying to a quantitative extreme of the chance and individualism that, to a first glance at least, seem to control the momentary meetings and separations of men and things. It is, without the introduction of any new quality, the utmost visible extension of our feeling of that which Cæsar called "Fortune whose whim governs mankind." Of the same sort quantitatively is the development of the sense of order in things, as seen in another mood, to a universal scheme of nature, typified so graphically by the legend of Newton's deducing the law of gravitation from the fall of an apple. There must be powerful excitement of the imagination, an almost overwhelming magnitude of vision, in this exercise of the scientific faculty; we know how profoundly Newton himself was stirred by the grandeur of his discovery. There is in it also, we must admit, something disquieting to most minds when they enter into themselves to reflect on this dominance of nature whether it be in the direction of ungoverned chance or of inevitable regularity. The melancholy, if not the madness, of Lucretius is well known:

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[*] *The Works of Sir Thomas Browne.* Edited by Charles Sayle. 3 vols. (The English Library.) Edinburgh: John Grant.

> O miseras hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!
> (O wretched minds of men, O blind hearts! in what shadows of life, in how great perils, is passed this little term of being!)

Nor is there less significance in the anxious awe of Herbert Spencer at the contemplation of those unsoundable gulfs of space through which his law of irresponsible evolution extended its sway. These are the nostalgias of impersonal science.

Now, what has been called the qualitative imagination, religious or poetic, may show itself in the same mind with the quantitative, but it always implies the admission of a new element. Thus in Lucretius side by side with his vision of endless ruthless motion is the conception, at least the passionate desire, of a calm which may remove him entirely outside of the world's despotic chance. When, in the exordium to his second book, he breaks into that magnificent praise of the *sapientum templa serena*, the lofty and serene places whence the wise may look down dispassionately on the wanderings of men and their restless seekings and cruel ambitions, it is no mere separation from toiling mankind for which he prays, but a retreat of religion within his breast, where he may take refuge from the terror of these wild aberrations carried into the very being and mechanism of the universe. It was thus, in the superb expression of this longing for a faith which his reason would not admit, that he may be said to have denied divinely the divine. Newton also turned from his contemplation of inexorable natural law to the most orthodox and childlike confidence in Providence and the medley of Hebraic prophecy. We are apt to forget that besides his "Principia" he wrote an exposition of Daniel and the Apocalypse. Lucretius, intellectually a man of science, emotionally a poet, seeks relief in pure negation, and balances annihilation against the world. Newton apparently never tried to connect his science and his religion or saw any difficulty in embracing both at once; his dualism of nature and deity was of that mechanical sort which is only possible when a man has not stopped to realize his ideas in actual human experience.

IV.

Sir Thomas Browne, it is needless to say, stands far below Lucretius in emotional vigor and as a man of science is not to be named with Newton; but in his method of escape from an overweening naturalism he has a place of his own in the long battle of the spirit. In him the witness within does not speak in the Lucretian voice of magnificent denial, nor is it, like Newton's, a mere echo of a past faith; but makes itself heard in every act of the intelligence. Always there is present the sense of something other and different lurking beneath natural law and peering out at the observer with strange enticements; and this to him was the great reality. He is one of the purest examples of the religious imagination severed from religious dogma or philosophy; dualism with him takes the form of an omnipresent and undefined mystery involving, and sometimes dissolving, the world into wonder—a dangerous faculty, one may add, and apt to run with time into the thinnest wash of romanticism, but saved in him by a sturdy regularity of character.

He was no systematic philosopher, nor is the "Religio Medici" constructed on a rigid argument—far from it. Yet, with all its fantastic divagations and its quaint confessions, this desire to restate facts in accordance with the author's "solitary and retired imagination" is never long absent and gives it a strong unity of effect. "The whole creation is a mystery," he says; " . . . a dream or mock-show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics." Rather: "in this mass of Nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. . . . This visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric." Theology itself is saved by its "wingy mysteries" and "airy subtleties."

It was inevitable that such a mind, groping in the bowels and anatomies of nature for a justification of faith, should have been fascinated by the underlying mystery of death, which, while extending the claims of materialism to their logical consummation, startles the observer by its horrible *reductio scientiæ ad absurdum*. The accidental unearthing of some old mortuary vessels was, therefore, only the accidental cause that set our author off in wild pursuit of the paradox which finds in the absolute negative of death the affirmation of omnipotent mystery. Through all the pedantries of the "Urn-Burial," with its notes on funeral customs jumbled together from every conceivable source, it is the glimpse of these mockeries of reason, breaking through the stiff language ever and anon with shrill vehemence, that keeps the interest of the reader alert. What is human pride before this imperious scoffer? "Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests; what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his reliques?" Thus paradox swallows paradox, until at the end of the book, as all readers know, these tongues of eloquence leap together like the flames bursting upward from a funeral pyre, and the grinning contradiction of the tomb is lost in "the metaphysics of true belief."

Once again, in his "Letter to a Friend," Sir Thomas Browne takes up the theme of death; and again, as he tells of watching by the bedside of the young man who is fading away visibly into the invisible darkness, it is the strangeness of the miracle that absorbs him. He could not go to cure the body of a patient, he says elsewhere, without losing his profession in concern for the man's soul; but one interest of his own he must always take with him—his inquisitive research into the paradox of living and dying. Thus his "Letter to a Friend," with its lingering absorption in the present mystery creeping upon the world before the very eyes of the watcher like an all-obliterating shadow out of the infinite, may be regarded as a complement to the "Urn-Burial," with its rhapsody on the memorials of the past. Together they would seem to say: Look hither and lay aside vain pretensions; there is no knowledge of death.

V.

Other writers, especially in more recent times, have undertaken to express this constant dualism of knowledge and wonder, of reason and mystery, which it was the main business of eighteenth-century philosophy to deny, but none with the same magnificent impetuosity as Sir Thomas Browne. Something of his power was due to his age, something to the solidity of his training; but still more to the imaginative burden of his language. Of style in one sense he possesses, indeed, little; unless sustained by poetic emotion, he is never safe from floundering in the most awkward verbiage. He is, more, perhaps, than any other author in English, dependent for his fame on purple patches. But at its best, there is I know not what excellence of sound in his language, a melody through which we seem to catch echoes of otherworldly music, that ravish the hearer into an ecstasy of admiration. He has, as he himself might say, transfused into words the magic of that Pythagorean numerosity which forever haunted his understanding.

It is not easy to discover the secret of these harmonies in words, for his manner varies from page to page. At times, particularly in his earlier works, the language is brief and direct, built up on the simplest Anglo-Saxon roots. More often it has a touch of exotic strangeness, due principally to the excess of Latin. "He has many *verba ardentia*," said Dr. Johnson, "forcible expressions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmost verge of propriety; and flights which would never have been reached, but by one who had very little fear of the shame of falling." There is undoubtedly a danger in this constant recourse to Latin idioms, as may be seen in many of his imitators. Dr. Johnson, who is known to have modelled his style on Sir Thomas Browne's, was able to attain by this means a gravity which raises the commonplace almost to the sublime; but other writers only sank with its weight. Whole passages in "The Seasons," for instance, halt and stumble, as if loaded with foreign chains. Browne himself, we may suppose, employed this pedantic style, as did Milton and others of that age, primarily because his reading was so much more in Latin than in English that these outlandish terms came to him more promptly than their home equivalents. But there is also at times an artistic consciousness that the note of surprise was better obtained by these unusual words and the desired richness of harmony more fully developed. I do not know whether the musical difference of the Anglo-Saxon and classical elements in our tongue has been analyzed, but to me they seem in the hands of a master to be related to each other as a pure tone is to one rich in harmonics. There is a full and complex effect from the sonorous Latin words due to countless half-remembered associations, comparable to the undertones and overtones that give the note of the violin its pathetic appeal. Almost always we catch these echoes of the past in the language of Sir Thomas Browne when most characteristic; they are heard clearly in such a passage as this, in the "Letter to a Friend":

> And altho' he had no Opinion of reputed Felicities below, and apprehended Men widely out in the Estimate of such Happiness; yet his nobler Contempt of the World wrought no *Democritism* or *Cynicism*, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not Felicities in this World to satisfy a serious Mind; and therefore to soften the Stream of our Lives, we are fain to take in the reputed Contentations of this World, to unite with the Crowd in their Beatitudes, and to make ourselves happy by Consortion, Opinion, or Co-existimation: for strictly to separate from received and customary Felicities, and to confine unto the Rigor of Realities, were to contract the Consolation of our Beings unto too uncomfortable Circumscriptions.

That may sound at first merely quaint, if not cumbrous; yet to the attentive ear what subtle harmonies unfold themselves. To understand the force of this deliberate Latinization, consider for a moment the contrast of the words *felicity* and *happiness* that stand so close together. The Saxon word is direct, strong, simple, with the associations of the common homely feelings of the day. But in that thrice-repeated *felicities* there is I know not what strange accumulation of meaning from the hopes and desires and disappointments of many peoples through many ages. I hear, as it were a deep undertone, the grave reflection of Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.* I hear the pathetic phrase of Boëtius, thinking of his own fall from felicity and of the waning world: *Fuisse felicem et non esse.* That phrase, I recall, was caught up by Dante and placed in the mouth of his Francesca da Rimini: *Che ricordarsi del tempo felice*—"there is no greater woe than to remember in pain the time of felicity"; and from Dante it has passed into the emotional life of Europe. Echoes of the word come to me from great passages in Spanish and French, and last of all the plea of dying Hamlet to his friend:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.

Can any one fail to perceive the lingering sweetness and manifold associations of the word *felicity* here as it is contrasted with the quick, stinging Saxon words that follow? Such was the music of the emotions sought and obtained by Sir Thomas Browne in the passage quoted. To vary the metaphor, his cunning use of Latin words affects the ear like the hearing of some majestic fugue, in which the melody, taken up by voice after voice, is repeated and varied and interwoven until the listener by the long accumulation of sound is rapt out of the solid world into mystic admiration.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

ROTOGRAPHS OF A WORCESTER CATHEDRAL MANUSCRIPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the recent discussion (see the *Nation* for March 5, March 19, and April 2), as to the best method of reproducing the valuable manuscripts of European libraries so as to make them accessible to students in America and elsewhere, it may interest many readers of the *Nation* to know that the library of Western Reserve University has just obtained rotographs of a Worcester Cathedral manuscript. These specimens of the rotographic process are certainly excellent, the white script on a black ground standing out boldly, so that in many places where the manuscript has been injured and the writing dimmed the reproductions seem to be sharper and more distinct than the original. With considerable experience in reading Old and Middle English, mediæval Latin, and old French manuscripts in the libraries of England, I should say the rotograph process, as the work is done by the Clarendon Press, is eminently satisfactory. So far I have not noticed that rotographs are any more trying to the eyes than any original mediæval manuscript of the same kind and size of script is likely to be.

For many of us American students who are not able to spend every summer abroad, such methods of making the treasures of the old world libraries available are little less than a godsend. And since the Modern Language Association adopted a plan at its last meeting for coöperative work among the libraries of this country in the rotographing of desirable manuscripts in the libraries of England, the day will no doubt soon come when American scholars engaged in research in the field of English literature, at least, may have the use of any valuable English manuscript by making proper application to one of the university or college libraries associated in the plan.

The Worcester Cathedral manuscript Folio 172, mentioned above, was virtually unknown to scholars until a couple of years ago, when a brief account of its contents was published in *Modern Philology*, July, 1906. Later in the same year, a description of it was included in the "Catalogue of Manuscripts, Preserved in the Chapter Library of Worcester Cathedral," compiled by John Kestell Floyer and Sidney Graves Hamilton, and printed for the Worcestershire Historical Society. The manuscript consists of 213 leaves, measuring 11x8 inches, written by one hand in the second half of the fifteenth century. The contents embrace about twenty different pieces, all Middle English prose. Most of them are preserved in other manuscripts, and have already been made accessible in printed form; but in every case the dialect and style of the Worcester manuscripts differ materially from other known versions. Then there are two or three important long pieces, which are otherwise unknown in Middle English versions. The first is the "Disciplina Clericalis" of Peter Alfonse, a collection of Oriental tales, composed in Latin by a converted Spanish Jew early in the twelfth century, which exerted a powerful influence upon mediæval, especially French, literature. The Statutes of Roger Niger, Bishop of London, 1229-1241, were originally composed in Latin, and a manuscript of the original is preserved in the Cambridge University library. But the Worcester manuscript contains, I think, the only known Early English version of this interesting and important episcopal document, which promulgated specific laws for the regulation and government of English religious and social life of the thirteenth century in all its phases. Following the Statutes in the manuscript we find the Constitutions of William de Courternay, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1381-1396, and of Archbishop Robert of Winchelsey, 1294-1313. Of well-known mediæval treatises the following are preserved in the Worcester Manuscript: "The Gospel of Nicodemus" (fragmentary); Richard Rolle of Hampole's "Libel of the Amendment of Man's Life or the Rule of Good Living"; "A Treatise Against Ghostly Temptations"; "Epistola Alexandri magni ad magistrum suum Aristotelem;" the Deeds (or Acts) of the Apostles (Purvey's translation); "The Book of Contemplation, or the Divine Cloud of Unknowing" (better known, perhaps, as "The Ladder of Perfection"); the Psalter in Latin and English (a fragment ending with Ps. 83, 18, probably by Hampole).

WM. H. HULME.

Cleveland, O., May 21.

ENGLISH IN RELATION TO OTHER STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add one more word on the obligations of all teachers to the subject of English composition?

I quite agree with Professors Maurice G. Fulton, and H. P. Breitenhach, in your issue of May 21, that there is a good deal in the teaching of English composition that lies outside the interests and generally beyond the capacities of teachers of other subjects; but I think that their communications do not recognize the first problem that we teachers of English have to meet, viz.: the demand of the community that our pupils, whether in school or in college, shall be able to put their ideas in writing without exposing themselves to the suspicion of illiteracy. School committees, school superintendents, and headmasters would all admit, I think, that it is a disgrace to our system of education that large numbers of boys and girls graduate from our high schools with such outward and visible habits of illiteracy as bad spelling, abortive sentences, and senseless paragraphing. There is a minimum of correctness and freedom of expression, with which every child has a right to expect that he shall be equipped; that minimum many schools make little pretence of attaining.

When we look for the cause of this manifest failure of our school systems, there can be no doubt that it is in part to be found in the fact that teachers of other subjects condone illiteracy. If the public have a right to expect that their children's writing shall show that they have been to school, they must demand that all teachers besides being to some degree specialists in their subjects shall also use and enforce reasonably correct English.

It is important that the question of efficiency in the higher teaching of English should not obscure the more fundamental one of a minimum of literacy.

J. H. GARDINER.

Harvard University, May 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two letters in the *Nation* on the teaching of English (March 19 and April 30) interested me greatly. Every effort to arouse teachers in other departments to a sense of their duty toward English is an effort in the right direction. Mr. Herbert L. Baker, however, in your issue of April 30, seems a little extreme in his position when he says:

> The practice of having various teachers on various subjects apply, by lecture or otherwise, the pouring-in process exclusively for days and weeks together, until the pupil has become more or less waterlogged mentally, and then sending him to another teacher to learn to pump himself out, seems a peculiarly abortive one.

In truth, is there a school in which this is done? Is there a teacher anywhere who continues "for days and weeks together" the "pouring-in" process, without the "pouring-out" process? Does not every teacher call for oral or written expression, or both, from his pupils at shorter intervals than the phrase, "days and weeks together" seems to indicate? The difficulty is that in many cases the teacher pays but little attention to correctness of form and mechanical structure, expecting the teacher of English to attend to that. Most teachers are to be censured, not for entire lack of expression on the part of the pupil, but rather for a lack of correctness and effectiveness of expression.

Mr. Baker continues:

> By fixing the attention upon form, to the neglect, if not the exclusion, of subject matter, this process involves a separation between the teaching of thought and the teaching of expression, which is hostile to both.

My objection to Mr Baker's position here is that he seems to assume that the student has nothing to express except that which comes from a class exercise. If this is true, the teaching of composition is absurd; but it is not true. To give an example from my own teaching: Last week I had a class of twenty boys and girls in second-year academy work write themes in exposition. They were to tell how they made something. Here more than in any other kind of composition they had an opportunity to use material they had gathered in other courses. Only one selected such a subject. One boy told how he made a porringer in the metal shop. All the other students selected subjects outside of class work. One told how he made a rabbit-trap—knowledge gained as a boy on the farm. Another told how he made a magic-lantern—an actual experience of early boyhood. These themes were much more interesting when read in class than if only processes with which all were familiar had been described. In a third-year class this subject was assigned for the students' first argument: "Examinations at the close of the quarter should (or should not) be abolished," the student to select the side he preferred. The efforts were crude (if they had not been, I should have known they were not original), but each student had his first opportunity of putting down in the form of written argument his own observation and experience upon a subject concerning which he had a very decided opinion—material that came from no text, that could have been gathered in no class, material that would never be used if each teacher looked after his own composition work.

Every person has a fund of thought which does not ordinarily find expression. One of the important duties of the teacher of composition toward the student is to have him formulate this inchoate material and express it clearly and sincerely. Often a student writes a theme more mature than his experience seems to warrant. On inquiry I frequently find that the subject is one which he has had in mind for a long time; one which did not come from a class exercise. Is such material as this—more truly the student's own than any other with which he deals—to be pushed into the background while he puts forth only what he gains from his teacher or his class work? Such a choking-out process discourages freshness and originality, and tends to make the student only the mouthpiece of others.

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN.

Peoria, Ill., May 23.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your "News for Bibliophiles" of May 21 you give some features of W. W. Greg's "bibliographical bombshell," contributed to the English quarterly, the *Library*. One of these seems to me to have very little weight, and it would not have been offered by Mr. Greg if due consideration had been given to the technique of wood-engraving and printing. This argument, as you sum it up, is as follows:

> All but one of the nine title-pages of these common editions contain a device with a Welsh motto. This device, originally the property of Richard Jones, was used by him frequently from 1593 to 1596, but, with the exception of these plays, it seems not to have been used again until 1610. . . . Mr. Greg reproduces side by side the same device printed from the same wood block as it appears in Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway," 1605, and in the Shakespeare quarto. The 1605 volume shows that the wood block had just begun to split, while in the book dated 1600 the crack has opened wider and the flaw becomes much more conspicuous.

From these facts Mr. Greg draws the inference that the quartos bearing the date 1600 must have been printed after 1605.

Bearing in mind that the wood block had been used from 1593 to 1596, let us suppose that it had begun to split after being used in 1596, but that the printer had not taken the trouble to repair it, and had used it in the quartos of 1600 just as it was, for these quartos were probably produced as cheaply as possible. In these quartos the split or crack is quite prominent, but in 1605, when they came to use the block in Dent's book, the split had opened so that the block was no longer available without repair. They therefore resorted to a very common device; they bored one or more holes horizontally through the block, and through each hole they passed an iron bolt with a screw and nut on the end, and in this way they actually made the block better than it was in 1600. I have seen this done hundreds of times in the days before process work superseded wood engraving, and the method is so simple and obvious that it would naturally occur to any intelligent mechanic.

In this connection it might be well to ask if we have any evidence that Pavier cared anything for the dates of his quartos. To us dates are exceedingly valuable in relation to old books. A genuine first folio with a genuine date of 1622 would bring an enormous price; would it have brought as much as a copy with the date 1623 if it had been offered for sale in 1624? I think not. And so in 1619; would not copies dated 1619 bring more in that year than copies which had been issued in 1600? What was Pavier's object in falsifying these dates?

JOHN PHIN.

Paterson, N. J., May 22.

A SUGGESTION TO MAKERS OF GERMAN GRAMMARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So far as I know, all German grammars issued in this country represent the pronunciation of the name of the German letter *j* with the symbol *yot*. Is this transcription as accurate as it might be? I suppose, to be consistent, we should have to give the vowel *o* of this symbol the same value we find in words like *not*, *cot*, *blot*, whereas the name, as properly pronounced, seems to me closer to the sound-picture *yut*. To avoid any possible contamination with the *ut*-sound in *put*, it might be well to transcribe the name of the letter with the symbol *yutt*, thereby insuring the vowel-sound which we have in *butt*. The Muret-Sanders Dictionary represents the vowel-sound in question with a short German *o*, which is by no means identical with the short English *o*. It is, however, quite the same vowel we find in the German words *Gott*, *Spott*, *flott*, when properly pronounced.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Cornell University, Ithaca, May 27.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our country has had a long and severe object lesson on the importance not only of having the President the best man available for the highest official position, but also of having the Vice-President the next best man for that position. We have had three Presidents assassinated within fifty years, and there are many other chances of a Vice-President becoming President. Yet we give the maximum of interest to the Presidency and the minimum to the Vice-Presidency, although the President-elect might die or be incapacitated between election and inauguration. We should change all this, if we wish gradually to raise the standards of our national government to those of well-managed private corporations.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, May 25.

Notes.

The Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will publish two volumes of lectures delivered by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland. One of these is from a course on "Constitutional History," and contains a survey of the Constitution at times dated by the deaths of Edward I., Henry VII., James I., and William III. The other volume is from a course of lectures on "Equity Law."

In this connection we may mention a slender volume from the Oxford University Press, containing two lectures on the life and work of Professor Maitland, by A. L. Smith of Balliol College, with a bibliography of Maitland's works.

David Nutt is about to issue volumes VIII. and IX. of Keating's "History of Ireland," edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen. This will complete the publication of a work which was begun by the Irish Texts Society in 1901.

Jacobs & Co. will soon have ready two books by T. H. S. Escott, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. One deals with "King Edward VII. and His Court," the other is "The Story of British Diplomacy."

From Harper & Bros. comes the news that Swinburne, since publishing "The Duke of Gandia," has been engaged in the final revision of what he regards as his greatest prose work, "The Age of Shakespeare."

Beckles Willson of Quebec House, Westerham, Kent, has already in hand 140 unpublished letters of Gen. Wolfe, whose life he is writing. He would be pleased to hear of any further new material bearing on his subject.

The prefaces to Volumes IX. and X. of the New York edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" continue his account of the conditions under which he wrote and the objects at which he aimed. Volume IX. contains "The Awkward Age," which was projected as a short story, but which illustrates "the quite incalculable tendency of a mere grain of subject-matter to expand and develop and cover the ground when conditions happen to favor it." The novel was published serially in *Harper's Weekly*, in 1898. After it appeared in book form the publishers told Mr. James: "I'm sorry to say the book has done nothing to speak of; I've never in all my experience seen one treated with more general and complete disrespect." Volume X. is made up of three tales which succeeded in being shorter: "The Spoils of Poynton," "A London Life," and "The Chaperon." The germ of "The Spoils of Poynton" was, Mr. James informs us, a casual hint, "dropped unwittingly by my neighbor, a mere floating particle in the stream of talk." This particle was a remark about "a good lady in the north, always well looked on," who was "at daggers drawn with her only son, always hitherto exemplary, over the ownership of the valuable furniture of a fine old house just accruing to the young man by his father's death." Of the second story Mr. James says:

> "A London Life" would probably consort . . . with a dozen of the tales by which I at one period sought to illustrate and enliven the supposed "international" conflict of manners; a general theme dealing for the most part with the bewilderment of the good American, of either sex and of almost any age, in presence of the "European" order.

But he admits that the story breaks down altogether "as a contribution to my comprehensive picture of bewildered Americanism." The story would have been in essence the same without the American flavoring. In discussing "The Chaperon," Mr. James offers us this suggestive generalization, which offers a key to not a little of his writing:

> A short story, to my sense and as the term is used in magazines, has to choose between being either an anecdote or a picture, and can but play its part strictly according to its kind. I rejoice in the anecdote, but I revel in the picture; though having doubtless at times to note that a given attempt may place itself near the dividing-line. This is in some degree the case with "The Chaperon," in which, none the less, on the whole, picture ingeniously prevails.

"Discipline and contemplation," says Henry Dwight Sedgwick in "The New American Type and Other Essays" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"discipline and contemplation bring life to that ripeness which is the foundation of happiness, of righteousness, of great achievement." The words might be taken as the text of his book. They are the key to his comparison of the new American face with that of Washington's day, which forms the title essay; they are the sting of the following essay on "The Mob Spirit in Literature," and of the preaching to the end of the volume. Preaching, we say, for here and there, as in his comments on "American Colleges," Mr. Sedgwick passes from the style of the essay to that of the pulpit, and his ethical intention is everywhere evident. But the moral is good, and the manner entertaining; he has mingled the sweet and the profitable with commendable cunning.

In "The Schoolmaster" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), A. C. Benson puts into practice a theory of his that if only people wrote naturally about what they best understand they would be genuinely helpful. The book carries a faint suggestion of "The Parent's Assistant," and belongs to the *vade mecum* variety. It presents the advice and opinions of one who has himself been for twenty years a master at Eton, and, needless to say, presents them readably. The book appeals chiefly to the English rather than to the American schoolmaster, and that is probably the reason it is only now published in this country; in England it appeared six years ago. But, though we have no Etons here, we have many schoolmasters who tend to fall into ruts, and who may receive from Mr. Benson's suggestions a new glow of enthusiasm.

The most remarkable feature of the Highways and Byways Series, published by the Macmillan Co., is that so many volumes written by different hands should preserve such unity of tone, and, we may add, such uniformity of excellence. The latest volume, "Hampshire," by D. H. Moutray Read, is in the well-known vein midway between the guide book and personal reminiscences of travel, only carrying the permitted discursiveness of the series a little further than usual—perhaps a little too far. If the keys of a chapel are not readily forthcoming, Mr. Read jauntily passes—probably it contains nothing worthy of comment, anyhow. He treats you as if he were conducting you through his own estate, and took pleasure in pointing to this and that which he values for his own reasons. The result is entertaining. There are important cities and institutions in Hants—Southampton and Portsmouth and Winchester and Aldershot—but on the whole the literary associations are not of the first importance. The illustrations, by Arthur B. Connor, are in Joseph Pennell's manner, but are less satisfactory in the landscapes than in the glimpses of old houses.

As a supplement to J. A. R. Marriott's excellent life of Viscount Falkland (reviewed in the *Nation* August 1, 1907, p. 103) we are glad to call attention to a reprint (E. P. Dutton & Co.) of John Duncon's "Lady Lettice, Vi-countess Falkland," edited by M. F. Howard. When in 1639 "her dear lord and most beloved husband, that he might be like Zebulon (a student helping the Lord against the mighty), went from his Library to the Camp, and from his Book and Pen to his Sword and Spear," Lady Lettice was left behind with her mother at Great Tew, to sorrow and wait—and wait in vain. With the rashness of a contemplative man driven into furious action, Falkland threw away his life at Newbury in 1643. It is not hard to imagine the consternation that fell upon the household at Great Tew. From that time the bereaved wife gave herself up daily more and more to the mortifications of a religious life. She was confirmed in this practice by the death of her youngest and dearest son in 1645; her own release came the next year, at the age of thirty-five. A little before her death, her chaplain, John Duncon, had written out for her comfort a series of devotional exercises, in the form of letters from her with his replies. It is probable that those under her name represent the burden of her actual conversation with him, and it is certain that they were revised under her direction. These were published in 1648, and to a second edition (1649) Duncon added a biography of the lady in the form of a letter to her surviving mother. It is this biographical letter that we now have in a reprint, with extracts interspersed from the rest of the correspondence. There is altogether too much pious ejaculation and too little narrative in the good chaplain's memorial, but through all his religious platitudes there shines the image of one of those beautiful and unworldly women of the seventeenth century, a companion to the mother of George Herbert, to the wife of Col. Hutchinson, to Lady Fanshawe, and to how many others whose names sweeten the memorials of those turbulent years. There is something of the savor of Little Gidding in the management of Great Tew. Indeed, one of Duncon's brothers had been sent from the Ferrars to George Herbert's deathbed in 1633, and was entrusted with the poet's manuscripts; it is likely that John Duncon had personal acquaintance with Little Gidding and influenced Lady Falkland to follow it as a model. We seem to read the secret of her devotions in her own words: "Oh, I have had my portion of these very comforts with the first; no woman more; but there is no lasting or true pleasure in them: There is no real comfort from any espousals, but from those to Christ." Elsewhere, commenting on her renunciation, the biographer adds:

> It sounded very harshly to some of her dearest friends when she said, "Oh, love me not, I pray, too much!" until she added, "and God grant I never love my friends too much hereafter, that hath cost me dear, and my heart hath smarted sore with grief for it already."

The title of "The Curse of the Romanovs," by A. S. Rappoport (the McClure Co.) hardly suggests serious history; and yet the book is intended to be serious, as the reader sees when he has got far enough along, and has learned what to overlook. Some of the chapter headings would do for a yellow journal; for instance, "The Birth of a Tyrant," "Love in a Palace, or, The Love Letters of a Princess," "A Modern Caligula," "Finita la Commedia, or, The Mysterious End." The first chapter, "From the Colosseum to the Kremlin," is turgid rant; but after that matter and manner begin to improve. The author, if not sympathetic, is at least no longer obviously unfair, and he has used standard authorities. The result is an interesting, if not a very original, account of the private life of the unfortunate Russian Emperor Paul, and of the early years of Alexander I. Paul, who was none too normal, even before his accession, was dangerously out of his mind in the later part of his reign. Great as his mother's sins against him may have been, we cannot blame her for wishing to pass him over. and to transmit the Imperial crown directly to her grandson. But for the sudden death of the Empress, this step would probably have been attempted. Of course, Mr. Rappoport has little tenderness for any Romanov, and he finds Alexander guilty of at least connivance in the murder of his father. Mr. Rappoport does not say, however, what other course the heir to the throne should have followed under the extraordinary circumstances in which he found himself. His liberty, if not his life, and those of his brother and mother were threatened by the jealous suspicion of a madman, who had already caused wanton suffering to thousands of innocent people, and who was not only making life unbearable to those about him, but was plunging the empire into disastrous war. That madman was an absolute sovereign, who could only be removed by force. Can we blame Alexander for having consented to the measure? He took what precautions he could by obtaining a promise that his father's life should be spared; and, though the promise was not kept, the parleying between the conspirators and the Emperor Paul, when they had him in their power. would seem to show that they had no immediate design of assassination, but were hurried into it by fright at the tumult outside. Alexander's horror when the news was brought to him, and his life-long grief at his share in the tragedy are testimonies not so much to his guilt as to the tenderness of his conscience. At the worst, we can only accuse him of a knowledge that a fatal outcome was possible. As Mr. Rappoport goes on he judges Alexander more leniently.

In an essay entitled "Safed in the Sixteenth Century," the most important of his "Studies in Judaism, Second Series" (Jewish Publication Society), Dr. S. Schechter, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, introduces us to a little world, strange and unreal, brought into being by the combined forces of persecution and of the curious philosophico-religious movements that agitated Judaism at the close of the middle ages. Here, in the highlands of Galilee, a community sprang up devoted to a holy and spiritual life. Its austerity was relieved by the almost ecstatic joys which the teachings of the great masters of the law and of the Cabbala afforded, as well as by the sunshine of the Sabbath, which was venerated and welcomed as Queen Sabbath. In the sixteenth century Safed was large and prosperous, its population being made up largely of Jews who had been driven from the Spanish dominions and Portugal, or who had come from northern Africa and other Mohammedan regions. There were as many as eighteen Talmudic schools in this city, which, under such sages as Caro and the Cabbalists Cordovero and Loria, became the centre of learning in Palestine. Dr. Schechter asserts that "there can be little doubt that no place in Jewish history since the destruction of the Holy Temple could point to so brilliant a gathering of men." The author gives us interesting glimpses of the "simple life" of the people of Safed, where everybody "attended to his own domestic work." The decline of Safed began about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Although still one of the largest towns of Palestine, it lives in the memories of its past. An earthquake in 1837 destroyed several thousands of its inhabitants.

Frederick McCormick's letters from Manchuria, where he made the campaigns of 1904-05 with the Russian armies, have been reprinted in two volumes by the Outing Publishing Company, under the title, "The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia." There are many chapters in the book that are as clumsy as the title, not least among them the opening chapters on political conditions in the Far East and the causes that brought on the war. The narrative here is often obscure, ill-connected, largely speculative, and carries in consequence no large sense of authority. A good deal that is elementary even to the ordinary reader is presented in unnecessary detail, and much that even the specially equipped reader does not know is taken for granted. Mr. McCormick gives evidence of satisfactory acquaintance with the material side of his subject—that is, the country, the language, the nature of the people, and the military events he was there to chronicle. It is, perhaps, nothing against the author that some of his battle descriptions convey no distinct impression of unity. That is often the defect of the minute narrative of an eye-witness, who can see only part of the engagement. On the other hand, the story of the Russian retreat from Mukden is a magnificent piece of descriptive writing, all the more successful because there is no striving in it after the effect that is to be obtained by mere words. Evidently Mr. McCormick was carried away in spirit, as he was actually in body, by the fugitive torrent that broke from Mukden and poured in panic sixty miles without rest to Tie-ling in the north. Here the writer has done more than describe vividly: he has actually realized. The illustrations, consisting of photographs and sketches by the author, are admirable.

The demand within a year for a second edition of Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins's admirable book, "The Persistent Problems of Philosophy" (The Macmillan Co.) is a merited recognition of its serviceableness to students and teachers of philosophy. It was necessary, Professor Calkins states, to make the new edition ready at a few days' notice. It contains, consequently, few changes, and these are not numerous or extensive enough to alter the original paging of the book. They involve no important modifications of doctrine, but are made chiefly to secure greater accuracy and clearness of statement on some of the more disputed points in the opinions of modern philosophers. The new edition calls, therefore, for no new critical comment

"Studies in Chaucer's 'House of Fame'" (published for the Chaucer Society by Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co., London), by Wilbur Owen Sypherd, professor of English in Delaware College, is the most comprehensive work on the sources of this poem which has yet appeared. We do not believe in the main thesis of the book, viz., that the poem is a love-vision and owes its conception to contemporary French poems of that character. Nor do we believe that Chaucer's work has any "meaning" beyond what lies on the surface. In our judgment he aimed simply at working out his allegorical conception of Fame and her dwelling-place, and, if he is somewhat slow in reaching this central conception, no one need be surprised at this in a mediæval poet—all the less so in this instance, as the world has found the preliminary stages of Chaucer's journey, on the whole, very agreeable. Notwithstanding these objections and some others—such as the author's acceptance of Professor Lowes's early dating of the poem—he has given us a very instructive as well as very detailed study of the sources. He rightly insists on the influence which the mediæval conception of Fortune has had on Chaucer's Fame and her house. Interesting is the parallel of the Rock of Ice on which the House of Fortune rests in the "Panthère d'Amours." The suggestion that Chaucer's wattled House of Tidings is derived from the Old Irish wicker houses is a novel one, and may well furnish the solution for this feature of the poem.

The portion of the Bosworth-Toller Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, for which Dr. Bosworth alone was responsible, has always borne an evil reputation among scholars and the authorities of the Clarendon Press from the beginning promised, after the completion of the work, a supplement which should correct the deficiencies of this first issue. The first section of the promised supplement (Henry Frowde), extending from A to Eorth, and prepared by the competent hand of Prof. T. N. Toller, has now appeared. It is a pity that the old issue of Dr. Bosworth's work was not cancelled altogether and an entirely new treatment of this part of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary entrusted to Professor Toller. As it is, one has to look through both the original issue (with all its inaccuracies) and the supplement, to settle the meaning of a word. The supplement contains many words not included at all by Dr. Bosworth, but more frequently merely additions and corrections to articles by him. How thorough-going the changes are will appear from a comparison of the number of pages in the two—192 in this section of the supplement corresponding to 255 in the original work. Notwithstanding the drawback mentioned above, this dictionary will remain indispensable to all students of Anglo-Saxon, especially on account of its abundance of illustrative quotations. On comparing it with some of the numerous treatises on special branches of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary like those of Jordan, MacGillivray, and others, one still observes now and then the omission of a rare word, such as ealfara (beast of burden), benne (reedgrass), ealdfaeder, in the sense of "patriarch," etc. Such omissions, however, do not seriously detract from the usefulness of this important work.

A work which promises to be of great

interest to students of Danish literature is entitled "Tider og Typer" (Epochs and Types of the History of Danish Genius), by Dr. Vilhelm Andersen. The author, one of the ablest of the younger generation of Danish critical writers, has just been appointed a professor of literature in the University of Copenhagen. The plan of the work is ambitious. The volume now published (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Company) as the first of the first series, which is to be devoted to humanism, covers the humanistic phases in the development of Danish genius from the earliest specimens as represented by Saxo Grammaticus down to the time of Holberg, a period of about 500 years.

Dr. Lydia Wahlström's biography of Erik Gustaf Geijer (Stockholm: Norstedt) is based on much new material, especially his own early letters and still unpublished documents, which are the basis of the treatment of Geijer's relations with Hans Järta before and after Geijer's desertion from the conservative ranks. This side of Geijer's life is treated with more fulness than the rest, and rightly; for the sight of a truly conservative man, a scholar and politician of high rank, who abandons his early associates and allies himself with former adversaries, who puts himself virtually outside the pale, because the logic of events has compelled him to change his views, is a rare one.

Prof. Friederich Paulsen, of Berlin, publishes in the *Internationale Wochenschrift*, No 15, an interesting paper "Der nationale Charakter der höheren Schulen Deutschlands und die Grundtendenz der jüngsten Schulreform." He discusses fully the reforms now being planned for the nine-year courses in all three types of secondary schools, the classical *Gymnasia*, the semi-classical *Realgymnasia*, and the scientific *Oberrealschule*. Paulsen favors a division of these schools into two institutions, largely after the manner, as he himself states, in which the work done by them is in America divided between the high school and the college. He further urges the introduction of a limited elective system in all the higher classes. Professor Paulsen has also recently published through Reuther & Reichard, Berlin, a discussion of the sex problem from the pædagogical point of view, entitled "Moderne Erziehung und geschlechtliche Sittlichkeit," with the sub-title "Einige pädagogische und moralische Betrachtungen für das Jahrhundert des Kindes." The same firm announces a third and fourth *stark vermehrte Auflage* of Professor Paulsen's "Philosophia Militans, gegen Klerikalismus und Naturalismus."

It is not often that a professor of mathematics turns aside from his specialty, as Prof. L. Pochhammer, of Kiel, has done in his "Zum Problem der Willensfreiheit: eine Betrachtung aus dem Grenzgebiet von Naturwissenschaft und Philosophie" (Stuttgart: Max Kielmann). The author opposes monism, and insists that it leads to fatalism. He finds in man's mind powers which he calls supermaterial, and declares that these coöperate with the powers of nature in the production of activities.

"Napoleon-Anekdoten," by G. Kuntze (Stuttgart: Robert Lutz) consists of two volumes of anecdotes and stories. The effort has been to select only those which are authenticated and which characterize the man and his work.

The new series started by the two Leipzig historians, Professors Erich Brandenburg and Gerhard Seeliger, under the title Quellensammlung zur deutschen Geschichte (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) begins with a work of 260 pages by Johannes Haller, "Die Quellen zur Geschichte der Entstehung des Kirchenstaates." Only the sources are given, but these fully and fairly, on this controverted matter.

The Verein der Bücherfreunde, since its organization in 1891, has published, in attractive form and at a low price, 128 volumes, in 16 series of 8 volumes each, of belles-lettres, chiefly fiction, science, biography, and the like, exclusively from modern writers. A seventeenth series is now announced of which "Kiautschou: Deutschlands Erwerbung in Ostasien," by Weicker, is the leading attraction. Among the other works will be novels by Hans Fischer, Ottomar Enking, and Georg Neudeck, and the story of the life of Queen Elizabeth Christine of Prussia by Eufemia von Aldersfeld-Ballestrem. The publisher is Alfred Sokall, Berlin.

Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch has published through the J. C. Hinrich'sche Buchhandlung, Leipzig, a small work entitled "Mehr Licht; die bedeutsamen Ergebnisse der babylonisch-assyrischen Grabungen, für Geschichte, Kultur, und Religion." The topics considered are demonology, angelology, and satanology. Data merely touched on in the author's "Babel und Bibel" are here enlarged. The work is well illustrated.

Dr. Adelbert Düringer publishes through Veit & Co., Leipzig, "Nietzsche's Philosophie und das heutige Christentum." Nietzsche's criticisms of Christianity are declared to be the outcome, not of reason and logic, but of prejudice.

J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, announces for the spring of 1910 a third edition of the scholarly translation of the Old Testament, known as "Die Heilige Schrift des Alten Testaments," translated by Prof Emil Kautzsch in conjunction with Professors Budde, Guthe, Höllscher, Holzinger, Kamphausen, Kittel, Löhr, Marti, Rothstein, and Steuernagel. This edition will be a practically new work. Not only has the translation been thoroughly revised, and the literary apparatus been doubled, but brief commentaries will accompany every book. It will present in one volume, in translation and interpretation, the results of modern Old Testament research.

The reports from the headquarters of the German book trade in Leipzig state that during 1907 there were exported from Germany to foreign countries 42,012,520 volumes. Austria heads the list; and the next in order are Switzerland, Russia, and the United States.

The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, just published, is more encouraging than for several years. Three new versions have been added to the society's list, making a total of 412. European immigration into North America has increased the demand for Testaments in which English is printed side by side with one or other of a dozen Continental versions. Of the issues for the year of 5,688,381 volumes, over one million were sold in China, while in Korea, Testaments could not be supplied fast enough to meet the demand. The year's income amounted to a little over a million dollars.

The Harvard Library has received another large addition to its Risorgimento collection. This accession, consisting of about seven hundred volumes and pamphlets, is in part the gift of H. Nelson Gay and in part bought from library funds, but all the pieces were selected by Mr. Gay in Rome. Another shipment, now on the way from him, will contain about a thousand items, partly on this same subject and partly of a miscellaneous character. Most of these were bought by Mr. Gay at the recent sale of the library of Crispi, in Rome.

A notable addition has recently been made to the Chinese department of the Cambridge University Library, the nucleus of which consists of the gift of Sir Thomas Wade of the collection made by him during his forty years' residence in China. Several important *lacunæ* have been filled up. The library already possessed the gigantic anthology of the T'ang dynasty (A. D. 618-903), which contains over 48,900 selected poems; and now to this has been added a similar collection of the prose works of the same period, filling 401 volumes. There is also a rare encyclopædia in 120 volumes, which was compiled in the thirteenth century. Good editions of some of the best novels have been secured, and several collections of essays on light and interesting topics.

The eighth meeting of the Bibliographical Society will be held in conjunction with the American Library Association at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., June 24-25. The following papers will be presented: Report from the Committee on Americana, "A Preliminary Statement Regarding Materials for the History of the Scandinavian-American Press," by J. C. M. Hanson, Library of Congress; "Manuscript Hunting," Dr. E. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton; illustrated lecture, "Instruction in the Book Arts in Public Schools," Miss Gertrude Stiles, Chicago; "Lincoln Collections and Lincoln Bibliography," the Hon. Daniel Fish, Minneapolis; "Library Catalogue of the Future," H. W. Wilson, Minneapolis.

Dr. Louis Fréchette, the French-Canadian poet, died in Montreal May 31. Born at Levis, in the province of Quebec, in 1839, he was educated at Laval University and Nicolet College. After admission to the bar, he lived in Chicago for seven years. Then returning to Canada, he was elected to Parliament from Levis and practised law. Since 1889 he had been clerk of the Legislative Council, Quebec. For some years he was active in journalism; he edited *Le Journal de Québec*, *Le Journal de Levis*, *L'Amérique* (Chicago), and *La Patrie* (Montreal). Among his volumes of verse are "Mes Loisirs" (1863), "La Voix d'un exilé" (1869), "Pêle-Mêle" (1877), "Les Fleurs boréales" (1880), "Les Oiseaux de neige" (1880), "La Légende d'un peuple" (1887), "Les Feuilles volantes" (1891), and "Veronica," a drama. His prose writings include "Lettres à Basile" (1872), "Originaux et détraqués" (1893), "Lettres sur l'éducation" (1893), "Christmas in French Canada" (in English), "Le Noël au Canada" (1900), and translations of W. D. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance" and George

W. Cable's "Old Creole Days." Several of his writings were crowned by the French Academy.

Ernesto Masi died in Florence on May 17. He was born in Bologna in 1837, and after the unification of Italy he played an important part in organizing the national system of education. He had been for many years professor of modern history in the Istituto di Studi Superiori at Florence, and was widely known for important historical studies and critiques. Besides volumes entitled "Studî e Ritratti," "Nell' Otto Cento," "The Two Wives of Napoleon I.," he published essays on Savonarola, Gozzi, Alfieri, Goldoni, and the Burlamacchi, and edited the memoirs of Ranalli. We took occasion not long since (August 22, 1907, p. 165), to commend his remarkable brief analysis of the Italian Risorgimento, with a critique of the bibliography of the period. Although a Romagnole, he had as a writer much of the keenness, wit, and irony which are believed to characterize the Tuscan intellect.

MODERN FRANCE.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux; translated from the French. Vol. III., 1874-1877. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This third volume of M. Hanotaux's history fully sustains the interest of the two which preceded it. The first covered the ministry of Thiers. It described France rising from the abyss into which the war of 1870-71 had plunged her, and recovering her self-confidence all the faster from the undaunted spirit of the ardent and energetic little man whom the emergency had called to the helm. The second volume was chiefly filled with the long and complicated struggle between the four parties which divided France over the question of the form of government. At the beginning the Legitimists, possessing the most numerous following in the Assembly, seemed destined to succeed in placing the Count of Chambord on the throne of his ancestors as Henry the Fifth. But the magnificent obstinacy of that prince, who refused to assume the crown except upon his own terms, one of which was the substitution of the white flag of the old monarchy for the tricolor, foiled the efforts of his friends. Marshal MacMahon was installed as President for seven years, and the fact that he was installed as President of the republic, if it did not absolutely negative, yet practically discountenanced the theory that the whole proceeding was only tentative. But it did not prevent the Legitimists from still hoping to secure the reëstablishment of a monarchy, and continuing to work in that direction.

The republic, however, was still little more than a name. It was necessary to give it a Constitution. The creation of that Constitution, with the beginning of a regular responsible government under it, is the theme of the present volume. Some pages are devoted to an account of the military and financial measures of 1875, and a full account (the more interesting because partly based on unpublished documents) is given of the relations of France and Germany, culminating in the famous "war scare" of 1875, which is here represented as having been deliberately organized by Bismarck. The diplomacy of the Duke Decazes met this anxious time with firmness and a good deal of skill; but the chief credit for inducing Bismarck to disavow hostile intentions and for restoring a measure of tranquillity to Europe is awarded to the Czar Alexander II. In this view M. Hanotaux seems to be right; but it may be doubted whether he does not do less than justice to the efforts for peace made by Great Britain, his animosity to which Power is scarcely concealed. The incident had an importance even greater than was seen at the time. It was the first conspicuous instance of the tendency towards a *rapprochement* between Russia and France which Bismarck always sought to avert, and which issued long afterwards in the Dual Alliance.

Apart from these matters, practically the whole of this volume is occupied with a narrative of the parliamentary conflicts of 1875 and the two following years. The story is told in much detail and with great spirit. Many were the alternations of fortune, many the combinations of groups of Deputies made and dissolved and remade. Notable was the parliamentary skill displayed by such leaders as Audriffet Pasquier, Buffet, Raoul Duval, Jules Simon, Dufaure, the Duke de Broglie, Gambetta himself. Much of the interest of the story lies in the characters of the principal actors, some of which have been sketched with finished art by M. Hanotaux. More than any one else, Gambetta is his hero. But he presents us with other well-drawn portraits. One is of Louis Buffet, the man of authority, whose temperament drew him to the Monarchists though he had professedly become rather a Republican than an Orleanist, a stiff, conscientious, unaccommodating man, trusted because he was known to be honest, but not liked; excellent in opposition, but too sensitive and too individual to be a good head of a Ministry. Another of Henri Wallon, a well-known professor and learned author—his "Histoire de l'esclavage dans l'antiquité" is still a book of value—is equally lifelike. None of these men, however, except Gambetta, won permanent fame outside of France. Few of them are now remembered even there. The main interest of the story lies in the singular process by which there was created a republic which has now lasted twice as long as any other form of government France has had since 1792, and which has so often escaped the dangers that threatened it as to seem now more likely to last than any one believed when it was founded. Its foundation came about by three causes, none of which could have been predicted. One was the inconceivable folly of the Count of Chambord. Another was the conscientious loyalty of Marshal MacMahon. The Marshal was himself a Monarchist. His wife was an earnest Catholic. But he was too upright a man to override the law and resort to the *coup d'état* towards which many of his Monarchist friends tried to push him. The third cause was the mutual suspicion and jealousy of the three monarchical parties. The Legitimists and the Orleanists, though secretly distrustful, each of the other, often worked together. But both hated the Bonapartists; and the Orleanist princes would appear to have been led by their fear of Bonapartism into negotiations with the moderate Republicans, which at a critical moment greatly aided the cause for which the latter were working. The singular zigzags by which the National Assembly approached nearer and nearer to a republican Constitution, at last dropping half unconsciously into it, are dramatically described by our author. "Do not seek for the principles which guided us: chance alone was our master," is the phrase which he suggests as the one the makers of that Constitution would have used to characterize their action. "The Assembly," said J. J. Weiss, "spent its years in dreaming of a monarchy, while realizing a republic." The Duke de Broglie, himself a collaborator, observed: "Everything in the law of 1875 bears the trace of an assemblage of irreconcilable elements, made with unthinking haste, with a view to transitory concord." Nevertheless, this Constitution, which did not even call itself a Constitution, has lasted (though somewhat altered), and lasted when a more elaborate and systematic instrument might have been overthrown.

Mr. Hanotaux dedicates eighty pages to a review of French constitutional history since 1789, and makes some interesting reflections on the currents of French thought which have during that period been flowing, now in one direction, now in another, yet which have always been distinctly and distinctively French. He shows how often the pendulum had swung back and forth; how men had fallen back on monarchy in the person of Napoleon, because terrified by the excesses of democracy; how the constitutional monarchy of July failed because it was based on a very limited suffrage which excluded the bulk of the nation; and how the empire of Louis Napoleon fell because after it had alienated the people by its corruption and its failures, it had in the consciousness of its own unpopularity brought itself into contempt by trying to assume the trappings of liberalism. After its fall, the leading men of wisdom in France, apart from the fanatics of legitimism on one side, and the fanatics of socialism on the other, felt that safety lay, for the time, at least, in a middle course, either a constitutional limited monarchy, like that of England, or else a carefully restricted and wisely tempered republic. The former alternative might have prevailed had there been an obvious person to choose as constitutional king. But the Count of Chambord had made himself impossible, and was excluding the Count of Paris also, so there emerged a republic conservative except in one point. It was a momentous point. It was universal suffrage. Most of the assembly disliked it, but they were swept towards it by a sort of "stream of tendency" which they could not resist. A limited suffrage had led to the fall of Louis Philippe. Universal suffrage offered what seemed a solid footing, because it was the bottom, and you could fall no further. Those who feared it, sought to limit its working partly by the institution of the Senate, partly by the large measure of authority which seemed to attach to Marshal MacMahon in respect of his election for seven years. There was in some minds a scarcely concealed hope that before the seven years had ended, he would establish a monarchy. But as the constitution made, not the president, but his ministers, responsible, following the Cabinet system of England, MacMahon found himself obliged to bow to the will of the electors expressed through the chamber. Parliamentarism prevailed. It has ruled France ever since, and latterly has in so far ruled better that there has been less oscillation of opinion, and more continuity of policy.

In M. Hanotaux's hands not even questions of constitutional law are dry. His views do not always seem to us correct, and his references to the United States show some want of knowledge. But about the actual French system he writes with the full comprehension of one who has been in the middle of it all, and a part of it, and his personal acquaintance with many of the prominent actors adds a further sense of reality. The book is interesting from beginning to end.

The Pleasant Land of France. By Rowland E. Prothero. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The title of this volume gives a semblance of unity to seven sketches and studies, ranging over agriculture, folklore, history, and literature, with the one common attribute of an all but exclusive bearing on provincial conditions of life and thought in France. Most important are two practical discussions of French farming and tenant-right, together with an elaborate contribution to the appreciation of Rabelais.

Of farming in France, Mr. Prothero justly claims wide knowledge, for the facility of his references to its extreme variety points to the kind of familiarity which marked the work of Arthur Young. Contrasting agriculture in England and France, the author gives an interesting demonstration of the causes which have tended to the production of fundamental differences in the practice of the two countries: the self-sufficing country, with all sorts of soil and climate, from the Belgian frontier to the Mediterranean, naturally fails to compete in certain specific lines with its less versatile, but more concentrated, neighbor across the channel. There enters also the potent factor of population, virtually stable in France, while increasing rapidly in England. Incidentally, the discussion takes up the claims of large and small ownerships, the *métayer* system, and concludes with a plea for the facilitation of peasant-proprietorship. In the next equally readable essay there is presented a sketch of the relations between owner and tenant in one or two French provinces, with a singular account of agrarian outrages resulting from neglect or violation of peasant feeling, instances of which are said to have occurred in Picardy within memory of living men. Still, any suggestion of conditions even remotely resembling Irish or Sicilian unrest must be misleading.

Mr. Prothero's treatment of Rabelais offers an interesting contrast to the recent study by Charles Whibley, among the prefaces to the Tudor Translations. The latter article emphasized chiefly the personality of the great satirist, in the tone and humor of Paul Stapfer's now classic study; Mr. Prothero lays stress on the substance and significance of Rabelais's teaching, and takes a middle course between the two conventional views which, respectively, portray him as a gross and ribald buffoon, or endeavor to find an exalted scheme of thought under the apparent confusion and license, whether of idea or of expression. The interpretation of the hidden meaning contained in the oracle of "La Dive Bouteille" is by no means new or original. Most of the contentions here advanced are amply familiar to French Rabelaisians. It is surprising to find not even a distant allusion to the Odyssean character of the wanderings of Pantagruel. As to the more broadly liberal aspect of some of the ecclesiastical and religious tenets hazarded in the famous romance, it would have been well to suggest that doubts have been cast on the genuineness, here and there, of the text.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Stage Door. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book exerts a fascination deserving analysis. The ten stories of Bohemian New York which constitute the volume gain greatly by their association. No one of them alone strikes the reader as really distinguished work; taken together, their unity of intention and effect is impressive. The author aims, if not always triumphantly, at a detached point of view; at his best, he makes us feel that the thing happened so—precisely so. At his worst, he is occasionally led astray into the cheaply sentimental or fanciful. Noticeably, he makes no capital of the shady possibilities of the material; there is nothing to excite the most careful ears. The plots are, in general, slight and not particularly ingenious. The familiar characters are drawn with no unusual power—half-successful singers, reporters, actresses, playwrights, singularly poor in emotion and unburdened by sense of sin. Yet there is a charm, surely not intrinsic, in this world of beer and smoke, of bachelor apartments, frumpish boarding-houses, and Bohemian restaurants, in the circle of the footlights, and the glamour of the street lamps.

By the time one has finished the book, one perceives that it is the class, not the individual, and the setting, not the plot, that have affected author and reader. To quote one of the heroes:

> I tell you, Rita, the hall bedroom and the one dress and the one hat have had almost as much effect on some girls' lives in this town as mothers' prayers. What do you think?

The keynote of the book is struck in "A Modern Cleopatra," in a speech by Escott, a bankrupt young clubman, who knows that he ought to go West and begin again:

> He walked across the room, and, raising the window, looked down on the black city with its myriads of yellow lights. The noise of the streets rose in a great wave, and as he held tightly to the window frame, the towers and church steeples seemed to waver slightly, and the high buildings to rock slowly on their foundations, and all seemed to be moving toward him. "My God," he muttered, "how I love it."

In the love of this vast element which engulfs them and shapes their destinies, these creatures of the underworld of art and song, without will or sturdy passion, live and move and have their being. The author's study is the triumph of atmosphere, the triumph of environment. All his characters acknowledge in their lives the mastery of a higher will than their own—the will of New York. This idealism, however, redeems the Bohemians: their lives, unelevated, unlovely, tawdry in detail, are dedicated to what they esteem their highest worth. They are not slaves of routine, for their hearts are in their work; after their fashion, they live the life of the spirit.

Hester of the Hills. By Grover Clay. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Sidney Stanton was an only child, as had been his father and his grandfather. He was, moreover, a puny child, and reached manhood only by incessant vigilance. Since he feared lest he might be the last of his family, his sole idea of a wife was a healthy peasant who should rear a mighty race. In the Ozark Mountains of Missouri he found his cracker candidate, took her on picnics, inspected her teeth, saw to it that she should have a few months' civilizing in the household of his St. Louis uncle and cousin, and in the end carried her off, an easy conqueror. When, some months later, through the pique of a discarded mountain lover, Hester learned that Mr. Stanton would hardly have sought her in marriage but as a source of strength for his descendants, she was displeased, and abruptly took the night train home, while Sidney stood "stockish" at the door, "nettled by his incapacity to hold her." Arrived at home in her draggled evening dress, she holds converse with her mother, who advises her to be glad that her husband feeds, clothes, and does not "whup" her. On this, Hester telegraphs her husband that she is "coming back on number two."

As a photograph of life among the cracker farmers and hunters of Missouri, the book is not without significance. Stanton's ownership of vast acres gives chance for statement of enlightened views on forestry. Uncle Brinkley and Sylvia, in educating Hester, make use, severally, of pompous learning and social incredibilities. The topography, customs, family histories, feuds, exploits, both tame and wild, of an only partly civilized mountain folk, are drawn with sharp edges; and so far the book has a place in the national gallery. As a "romance" it is singularly uncouth.

The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A wholly charming little book is here, full of fun, salt spray, fickle sea breezes, contrary-minded tides. Madame takes us through her entire course of instruction. First, as an engaged girl she had to learn the relative positions of herself and a boat, considered in reference to the fiancé. Next came trying to like boats, then trying to learn to sail them, then really revelling in them and learning really to manage them; and finally settling back into thankful acceptance of whatsoever participation she is allowed—never so happy as when she is fussing about a boat, painting its sides or cleaning out its corners, rowing out after the rain stops, to hoist sails, or best of all, sitting by while her husband and his masculine friends squabble over academic questions of handling. She sings the joys of the boat on shore as well, making us hear the cheerful noises of an American shipyard, and conducting us to obscure regions in Venice, where gondolas receive their periodic grooming. She shows us too her lord and master in his rueful experiences of the way of a Mediterranean boat with a Yankee.

Human nature under the influence of the boating passion is a study which Mrs. Vorse has prosecuted thoroughly, humorously, altogether delightfully.

Wolfville Folks. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

> You comes to Wolfville, an' it's as though you're beginnin' life anoo. Your past is as nothin' to that hamlet. It begins with you as you steps from the stage. It don't ask your name; it asks, "What may we call you," an' leaves you, as a proodent gent, to pick out what title is best adapted to your needs. As you go romancin' along from day to day, it watches you; an' final, it endorses you or lynches you as seems jest an' mete."

With so engaging a scene as background, how could the sketches of Wolfville Folks be other than desirable? None surely can read them and fail to feel a substantial attachment to the Old Cattleman, who is the narrator; to Doc Peets, "the genteelest sharp, an' the best eddicated, that ever dwells in Arizona"; to Sam Enright, "the soul of fairness"; to Cherokee Hall, "predestined kyard-sharp" though he is; to Faro Nell at his right shoulder "lookin' out the play"; to the rest of the camp which eats its daily flapjacks at the O. K. Restauraw and then adjourns to the Red Light, where Black Jack, the barkeep, holds sway. The episodes that illustrate these gallant gentlemen's fine honor in dispensing justice and in defending weakness are only less winning than the wonderful language of their telling. For variety and adequacy the tongue of the Arizona camp is unapproachable. Taking dialect and story together, the book more nearly than any other we can recall tugs at those muscles of mirth that Artemus Ward first played upon. One feels almost like an Englishman discovering American humor.

The Avenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Modern improvements multiply. When upon a London murder and mystery story is grafted the plight of a queen of Mexonia, with its appeal to chivalry, one recognizes the fusion of two schools of fiction. The combination has its advantages. For what more natural than that royalty from one of the *i-a* countries should have a following, male and female, as devoted as ever were adherents of the Stuarts? And what more consequent than that when the man who stole the letters is found dead with a silken cord drawn tightly around his neck, suspicion should fall on the group, on their friends, and their friends' friends, while the London neighbors of the murdered one, knowing no queen, no Mexonia, no plot, no stolen letters, make precisely the right medium for mystery and conjecture? The long list of *dramatis personæ* thus provided is made up of figures unusually well defined and well projected for a mystery story, where characters too frequently allow themselves to be mere pegs on which to hang testimony. "The Avenger's" folk are nicely alive—all who are not killed. Its manner places it in the class of novels of comfortable manslaughter — smooth-running, readable, pleasantly puzzling. When it comes to the identification of the murderer we take frank issue with the author, and tell him we do not believe it! Either the little boy lied who told Mr. Oppenheim, or the proof-reader was careless.

Science.

Psychology: General Introduction. By Charles Hubbard Judd. 3 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Only the first volume of these three is devoted to theoretical psychology; the other two, smaller in size, are concerned with the practical work of the laboratory, and are admirably adapted to their purpose. The general discussion of the subject is also original, illuminating, and in the main remarkably convincing. The only question is whether (as far as it is boldly original) it has found its proper audience in a class of students: matter which is as yet uncriticised by one's fellow scientists may have to be given up in the end; and the student is not a fitting judge of controverted points. But it may be that the slow building up of defences against critics will follow later on.

As the critic is explicitly warned in the preface, the point of view is throughout functional and genetic; an unusual amount of space is given to the physiological accompaniments of mental life (an admirable feature); and while analogies with lower forms of life are given full weight, special stress is laid on the elucidation of the so-called "ideational processes," which are apparently nothing more than what the classical psychologist might have called reflection, or even cognition. It is easy to treat with too much scorn the so-called structural psychologists. Functional psychology is not so much a new psychology as the addition of fresh subjects of interest to the psychology already known. A sorry mess we should make of our functional psychology if the way had not been prepared by the structural psychologists with their keen analyses. Sensations will never cease to be structural elements of consciousness, no matter how much light may be thrown hereafter upon the way in which the mind works. The trouble with the structural psychologists is not so much that they begin with elements (*i. e.*, constituents of mental experience not farther analyzable), but that their analysis into elements is so often wholly inadequate and wrong. One might think that, busy as they are in examining the contents of children's minds, they had never given any attention at all to the contents of their own, when one sees them persistently maintaining, for instance, that all is made up out of sensation and feeling. To another generation it will surely seem incredible that the experience of being conscious that a *relation* holds between two sensations (that this blue, *e. g.*, looks brighter than that blue) is *composed* of either sensations or feelings, or any combination of both.

It is a curious fact that psychology, which is now no very recent science, has not yet been put upon a firm foundation as regards its first principles and its undefinable concepts (to use the terms of the mathematician). There is no "consensus of the competent" as to the right final analysis of conscious processes. In regard to many of the later doctrines of the subject, and still more strikingly to the foundations, it is not too much to say, as Prof. M. W. Calkins says of the various doctrines concerning attention, that "no one theory has the undivided support even of any one scholar." This state of things, while it is somewhat discouraging as to outlook, has the effect, of course, of making the subject all the more a field of absorbing interest for enterprising minds. What is most to be dreaded is that opinion should be crystallized too soon, and without sufficient thoroughgoing criticism. It is, consequently, good to find that Professor Judd has a method of his own for effecting the fundamental analysis. His types are five in number: sensation, relations between sensations, reactions to sensations (what he calls attitudes, including here feeling, interest, and attention), memory and the ideational processes. This classification will doubtless meet with due criticism in the proper places; it suffices here to say that it leads to a discussion which is fresh, vigorous, and interesting in the extreme. Chapters of particular interest and force are those on "Instinct and Habit," and on "Experience and Expression." The sensations are very adequately treated; in particular, the present reviewer can but admire the acuteness and illumination with which the topic of color theories (usually made most tiresome) is here handled. Less successful, perhaps, is the doctrine of space and time; and intensity is far from deserving the stepmotherly treatment which it gets. One would have expected that the order of the book, and the dividing up into chapters, would have followed closely upon the dividing up of the conscious processes, but such is not the case

There are certain fictions which conduce, no doubt, to the production of a neat, well-ordered structure of psychological science, but which are exposed to the danger of almost certain overthrow as knowledge progresses. Thus, to give an example of many in one (common, of course, to other psychologists also):

> As in the case of sensations, we have physiological processes which parallel and condition these complex phases of conscious experiences. Relational combinations conditioning the relational forms of consciousness are continually going on in the nervous system, especially in the cerebrum; and motor processes are always present as the ends of nervous activities and as the conditions of mental attitudes.

Now it is a part of our psychological and epistemological faith that all conscious experiences have fixed cerebral accompaniments, but this is a very different thing from saying that we know it to be the case, as plain matter of fact, in particular instances. Still less can we say, with any chance of correctness, that there are relational combinations in the cerebrum conditioning the relational forms of consciousness (even if we could know what such "relational combinations" might be); nor that motor processes are always present as the end, for instance, of abstract thinking. When the student has thought out the fact that in circles the greater chords are the nearer to the centre, he stores up his result —perchance—for future action; but to say that he acts upon it at the time is a part of fictional psychology. So also the doctrine that the "condition" (that is, the sufficient and indispensable physiological accompaniment) of being satisfied with a certain conjunction of colors (what would be classed here among mental attitudes) is any motor process whatever is imaginative in the extreme. Affections may invariably have, perhaps, appropriate circulatory and respiratory accompaniments, but these may nevertheless be of a secondary nature, and the real "condition" may be, for aught we know at present, something very different there may be any number of chemical, mechanical, electrical, radio-active, or as yet unknown processes in the cortex which are the real thing involved. In such a case as this, imagination and analogy with less enormously complicated nervous structures are but uncertain guides to truth. In fact, the author himself theorizes to more purpose when he says, on a later page, without noticing the contradiction, that it is the central processes which determine the motor discharges into the muscles that constitute the immediate conditions of attitudes. But this *is based upon* and *amounts to* nothing more than the familiar doctrine of psychophysical (or what should rather be called psychophysiological) parallelism. But this is carping criticism, and it amounts only to saying that psychology is not yet a completed science, with the added warning that love for completeness should not be allowed to outrun plain laboratory demonstration.

The most defective portion of this book is that on the formation of the concept, a title which is forced into covering the judgment and the process of reasoning as well. Science is defined by Judd as the effort to develop a coherent body of concepts. Now, it is true that, when science has all been found out, and has long since become an old story, every judgment will be old, *banal*, non-informational, matter for the conversation of bores; and all knowledge will be packed away in concepts. But that time is now far in the future, and the content of libraries of science is at present very largely in the form of explicit judgments, propositions, or "items of knowledge." Concepts are the coin of thoughts, and thoughts will not be good and effective unless the concepts are adequate—that is, sharp, clear, well-minted, and widely accepted at their face value. But to be in the possession of good concepts is not to be a good thinker, nor necessarily to be a thinker at all. Thought, in the best usage of the term (see Eisler), is identical with all judgments, and uses good concepts merely as good tools. But tools alone are not enough to constitute carpentry. This whole chapter should be recast in the light of a stricter logic. But it is noticeable that the psychologists have one and all been particularly unfortunate when dealing with this difficult subject.

In a mere review, unhappily, fault-finding has to be set out and explained at large, while commendation can usually be expressed in a few lines. Thus we can but repeat that this book contains an unusual amount of admirable introspection, analysis, and reconstruction, and that it must be regarded as a valuable contribution to the subject of which it treats.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. is about to publish "The Perfect Garden," by Walter Page Wright, editor of the *Gardener*. The book is said to be profusely and handsomely illustrated.

Prof. Robert De Courcy Ward's "Climate Considered Especially in Relation to Man" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a volume in the Science Series, is singularly successful in meeting the object for which it was prepared. It was intended to be "read by an intelligent person, who has not had special or extended training in the technicalities of the science." The simpler divisions of the climatic zones as belts, more or less regular, extending around the earth, and the more elaborate subdivisions involving the contrasts of land and water, of lowlands and highlands, are presented in the first six chapters. Then follows a chapter containing a large amount of information regarding diseases that depend closely upon climatic conditions. Next follow three chapters on the life of man as affected by tropical, temperate, and polar climates; and finally a chapter on changes of climate. The treatment throughout is conservative. Professor Ward has evidently read widely and made a good selection of material; if his courses on climatology at Harvard are to be judged by what we find in his book, his students may be congratulated on receiving a well considered abstract of a large subject.

William Arnold Anthony, an electrical expert, died in this city, May 29. Born in Coventry, R. I., in 1835, he was graduated from the Yale Scientific School, and then taught science in Providence and Franklin, N. Y. Beginning in 1867, he held professorships successively in Antioch College, Iowa Agricultural College, and Cornell University. Since 1887 he has been a consulting electrician, and since 1893 a professor of physics at the Cooper Union Schools of Science. At one time he was president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He has been a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals; he published in 1898 "Lecture Notes on the Theory of Electrical Measurements": and, with Prof. C. F. Brackett of Princeton, he was joint author of a "Manual of Physics."

Drama.

Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642: A History of the Drama in England from the Accession of Queen Elizabeth to the Closing of the Theaters, to Which Is Prefixed a Résumé of the Earlier Drama from Its Beginnings. By Felix E. Schelling. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.

It is illustrative of the rapid march of scholarship that a fresh study of the early English drama should appear only nine years after Ward's second edition. Ward's first edition appeared in 1875, the Preface of his second edition is dated July, 1898; Schelling's Preface is dated July, 1907. The English work and the American, though agreeing in substance, differ in scope and method. Ward continues his story into the Queen Anne period, ending with Addison and Steele; Schelling ends with 1642. Further, Ward's work is entitled "A History of English Dramatic Literature"; Schelling's "A History of the Drama in England." The distinction between dramatic literature and drama has been observed by each historian. In Ward's work we find dramatic impulses, movements, and forms subordinated to authorship. For example, in Chapter iii., "Shakespeare's Predecessors," Lyly, Kyd, Marlowe, Peele, etc., are discussed one by one in order. Chapter iv. gives, first, an Historical Account of the Growth of Shakespeare's Fame; then, a Biographical Sketch; last, a discussion of the Poems and Plays. Thus the great dramatic writer is "disposed of" in 381 pages. In like manner Ben Jonson is disposed of in the 111 pages of Chapter v. If, on the other hand, we wish to follow in Schelling the several phases of Shakespeare's activity, we must study his English historical plays in Chapter vi.; his "Merry Wives" in Chapter vii.; "Love's Labours Lost," "Merchant of Venice," etc., in Chapter viii.; "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Anthony and Cleopatra," in Chapter xii.; "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," "Timon," in Chapter xiii.; "Cymbeline," "Winter's Tale," "Tempest," in Chapter xvii. Ben Jonson's work is similarly scattered. The explanation is that Schelling treats his dramatic authors, great and small, under such topic-headings as "The National Historical Drama," "Domestic Drama," "Romantic Comedy," "Romantic Tragedy," "History and Tragedy on Classical Myth and Story," "Tragicomedy and Romance." The individual dramatist figures as one of several factors in a general movement.

Which of the two methods is better? We have no dogmatic answer at hand. Assuredly, each method has its right of being. Perhaps Professor Schelling wished to avoid the semblance of treading tamely in the steps of his predecessor; perhaps—and this is our preferred supposition—he argued that the time was ripe for handling the drama as a succession of grand impulses rather than as a gallery of illustrious names. At any rate, the public is the richer by a novel method. Nevertheless, we fear that the general reader, who knows only his Shakespeare fairly well, and seeks to compare him as an entirety with his predecessors and successors as entireties, will be puzzled more than once by this topic-grouping. At any rate, we fail to apprehend why "Antony and Cleopatra" should be in Chapter xii. ("Romantic Tragedy"), and "Coriolanus" in Chapter xiii. ("History and Tragedy on Classical Myth and Story"). To our way of thinking the late Egyptian tragedy is no more "romantic," no less "historical," than the early Roman play. The rider who sits firm in his saddle will follow with keen zest and abiding profit this zigzag after authors through topics, for he will get ever fresh glimpses of familiar objects; certainly his ear will be closer to the throb of the great English stage. But the rider less expert will, we fear, be constrained to dismount at many a turn and ask his way.

Within the narrow limits at our disposal we cannot attempt the briefest evaluation of our author's scholarship. Fortunately, Professor Schelling's reputation for accuracy and research does not need either testamur or caveat. We will only select a feature here and there for special praise or mild dissent.

In the matter of style the present work is decidedly stimulating; it carries the reader along more vigorously than does Ward's work. Our sole grumble is at the excessive use of the preposition-phrase "as to," where a simple "of" or "in" or "about" would be more legitimate. Occasionally one meets with an expression which is not quite authorized by usage. For example, in I., p. 257, the old play of "Jack Straw" is "the story of the villains' revolt"; true, we all know, or should know, that in our earlier language a peasant was called a villain, yet the modern historian entitles Jack Straw's rebellion the peasants' revolt. The Irish euphemism for fairies is not "other people," I., p. 395, but "good people." We wonder, also, how many of the non-elect will know who is meant by the "Christian Terence," II., p. 1. The French term *estrif* is in several places spelled *estrife*; this is neither French nor English.

Of the author's downrightness the following, I., p. xxxii., will serve as a specimen:

> The happy Elizabethans were little troubled by the eternal fitness of things, and were as innocent of the existence of that monster, anachronism, as they were unaware of that strict code of twentieth-century morals whereby a man may not take his own thoughts, if he happen to find them in the works of one of his predecessors.

An apt sentiment aptly expressed, though not quite as searching as the venerable malediction: *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. In more serious vein is this, I., p. 544:

> Marston's situations, too, in their attempt at originality, lapse into the improbable and the absurd. He is apt to take his readers long journeys through the ooze and slime of the marshes in quest of his rare and exquisite orchids of virtue. But the quest is often well worth our effort; for, with all his defects, Marston is one of the great Elizabethan brotherhood, and shares in that strange mingling of earthiness with things spiritual and visions poetic which was the birthright of that fortunate age.

Even more admirable is the summing up of "Hamlet," pp. 561-2; but it is too long for quotation, and we have given enough to whet the reader's appetite. Of the individual chapters, those which please us most are Chapter vi., "The National Historical Drama," for which indeed we were prepared by the author's previous monograph on the Chronicle Play; and the final Chapter xx., "The Drama in Retrospect." Here, in sixty pages, is a panorama in miniature of the whole movement from 1558 to 1642. So clear, concise, and vivid is the treatment that we are tempted to advise the reader to begin with this chapter by way of getting at once in touch with the author's method.

It lies beyond our scope to enter into the minutiæ of Shakespearean interpretation; else we might dissent from some of the author's remarks upon "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice," upon Shakespeare's "negligence of plot," and upon the character of Julius Cæsar. On the last two points we incline rather to Moulton. Yet, after all, Professor Schelling is a passed master in the diligent study of the drama in England, and few of us may aspire to rival him in erudition or in general sanity of judgment. His defects, if we have the right to use so harsh-sounding a word, are inherent in his very qualities. Knowing the drama of Old England from alpha to omega, he sometimes overlooks or misapprehends the connection between that drama and general European literature, dramatic or otherwise. For example, from what is said in I., pp. xxviii. and 27, 77, the incautious reader might infer that the humorous treatment of King Herod and of Joseph the husband of Mary was a specifically English development; whereas nearly all, if not quite all, the humor lavished upon Biblical personages was an outcome of the general mediæval spirit. The fooling of the Devil, I., 356-7, is also general European; see Wünsche, "Der Sagenkreis vom geprellten Teufel," especially Section iii., "Der geprellte Teufel als Freiersmann." To say, I., 386: "The magician, on the other hand, dates back to no such antiquity, but is mediæval in origin and the creature of historical romance," is to ignore Simon Magus and all his tribe. The contests between the apostles and Simon in the apocryphal Acts, some of which are quite early, remind one of the struggle between Moses and the Egyptians in Exodus.

Our most serious objection, however, lies against the author's treatment of the origin of the liturgical drama. At p. 2 we read: "The drama . . . may be technically described in its beginnings as an antiphonal and *mimetic* development of certain tropes of the *Mass, transferred* to the celebration of Easter or Christmas." Again, p. 4: "In the Concordia, . . . ascribed to Dunstan, but more probably Ethenwold's [an evident misprint for Ethelwold], and dating about 967, there is a description of the ceremonial of a Quem quæritis *transferred* to the celebration of Easter." The italics are ours. Now this entire theory of *transference to Easter* is, in homely phrase, putting the cart before the horse, besides misrepresenting the character of the mass. The Quem quæritis in sepulchro trope did not originate in the sacrament of the mass proper, consequently could not have been "transferred" from the mass to Easter. On the contrary, the trope *originated in the matins of Easter Sunday*, and remained there an indeterminable period. The Christmas trope grew out of the Easter trope with a slight change of formula; the Quem quæritis in sepulchro, Christicolæ, became Quem quæritis in præsepe, pastores. That is, the three Maries at the sepulchre became the shepherds at the manger. The words of Lange, "Die lateinischen Osterfeiern," p. 78, are explicit:

> Als Aufführungszeit ist in sämtlichen Denkmälern, wo dieselbe erkennbar ist, die Matutin des Ostersonntags bezeugt, in welcher die Feier ihren Platz nach dem dritten Responsorium *Dum transisset*, etc., hatte und als Regel mit dem Te Deum schloss.

Wirth, "Die Oster- und Passionsspiele," p. 3, says the same; and Creizenach merely echoes Lange and Wirth. The conclusion with the Te Deum is significant; that hymn has never formed a part of the consecration of the elements which constitute the mass proper.

Some fatality haunts the utterances of English writers on this point. Ward, in his first edition, speaks of the "pantomimical" element in the action of the celebrant, and repeats the error in his second edition, Davidson, "Studies in the English Mystery Plays," has a section headed "The Doctrine of Transubstantiation as a Dramatic Motive," and even Chambers speaks of the mass as "an essentially dramatic commemoration." All this savors too strongly of the ultra Protestant hocus pocus of Prynne's "Histriomastix." We shall never attain to a clear understanding of the nascent liturgical drama unless we cut loose absolutely from the interpretation of the mass as mimetics and histrionics, a gross misconception, and confine our attention to a simple Easter morning service. Whatever the later Church plays may have become, the early liturgical plays in Latin were a simple but most effective presentation of the gospel story of the Maries at the sepulchre.

The Index is an admirable piece of work, as near perfection as anything of the sort is likely to be. The Finding List of Plays is also excellent; we note, however, the omision of the play of Thersites. Concerning the Bibliographical Essay we speak less confidently. It is too much an essay and too little a bibliography. To him who may have the patience to study it through and through it will be an instructive guide. But as a ready means of discovering, for example, what editions of a play are in existence and just what has been written on the play, the bibliography will be puzzling, if not disappointing, in places. The editor would have done well to discriminate, p. 442, between those publications which are genuine periodicals and those which are merely collections of monographs, *e. g.*, Münchener Beiträge, Materialien zur Kunde, etc.

In parting we congratulate Professor Schelling on having produced a work of which we may all be proud, a work of which every note rings true, a work whose doctrine is throughout stimulating and helpful. We like especially the dedication "To my students," etc. It is a pity not more of us were thus frank in admitting that our students are our better half.

At the recent meeting of the Deutsche Shakespearegesellschaft in Weimar, the prize offered for the best work on "'Hamlet' auf der deutschen Bühne bis zur Gegenwart," was awarded to Prof. A. von Weilen of the University of Vienna, and a second prize to Adolf Winz of the Royal Theatre in Dresden. Both of these productions are to be published.

It now seems probable that the great memorial to Shakespeare, which has recently excited so much discussion in England, may take the form of a theatre in London.

The poetic drama "Lanval," written by T. E. Ellis (Lord Howard de Walden) and recently produced in London, seems to be a work of respectable literary and fair theatrical quality. The story appears to be suggested by the adventures of Tannhäuser and the Scriptural Joseph. To begin with, Lanval, the Italian knight at the court of King Arthur, is enthralled by Triamour, the spirit-woman, "from the quiet of the middle world," whom he meets in a wood. For three months he dallies with the fair enchantress in the "middle world," which is understood to symbolize the world of dreams. Then he tears himself away, returns to the Arthurian court, overthrows Agravaine, a boastful knight, in the jousts, and becomes the object of a guilty passion on the part of Queen Guinevere, who seems to have forgotten both her husband and

Launcelot for the time being. Like Joseph, Lanval repulses her addresses, only to be traduced before the King by Queen Guinevere herself—whose love has turned to hatred—and doomed to banishment. The blank verse is said to rise at times to the level of good poetry.

Anna Haverland, one of the best-known actresses of the German stage, has died in Dresden. She came to America to act the title rôle in the first German performance of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," a part for which she was selected by the author when the drama was first given in Berlin. She was born in 1854 in Leipzig, and began her stage career there. Later she went to Dresden and took the leading parts in the modern and classic plays. She was at the Court Theatre in Berlin, travelled with the Meiningen players to London and St. Petersburg, and acted at various private theatres in Berlin. In 1890 she appeared in New York, and on her return to Germany she retired from the stage. Her greatest success was won in the tragic rôles, although she was highly praised in certain plays of Ibsen. She had written verses and essays which met with some favor in her own country.

Music.

Bayreuth and Munich are not the only German cities that will have opera festivals this summer. Cologne will have a series of performances lasting from June 11 to June 28. The operas to be sung are Wagner's "Tristan" and "Meistersinger," Mozart's "Figaro," Verdi's "Falstaff," and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." For this last-named work Mary Garden and the vocal ensemble of the Brussels Opera have been secured. Among the other artists engaged are Olive Fremstad of New York, Frieda Hempel of Berlin, Minnie Nast of Dresden, Frau Preuse Matzenauer of Munich, Carl Burrian of Dresden, Messrs. Demuth and Slezak of the Vienna Court Opera, Paul Knüpfer of Berlin, Albert Reiss of New York, and Messrs. Feinhals, Geis, and Von Kraus of Munich. The directors will be Fritz Steinbach and Lohse of Cologne, and Felix Mottl of Munich.

An opera of Bizet's which has not yet been produced in Paris was given in Rome a few weeks ago. Its title is "Don Procopio," and its history is interesting. One day, while Bizet was living in Rome as holder of the Grand Prix of the Paris Conservatoire (1859), he came across an old volume at a bookseller's which contained what seemed to him material for a good light opera. He wrote the libretto as well as the music, and when the opera was completed he sent it as a specimen of his work to the judges in Paris. In regard to it he wrote to a friend:

> I am working hard; have just finished an opera buffa with which I am not dissatisfied, and hope the Academy will find that I have improved in my style.

Ambroise Thomas, however, was not impressed, and the score passed into the hands of Auber, who put it among a lot of papers, which, after his death came into the possession of his daughters. In 1894 Weckerlin, in sorting these papers, found the opera which Bizet and his friends had given up as lost. The libretto was missing, but a new one was made by Choudens and Malherbe.

The death is announced from London of the composer Jacques Blumenthal, who was born in Hamburg in 1829, and came from Paris to England at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848. Some of his songs, such as "The Message," "Good Night," "In the Shadow," and "In the Sunshine," were very popular.

Art.

Alessandro Filipepi, Commonly Called Sandro Botticelli, Painter of Florence. By Herbert P. Horne. Folio; pp. xv, 366; 42 photogravure plates. 225 numbered copies. London: George Bell & Sons. £10 10s.

This beautiful folio is in striking contrast to the big books on art that drop so frequently from the publishers' presses. Such seemliness of page and perfection of process engraving are not to be got with hasty manufacture. The book has been in hand something more than fifteen years, and has so far outgrown the original plan that the work of Botticelli's school, indexes, and addenda will afford material for a second volume. Though a scholar's book for scholars, it avoids the usual tangle of footnotes; the fairly printed text runs unbrokenly between rubricated side notes that give succinctly the indispensable references, while the actual documents are printed in full at the end. The contribution to Botticelli's biography is unexpectedly large. Through the discovery of new parchments and the thoroughgoing use of those already known we gain something like a picture of Sandro's family life, of his patrons, of his melancholy devotion to the lost cause of Savonarola. We lose as well certain dear legendary matter. Lorenzo the Magnificent diminishes as a patron, the Fair Simonetta disappears as a sitter. In short, the work is a learned and loving reconstruction of the life of the painter—an attempt to set us near him in his Florence.

Except as Mr. Horne, following recent authorities, has made a clean sweep of the school pictures, the book leaves the æsthetic appreciation of Botticelli much where it was. In this respect it is adequate, and a careful reader will not fail to perceive the author's attitude towards Botticelli as "the master of contour." One could wish, however, that the critical observations on the individual pictures might somewhere have been brought to a focus. As it is, Mr. Horne should have the credit for a literary handling of a most laborious investigation: there are singularly few passages in this encyclopædic biography that must be regarded as merely for reference. In fact, for a similar example of mellow scholarship equally regardful of the parts and of the whole, one must go back to such biographies as Nott's "Surrey and Wyatt," which after a century of eager research still holds its own as an authority. To enumerate the items of biographical and antiquarian interest presented for the first time in this study would be impossible, but we may suggest a few of the more important.

By 1459 we must assume that Alessandro Filipepi, then a fifteen-year-old lad was already with Fra Filippo Lippi. The ever dilatory friar was then under pressure to complete the frescoes in the choir of the Collegiata at Prato. From him, Mr. Horne believes, Sandro learned his peculiarly graceful and expressive use of the line. In pressing this obvious relation, it seems to us that the immense difference between the Frate's draughtsmanship and that of his pupil is ignored. At all times Sandro's line is at once more calligraphic and more dynamic, and here is a fact that we may account for either by temperament, or by supposing especial advantages from an apprenticeship at goldsmithing. Vasari tells us that Sandro got his nickname "il Botticello"—the cask—from an apparently mythical goldsmith thus qualified. Mr. Horne points out that Botticello was the nickname of Sandro's eldest brother, Giovanni. Its transfer to the younger brother may well mean that the brother took the charge of the young painter. We know, too, that the second brother Antonio was a goldsmith during Sandro's boyhood, and here may be the ground of Vasari's account. In Botticelli's earliest work we find something of that nervousness of line that often comes from the use of the tracer. It would be interesting to digress and show how the practice of that admirable instrument has invariably enhanced the talent of true draughtsmen, such as the Pollaiuoli and Verrocchio. In drawing on metal, especially in working out designs in relief, the line must be agile and expressive, the method concise and symbolic. As a rule, the Italians who have shown great preciousness and power of pure line have had some experience as goldsmiths or sculptors. Whether or not Sandro had this training early from his brother, he was, at any rate, early initiated into the kind of drawing we mean through his association with Antonio Pollaiuolo. His influence seems to us to outweigh that of the Frate. In any case, it is already strong in the oblong Adoration of the Magi, in the National Gallery, which Mr. Horne regards as Botticelli's earliest painting. By 1470 we find Botticelli actually the associate of the Pollaiuoli in painting the Virtues for the Hall of the Mercanzia, while a few years later we catch him borrowing the lovely figure of the Flora, in the Allegory of Spring, from one of Antonio's silver reliefs. Everything points to the early supersession of the somewhat inert formulas of Fra Filippo by the strenuous methods of the greater Pollaiuolo. Some such view is implicit in Mr. Horne's cautious pages, for he rejects all of those nondescript products of the Frate's studio which the late Hermann Ullman and others had laboriously assembled to provide Botticelli with a "first manner." Some years ago, after this part of the book was in type, a Madonna in fresco was discovered in an oratory above Settignano. Mr. Horne then published it as Sandro's earliest work, and will presumably return to the matter in the second volume. To us, who know the painting only from a photograph, its quality is unconvincing.

No discovery of new works by Botticelli was really to be expected, and Mr. Horne adds to the familiar list only a much damaged fresco of the Annunciation in the suppressed convent of S. Martino, via della

Scala, Florence. He rejects the Munich Pietà, which seems to us one of the finest works of the master. He accepts as late works the Judith of the Kaufmann collection, Berlin, and the design of the Strange Crucifixion owned by M. Aynard, at Lyons. So far as one may judge by the admirable reproductions, these pictures seem doubtful, despite their evident relations with the Dante drawings. Besides those famous illustrations, Mr. Horne admits as authentic only eight drawings, five in the Uffizi, two in the Louvre, and one in the British Museum. To us this seems an excess of skepticism, and in particular we have never seen any cogent argument for rejecting the lovely pen sketch of an orchestral ring of angels surrounding a Coronation, in the Uffizi. In general, as we have noted, Mr. Horne remains on the sure ground of historical fact. We get from him an enormous amount of information about the Florentines, who came into relations with Botticelli either in an artistic or business way. Much of this material is of the minute sort, and it would be easy to flout it with the hackneyed citation of Goethe's wash lists. But this would be unfair. Such antiquarian small change may at any time assume a major value—help, for example, to date a crucial picture. Mr. Horne has supplied a mine in which students may profitably dig for many years to come.

Nor are the smaller rectifications without critical significance. It seems a small thing to show that the Spring, the Birth of Venus, and Pallas and the Centaur, were commissioned not by Lorenzo the Magnificent, as had been surmised, but for his cousin Lorenz di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, who was of the popular party. But this correction takes Botticelli further away from the court of the Magnifico, emphasizes the inwardness of his inspiration, and removes the alluring but extraneous legend of the Fair Simonetta. So in many instances Mr. Horne's patient compilations and adjudications help us to a more just view of Sandro's activity. We can mention only in passing the elaborate studies of the contemporary engravings which have been ascribed to the master, and such lists as those of embroideries based on his designs. Of more general interest is the careful reconstruction of Botticelli's attitude as a follower of Savonarola. After many biographies on this theme it is the first that gives its hero any convincing reality. The characterization of individual pictures is admirable; the too brief summing up of Botticelli's mastery as lying in contour rendered by line may well be the starting point of a long debate into which we cannot enter. We feel that the positions occupied by Mr. Horne as a connoisseur will rarely be successfully assaulted. This may be a disappointment to critics of the belligerent sort, but they, too, will have their innings when the second volume on Botticelli's School appears.

One of the most infectiously enthusiastic of recent books on any of the arts and crafts is Bertie Wyllie's "Sheffield Plate" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). Few Americans will read it and not want forthwith to collect or even to make articles from the "copper rolled plate"—that is the trade name—which thrifty middle-class ancestors used as a good-looking substitute for solid silver. The author adds:

> All that is necessary is for the public to signify their desire to have it, and willingness to pay the higher price inseparable from the cost of making beautiful hand-made specimens of the silversmith's art, instead of machine-stamped, coarsely shaped, roughly finished electro-plated rubbish. Surely people of means will be willing to do this when they know that it is possible to get these beautiful things made again. Surely they will refuse to go on buying the unlovely electro-plate which they have put up with for the last fifty years, when they hear that the art of copper rolled plate would be only about twice the cost of electro-plate and half the cost of silver—in all large pieces, at any rate. I believe that they will, because I know many people who hate electro-plate, and wish for the old designs and old workmanship.

Not only in Great Britain, but in this country, interest in Sheffield plate has been somewhat revived in the past few years. For antiques there is abundant demand, and at least one American firm is producing meritorious reproductions and originals. The process consists essentially in welding to one face or to two opposite faces of a copper ingot a sheet or sheets of fine or slightly alloyed silver. The composite ingot thus formed is flattened out under heavy rollers. The process was invented about 1742 by Thomas Bolsover, a mechanic of Sheffield. The designs employed, in accordance with changing fashions of the eighteenth century, followed a course whose stages are denominated by the dealers as "Queen Anne," "Early Georgian," "Adams Period," "Empire Period," "Late Georgian," and "Late." One of the services rendered by this newest book is to elaborate a more accurate nomenclature of the patterns. The manufacture, as is well known, flourished until about 1840, when a patent was taken out for a process of depositing silver by electro-decomposition upon copper, nickel, or German silver. Thereafter the making of copper-rolled plate gradually died out. The author holds beliefs common to the arts and crafts movement, so that the book, irrespective of its wealth of specific information, will be prized by many people for its general doctrines. It pleads strongly with all householders to purchase a few things, well made and having the hand quality, rather than fall victims to the expensive cheapness of articles which cost little at the outset, but which must speedily be replaced.

Some interesting excavations are being carried on near Piombino, the site of the ancient Etruscan city of Populonia. This city, which is one of the few Etruscan strongholds known to have been built on the seashore, must have been of considerable importance, since it had its own coinage. According to Virgil, Populonia sent help to Æneas; but other authorities gave it a much later date, describing it as a colony from Volterra. The present excavations justify the claims for its high antiquity. Among the sixty-four tombs brought to light, the earliest are Italic tombs of incineration, identical with those found at Vetulonia, and containing vases and ornaments of the well-known "Villanova" type. There are also tombs of inhumation; Etruscan tombs of the archaic period; and later ones with painted vases of the third century B. C. The most interesting of these tombs are: one in the shape of a cradle, containing the remains of a small body, entirely covered with ornaments of bronze and amber; and one of a young girl, evidently of a high caste, as is shown by her rich ornaments and jewelry. On her left was found a solid gold ring, and around her head was a gold diadem of exquisite workmanship. This tomb also contained several bronze and terracotta vases. All the objects found will be placed in the Etruscan Museum, at Florence.

Recent excavations in the garden behind the royal palace at Turin have opened the semi-circular area of the Roman theatre discovered several years ago. Many pieces of its decoration and a bronze fragment of the Augustan period have been found. This bronze is a delicately modelled foot wearing a shoe. It is more than life size and is supposed to belong to a statue which Cozius, a barbarian king who became a Roman prefect, erected to Augustus. The King has ordered all that part of the garden explored, in the hope of discovering the rest of the statue and its dedicatory inscription.

The second Salon des Humoristes, organized by the proprietors of *Le Rire*, has opened at Paris, and, like the first a year ago, is proving a great success. To some people, the exhibition has one serious fault; there is too much of it. It includes over nineteen hundred exhibits in the modern section alone, and to these are added a series of Gustave Doré's early work, done in the forties and fifties, for *Le Journal de Rire*, and a collection of the drawings and prints of English humorists from Hogarth to Leech and his colored lithographs. No one could read straight through a book of the choicest witticisms without feeling surfeited long before reaching the end; and so, there can be too much of a good thing in the best collection of comic drawings. But many of the most admirable draughtsmen in France draw for the weekly and daily papers, and it is a pleasure to see in the original the work of men like Jean-Louis Forain, Chéret, Charles-Lucien Léandre, Léon-Adolphe Willette, Pierre-Georges Jeanniot, and Albert-André Guillaume. The contemporary work from abroad is not particularly remarkable—Americans are hardly represented. But the collection of English humorists chiefly of the eighteenth century has been better made than would have seemed possible in France.

Early next winter a new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts will be opened with an exhibition of modern German art. The objects to be exhibited, consisting of paintings and sculptural works in bronze and marble, will be collected by a committee, under the general supervision of the art director of the German government, Wilhelm Bode.

There is now on exhibition in the Art Museum and in the corridors of the Library of Bryn Mawr College an interesting collection of photographs and reproductions of practically all the old masters which are now in this country. The exhibition is limited to paintings antedating 1700; and, leaving out of account the catalogues of the P. A. B. Widener and the William L. Elkins collections, which are illustrated by very fine plates, there are 528 photographs. There are also photograph albums of the collections of Dr. George Reuling of Baltimore and of the C. B. Walker collection of Milwaukee. The collection has been made and catalogued, by Dr. C. L. Ransom, head of the department of art and archæology, Bryn Mawr, and Miss Una McMahan, demonstrator in art and archæology. The exhibition will close June 5.

At the sale of the Gerbeau art collection in Paris last week, the following prices were paid for etchings by Whistler: Palaces, 4,200 francs; Little Venice, 1,350 francs; San Biagio, 1,200 francs; and The Balcony, 1,500 francs.

At an auction at Christie's, London, on May 15, pictures with the following attributions were sold: D. Teniers, A Kitchen, £210; R. van der Weyden, Madonna and Child Enthroned, £630; G. Terburg, Portrait of a Gentleman, £210; Rembrandt. A Philosopher Writing, £315; Raeburn, Harie Guthrie, £262; Goya, Pepe Illo, $546; Count Florida Blanca, £210; Murillo, St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, £315; Velasquez, A View in the Park, £210; A. van der Neer, A Woody River Scene, £672.

Walter Satterlee, the painter, died in Brooklyn, May 28. He was born in that city in 1844, was graduated from Columbia in 1863, and studied at the National Academy of Design, and also under Léon Bonnat in Paris. He was successful as a teacher, and also as a painter of figure and *genre* pictures. In 1879 he was elected an associate of the National Academy, and in 1886 he received the Clarke Prize at the Academy.

Charles Drouet, who died recently in Paris, was a sculptor comparatively unknown to the general public. He was an artist of accomplishment, though in France, where the average of sculpture is so high, this is not always sufficient to bring reputation and commissions. He had been one of a group of students who worked together in Paris in the fifties; among them were two or three destined to become the most distinguished artists of the second half of the nineteenth century—Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Manet. Drouet and Whistler once had their studios in the same building. Whistler made a portrait of Drouet in one of his now most celebrated plates; and Drouet owned Whistler's early painting of the old man smoking, which was shown in the Paris Memorial Exhibition, and early Whistler etchings which the collector might well have envied him. He had, moreover, an astonishing collection of pictures, prints, and drawings, picked up no one knew where, which covered the walls and the floors of his rooms, even his bedroom and his bed, in the Rue de Seine. No one who was ever admitted into his apartment can forget the bewildering litter everywhere. and the charming, alert little old man, with his fresh color, his brilliant red skull cap, and his youthful enthusiasm, who displayed the Romneys and Constables and Turners and Lawrences which he regarded as his greatest treasures. Like Whistler, he was young and a delightful companion to the very end.

The death is announced at the age of fifty-six of Roger Ballu, formerly Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts. He was the author of "L'Œuvre de Barye" and "La Peinture au Salon de 1880."

Finance.

THE "SUNSHINE MOVEMENT."

The aftermath of the panic of 1907 has been characterized in this country by many singular incidents which have perplexed students of economics quite as much as practical business men. Such occurrences as the remark by Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the Steel Corporation, when rejecting propositions for lower prices, that the fact that the demand is less than the supply does not furnish an argument for lowering the price, and the subsequent decision of the Eastern railway managers to *increase* rates because demand for transportation had decreased, suggested topsyturvy conditions, at any rate in financial thinking. For these vagaries there was at least the explanation that the two industries feared to reduce the price of labor, and believed themselves near enough to monopolistic control to force the general public to make up what should normally have come from a lowered labor cost.

A third phenomenon, however, cannot be explained on just these grounds, because its basis seems at first sight to be emotional and sentimental. Last March the commercial travellers of the country were summoned to meet at Baltimore in what was termed a "Prosperity Convention." About one thousand came; they were addressed by numerous speakers with an appeal to "'cheer up" and "get out into the sunshine." Obviously the purpose was to persuade merchants or for merchants to persuade themselves, that trade was not so bad as appearances indicated. It was not clear what success this curious gathering had. Certainly it did not end the commercial depression; as a matter of fact, the flicker of reviving trade activity, which occurred just before the Baltimore meeting, disappeared almost completely towards the end of March and during April. But the chief movers in what was now called the "sunshine propaganda"—among whom were some really important Western business men—continued to organize "prosperity associations." They appointed dates for national conventions, and appealed to all other trade organizations to send delegates—even presenting that request, last month, before the staid Chamber of Commerce of New York, which had some difficulty in pigeon-holing the appeal without hurting some one's feelings.

As was to be expected in a Presidential year, efforts were straightway made to draw the "sunshine conventions" into politics. At Baltimore, in March, after a speech by Representative Fowler of New Jersey, the "prosperity convention" unanimously indorsed the Fowler currency bill. Last month a delegation from the national association called on President Roosevelt, to ask him, somewhat timidly and deprecatingly, not to do anything strenuous now, which might disturb business. This phase of the demonstration was promptly dubbed, by its enthusiastic supporters, the "give-us-a-rest-and-sunshine movement."

The financial and commercial side of the matter has this week, however, been presented in an extremely curious aspect. A week or two ago, the officers of what was now formally styled the "National Prosperity Association," with headquarters at St. Louis, announced that they had decided to designate the first of June as "Reëmployment day," and that on that date increased orders were to be sent by merchants to manufacturers; and laborers who had been laid off because of the trade reaction and reduced activity in business, were to be reinstated. The first of June arrived, and the story of the day certainly was one of reviving activity in trade. A large number of the New England cotton mills, which had been working on half-time, resumed full production. Around St. Louis itself, according to the assertions of the Prosperity Association, new orders for $5,000,000 worth of goods were sent out to manufacturers, and 17,508 laborers were reemployed.

This extraordinary incident looks, on its face, as if a gigantic experiment in Christian Science had been tried successfully; as if a determined crusade to make people believe that they were prosperous had really made them so. If this were the only explanation, then we should have to wait until the hysterical stage of supposed recovery had passed, and the disease had again begun to progress. In any case, it will be wise to keep an open mind until we see just how much permanency there is in this June resumption.

But it is not really necessary to resort to morbid psychology to explain the event. Experienced business men, even in the crisis, perceived that the sequel to 1907 could not be exactly similar to that of former first-rate financial panics. Aside from such advantages at the present time as the sound currency and well-guarded Treasury, which did not exist during other setbacks, two factors of the highest importance have favored a relatively early return to health. One was the great and seemingly imperative demand for the products of our soil on the part of foreign consumers; the other was the financial wealth and power of the agricultural West itself—the half-bankrupt burden on the East in 1893 and 1873 and 1857, but the reservoir of capital, credit, and genuine resources in 1908. The principal doubt was whether or not nature would favor these farm communities with an abundant yield this year. On this depended the character of the coming season's trade.

The fixing of June 1 as the day for increased activity was not arbitrary edict or pure chance. By that date in any normal farming year, the prospects of the early

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crops are reasonably assured. This year, after ideal weather, the winter wheat is in excellent condition. In the Northwest, where the later crop is grown, the season is yet young, but there, too, indications are extremely favorable. Since orders for goods are commonly placed at the opening of a month, it is entirely probable that a great part of the week's increased activity in trade, and even the increased employment at the mills, would have occurred even without the edict of a Prosperity Association. Under not dissimilar conditions, a precisely similar revival of trade occurred in the spring of 1895 and the fall of 1904, after a period of depression.

Whether this means that the period of reaction is past, is a very different question. The week's recovery was by no means common to all trade. Pittsburgh's horizon has been only slightly brightened, and even in the dry goods industry, there is much skepticism over the immediate future. We have before us the disturbing possibilities of a Presidential contest, and the richest of all our crops, Indian corn, is barely above ground. It was a failure, not of the wheat or cotton crop, but of corn in 1894 which checked all that year's tendency to revival. These are, however, only possibilities; the facts at the moment point to a relatively rapid recovery from depression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anglican Liberalism. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Bennett, John W. Roosevelt and the Republic. Broadway Publishing Co.
Campbell, Robert G. Neutral Rights and Obligations in the Anglo-Boer War. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Carter, Samuel T. Wanted—A Theology. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.
Case Against Socialism. Macmillan.
Catholic Encyclopædia. Edited by Charles G. Hebermann and others. Vol. III. Robert Appleton Co.
Chamberlain, Jacob. The Kingdom in India. Revell. $1.50 net.
Clerget, Pierre. La Suisse au XXe siècle. Paris: Armand Colin.
Cornell Studies in History and Political Science. Vol. II. Henry Holt & Co.
Diderot, Selections from. Edited by W. F. Giese. Boston: Heath.
Don-Carlos, Cooke. A Bottle in the Smoke. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Duncan, David. Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. Appletons.
Duncon, John. Lady Lettice, Vi-Countess Falkland. Dutton.
Encyclopædia of Social Reform. Edited by William D. P. Bliss and others. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Europe, Complete Pocket Guide to. Edited by E. C. and T. L. Stedman. William R. Jenkins Co.
Field, Michael. Wild Honey. A. Wessels Co. $1.65 net.
George Leib Harrison Foundation, 1896-1906. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
Gillmore, Inez Haynes. June Jeopardy. B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.
Goodrich, Arthur. Gleam O' Dawn. Appleton. $1.50.
Hale, George Ellery. The Study of Stellar Evolution. University of Chicago Press. $4.27.
Hall, Bolton. A Little Land and a Living. The Arcadia Press. $1.
Handy Manual of Social Reform. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 25 cents.
Haskell, Juliana. Bayard Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust. Macmillan. $1 net.
Heath, F. R. A Manual of Language Lessons. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute.
Hill, David Spence. The Education and Problems of the Protestant Ministry. Worcester: Clark University Press.
Hodgetts, E. A. Brayley. The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century. 2 vols. Imported by Scribner's. $6 net for 2 vols.
Houdini, Harry. The Unmasking of Robert Houdin. Publishers Printing Co.
Job, Herbert Keightley. The Sport of Bird-Study. Outing Publishing Co. $2 net.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. XI. Washington.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. XII. Washington.
Lorimer, George Horace. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Maclear, Anne Bush. Early New England Towns. Longmans.
Mantzius, Karl. Molière. Traduit du danois par Maurice Pellisson. Paris: Armand Colin.
Minister of State for Education, Thirty-third Annual Report of the. Tokio, Japan.
Musselman, H. T. The National Teacher-Training Text-Books. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
My High School Days: A Memory Book for the Girl Graduate. H. M. Caldwell Co.
O'Donnell, C. J. The Causes of Present Discontent in India. A. Wessels Co. 85 cents net.
Parisot, Edmond and Félix Henry. Les Meilleures Pages des Écrivains Pédagogiques. Paris: Armand Colin.
Peters, Madison C. The Strenuous Career. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25.
Porter, Alfred W. An Intermediate Course in Mechanics. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Richardson, E. Artist Songs. A. Wessels Co. $1.15 net.
Russell, Charles Edward. Lawless Wealth. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Saunders, Florence Wenderoth. Letters to a Business Girl. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25.
Seawell, Molly Elliot. The Last Duchess of Belgarde. Dutton. $1.25.
Selden Society: Year Books of Edward II. Vol. IV. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Shoemaker, Michael Myers. Wanderings in Ireland. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Sholl, Anna McClure. The Greater Love. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. Home Life in Germany. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Solis-Cohen, Emily, jr. David and the Giant Killer. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Spiller, Gustav. Faith in Man. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Stratton, Alfred William. Letters from India. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Takahashi, Sakuyé. International Law Applied to the Russo-Japanese War. Banks Law Publishing Co. $8 net.
Thibaudeau, A. C. Bonaparte and the Consulate. Translated by G. K. Fortescue. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.
Townsend, Charles H. T. The Taxonomy of the Muscoidean Flies, etc. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Tudor Facsimile Texts: Youth—Hickscorner—Medwall's Nature. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Watson, Charles R. In the Valley of the Nile. Revell. $1 net.
Weld, L. D. H. Private Freight Cars and American Railways. Longmans.
Wetherald, Ethelwyn. The Last Robin. Toronto: William Briggs.
Wisdom of the East Series: The Rose Garden of Sa'di; Conduct of Life; Sa'di's Scroll of Wisdom; Sayings of Lao Tzu; Wisdom of Israel; Women and Wisdom of Japan; Duties of the Heart; Instruction of Ptah-Hotep; Religion of the Koran. Dutton. 40 cents net each.
Worcester, Elwood, and others. Religion and Medicine. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.
Young, Julia Ditto. Barham Beach.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

The Week.

Old hands at national conventions profess themselves staggered at the rough directness with which the Roosevelt control of the party machinery is being exerted. What becomes of the fine art of politics? Where are all those nice compromises, that magnanimity of the victor, that desire for conciliation and harmony which we have always understood to be the full flower of political management? The Democratic bosses of New York State, Murphy and Conners, could scarcely be more frankly brutal than the Taft managers have thus far shown themselves at Chicago. They mean to let nothing get away. To ride rough-shod over Senators and Representatives and protesting committeemen and delegates, appears to be their conception of the height of political wisdom. And when the result of their strong-arm tactics was reported to the White House, he that sitteth in that heaven held his opponents in derision. A decent regard for appearances would have dictated some other course than having three of Taft's hired men turn up with proxies for seats in the National Committee. Among all the well-known Republicans favoring the Secretary's candidacy, it must have been possible to find two or three who would have used the artfully provided proxies, and thus spared the committee and the party the affront of having three men who were known only as paid out of the Taft campaign fund step forward to pass judicially upon credentials which they themselves had secured. That would at least have been to keep a very thin velvet glove over the iron hand. The whole incident, with its violent break with party traditions, and the disagreeable effect it has produced upon the older Republicans, is but one evidence more of the great change in political manners and methods since Mr. Roosevelt came to look upon the Republican party as his personal property. To him, the possession of power without using it to the utmost, is sheer folly. The nomination of Secretary Taft is his doing. He set the whole Federal machinery to work for the purpose of bringing it about. All the other Taft managers were putty in his hands. As for the party, what does it exist for but to take instructions from him? Discipline must be maintained; and if any left-over Republicans of an epoch before the age of brass think that the delicacies and the decencies ought to be observed in running a national convention, it is time that they learned their mistake. This is the day of Thorough.

"Hands off the judiciary!" is an admirable appeal at any time. It is particularly fitting that just at this juncture representative men like Joseph H. Choate, A. Barton Hepburn, ex-Chief Justice Andrews, ex-Secretary Tracy, Mr. McKinley's Attorney-General, John W. Griggs, and Presidents J. M. Taylor and Rush Rhees, should petition the Republican party to include in its platform the following declaration:

> We affirm our confidence in the integrity and justice of the courts, State and national, and we insist that the preservation of their independence and full constitutional prerogatives is essential to the maintenance of the American system of government.

That sounds as if it had been written in 1896, when the Republican party was aghast at Bryan's attack on the courts. Times have changed, and not in any respect more than in the attitude of McKinley's successor towards judges. Such a plank would be extremely useful in holding men who are disturbed by the radicalism of to-day. But a petition of this kind is a dissent, not merely from the Bryan, but also from the Roosevelt policies.

What particular merit is involved in returning a tainted campaign contribution to its stigmatized owner, we confess ourselves not quite able to see. When Mr. Bryan, like angry Jove, announces that Mr. Ryan shall have his maculated money if it be proved that Mr. Ryan did shed his bounty over Nebraska, it amounts at the best to a locking of the stable after the horse is stolen, to a surrender of the cake that you are caught with in the pantry, to the fashioning of a very thin virtue out of a very robust necessity. For the gravamen of the charge that this or that predatory interest has lent its support and its funds—E. H. Harriman to Mr. Roosevelt, or Thomas F. Ryan to Mr. Bryan—is not so much in the evil actually wrought by the particular sum of blood money, as in the fact that predatory interests should think it worth while to adhere and bear aid and comfort to the particular politician under fire. If a man should be accused of burglary and an accuser should come and testify that he had supplied the ladder and held it in place while forcible entry was made, it would do the accused little good to say, "Here, take back your confounded ladder."

The monthly "condition estimate of the Department of Agriculture shows the highest promise for winter wheat since the "record" wheat year 1901; the condition of spring wheat has never but twice been equalled at this time of year in a decade past; the yield of oats, which failed so signally last year, seems likely to be the largest ever harvested. It is still too early to reckon with confidence on the realization of all these hopes; spring wheat and corn are not yet out of danger. But it is possible to say that the outlook is the very brightest. This promise comes, moreover, at a time when the smallness of the supply of grain—owing to the general shortage of 1907—guarantees remunerative prices. If these expectations are fulfilled, we shall have the natural process of financial recuperation powerfully assisted. It was a harvest of this character which insured the success of specie resumption in 1879, which in 1891 probably postponed for two years the panic that came in 1893, and which started the industrial revival of 1897. Nothing could be more reasonable than that mercantile industry, in the Middle West especially, should begin to stir. But even with this hopeful outlook, the country's purchasing and consuming power is not to be restored in a day, after such a shock as last October's. Our industries still have a fairly long road to complete recovery. The steel trade is yet in great depression; the railway business shows few signs of encouragement; both of them need all the help that a great harvest would give to them and to general trade. But if all goes well during the next few months, in agriculture and in politics, steady recuperation is probable.

The cut in the price of steel products is a matter of general interest, chiefly because of its bearing on the announced policy of the United States Steel Corporation and the group of other manufacturing concerns which dominate the trade. Early last April, after a meeting of these manufacturers in this city, Judge E. H. Gary of the Steel Corporation declared that no reduction in prices would be made from the level maintained in the prosperous period of the year before. The fact that supply had run beyond demand was not, he stated, an argument for lowering prices; no more steel would be sold because of the reduction, and stability of prices—"avoidance of violent and sudden fluctuations"—was equally in the interest of manufacturers and purchasers. At a further conference, late in May, this position was reaffirmed, in the statement that "prices of steel are reasonable, and should not be reduced"; that most customers "do not expect, or desire, any change"; and that conferences on the question would therefore be discontinued for the summer. These statements throw a curious light on the sudden cut, last week, in the price of steel bars, followed this week by an inevitable cut in other forms of steel. The first reduction was officially explained as due to the fact that some smaller manufacturers of steel had been selling bars at the lower price to meet competition of the iron-bar makers; and that the larger steel men had decided to hold their own in the market. This is precisely the language usually employed to explain why a corner in any commodity has broken down; and this inference is confirmed by the second reductions.

Already those interested in a high tariff are taking sly satisfaction in the unprecedentedly large appropriations by Congress. They will, it is said, make reduction of the tariff impossible. The bigger the deficit, the higher the tariff. What if Congress has voted 70 per cent. of all our revenue for war purposes? This will so put the Treasury to its trumps that, instead of cutting down customs duties, the only thing to do will be to raise them. Thus extravagance will redound to the greater glory of the standpatters. The fact that their argument is fallacious will not prevent its being used. A finance minister with a free hand and a clear head would like nothing better than the job of so revising and reducing our tariff as to make it yield a much larger revenue. But it is not that point which we would at present urge. What these smug people should consider, who are rejoicing in a spendthrift policy because it seems to favor their personal ends, is the fact that it will also favor ends which they profess to hold in alarm and abhorrence. For wanton voting away of the public money is a direct encouragement to the schemes of Socialism. The higher the burdens of the taxpayer are heaped up, the readier will be the Socialists to pile on more, and to assert that when so much money can be found for wasteful expenditure, still more can be got by taxation for state purchase of private enterprises. One of the most powerful arguments against Socialism is the need of economy; but if we snap our fingers at economy, what answer have we left when the Socialists ask us why we are not willing to expend millions upon social reform—such as old-age pensions and provision against sickness or disability? "Who will pay the bills of Socialism?" That is a question which has never been answered. But our standpatters who are rejoicing in the Treasury deficit, our ambitious military Presidents who insist upon spending money which we have not got, to build ships which we do not need—these are showing the Socialists how, if not to answer the question, at least to dodge it. They will say: we will not pay the bills at all. We will do as you do, leave bills unpaid, let the deficits pile up, trust to posterity to find a way out of the muddle, by either repudiation of debts or confiscation of property. The extravagant statesman is, we know, like the private spendthrift, capable of nearly every form of folly, but we should hope that no one of them will much longer be such a fool as to imagine that his own extravagance can be used as a valid argument why others should be frugal.

That a reduction in our foreign postal rate for letters should be first arranged with Great Britain, is not due to mere sentiment. Both countries have for a long time been distributing mail at a two-cent rate over a wide area and in large quantities—the United States to Canada, Mexico, and our own possessions beyond the seas; and Great Britain throughout her extensive Imperial domains. In addition, of course, there is the fact that the volume of postal communication between the two English-speaking countries is larger now, and is capable of far greater expansion, than is the case with Germany. International correspondence is naturally largely conditioned by the degree of commercial intercourse, and our foreign commerce with Great Britain in 1904-05 amounted to $700,000,000, while that with Germany was a little over $300,000,000. On the number of European immigrants into this country would also largely depend the volume of postal communication with their different countries. Since 1900 we have received from Germany some 270,000 immigrants, and from the British Isles over 645,000.

Dispatches from the fleet on the Pacific Coast report a feeling among the officers that all of the battleships will not, in the end, be brought back to the Atlantic. It is expected that the sailing for Honolulu, Japan, and the Philippines will be made according to schedule; but after that there may be a change in the published plans. To leave enough ships in the Pacific for defensive purposes, could not be construed as a threat to Japan or any other country. It would be simply a measure of precaution, and would tend to allay both the apprehensions of the people on the Coast and the clamor for an immediate doubling of the navy. If all of the battleships were kept in Pacific waters, it might be alleged that aggression was clearly intended; but retaining only a small fleet would be open to no such interpretation. This plan for distributing the vessels ought, we think, to be carefully considered by the naval authorities.

The announcement that the State Superintendent of Banking, acting as receiver in the insolvency of the Home Bank of Brooklyn, has liquidated its accounts and restored it to its owners with a cost of $1,190, of which $666 was receiver and counsel fees, appears as the first fruits of the new banking law. No provision of that act was more angrily opposed by the professional politician than that which committed to the State Department of Banking liquidation of failed banking institutions. To see these rich political "plums" disappearing was enough to excite wrath. With the Knickerbocker Trust Company receivers, appointed before the enactment of the law, asking $300,000 for their five months' services, and with recollection of what political debts have been paid in the past by appointment of bosses, large or small, to sinecures of this sort, the feeling of the politicians over such a showing as that of the Home Bank must naturally be mingled contempt and exasperation. Even the minor insolvencies which helped along worthy private secretaries and retired dancing-masters are to be handled with this shameful parsimony by the Department. Every one will recall Attorney-General Jackson's declaration, in April: "This is the worst legislation that has ever been passed." The sentiment of the general public, any one of whom may some day be a stockholder or depositor in a crippled bank, and whose share in the funds recovered can no longer be taxed for the benefit of political jobs, will be somewhat different. Of one thing we may be sure: the new law, thus vindicated in its results, has come to stay.

It used to be a standing boast of the Socialists that their political strength never experienced the more or less violent fluctuations which are characteristic of every middle-class political party. Temporary issues or the whim of the electorate might cause the scales to vacillate between Republican and Democrat, Tory or Liberal, Centrists or Agrarians, whereas the growth of Socialism was steady and unmistakably indicative of a rising tide of social discontent. But the history of international Socialism during the last three years demonstrates that it, too, has come to be characterized by the same flood and ebb of success as the older organizations. The British general election of January, 1906, brought forth a lusty young Socialist party in the one great European country where the Marxian teachings had made least progress. Yet just a year later came the German elections and the cutting down of the Socialist strength in the Reichstag from eighty members to forty-three. That was in January, 1907. In May the first Austrian elections on the basis of the new manhood franchise took place, and a Socialist party of over eighty members made its dramatic appearance in the Reichsrath. Whereupon, in Great Britain, an anti-Socialist reaction began which manifested itself in municipal and parliamentary bye-elections. Finally, there were the French municipal elections of about a month ago, in which the Socialists met with serious reverses. But, while the press is still commenting on the outcome in France, the Belgian elections of last week give the Socialists a gain of five Deputies out of a total of eighty-one voted for; and as a result of the elections in Prussia a half-dozen Socialists have at last broken into the serried ranks of the Junker Diet.

The success of the German Social Democrats in forcing their way into the Prussian Diet is a spirited reply to the Chancellor's assertions that his last year's victory in the Reichstag's elections meant a permanent check to their progress. The incident is the more remarkable because this is, we believe, the first time Social Democrats have sought a representation in that body, and because the indirect franchise, strictly limited to persons of property qualification, made it the more difficult for them to succeed. It must show Kaiser and autocracy that the Social Democrats are by no means to be characterized as merely ignorant or unemployed, or to be dismissed as traitors to the country. One explanation of this outcome is that, owing to the Liberals having joined forces with Von Bülow in his "block" policy, and the continued breaking up of their forces into small groups, many Liberals and Radicals who do not believe in Socialism are voting the Social-Democratic ticket because of that party's energy and fearless opposition to the forces of reaction. But those are wrong who think that this victory means that Von Bülow will let the people have their way in regard to the reform of the Prussian suffrage, for which the Berlin mobs clamored last winter. It will, rather, be cited as fresh reason why the government should put up the bars instead of letting them down.

The Czar's journey to Reval to meet King Edward has an interest not altogether connected with foreign affairs. That he should venture to make the trip by train, after nearly four years of abstention from passenger cars which may be derailed and bridges which may be blown up, shows how confident the government is of having the terrorists well in hand. The Czar's courage is all the more commendable in that his way from St. Petersburg to Reval lies through a section of those Baltic Provinces which more than any other part of the Empire have been racked with the pains of revolution and repression. It was in the Baltic Provinces, and in the very Esthonia in which Reval is situated, that Socialist "republics" arose during the winter of 1905-06. Revolution, or jacquerie, almost swept the country clean of Russian officials and German landlords. Then came the army of "pacification" under Gen. Orloff. His sanguinary record suffered no occultation under his successor, Gen. Beckmann, whose services have since been rewarded with appointment to the Governor-Generalship of Finland. The thousands of peasants and townspeople who were put to death by the Orloff and Beckmann courts-martial cannot have exhausted the number of those who two years ago upheld the United States of the Baltic. The hatred for the autocracy must still be lingering there; but no attempt on the life of the Czar could now hope for success. The machinery of revolution has been destroyed, and the spy system is completer than ever.

The motion recently submitted to the Russian Duma, calling for the exclusion of Jews from the military service, was defended by two arguments: The Jews were declared to be unsatisfactory fighting material, and to act as disseminators of revolutionary ideas in the army. It was stated that during the Manchurian campaigns the Jewish soldiers, of whom Kuropatkin had about 35,000, not only failed to hold their ground under fire, but by their timidity threw their comrades into panic. But good evidence can be cited from the correspondents of the *Novoye Vremya*, an Anti-Semitic organ, to the effect that among the Jews were found many "intrepid and intelligent soldiers," and that a number of them were awarded the St. George's cross for gallantry. That the Jews have preached sedition in the army is not, of course, to be denied; but if the Russian reactionaries think that by purging the army of Jews they will be casting out all the devils of discontent with them, they are underestimating the resourcefulness of the revolutionary agitators and the extent to which the leaven has already worked on the masses of the true Orthodox. The records show that up to the accession of Alexander III. in 1881, the Jews, while constituting less than 4 per cent. of the population, supplied 5½ per cent. of the recruits. Only unbridled oppression has driven them into revolution. There they have displayed a talent for organization and strategy which, directed in loyal channels, Russia might have found useful in the war against Japan.

The honor of the French army has once more been vindicated by an Italian journalist who couldn't shoot straight. The attack on Alfred Dreyfus is so mad a piece of policy for the reactionary parties in France that even their ten years of ineptitude make it scarcely conceivable that any responsible anti-Republican element was behind the assault at the Panthéon. Desire for notoriety on the part of the would-be avenger of national honor should be sufficient to explain the act. Paris has, after all, a very yellow journalism, in the sense that editors and reporters are much given to self-advertisement. The custom of signing a writer's name even to "stories" of third or fourth-rate importance encourages a fine peacock vanity in the *journaliste* who often plays the leading part in his own contribution. The temptation is strong, when news is wanting, to make news, not in the sense of absolute invention as practised by our own "yellows," but by actually creating the sensation to be chronicled. At the time of the Separation troubles two years ago, it appeared as if French church-goers were made up almost entirely of newspaper men, to whom the closing of the churches came as a terrific blow. A reporter would hit a Republican Guard with a cane and then deliver a violent harangue on country and religion, which was already probably in type at the office waiting to be released. A long and intimate interview with the favorite actress at the Variétés one day, and a riot in defence of the nation's honor the next, would seem to be part of the Paris *rédacteur's* routine.

The case of the late Sir Redvers Buller illustrates the soundness of Pope's advice about not being the first by whom the new is tried, when applied to warfare under modern conditions. The general whose fortune it is to direct the opening operations of a war runs the heavy risk of paying with his personal reputation for the initial blunders that sometimes seem almost essential to ultimate success. Wars have at all times opened with the blasting of old reputations and ended with the establishment of new. This is particularly true in modern times, when the pace of fighting has been accelerated with the general pace of life, when cable and telegraph are prompt to report the slightest check to an army or mistake on the part of a commanding officer, and a high-strung democracy calls for immediate results. Without absolving Gen. Buller from serious error, or offering disparagement to so great a soldier as Lord Roberts, we may still doubt the result if the latter had been entrusted with the British command at the outbreak of the war. Would the hero of Kandahar have learned all the lessons of a new country and a new enemy without paying part of the price Buller had to pay? Later, when Lord Roberts finished the war by his deliberate, clear-sweeping march across the two Boer republics, popular opinion did not accuse him of unnecessary delay, or of insufficient success at any one point. Mindful of the past, England was prepared to be content with something less than all. France in Madagascar and Germany in Southwest Africa had to shift generals before victory was secured. What Grant could have accomplished as commander-in-chief in 1861 instead of 1864 is an interesting speculation.

THE MORALITY OF COMPETITION.

At the recent conference in this city of the Christian Socialist Fellowship the question of the relation of morals to industrial competition was again raised. The reports of the conference make necessary the separation of several ideas which were there blended inextricably. It is one question whether Christianity either historically or logically involves the acceptance of Socialism. It is another distinct question whether competition contravenes the motives which ought to actuate mankind in their social relationships. It is still a third whether Eugene V. Debs should be elected President of the United States.

If the argument be valid that competition in the long run produces plenty and cheapness—an inference one might plausibly draw from the denunciation of monopoly in the conference—we are driven to the curious paradox that the material welfare of this world is at war with essential morality. Those who accept this conflict are bound either to show us some more excellent way—possibly coöperation—or to acquiesce in a more scanty provision of material goods for the race. There are probably few who will adopt the last alternative. It therefore behooves the repudiators of competition to demonstrate the possibilities of coöperative production and distribution.

But this practical difficulty of finding a substitute for competition does not entirely lift a vague burden from the minds of many thoughtful people. They have an uneasy feeling that competition is a contravention of the Golden Rule, that the spirit of gain is opposed to the spirit of service, that self-interest is the antithesis of self-sacrifice, and that between trade and benevolence there is a great gulf fixed. They combine the false axiom that "trade is war" with Gen. Sherman's remark that "war is hell," and draw a very unpleasant conclusion. For those of this way of thinking there are several points worthy of consideration.

First of all is the fact that competition in business often involves no feeling of personal ill-will, or even the consciousness of personal rivalry or hostility. Prof. Charles H. Cooley, in his excellent study of personal competition remarks wisely that "in great measure the selective process [of competition] operates without any conscious clash of personal aims, and therefore without generating any personal feeling"; and that "most men look upon social conditions under which they work very much as the farmer looks upon the weather and other natural agents. They may make him or mar him, and he thrives or suffers accordingly; but there is no single person to hold responsible." Where competition is open and aboveboard, ill-will is much less than where the game is partly under cover, as witness the friendship between opposing attorneys, contrasted with the inroads which the "green-eyed monster" sometimes makes in the medical profession.

Moreover, competition is an ineradicable trait of human nature which will persist under all conditions. The politician's aim for place and power will continue under Socialism. The opposite to competitive self-realization is not altruism, but quietism; not the active benevolence of the missionary, but the passive evaporation of the recluse. Competition being thus certain to appear under one guise or another, the real question is whether it is kept within proper bounds. Men are therefore to be esteemed not because they abstain from competition, but because they hold in due check that fierce desire for supremacy which ravages so many souls. Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," says finely of the "clay-cold heads and luke-warm hearts" who can argue down or mask their passions:

> Whip me such stoics, great Governor of nature! . . . Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man; and if I govern them as a good one, I will trust the issues to thy justice, for thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.

Moreover, let the honest soul who has misgivings as to the morality of competition take comfort from the thought that its moral character may be judged not only by the eagerness to gain wealth, but also by the motive which prompts legitimate acquisition and the spirit in which fairly-won wealth is used. The college student who works his way through college is anxious to make money. Yet his ambition is not the index of a sordid thirst for money, but an honorable desire for knowledge. What St. Bernard says of knowledge may be rightly transposed to meet the case of competitive wealth-seeking: "There are some who desire to gain wealth with the sole purpose that they may gain, and it is selfishness; and some who desire to gain wealth that they may be known, and it is base ambition; and some who desire to gain wealth that they may dispose of their riches for still greater riches, and it is miserliness; but there are some also who desire wealth that they may use it worthily, and it is prudence; and some who desire to gain wealth that they may help others, and it is charity."

BEGINNING WITH HOPS.

The agitation for protection in England has recently centred upon the concrete case of the Kentish hop-growers. They have been suffering because foreign hops, particularly those from America, have been "dumped" in London at a price with which Kent cannot compete. The Kent farmer is said to spend £2 15s. to produce a hundredweight of hops, and he cannot get his money back. Naturally, the Conservatives and their Tariff Reform League have become extremely sympathetic, and their platform orators have joined the protectionist press in crying for a duty of, say, £2 a hundred on hops. According to the theory of economics held by our own Speaker Cannon and Representatives Payne and Dalzell, the proposed impost is the simple and obvious solution of such a difficulty. If profits are falling in any industry, clap on a duty or increase the old one; and, incidentally, exact a contribution to the party campaign fund.

But to some English economists the matter does not appear so beautifully clear. They are pointing out, in the first place, that the trouble in the hop market is very widespread. Indubitably, there has been over-production, the effects of which are by no means confined to England. The New York *Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin*, for example, is authority for the statement that the hop acreage in this State will be reduced this year by from 8 to 10 per cent.; in Oregon, by 10; and in Washington, by 30 to 40. The *Journal of Commerce* adds that the industry is "in a bad way" and that a reduction of 50 per cent. "would be none too much." Such a condition of affairs must trouble the orthodox protectionist, for the hop-growers of the United States ought to be more than happy, with a duty of $12 a hundredweight on hops. That duty, however, has not saved us. Why, then, should Englishmen look to it for salvation.

The real cure is pointed out by a hard-headed "Kentish Farmer" in a letter to the London *Spectator* of May 23. He argues that Kent is not adapting its agricultural system to present conditions:

> If Kent and Herefordshire are unable from defects of climate and soil and cost of labor to compete on equal terms with the Pacific slope or with the plains of Hungary, let them turn their acres and their hands to other crops and other products for which they are endowed with natural advantages superior to any foreign competitor—to the produce of the dairy and the poultry-yard.

The people of Kent have been planting hops from time immemorial, and they seem to think they can do nothing else. The "Kentish Farmer" insists that if his county will devote its energy to butter, cream, cheese, eggs, and chickens, it can, with its soil and its climate and its nearness to the great London market, "defy foreign competition." In sticking to hops Kent is acting with scarcely more wisdom than if it attempted to rival the West Indies in pineapples and bananas. The force of this argument as to the necessity of changing crops must come home to every American. Since the opening of the West we have seen enormous alterations in the conditions of agriculture in the East. Broadly speaking, it is no longer profitable to plant wheat or Indian corn in New England or the Middle Atlantic States. The grain from the prairies can be laid down in New York and Boston too cheaply. The farmers of this region are finding their prosperity in entering the field which the "Kentish Farmer" suggests. The dairy, the poultry-yard, and the market garden are the sources of income on which they must rely. If the principle of protection had been rigorously applied, we should have cut this country up into tariff zones and made the tax on wheat and corn high enough to keep out the products of the West. The absurdity of such a performance is clear enough from a bare statement of the facts. Yet the word "foreigner" has in it a magic that stirs our blod as it stirs that of the hop-growers of Kent, so that we are blinded to the reality that our tariff is a system of folly, waste, and robbery.

Far-sighted Englishmen see, of course, that, if once they set foot in the path of protection, they must follow it to the bitter end, as we have done. If the hop-grower is protected, then the English wool-grower must also have a tariff to keep out the clip from Australia; and, if the wool-grower is looked after, the cattle-raiser will ask that American beef and South American hides be put on the list. And so the process will go, as this country has seen it since the civil war, in an ever-widening circle. One interest after another has made its peace with the Republican party, has dictated its schedule in the general tariff bill, and has then paid handsomely at Presidential and Congressional elections for the privilege of battening at the expense of the country as a whole. Thus little by little we have built up a vast fabric, so complex that the very architects of the structure dare not alter or even touch it, for fear that it will come tumbling about their ears. We have now begun to talk as if a protective tariff were a beneficent force of nature, like the sunshine and the rain. We have made it a substitute for human energy and intelligence. If we lack the muscle and the brain to match the foreigner, we appeal to the tariff as to a tutelary deity. Indeed, we have finally come to deify it and declare it the be-all and end-all of government. We have reached the mental attitude of Sir William Lyne, whom Lord Cromer quoted in a tariff debate in Parliament the other day. Sir William voiced the exact sentiments of our stand-patters when he said: "If I can make the tariff prohibitive, I shall be glad. Importers are parasites on the trade of the Commonwealth." We begin with a little duty on hops, and we end here.

CLAUDIAN ON THE THIRD TERM.

We are informed that the President's latest letter saying your candidate I cannot be, will not be given out. It was written to an ardent supporter in West Virginia. Exactly what form of refusal Mr. Roosevelt adopted, is not yet known, but, with his well-known fondness for the classics, it would not be surprising if he referred the West Virginia delegate to a poem of Claudian's. We mean that writer's panegyric on a Roman Consul, Flavius Mallius Theodorus, in which one certainly finds an extraordinary forecast of a later Theodore, with much matter bearing on the career of our President and the present political situation.

Aided by a sub-freshman who has just passed his entrance examination in reading Latin at sight, we have been able to make out a remarkable parallelism between the ancient Theodorus and the modern. The one of the fourth century was also a great naturalist ("docuit toties a rure"), a mighty hunter ("conveniant ursi"), an intrepid explorer of the wilderness ("silvestribus antris"), but likewise a profound student ("incumbit studiis"), and a weighty and eloquent writer ("gravissimus auctor eloquii"). In the higher flights of oratory ("immensum per inane volet"), he knew Montaigne's difficulty of coming to a stop ("finemque perosus"). Personal traits appear similar. Claudian's Theodore, too, was a man who never sought and was never deceived by popular acclaim ("nec plausu petit clarescere vulgi"), and was opposed to all impetuous methods ("violenta nequit").

It is, however, in their official capacity that the two Theodores move in orbits which frequently and strangely cross each other. In Claudian's lines, one repeatedly comes upon expressions that read like comments upon present-day politics. The Roman Consul, like the American President, was much given to talking about the square deal ("norma boni"). He was not afraid of assuming power ("sumpsit imperium"). He was a great hand at lecturing mothers and laying down the law in regard to race suicide ("matribus et sexum leges severæ"). Furthermore, our assistant translator assures us that in the matter both of public policy and official experience, the fates of the Roman and the American seem wonderfully alike. What appears more modern than the improvement of our waterways? Yet the President was anticipated by the Consul who long ago saw how money could be saved in river freights ("quidquid fluviis evolvitur auri"). But it is positively startling to read that the elder Theodore had trouble about the commissions of his generals in the Philippines—at least, our sight-reader thus renders: "Tantaque conmissæ gaudia . . . bellante Philippo." And he is certainly on firm ground when he sees an ancient Brownsville case in the line: "Hic te pars Libyæ moderantem jura probavit"; or, in English, "A portion of the colored vote swore it would not approve of your candidate." Big-navy troubles were also his—"Hispana tibi, Germanaque Tethys, paruit et nostro diducta Britannia mundo." And the Theodore whom Claudian praised was also plainly skilled in practical politics—"quo vivat machina motu."

The parallel really approaches the miraculous when it comes to the question of a third term. Theodore the Consul had been twice in office ("bis laudatura regentem"). But the third-term boomers were thick in the land. Some antitype of Senator Bourne, or Cecil Lyon of Texas, or the megaphone-voiced George A. Knight of California, lifted up the cry: "Nobiscum, Theodore, redi." But the appeal was resisted with Roman firmness, then as now. And the poet could but applaud the determination to lay down official cares. He clearly saw that nothing was to be gained by accepting a third term, and wrote:

> Nil jam, Theodore, relictum,
> Quo virtus animo crescat, vel splendor honore.
> Culmen utrumque tenes.

We freely offer these verses to any who may desire to make use of them. They might be gracefully embodied in the Republican platform. If Senator Burrows wants them for his convention speech, with his old habit of laying hands upon a good thing when he sees it, we place them at his disposal. But their greatest utility would be, we think, when printed on a card and sent by Secretary Loeb to all anxious inquirers whether the President really means it. If the Latin is too much for the average third-termer, there might be substituted a translation by one of our office-boys, of which we give only the first line, rendering "nil jam, Theodore, relictum":

> Nothing to it, Teddy. you've got 'em all licked.

MAKING RELIGION YELLOW.

Reports of the recent address of the Rev. "Billy" Sunday to the Presbyterian ministers of Pittsburgh, bear out the study of that popular and successful evangelist which appeared not long ago in the *American Magazine*. They have the same easy command of the slang and vociferousness of the "bleachers," from which Mr. Sunday derived glory or shame in the days when he was a professional baseball player; the same sure sense of what will read well in sensational newspapers. He assured his clerical hearers that they were mostly "fudge-eating mollycoddles." Few clergymen, he asserted, are nowadays anything but "stiffs and salary quacks." As for professors in theological seminaries, the thing to do with them is to "stand them on their heads in mud-puddles."

Let no incredulous reader think that Mr. Sunday is merely an isolated freak. He is a recognized power in the religious life of the West. The renown of his revivalist campaigns in Western cities was what led the Pittsburgh clergy to invite him to address them; and it was doubtless their awe in the presence of one who had, as he would say, "delivered the goods" in a hundred churches, which led them to sit silent under his insults. The Rev. Mr. Sunday has swept everything before him in town after town of Illinois, Minnesota, and other States. He has gathered all the Protestant denominations in a given place into his work, had them build him a "tabernacle," and in it has held meetings three times a day for weeks at a time, kindling enthusiasm and winning converts by the hundred. Yet throughout his preaching, and, indeed, his praying, he uses every vulgarity and irreverence of language, addressing his hearers, and the Almighty, in the idiom of the saloon, the gutter, and the yellow newspaper. One Western audience he recently carried by storm with the assertion that he was going to stay in that city and preach "till hell freezes over, and then I'm going to get a pair of skates and keep on soaking it into Satan."

All this is surprising enough, but the really amazing thing remains to be told. This garrulous blackguard of the pulpit, who is all adrip with street-slang; who claps the dread Jehovah on the back, and smears the most sacred things with his coarse blotch of vulgarity—this man is admired and endorsed by religious leaders. Clergymen vie with denominational journals in lauding his wonderful works. Some of them feel compelled to disclaim approval of all his "methods," but they confess themselves stricken dumb by his extraordinary results. He makes religion the sensation of the hour. His sacrilegious quips are echoed in the yellow newspapers, for whom he makes the best pious "copy." He gives to the gospel an immense publicity of a kind it never enjoyed before. How, then, can those interested in the spread of Christianity fail to rejoice at the marvel of thousands of people who will not go to church, thronging to hear Mr. Sunday tell them about the religion of Christ in the language and with the reverence of a newsboy or a 'longshoreman? There have been many tearful ejaculations, in connection with the Rev. "Billy," about God having chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise.

This defence of yellow religion sounds much like the common defence of yellow journalism. "Oh, well," people say, "we admit that it is vulgar and demoralizing, but just see how it circulates!" So the Rev. Mr. Sunday grates upon fastidious Christians, but only consider how he catches the crowd. In neither case is a thought given to the necessary tendency of what is essentially indecent and blasphemous, disguise it by what name we will. It is the old fallacy of noise and numbers. Your yellow newspaper man fills the land with his stridulous voice; your yellow novelist sells by the hundred thousand; your yellow professor in the university has his classroom thronged, and his bizarre opinions telegraphed over the country, while his sober colleagues are deserted; your yellow politician splits the ears of the groundlings and is the greatest "headliner" of the day; therefore, why should not the yellow revivalist win money and glory and the applause of the devout? Success is the one touchstone for religion, too; and the only success worth having is shouting thousands. That old notion about the Lord being in the still small voice is absurdly obsolete. How are you going to fill a church, we should like to know, without a brass band and a vaudeville performer? This is an intensely practical age, and it is not going to be too nice in criticising a man who can show "results."

It is not really strange that religion should begin to turn sensational. What we cultivate or run after in every other walk of life, we cannot keep out of our churches. After making culture "hustle," the next thing is to make religion "hum." The Rev. "Billy" Sunday is only a kind of prophet in the yellow wilderness. He has merely learnt the lesson of sensationalism, and is applying it to the saving of souls. That he tears up, in the process, all real religion by the roots, does not matter. He has the gaping crowd; therefore, the Lord must be with him.

HISTORIC DOUBTS CONCERNING HISTORICAL SAYINGS.

Another famous utterance of a noted man has just had discredit cast upon it. MacMahon's splendid answer in the Malakoff, "J'y suis, j'y reste," is now alleged to be one of those good things which the reputed author would have said if he had only thought of it in time. The doubt is raised by the memoirs of the Marquis de Castellane, now in the course of publication in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*. It appears that when Marshal MacMahon was President of the Republic, the Marquis had to make in the National Assembly a speech in which he intended to urge an enlargement of the powers of the executive. The orator desired, he says, to get hold of some sort of epigram to drive home his point, and, like a good husband in difficulties, consulted his wife. The Marquise made a happy suggestion:

> On the following day I made my speech, and this was my peroration: "Do to-day for France what MacMahon did sixteen years ago for the army at the Malakoff. He was the first to enter the citadel. It was mined. It seemed about to bury him in its ruins. But no matter. He ran to the telegraph and sent his chief this message, sublime in its simplicity: 'J'y suis, j'y reste!' "

The Marquis declares that the effect of his climax was "indescribable." He adds that "the newspapers have ever since insisted upon the historic phrase which the Marshal never uttered, but which my young wife invented for my use."

This is, of course, by no means conclusive. There is independent evidence that MacMahon actually said something of the kind. A surviving eye-witness, Gen. Biddulph, has written describing MacMahon's "admirable calm" amid the terrors and dangers of the Malakoff, and asserting that he sent a message to English headquarters not unlike the saying attributed to him. It would not be surprising, however, if the compact and epigrammatic form of the phrase was later born. At a critical hour, soldiers are not so careful of what they say as of what they do. It is not so much what we say here, as what they did here, said Lincoln at Gettysburg; and the remark points to a real distinction between the maker of phrases and the doer of deeds. Neat sayings by great workers are always a little suspect. Orators are different. Whatever doubts we may have about MacMahon putting his words crisply together while the fortress was crashing around him, no one has ever questioned the authenticity of Gambetta's challenge to the Marshal-President: "Il faut soumettre ou démettre." This recalls the taunt which Cobden hurled at Wellington, when he said that, however great a conqueror that soldier had been in fighting aliens, he had never engaged in a political contest with Englishmen without being beaten.

Wellington, too, was furnished by tradition or myth-makers with many sayings which his own lips never coined. He would not publicly discuss them, but in private he repudiated them. To be asked if he really shouted out at Waterloo, "Up Guards, and at them!" filled him with more disgust than it did to be inquired of by an old lady whether he hadn't been frightened in that battle. As for the French Old Guard at Waterloo, and their supposed majestic refusal to surrender, historic research has amply shown that the consecrated words never came from those simple-minded veterans, but were the invention of a journalist far away and safe in Paris. Parallel with this was the supposed glorious sinking of the Vengeur, with its defiant and heroic crew, which Carlyle exploded over, only to find later that the whole thing was a fabrication of Barrère's. "Reader! Mendez Pinto, Münchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar have been great, but they are not the greatest. O Barrère, Barrère, Anacreon of the Guillotine!"

In these historic phrases which the

skeptical investigator shows to be wanting in contemporary proof there is, nevertheless, almost always a kernel of truth. A battle, some fine action, takes place, and we know that the actors in it must have said something; then comes the mythic faculty and the literary instinct to make them say the thing we wish they had said. Usually, what the admiring chronicler or embroiderer does is to seek for nice statement, for point, for compression, in the sayings of great men at great emergencies. Those utterances are, in fact, apt to go lamely; to be diffuse. The task of the *sacer vates* is to turn them into epigrams. Nelson's famous signal has gone into the histories in a form different from the one in which it actually flew from the Victory. It is a kindly work of the historic imagination. "In history, I care only for the anecdotes," said Prosper Mérimée. That is the common taste; and the inventors of historical sayings, from Thucydides to the Marquis of Castellane, know what they are catering to.

THE WERGELAND CENTENARY.

June 17, 1908, is the centennial of the birth of Henrik Wergeland, the Norwegian poet and patriot. In Norway the day will be generally celebrated, and a statue in bronze by Gustav Vigeland will be unveiled at Christianssand. On the same day similar exercises will be held at Fargo, North Dakota. In that city will be erected a replica of the original statue, a gift from prominent Norwegians to their kin in the United States.

Norway some eighty years ago presented a very different picture from the Norway of to-day. A new era had begun, ushered in by the momentous events of 1814; but the nation was still in swaddling clothes. Unaccustomed to the exercise of independent political functions, the people were cautiously feeling their way. From the point of view of culture also Norway was backward; but there was a genuine desire for education. Naturally the professional classes, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, were the intellectual and political leaders. At the same time, however, the common people, the farmers, began to assert themselves as an integral part of the body politic.

The state university, the only institution for higher learning in the country, established at Christiania only three years before 1814, was the intellectual centre of the nation. Life among the students, however, was not on a high plane. The ebullition of youth, the crudeness of society, the turbulent condition of Europe, following upon the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic wars—all these causes contributed to make the students somewhat strenuous and roistering. The students had also a rather exaggerated idea of their own importance, though, as a matter of fact, the whole community watched them with an attention and even deference which might well have turned the heads of older and wiser men. But with all their shortcomings, these students regarded themselves as called upon to raise aloft the banner of the ideal. The nature of this ideal was of course hazy; but, in general, the old revolutionary catchwords of liberty, equality, and fraternity, applied to politics and social conditions, expressed the aspirations of the youth as well as of the mature minds of the young democracy. As to the means of realizing the ideal, opinions differed widely.

Culture in its larger sense was still identified with Denmark and a product of Danish influence. Danish tastes prevailed; Denmark supplied what was commonly accessible in literature; and so strong were the ties with Denmark that a large portion of educated Norway frowned contemptuously upon any attempt to sever them. Norwegian life and letters seemed too crude to do without the inspiration, the refinement, and the guidance of Denmark. Against these views a national movement had begun soon after the separation from Denmark. The ambition was to develop Norway on original lines, to produce something with root in its own soil, meagre though that might be. But as yet this movement had no recognized leader in literature.

Such were the conditions when, in 1825, Henrik Arnold Wergeland, or Henrik Wergeland, as he is generally known, entered the university as a student. Born in 1808, and thus only seventeen years old, he was little more than a lusty lad. But since his education had been the thorough classical drill of the day, he was on the whole well equipped for taking up some profession. His father, one of the leading clergymen of the country, a man of strong personality, descended from sturdy farmer stock, had been an influential member of the convention which at Eidsvold framed and adopted the Constitution of 1814, and he remained throughout his life an ardent advocate of political liberty. Wergeland's mother was a woman of cultivation and refinement. Then, as now, Evangelical Lutheranism was the faith of the established church of Norway, but theology was rather strongly tinctured with rationalism. Thus the home in which Henrik grew up allowed him wide religious latitude, and encouraged the development of that catholicity of spirit, and those humanitarian ideas which form the underlying principles of his writings and his life. Wergeland's early university career was not in all respects creditable. He entered freely into the riotous student life, and his exuberant vitality found an outlet in boyish pranks and in conflicts with the authorities. Yet he pursued his theological studies industriously, and in four years passed the examination which made him eligible to a charge in the established church. This, however, was as near as he ever came to being a clergyman. His opinions, and still more his forcible manner of expressing himself both in word and action, his utter disregard of conventionalities repeatedly blocked his way. Despairing of finding a livelihood in the church, he finally began the study of medicine; but this plan he also abandoned, in order to devote himself exclusively to literature. Later he accepted a position connected with the State Library, but during practically all his mature life—he died in 1845, only thirty-seven years old—he was a free lance in poetry, journalism, and politics. His vigor and productiveness were remarkable.

He was a born poet. While a mere boy he tried his hand at verse; and when he was less than twenty-two, he published an epic of nearly 800 closely printed pages, bearing the ambitious title, "Creation, Man, and the Messiah." That work is now known as "Man," the title given it by the author, when revising and preparing a new edition during his last illness. The poem is dedicated to half a dozen of his contemporaries, as spokesmen of truth, liberty, and love and true followers of Christ. Even in its revised form, the epic is in many respects as chaotic as the newborn world, the creation of which we witness in the opening stanzas. It contains lyric gems of singular beauty, but they have to be laboriously dug from a mass of débris. Through the entire poem, however, Wergeland breathes the message of love and of faith in the ultimate redemption of mankind, in progress, in evolution from baseness to nobility, and in the final assimilation of man with God.

"Man" is Byronic in its conception and execution; and indeed many of Wergeland's poetical writings recall Byron's manner. There is, however, this difference. Byron, the skeptical, critical, dissatisfied spirit remains chained to earth. Wergeland, on the other hand, is always in conscious flight toward the ether. Byron expressed the disappointment of his age; Wergeland voices the aspiration of a nation born in the dark hours of Europe's travail, but full of hope and virility. Moreover, Wergeland was through and through a democrat, not only in theory, but in his understanding of the common people, in his self-sacrificing labor for their physical and spiritual welfare, in his faith in their ability to rise. Indeed, in this respect, he somewhat reminds one of our own Walt Whitman, although of the two, Wergeland was by far the more active and practical. Wergeland took hold and did things, where the other contented himself with mere preaching.

Wergeland's name is intimately associated with everything meaning patriotism, progress, and improving the lot of the humble. Though in politics he was an ardent admirer and a personal friend of the reigning king, he maintained a determined stand on the question of Norwegian constitutional rights and liberties, and his name is, as no other man's, associated with the celebration of May 17, the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of Norway. He had the habit of carrying with him seeds of all kinds—flowers, grass, and trees—and of scattering them wherever they were needed. This trait illustrates his whole nature. At a time when animal rights were but little thought of, he urged the cause of dumb creation. To him all life was sacred. To suffering, whether in man or beast, he always responded. He urged more humane treatment of criminals; and when he found his own country closed to the Jews, he made it one of the objects of his life to remove this disability. To this end he drafted bills which were introduced in the Storthing, he set on foot an agitation, and wrote some of his most stirring poems. His labor in behalf of the persecuted people did not bear fruit until after his death, but the first memorial erected on his grave was raised by Jews residing outside of Norway in grateful recognition of his services to their race. On the general lines of good citizenship also, he was incessantly active. As he scattered seeds, so he scattered thoughts. He planned and established libraries in country districts. He urged the development of national industries, and of improved methods of agriculture. And in all these activities he was the practical, commonsense man, mingling with the common people on common ground, winning their hearts by his disinterested and unaffected concern for their wellbeing. Thus it was that Wergeland inevitably became the spokesman of the national movement in Norway. He entered the lists against the notion that intellectually Norway was still a province of Denmark; and he became the champion of a typical Norwegian art, literature, and culture.

The intensity of Wergeland's spirit of nationality is perhaps one reason why his name is hardly known beyond the borders of his own country; but in that country and in the hearts of his own people, it strikes a sympathetic chord whenever mentioned; it stands for all that tends towards growth on national lines, for every endeavor to elevate and ennoble existence. In modern Norway, Björnstjerne Björnson is the only man who occupies a similar relation to his country and people. Ibsen would have stood aloof from or been actively opposed to Wergeland. They were diametrically opposite natures. But Björnson possesses Henrik Wergeland's living faith in the ultimate triumph of mankind; and when the history of their country in the nineteenth century is written, the two men will stand linked together as great forces in the making of the new Norway. J.

LITERARY NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 26.

English and American notices of the death of Ludovic Halévy pass over almost altogether his most characteristic work, that which is best known in France, and is already proverbial—in the first stage of becoming a classic, though not precisely for schoolboys. This is his writing about Madame Cardinal and her daughters. The Abbé Constantin is known in well-thinking families, but in boulevard remembrance, in that Parisian world where Halévy, working with Meilhac, earned his fame, Madame Cardinal is the friend of all the world. Probably her like does not exist in the Anglo-Saxon atmosphere storm-tossed from inherited Puritanism to Bernard Shaw's heroines. The Cardinal family belongs to a special category of the half-world—halfway between the low and the proper. The daughters—"Les Petites Cardinal"—are figurantes at the opera, and their interest for boulevardiers presented an occasion for one of the kindliest and keenest satires of the ultra-refined Parisian world which amuses itself. Perhaps we should say which did amuse itself when Halévy had unrivalled opportunity of observing it. For with the republic, with the absence of court influence to keep up the half-world and the elegant world alike to a certain reserve, there is little left between extremes—commercial propriety on the one hand and vulgar dissoluteness on the other. Paris is living over the times of Petronius, who observed that when the gods wished to perpetrate a joke they created a newly-rich Roman to amuse himself. The Cardinal family will remain as the light, effervescent memory of an Imperial day, worthy to be kept in French literature beside its memoirs of the Regency and Louis Quinze. Monsieur Cardinal could not endure the thought that his daughters should write love letters—he would do the writing for them. When Madame has safely bargained them off, these worthy parents buy a little château and Monsieur inaugurates a political career by an exhibition of "anti-clerical fireworks" and a lecture on Voltaire for his country neighbors. The Israelite Halévy did not take Radical Republicanism much more seriously than did the Catholic Coppée.

Both men won their public in the theatre; their poetry or prose came after. This influence of the stage on letters—the drama as an essential part of higher literature—is almost unknown to the present English-speaking world. François Coppée, the poet, came before the world at large along with Sarah Bernhardt. He was already known among a coterie of young writers and a few elder poets that submitted gracefully to admiration; but the great world cared nothing for the loves of his shopkeepers and shoemakers. In lighter vein he had rhymed a Renaissance dialogue and won the sympathy of Agar, a great actress of the time. She took his manuscript, rolled and tied with a pink ribbon, to the director of the state theatre of the Odéon and insisted that he should read it in her presence. As it was short, he yielded; and shortly he fell under the charm of the simple verse, more liquid on the tongue than most of the prose comedies of the day, while the story is as decorative as an Italian art object. Agar would be the heroine, but who should be the page? Agar chose the Bernhardt girl, nineteen, and fresh from the Conservatoire: "She has a golden voice, and we can pin a page's cap in her glorious hair." The resulting little duo was a great success. Poet and page were taken to the hearts of Parisians and have had a warm place there ever since. Agar died in poverty a dozen years ago, proud, fascinating in her quadroon personality to the end.

Among May books of fiction "Le Prix du sang," by André Daverne, is an example of a new literary movement in France. This is a working of the Christian sympathies at the very time when political measures have eliminated Christian ideas from education and public life. The romance is called a tale of the time of the Apostles; but it does not come from a religious publishing house nor has it the family air of religious publications. The literary merits are considerable; the story is very sincere and real in the telling. It is the visitation of the sins of parents on children—in this case, of the executioner of Christ on his daughter Myriam. It is sufficiently terrible in its tragedy of human love frustrated until death, when the Master appears and the father, for whom the daughter has suffered, is saved. It is a curiously modern volume, in spite of its subject and a certain grand air to which we are no longer accustomed. "Mémoires d'une vieille fille," by René Bazin, is one of the slow-moving, kindly, and gentlemanly written romances of this Academician. He deals with modern Christians, not quite Parisian; they love and suffer amid refined surroundings of the provinces nearer to nature. "L'Armée qui souffre" is by Fernand Médine—his third novel. He is steadily making his way, by good writing and an appeal to purely French sentiment in such noble subjects as patriotism. "A Grande vitesse"—a name which recalls both automobiles and rapid express transport in France—is a novel for girls, by Jean Thiéry. "Le Première tentation de Saint Antoine" is the book written by Gustave Flaubert from 1849 to 1856, but not published in deference to friends; for the Second Empire not only protected the young person, but held a censorship over general morals. The book is entirely different from the later work known to present readers; its significance is rather for students of this literary artists' artist. Notes have been supplied by Louis Bertrand, the editor. Maurice Montégut, who for more than thirty years has been writing sensational books without becoming a great writer, publishes a new novel in an historical series where, perhaps, he seeks to find his real way. The series follows the conflicts of Bourbon lilies and Bonaparte eagles; the present story deals with "Les Cadets de l'impératrice."

"Les Vestris," by Gaston Capon, is a book of history, since it is based on police reports of the time and other unpublished documents; but it is quite as lively as the lightest romance. It narrates the strange careers of the dancing family, of which the head declared: "There are three great men in Europe, the King of Prussia [Frederic the Great], Monsieur de Voltaire, and myself." His importance in Paris before the Revolution all but proves his words. The family dynasty is here traced, with very interesting stories, from 1730 to 1808. The book has an index of names, which adds to its serious value. "Muses et bourgeoises de jadis," by Edmond Pilon, recounts what is known of the expansive life of seven sentimental ladies of the late eighteenth century. Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, who presided over his house; Madame Cottin, "the woman of sensibility," whose limpid stories used to be first books for French reading in English schools; Madame Greuze of La Cruche Cassée; and "Mistress" Cook are of evident interest. More historical and more unedifying are the three men—Napoleon, Neipperg, and Bombelles, with a not quite authenticated tenor—who formed "Les Maris de Marie Louise." The matrimonial fortunes of this singular Austrian princess, in whose make conscience and even feeling seem to have been left out, are treated as sober history by Dr. Max Billard.

A few more very real books have been added to the already long list of recent publications concerning men and things of the French Revolution. The most important is perhaps the Correspondence of Marat (in the series L'Élite de la Révolution), fully annotated by Charles Vellay. It discloses a Marat not hitherto known to general readers—a doctor full of cures, which his friends now assert anticipated Koch's tuberculins and Quinton's salt-sea water—through the stomach, not hypodermically, of course. He was also an upholder of proper thinking about religion! The "Souvenirs de l'Abbé G. J. Martinant de Préneuf" are probably more sincere. They are the everyday reminiscences of a good parish priest, without any theories at all apart from his duties. These he had to perform under difficulties, at Vaugirard, where the Terror found him, and then through eight years (1792-1801) of *émigra-*

tion, living as best he could in Germany by doing any work that came to his hand. This plainly told life of a man who never dreamed he was a subject of history, and who lived afterwards prosaically among the restored clergy of Paris, is full of curiously naïve anecdotes. They are properly introduced and annotated by G. Vanel. The "Souvenirs de la Duchesse de Dino," published by her granddaughter, Countess Jean de Castellane, comprise only the maiden life of the German princess who brought her title and lands to reconstitute the house of Talleyrand. This lady in later and influential years at court incurred the resentment of the lively Countess de Boigne, whose recently published memoirs say things about her demonstrably false This publication has drawn out, but does not contain, her own account of the deathbed "conversion" of the famous Talleyrand, with which she had much to do. It is a piece of history not without value, of a kind still found hidden away among archives of families existing in the France of to-day.

"Mes Souvenirs," by Edmond Biré, are less in the Saint-Simonian mood. Their author is the ferocious critic who subjected Sainte-Beuve, and especially Victor Hugo, to microscopic examination on the score of exact statement—and found them, particularly Hugo, sadly wanting. His book goes from 1846 to 1870, during college and university studies and a career under the second empire. "Waldeck-Rousseau et la Troisième République," by Henry Leyret, follows the life of the great statesman until 1899; it seems to be the first volume of an authorized biography. A pencil design of the great man which is reproduced shows his limitations both in theory and in prophetic outlook. It represents the results which he expected from his laws governing religious associations—Jesuits fleeing on one side, dove-like nuns returning on the other. This must be on the principle: Religion is good for women. The nuns have been dispersed and expelled by more logical politicians, while Jesuits, and others called so, have simply gone to living and working individually.

"Réflexions sur la violence," by Georges Sorel, is a work of political theory, and not of reminiscence, although extremely personal. The author, like most of the *intellectuels* who lead Socialism ever on toward anarchy, springs from the heart of the *bourgeoisie*. Until forty-five he was a government engineer, and his scientific studies are shown in all his writings. It is now sixteen years since he gave himself up to the social revolution: and he has become perhaps the leading theorist of his kind. His present volume is a long defence of the general strike, as the only means to bring property-holders to their knees.

"Modernisme et tradition catholique en France," by Charles Guignebert, touches another timely subject. The author is lecturer at the Sorbonne, where his course on the history of Christianity has, for the university of a neutral state, a strangely polemical character against the Catholic Church. The present work is disappointing, most of the arguments being little different from those in Protestant text-books, which preceded, sometimes by centuries, the pronouncements of Pius the Tenth. Even one who stands altogether *pro fanis* can judge of the worth of an argument which makes the Pope pretend to "inspiration," instead of simple assistance in safeguarding the faith once inspired to the Apostles; after the publicity of the Vatican Council such easy means of controversy ought not to be decorated with the name of learning. M. Guignebert is a university *agrégé;* if he cannot get up his subjects better where living men are concerned, what shall we think of his judgments of the dead? The twentieth year of "L'Année philosophique" of the veteran François Pillon takes us into spheres of serener controversy, concerning Plato and Parmenides and the laws of nature according to Émile Boutroux. The bibliography of French philosophic publications for the year 1907 is distinctly valuable. The entire volume has the tone of philosophers not yet crushed by latest science.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Registers of the Stationers' Company, as printed and edited by Prof. Edward Arber, give systematic though meagre notes of the English book-trade, printers, booksellers, and short titles of books intended for publication, down to 1640. The Term Catalogues, reprinted by the same able editor, begin with 1668. Between these dates there is a blank during which no contemporary record was kept. This period has to a certain extent been filled by Henry R. Plomer's "Dictionary of Book-sellers and Printers who were at work in England, Scotland, and Ireland from 1641 to 1667," recently published by the Bibliographical Society. The time covered is from the first meeting of the Long Parliament, November 3, 1640, to the Great Fire of 1666, in which books were destroyed, worth, according to Pepys's calculation, £150,000, and most of the booksellers were "utterly undone." During the greater part of those years the laws regarding printing and publishing were so severe that much of the output of the presses consisted of fugitive pamphlets and leaflets, most of which, except for one man's industry and foresight, would probably have been lost. This man, George Thomason, a bookseller, set himself to collect and preserve those "books of an hour"; and in the twenty years, beginning about 1640, amassed 22,255 pieces—14,942 pamphlets and 7,216 newspapers, together with 97 manuscripts. These were bound up in 2,008 volumes. Almost every piece has noted upon it the day upon which it was received. During the civil war the collection was often in danger, and was moved from place to place. Finally, in 1762, it was bought by George III. for £300 and presented to the British Museum. This collection has been the greatest single source of information to Mr. Plomer in compiling his "Dictionary." The imprints on title-pages in the Bagford collection have supplied some names. Of some printers and publishers no information could be secured beyond the name in the imprint of a single book or pamphlet. In the case of many of the more important members of the craft, however, Mr. Plomer gives us a short biography, telling when a man set up in business, what kind of books he printed, and who his successors were. Whenever a volume contains a catalogue or list of books, this fact is noted.

Another volume, completing the publications of the Bibliographical Society for 1907, is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of George J. Gray's "Bibliography of the Works of Sir Isaac Newton." The first edition was issued in 1888. Among other important additions, two issues of the first edition of the "Principia," 1687, differing in the imprint, are described. In the first issue the imprint is in three lines only, in the second in four lines.

A bibliographical curiosity has been found in the possession of Arthur Jeffrey Parsons, a collector in the city of Washington, containing a very early reference to Virginians. That the book itself is intrinsically of small value is not to be considered when it mentions anything American. So we may expect to see this title added to the list of desirable Americana. It reads in full:

> Pathomachia: | or, | The Battell of | Affections. | Shadowed by a Faigned | Siedge de [*sic*] the citie | Pathopolis. | Written some yeeres since, and | now first published by a Friend | of the deceassed Author. | London, | Printed by Thomas and Richard Coats, for Francis Constable, | and are to be sold at his Shop in Pauls Church-yard | at the Signe of the Crane. | 1630.

The authorship is attributed to Francis Constable, for whom it is stated to have been printed; but the British Museum, where two copies are to be found, does not suggest an author's name. Constable was a publisher in London, from 1615 to 1640, and could hardly have been the writer of an allegorical play in five acts, and in prose, such as this volume is. In the Register of the Company of Stationers of London is found the following, under date April 16, 1630:

> Master Constable Entred for his copie under the hands of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Bill Warden A play Called "The Battell of The affections or loves Loadstone."

The American reference is on page 28, as follows:

> *Just*[*ice*]. Come forth Fortitude, lay hands upon this Counterfeit, for this is not the King now I looke better on him.
>
> *Friendsh*[*ip*]. Arrant Traytors, doe not the verie Virginians know that the Person of a King is sacred.

It would be interesting to know what account of Virginia was in the memory of the writer when he made that reference.

An interesting exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, dating from the ninth and tenth centuries to the fifteenth, has been opened at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, London. All the great private and semi-public collections in England, and the finest collection in America (J. Pierpont Morgan's) have sent contributions. King Edward lends from Windsor the famous Book of Hours, written for Margaret of Burgundy, Duchess of Brittany, which is one of the most exquisite productions of French art of about 1425; the Duke of Devonshire, the much earlier Benedictional of St. Æthelwold, Winchester work of the tenth century. Lambeth Palace, the Dean and Chapter of Hereford and Winchester, eight colleges in Oxford and seven in Cambridge, and the Victoria and Albert Museum are among the corporate possessors of old libraries that have sent priceless things. Mr. Morgan took over eighteen of the best manuscripts from his New York library. Sydney Cockerell, in his introduction to the catalogue says that "so many splendid examples of the illuminator's art, and so various in their excellence, have never before been shown in a single room." The exhibition is extraordinarily rich in the English work of the later Middle Ages, and especially that produced by the school of Winchester from the tenth century downwards. It is interesting to learn that from the tenth to the thirteenth century "English manuscripts had so great a reputation as to be commissioned and sought after by the rich nobles of the continent." Afterwards the school declined, and its place was taken by the more highly developed art of the Continent, especially of France and the Netherlands.

Ludwig Rosenthal of Munich has recently discovered in a volume of contemporary tracts a fine copy of the "Epistola Christofori Colom: de insulis Indie supra Gangem nuper inventis." This is the first issue of the dated edition, 1493, of which only three or four examples are known. A facsimile is to be published by Herr Rosenthal.

Correspondence.

GRADUATE STUDENTS AS WRITERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial entitled "A Graduate School of Authorship," in your issue of May 14, you did me the honor to refer to me by name. If any one is curious to learn my views on the general subject, he may find them in my little book, "The Higher Study of English" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1906). As illustrating the attitude of graduate students of English at Yale toward original composition, I may state that, of ten persons who have received the prize annually offered to the whole university for unpublished verse, five have been graduate students at the time of the award. Considering the disparity of numbers between the graduate students and the whole body of other students, this fact does not seem to bear out the contention of those who assert that the graduate study of English destroys the taste for literature. Of the five graduate students referred to, two—William S. Johnson and George B. Tennant—have each published an edition of a play by Ben Jonson, and another of the prize winners, still an undergraduate when he gained the prize, has produced a doctoral thesis on a subject in English dramatic literature.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, May 30.

DRESDEN AND CANNÆ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me a word about your critique (April 30) of my Vols. III. and IV. of "Napoleon." My statement about Cannæ is accurate. Cannæ was not "won under precisely such conditions" as Dresden. Scarcely two battles in history differ more. At Cannæ Hannibal had a naked river at his back, and neither city nor defences behind him. At Dresden, Napoleon had a big city, with fresh but good defences, behind which he fought and from which he sallied, and the river was spanned by a permanent bridge, which could and did permit troops in vast bodies to pass in rapidity and safety. Again "superior mobility had" not "passed from the French armies to those of her enemies." Of the allies only Blucher was rapid; all the others were slow; and when Napoleon was afoot he was the most rapid of all. Count the miles and hours. If the alleged "superior mobility" of the allies was the "technical point that dominated the whole campaign," then scores of volumes of French General Staff work must be rewritten. Has the reviewer forgotten the Trachenberg plan, under which each minor allied army retreated from Napoleon personally, but attacked any of his lieutenants? Do not this plan, and the fact that Napoleon was confining himself to the defensive, and would not give up Dresden, come nearer "dominating the whole campaign?" If, indeed, by the allied superior mobility the reviewer means that Napoleon would not move when he ought to and could, we are nearer of a mind. That is my text. But he does not say so. Otherwise, I thank the reviewer for his kindly criticism. THEODORE A. DODGE.

Rozières, France, May 17.

[The passage to which Col. Dodge objects is as follows:

> The author, too, lacks the balanced judgment, wide information, and sense of preciseness in language, without which the attempt at framing historical generalities becomes a snare. As an example of this we may pick the dictum that "history narrates but one brilliant victory gained by an army fighting with a river at its back—Cannæ"; yet only a few pages previously may be read an account of Napoleon's victory at Dresden, won under precisely such conditions.

The first exception of Col. Dodge misses our point; we did not criticise his opinion of Cannæ, but his power of historical generalization. He has chosen to compare Hannibal at Cannæ with Napoleon at Leipzig, and, on a comparison of the two, states "that history narrates but one brilliant victory gained by an army fighting with a river at its back—Cannæ." This is a false generalization; and even limited as Col. Dodge now limits it, by adding clauses as to defences and bridges, is open to doubt. If there is no proper comparison between Dresden and Cannæ, as Col. Dodge maintains, then he was not justified in comparing Leipzig and Cannæ; his generalization was futile. That was the point of our criticism. Moreover, we chose Dresden as the nearest parallel to Leipzig, because Dresden also had defences and bridges. Dresden was as near Leipzig for position as possible, and was actually the very last great battle preceding Leipzig. Our expression "precisely similar conditions" referred obviously enough to the conditions as stated by Col. Dodge in words which we quoted verbatim.

As to the question of mobility it is hardly possible to work it out in details that must inevitably be both minute and controversial. But the following broad features of the situation may be pointed out to Col. Dodge: that the French army was greatly inferior in its number of mounted men; that its transport service was also weak; that the inhabitants were acutely hostile, making information hard to get; that the French army was constantly operating and living on a restricted piece of country, thereby again becoming comparatively inferior owing to the strain on the transport service; and lastly that through all the campaign Napoleon's effort was to bring his enemy to battle while almost continuous failure attended it. That the allies retreated on a prearranged plea is true, but that they were able to get away from the French was largely a matter of superior mobility. We are, however, willing to concede this much to Col. Dodge, that whether the inferior mobility of the French was the dominant factor of the campaign or not is a matter of opinion—beyond that we cannot go.—THE REVIEWER.]

THE DEFINITION OF "MOUSSE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the letters in your issues of April 23 and May 7 with regard to the definition of "Mousse"—this word is in use throughout the State of Minnesota, and I believe in other States where there is any number of French Canadians. There it is applied to a variety of ice-cream frozen by placing the pail containing the cream in a bank of snow and allowing it to crystallize, as opposed to a beaten ice-cream made in an ordinary freezer. J. S. B.

New York, June 5.

Notes.

Within the next three or four weeks the Macmillan Co. will publish a new volume by Lord Morley of Blackburn (John Morley), including his papers on Machiavelli and Guicciardini. From the same house is to come "The Making of Ireland, and Its Undoing," by Mrs. J. R. Green, which deals with the little explored period from 1200 to 1600.

Among books in preparation at the Oxford University Press are editions of "Campion's Poetical Works," by Percival Vivian; "Donne's Poetical Works," by H. J. C. Grierson; "Herrick's Poetical Works," by G. S. Gordon; "The Works of Ben Jonson," by C. H. Herford and P. Simpson; and "The Works of Marlowe," by Walter Raleigh and C. F. Tucker Brooke. These are not all new announcements, but they gain in significance by association.

This month Charles Scribner's Sons will begin the publication of Prof. Charles Foster Kent's "Historical Bible." The whole work will be completed in six volumes, the first volume, now to appear, taking up "The Heroes and Crises of Early Hebrew History." Among their fiction for this month will be "The Halfway House," by Maurice Hewlett, a story of modern life in England.

In honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, which occurred June 8, the Mississippi Department of Archives and History has planned to bring out a complete publication of his writings and speeches. To this end it asks the coöperation of all persons who have in their possession any writing of any sort from his pen or signed by him. Communications should be addressed to the director of the department, Dunbar Rowland, at Jackson, Miss.

The *Brown Alumni Monthly* will publish

in an edition of about one thousand copies "Memories of Brown," edited by Robert P. Brown, Henry R. Palmer, Clarence S. Brigham, and Harry L. Koopman. The volume will contain reminiscences by about one hundred alumni.

The Council of the British Academy has decided to organize a celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Milton, on December 9.

Rudyard Kipling is to be made a Cambridge Doctor of Letters this term. With him, Sir George Trevelyan and Sir J. H. Ramsay will receive the same degree.

The old fashioned "moral philosophy" is at a discount in the colleges at present, and exercises in the pyschological laboratory do not fit the critic to pass judgment on such dicta as "We must climb if we would pluck the Edelweiss of the soul," or "When we cannot have what we like we can always like what we have" (the toothache, for instance?), or "Life will not flower for him who overplants the soil." When we pick up a book like "The Essential Life," by Stephen Berrien Stanton (Charles Scribner's Sons), all abloom with such flowers, the natural impulse is to classify it with those pink-ribboned high-school essays which assure us that "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," "No cloud but has a silver lining." But then comes the haunting fear that some genuine philosophical fruit lurks undiscovered among these very verdant leaves and sweet scented posies. We might scourge Mr. Stanton for his utter lack of logical coherence, but he has certainly not attempted logical connection: "Discursiveness is the strictest logic. Correlative words and particles can never express the untrammelled sequences of the mind." Thus it is that a large part of each of the twenty-one chapters, with their sharply differentiated *titles*, would suit equally well in any other chapter; but if you start to criticise you are met with the dictum, "Responsiveness makes all things relevant." Of course it may be said that Emerson himself was disjointed, flinging his thoughts at you like handfuls of pebbles and not in connected sequence; that not all of those pebbles have proved to be of solid quartz, and that to the great majority his work has never had any coherent meaning because of the lack of that responsiveness which makes all things relevant. But the real Emerson, who exercised so enormous an influence over those whom he did reach, lay not in these superficial peculiarities of expression. This is not a suggestion that Mr. Stanton has consciously tried to be a second Emerson, but the Emersonian influence is too marked to be disregarded. Those who enjoy moral and spiritual food put up in epigrammatic form, and the class is a large one, will doubtless find much in him to "comfort, cheer, and bless"; but we cannot resist the impression that Mr. Stanton has frequently stumbled into the pitfall which that style keeps ever spread, even for the most competent of its votaries—the mistaking of a striking collocation of mere words for a great thought.

"The Sounds of English" (Henry Frowde) by Henry Sweet, is perhaps the best introduction to phonetics in our language. It is, on the whole, more elementary than the same author's "Primer of Phonetics," but contains some material not embraced in that work. The interest of the book, however, is by no means limited to beginners. The chapters on Phonetics and Elocution, on the Study of General Phonetics, and the Teaching of Phonetics, coming from one of the chief masters of the science, will prove of unusual interest to all students of language. The same thing is true of the chapter on Bibliography, in which the author passes in critical review the systems of the principal phoneticians of our time—Jespersen, Sievers, Vietor, and the rest. The book contains a good supply of texts, with phonetic transcriptions on the pages opposite. It is in this, as in every respect, well adapted to self-instruction; but we recommend it to students of language in general—especially to the post-graduate students in our universities who are beginning their philological studies. The system of phonetic notation adopted is the "Narrow Romic," which practically offers no difficulty even to the beginner.

Henry Barrett Hinckley's "Notes on Chaucer" (The Nonotuck Press, Northampton, Mass.) consists of a commentary on the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales," and six of the tales, viz.: The Knight's, the Nun's Priest's, the Pardoner's, the Clerk's, the Squire's, and the Franklin's. In fulness and learning the only previous Chaucer commentary comparable with it is that which accompanies Prof. W. W. Skeat's standard edition of the poet's works. Mr. Hinckley's "Notes" will not mark an epoch in Chaucerian study like the commentaries which Professor Skeat published from time to time before finally gathering them up in his collective edition, but it is a solid and useful work. As regards fulness of annotation, Mr. Hinckley gives less space to the Prologue than Skeat, but more to the tales. To be sure, this greater fulness is due partly to the fact that the notes are more often the result of compilation than is the case with Skeat's, including sometimes illustrations that are rather remote from the text. The general views which the author expresses with regard to the tales are in some respects open to criticism. The theory of Flemish originals for the Nun's Priest's Tale and the Pardoner's is not likely to find adherents. It seems singular that the diffuse eloquence of the Knight's Tale—beautiful though it be—should strike any one as "charged with fierce and turbulent emotion." And again—the battle in "Ywain and Gawain" is too uninspired ever to have furnished Chaucer with a model. This is not the place for criticism of the "Notes" on individual lines. The author often annotates passages which Skeat has passed by, and so his work, apart from its own merits, supplements that of his predecessor. A bibliography and index conclude the volume.

The ninth volume of the "Abstracts of Wills" in the surrogate's office in New York city, prepared by William S. Pelletreau, and published by the New York Historical Society, offers much interesting matter on the social condition of the city during the Revolution. The years covered are 1777-1783, and the wills were filed under the royal authorities as well as under the State government. There is little that relates immediately to the war, and only an occasional glimpse is had of actual service in the King's army or navy. At times the witnesses to a will were obliged to leave the city, and their signatures were then recognized on the oath of another person. Some of the testators expressly recognized the distress due to the wars, by which great damage might be done to property, making due provision for such a contingency. One went so far as to provide that his bearers should be "good and faithful friends of the glorious cause of liberty," and only such of his relatives should attend as had been friends to the said cause. Slaves are frequently mentioned, and in some few instances freedom is given. One notable instance was Thomas Townsend, Quaker, who had five negroes. He stated:

> Whereas, I am now in possession of some negroes, and taking the matter under solid consideration, being our fellow creatures, do feel a freedom in my mind to set them fully at liberty, believing it to be consistent with the will of kind Providence, who hath created all nations with one blood.

Very few books are mentioned. The wills of John André and Peter Jay call for special mention. The notes of Mr. Pelletreau on persons and places are instructive and prove his accurate knowledge of the old streets and properties. The first occurrence of the spelling Brooklyn is noted, and the last appearance of a royal governor. The index is excellent.

The erection, on June 6, 1908, of a bronze tablet to the memory of Baron Joan Derck van der Capellen at Zwolle, in Overijssel, by the Holland Society of New York, lends timeliness to the publication of his letters from 1770 to 1783, in Vol. XXVIII. (pp. 102-341) of the Historical Society of Utrecht. Van der Capellen (1741-1784), descendant of one of the Staten Island patroons of New Netherland, was the unflinching advocate in Holland of the Americans during the ascendancy of "the British party," when the Netherlands and the House of Orange were virtually under the control of Sir Joseph Yorke. When King George III., in an autograph letter to the Stadholder, tried to get the Scotch Brigade, long in the Dutch service, detached for service in America, Van der Capellen strenuously opposed and defeated the plan; and Van der Capellen made every effort to advance the interests of the colonies in revolt, as against British efforts to influence Dutch opinions favorably towards Great Britain. Finally Van der Capellen secured the reception of John Adams and a loan for the Continental Congress.

The German Asiatic Society of Japan sends forth Part I., Vol. XI. (pp. 144) of its Transactions, containing an illustrated article on the ethnology of the Malay-Nigrito tribes in the islands lying between Formosa and Luzon. Prof. A. Hoffman of the Imperial University of Tokio writes of the forestry of Korea, with illustrations, showing the great variety and richness of its timber preserves. While most of the lands and mountains near cities are denuded for fuel, there is yet much uncut forest. F. Theil writes assuringly of the development of the resources of Japan since the end of the war with Russia. He argues that the present financial depression must be but temporary, owing to the sound condition of trade and industry and the endless ingenuity of the Japanese. There is an excellent article on "Ancient Japanese Weapons," showing how early the men of Nippon wrought steel with skill and power.

In his lively book, "Américains et Japonais" (Paris: A. Colin), Louis Aubert discusses conditions since the war with Russia. Then our people cheered the Japanese and hastened to buy the bonds of the Tokio government. When peace came, the American discovered that the cunning Japanese would come to America and cut wages there and would rival the American in Korea and Manchuria. M. Aubert gives up the notion so long feared in Europe that, emerging in victory from the struggle with Russia, three hundred million yellow warriors would be ranged under the banner of Japan to overwhelm the Occident. He has discovered that Chinese oil and Japanese water will not mix; yet he sees grave danger in Japanese expansion if unchecked by the Middle Kingdom. If renovated by modern civilization, the Chinese will compel the Japanese to decamp from both Manchuria and Korea. If, on the contrary, Japan holds her own against China, she will be able to safeguard fully the rights of her emigrant subjects in lands bordering the Pacific, now occupied by the whites.

Grimm's "Kinder- und Hausmärchen" is appearing in a jubilee edition with Dr. R. Reimann as editor and the Turm Verlag, of Leipzig, as publisher. The home of these stories, Hessen, between the Fulda, Werra, and Lahn, is also the home of the illustrator, Otto Ubbelohde, who has studied faithfully the local background of the Grimm fables.

The J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung, Leipzig, has just issued as *Heft* 3 and 4 of the sixth series of Der alte Orient, "Der Zagros und seine Völker: eine archæologisch-ethnologische Skizze," by Dr. Georg Hüsing. There are three charts and thirty-five illustrations. No. 5 of the Sendschreiben of the Deutsche Orientgesellschaft is a work by Prof. Eduard Meyer, director of the Archæological Institute in Berlin, entitled "Aegypten zur Zeit der Pyramidenbauer," with sixteen text illustrations and seventeen tables. Quite recently there appeared in the same series a contribution by Prof. Otto Puchstein of the Berlin Archæological Institute, "Die ionische Säule als klassisches Bauglied orientalischer Herkunft," with fifty illustrations.

Prof. Hugo Winckler of Berlin has published as No. 15 of the series known as Wissenschaft und Bildung: Einzeldarstellungen aus allen Gebieten des Wissens, edited by Dr. Paul Herre, a summary of his well-known views on Babylonism, in semi-popular style. It is a book of 152 pages: "Die babylonische Geisteskultur in ihren Beziehungen zur Kulturentwicklung der Menschheit" (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer.)

With the publication of the fourth volume, Dr. C. S. Mommert, of Sweinitz, has completed his almost monumental work, "Topographie des alten Jerusalem" (Leipzig: E. Haberland). This last volume has the supplementary title: "Der Mauerbau des Nehemia, die Akra der Syrer, die Burg Antonia, der Königspalast Herodes des Grossen, die Agrippamauer und Jerusalems alte Gräber." In the four volumes practically all the perplexing problems of the topography of Jerusalem are discussed, not only on the basis of the literature on the subject, but also of the author's personal investigations. His style is unusually heavy even for a German scholar.

Prof. C. H. Becker, of Heidelberg, has published (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), a little work entitled "Christentum und Islam," in which he traces the influence which Christianity has exerted on Islamism. In some points the author defends Mohammedanism against current criticism, insisting, for example, that Mohammedans are not naturally intolerant.

"Paulus in Korinth," with the sub-title "Neue Wege zum Verständnis des Urchristentums," is an attempt by Karl Munzinger, himself for years a practical worker in the foreign missionary field, to interpret Paul's activity from the point of view of modern mission work. (Heidelberg: Evangelischer Verlag.)

The third volume of the *Anthropos: internationale Zeitschrift für Völker- und Sprachkunde*, edited by Father W. Schmidt (Vienna: Mechitaristen - Buchdruckerei), has just appeared. The work is richly illustrated and contains much material on ethnology and linguistics, furnished almost exclusively by Roman Catholic missionaries. The articles are in all the leading languages of Europe. Though managed by Catholics, *Anthropos* numbers several Protestant contributors. It appears in six parts, costing 15 marks a year.

Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, Göttingen, have begun the publication of a new monthly, *Monatsblätter für den evangelischen Religionsunterricht*, edited by Oberlehrer Heinrich Spanuth.

With October of the present year the first Egyptian university modelled after those of Europe is to be opened in Cairo. Wealthy natives have furnished the necessary lands, and a fund of more than $50,000 is already on hand. For the present, lecture courses will be delivered on French, English, and Arabic literatures, and on Arabian and general history. Teachers from France, England, Switzerland, and Germany are to constitute the teaching force; but Egyptian students are already enrolled in Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, and Leeds, in preparation for work in the new university.

A number of important international congresses will be held in Europe this summer. In addition to those already announced in these columns we may mention the sixteenth International Americanist Congress September 9-14, in Vienna. The special topics to be discussed are (1) the native tribes of America; their origin, geographical distribution, history, language, state of civilization, etc.; (2) the antiquities of America; (3) the history of the discovery and the settlement of America. The International Press Congress meets in Berlin September 20-24. From September 23 to 26 the first International Congress for Moral Pedagogics is held in London. The president for Germany is Prof. Fr. Paulsen of Berlin; for England, Sir Edward H. Busk and Prof. M. E. Sadler; for the United States, Prof. Felix Adler.

The death is announced from Frankfort of Eduard Sack in his seventy-seventh year. In 1871 he joined the staff of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and was several times imprisoned for his hostility to Bismarck. Among his published works are "Gegen die Prügelpädagogen," "Beiträge zu der Schule im Dienste für die Freiheit," and "Schlaglichter zur Volksbildung."

Henri Avenel, for a long while director of the "Annuaire de la presse," has died, at the age of fifty-six. His great work is the "Histoire de la presse française depuis 1789 jusqu'à nos jours," published in 1900. This substantial volume was followed the next year by "La Presse française au vingtième siècle."

THE OFFICIAL BIOGRAPHY OF SPENCER.

Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer. By David Duncan. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $5.

Spencer, who was incapable of an affectation, made no pretence of putting a low estimate upon the curiosity of posterity concerning himself. After completing the thousand or more pages of his "Autobiography," he left to one of his literary executors a request that there be prepared "a biography in one volume of moderate size, in which shall be incorporated . . . such selected correspondence and such unpublished papers as may seem of value, . . . the frontispiece portrait and the profile portraits, . . . and a brief account of the part of my life which has passed since the date at which the 'Autobiography' concludes." Mr. Duncan has so far bettered his instruction as to produce two volumes of large size, in which the period covered by the "Autobiography" is set forth at as great length as the subsequent period. Official biographers seem to be inevitably stricken with a fatal incapacity for compression. Mr. Duncan's book contains a good deal of new matter that was well worth printing—especially some of the letters from and to Spencer, and the concise history of the development of the philosopher's opinions written by himself—which a sort of abridged autobiography—which is given as an appendix. But all that is both new and important could with advantage have been brought within the compass of a single volume. As it is, much of the first volume is merely a weakened paraphrase of the "Autobiography," either in Mr. Duncan's words or in those of the letters and diaries which Spencer himself used in preparing that curious piece of self-revelation. But, granting its plan, Mr. Duncan's book is carefully done; and it has for purposes of reference one great merit that the "Autobiography" lacked: the index is excellently full and analytical. There is also furnished what is, presumably, a definitive bibliography of Spencer's writings.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Duncan speculates concerning the verdict of the future upon Spencer's place in the history of thought. The question is one which the future may safely be permitted to settle for itself. But the present generation has at least enough biographic and other material available to make tolerably clear the personal traits and the peculiarities of mental habit which determined the character and the limitations of the achievement of the philosopher of evolution. Most philosophers, doubtless, are vexed by problems before they come upon their solutions of those problems; but there are some who appear to see their solutions before they see the problems. Of the latter sort Spencer was an extreme example. His mind had a prodigious facility and sweep in sketching out, upon the hint of a few facts, or of an obscure analogy or two, "principles" by which huge masses of phenomena could be plausibly exhibited as aspects of one and the same law; the philosophic instinct for unification operated more promptly and more steadily in him, perhaps, than in any other Englishman of his century. But he was constitutionally incapable of regarding anything as a problem, and dealing with it as such—patiently, cautiously, analytically, with a constant eye for hidden obscurities, a persistent effort to see the thing from more than one side. George Eliot once remarked that that great domed forehead of his had never a wrinkle. "I suppose," said Spencer, "it is because I am never puzzled"; and he goes on to explain, with a grave naïveté that is delectably characteristic:

> My mode of thinking did not involve that concentrated effort that is commonly accompanied by wrinkling of the brows. It has never been my way to set before myself a problem and puzzle out an answer. The conclusions at which I have from time to time arrived have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised, but have been arrived at unawares.

As a result, partly, of the peculiar impatience that was a feature of his nervous disorder, Spencer had to think easily, fluently, unobstructedly, without involution, or he could not think at all. He was accordingly incapable of being interested by, or of seriously attending to, any facts which he could not readily put into some seemingly appropriate place in a general scheme; and he was rarely able to read any book with which he disagreed. No modern writer has ever attained a comparable distinction in philosophy upon the basis of so abysmal an ignorance of other men's ideas and of the previous course of human reflection; and this ignorance in Spencer was purely the consequence of irritability and of incapacity for intellectual sympathy. He writes to Leslie Stephen in 1899:

> When twenty-four I met with a translation of Kant and read the first few pages. Forthwith, rejecting his doctrine of Time and Space, I read no further. My ignorance of ancient philosophical writers was absolute. . . . Since those days I have done nothing worth mentioning to fill up the implied deficiencies. Twice or thrice I have taken up Plato's Dialogues, and have quickly put them down with more or less irritation. And of Aristotle I know even less than of Plato. . . . The same holds of all other books of philosophical kinds.

So, also, in the case of lighter literature; if any passage aroused a moment's aversion, the book and its author were forthwith placed upon the philosopher's private Index Expurgatorius, which fairly rivalled the ecclesiastical one in both the number and the importance of the titles contained in it. Thus Spencer, out of sympathy for the worthy Modestine, long refused to read anything of her master's:

> I began to read Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," but was so disgusted with his treatment of the donkey that I gave it up quickly, and never looked into another of his books for many years.

A thinker at once so fluent and so petulant was obviously open in a peculiar degree to the "fallacy of the neglected aspect," to one-sided inductions, over-facile transitions, hasty generalizations, to conclusions that were too wide because based upon an examination of nature and of human life that was too narrow. There is a good deal in Spencer that illustrates what Bacon meant by the *intellectus sibi permissus*. Yet, under these circumstances, it is the more indicative of a native penetration amounting to genius, and of an early acquired and deeply ingrained affinity for the spirit and methods of natural science, that Spencer's general cosmological scheme has appealed so strongly to many scientific men, and that he has contributed to more than one special science at least some fruitful half-truths and some important methodological principles. And it was his very freedom from historical baggage and from the checks and safeguards which limit the speculative pace of most typical latter-day thinkers, that enabled him to make that intrepid "dash for the pole" of a completely unified knowledge, which was assuredly magnificent, even if it was not philosophy. Though he had for his base of supplies a larger and more correct body of empirical knowledge, he was, in the middle of the nineteenth century, almost as footloose intellectually as a Greek physiologer.

There is an interesting contrast between Spencer's place and influence in his generation and those of his contemporary, Henry Sidgwick. Both take high rank among the saints of philosophy, are shining exemplars of the piety of the intellect; both belong to the same general line of development in English thought; both are comparatively clear and untechnical writers. Sidgwick's was by far the subtler and sounder intelligence and the richer nature. But to him philosophy presented itself at the outset as a group of problems, of contradictions to be overcome and antitheses to be reconciled; and a group of slightly clarified problems it remained at the end. He was as incapable, through the very thoroughness of his critical scrupulosity, of getting anything settled completely and without qualification, as Spencer was of leaving anything unsettled. As a result, though Sidgwick is read with delight and instruction by not a few students of philosophy, he had almost no influence upon the general movement of thought of his time; while Spencer gathered to himself a multitude of ardent disciples and became a conspicuous historic figure. He owes this position to that unchastened boldness of constructive imagination which led him to put together the flying fragments of current scientific generalization into a veritable epic of the universe—an epic appealing all the more to the contemporary taste because, though its main story was earthly enough, it opened with a species of Prologue in Heaven; and because, also, when any of the brave formulas that are the heroes of the plot seemed from time to time to be getting the worst of the logic, a gray-eyed Unknowable might always be expected to descend, full-panoplied in self-contradiction, to mantle the hard-pressed hero in a cloud of unintelligibility, and thus prevent the narrative from ever coming to any untimely or unhappy ending.

If Spencer had, like many even of the more constructive philosophers, been content with a few synthetizing principles of a high degree of generality, his work would have never had the vogue and the following that it attained. It not only professed to unify all things, but also to trace that unity out in detail; its ultimate formulas, once discovered, became fruitful and multiplied and replenished the special sciences with subsidiary formulas of descending degrees of generality. Thus the faithful Spencerian is able to find in the Synthetic Philosophy, as the good Catholic is in the "Summa," a reasoned answer to every doctrinal question. Spencer's mind, though not genuinely analytic or dialectical, was as markedly a ramifying as it was a unifying mind; and it was this combination which gave to his system, for many, its special interest and impressiveness.

He himself was wont to insist upon the essentially deductive character of his reasoning from higher to lower principles; and the same deductive procedure has, by some of his critics, been charged against him as a reproach. But the truth is, certainly, that he was not deductive enough. The philosopher who, taking up almost any pregnant principle, will follow out undeviatingly its necessary implications, is likely to reason very instructively, even though his principle be inadequate or false. But Spencer was of much too impatient a nature, and too full of unsubdued temperamental tendencies and whole-hearted prejudices, to let the inner logic of his own primary doctrines work itself out with rigorous objectivity. His method did not consist in the deduction of special from general principles, but in the interpolation of special principles at points suggested by the general scheme. The fruit to be found upon the many branches and twigs of his single tree of knowledge is often, perhaps usually, not the natural product of the plant. It has been brought from elsewhere and stuck on; though with so extraordinary a skill as to deceive even the author of the arrangement.

This is especially well illustrateed in the ethical part of Spencer's system. Partly because he was not untouched by the old Benthamite—or perhaps the Paleyite—tradition, partly because of temperamental qualities, Spencer early became and always remained in the main a utilitarian or benevolent hedonist. The doctrine that "the ultimate moral aim is a desirable state of feeling called by whatever name—gratification, enjoyment, happiness"—is set forth in the "Data of Ethics" as a corollary of the evolutional doctrine; and it is defended, in part, by biological arguments, such as the contention that "sentient existence can evolve only on the condition that pleasure-giving acts are life-sustaining acts," favorable to the survival of the individual or of the species. Yet the main and the ostensibly decisive argument offered for hedonism is entirely of the pre-evolutionistic sort: that pleasure is the only thing in itself good, is a "necessary moral intuition." Not only is Spencer's utilitarianism in the last analysis independent of his evolutionism; it is deeply incongruous with evolutionism in general, and with his form of it in particular. In so far as he is the moralist seeking guidance from the laws and the tendency of evolution, Spencer's true criterion of goodness in conduct is the capacity of acts or impulses to further the evolutionary process and to make for "the increase of life both in length and breadth." Now happiness, for any individual or generation, obviously depends upon the maintenance of an established equilibrium, upon the placid harmony of "inner relations with outer relations." But for Spencer progress in evolution properly depends (until the distant goal of final adjustment is reached) upon a constant breaking-up of every established but premature equilibrium, upon the broadening of life, its enrichment in "heterogeneity, definiteness, and coherency," at the cost of whatever growing-pains. Spencer ought, according to the profounder implications of his fundamental principles, to have warned the men of these transitional generations to shun happiness above all things. The romantically austere moral temper really appropriate to the Spencerian type of evolutionism was far better expressed by Zarathustra than by the author of the "Data of Ethics": "Man is a rope connecting animal and beyond-man—a rope over a precipice. I love those who know not how to live except in perishing; for they are those going beyond. I love those who do not look beyond the stars for a reason to perish and be sacrificed, but who sacrifice themselves to earth, in order that earth may some day become beyond-man's."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Primadonna. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Crawford's hand becomes not less deft but more nonchalant as the years go by. He has the air of good-humoredly playing up to his audience, of applying a casual sop to the not over-discriminating palate of his constituency. "The Primadonna" is a sequel to "Fair Margaret," that lady being, it will be recalled, an English girl who rises from humble beginnings as daughter of a provincial clergyman to be the greatest "lyric soprano" of her day. Our scene opens at a moment of culminating triumph in New York, when her presence of mind prevents a disastrous panic in the opera house and the plaudits she receives are no longer merely tributes to her voice. Almost at once the action shifts to England by way of an ocean passage, the events of which, described at some length, turn out in the end to have been of very little importance. Indeed, it must either be supposed that the story-teller had a rather vague notion what his story was to be, or that it was his ironical pleasure to prepare us in a general way for various happenings which do not come off. We incline to the former supposition, and are aware that it would be folly to expect so notorious an improviser as Mr. Crawford to revise his premises in the light of his conclusion. But the thing is a little irritating as it stands.

Given our Primadonna, the question is obviously, Who is to be the lucky man? There seem to be two possibilities of long standing: Lushington, the English novelist, a man of fastidious tastes, who loves her as the quiet Margaret Deane; and Logotheti, the Greek financier, who adores her as the brilliant Madame da Cordova. On one occasion the latter has tried to kidnap her, a fact which she appears to regard with the same complaisance with which she regards her rescue by the English candidate for her hand. Thirdly, there is an American, one Van Torp, like Logotheti a great figure in finance, but unlike him a person of repellent manner and sinister repute. There is a moment when we have cause to fear that our old friend Paul Griggs, who has surely suffered enough by this time, is doomed to make a fourth in the love-chase. Happily he is eventually seen to have been introduced only in order to perform one or two of his well-known feats of strength, and it is certainly a pleasure to know that he still retains the quality which endeared him to us in his early prime. As a matter of fact, it is in Van Torp that the interest of the tale chiefly centres. An object of horror and loathing at the outset, he gradually assumes the rôle of hero, as it transpires that instead of being a profligate and a murderer, he is really a person of exceptional magnanimity and loving-kindness. In the end it is understood that Margaret is to marry her picturesque Greek; but one suspects that Mr. Crawford may have later occasion, according to his method, to bring her and Van Torp together in some manner. It does not greatly matter. Margaret is not a person with whom we should greatly grieve to have done.

The story is told in the mildly jocular tone which apparently grows upon this popular writer. For example:

> The chaperon is going down to the shadowy kingdom of the extinct, and is already reckoned with dodo, stage-coaches, muzzle-loaders, crinolines, Southey's poems, the Thirty-nine Articles, Benjamin Franklin's reputation, the British workman, and the late Herbert Spencer's philosophy.

On the whole it appears that although the dignified ease of Italian retirement does not stay the torrent of Mr. Crawford's productivity, it is in danger of endowing him with a rather too easy complaisance.

The Captain's Wife. By John Lloyd. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

New combinations of raw material are the order of the day in fiction. A moment ago it was the Zenda and the London murder; now it is the Arizona military station tempered with the loss of memory after a great shock. The two blend very well under Mr. Lloyd's able treatment. His Arizona is made immensely vivid without superfluity of description. Its blistering heat, its wondrous skies, its huge stars are continually felt, but never grow wearisome. The Apache, shorn of picturesqueness, is shown as the United States army has found him. The memory-lapse, though the crux of the story, is not so monopolizing as not to leave room for a variety of portraits, military and civilian, and of incidents ranging from comic to tragic. The writer's touch is light and keen, and his little novel, arranged in good paper and print, runs along at full speed.

The Duchess of Dreams. By Edith Macvane. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Ingenuity on one side and impossibility on the other are the wings that speed this story on its fleet course. Its naïve preposterousness does but lend it charm. The reader feels gratified at being asked to accept such engaging extravaganza, as if a child should offer to share with one a particularly thick piece of bread buttered on both sides. It was nevertheless no child's play to collect such material and combine it into a whole that to the eye at least should be reasonably cohesive. A social climber, a Russian princess, an amateur actress, an American diplomat, a Hungarian blackmailer, a Yankee anarchist, with Newport society as corps de ballet, join hands in the fantastic dance, advancing and retreating into a fine tangle of madness and method. All that one asks in such a coil is pleasing style and sustained interest and here are both to the reader's hand.

The Five Knots. By Fred M. White. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"The Five Knots" is to be commended to parents in search of a book that will interest young children late in the evening. One is in doubt whether to call this an example of very late Gothic or the most faithful and unblushing specimen of the dime novel between cloth covers. The chapters rejoice under such headings as "The Blue Terror," "The Yellow Hand," "No Foe of Hers," "The Vaults Beneath," "Vanished!" and "Aladdin's Cave." There are several names, but no characters. The padding is barefaced—or is it epic repetition? Here is the soul of the plot: Mr. Flower, a very evil man of wealth, made the bulk of his fortune by a gigantic crime in Borneo. Two devoted survivors of the town which he wiped out come to England to take his life. Three several times, as Fenimore Cooper would have said, do these little yellow men attempt to end Mr. Flower's career. But Mr. Flower has a niece. Three several times, at the fatal moment, Dr. Mercer, lover of the niece, intervenes. Of the three great incidents of the story, the second is an almost perfect duplication of the first, except that one takes place in Mr. Flower's country house, the other in his city mansion. A half-dozen hares are started and left running unpursued. One reads on in the vain hope that the author will knit his threads together and justify his ways to men. A more absurd story is seldom written.

Captain Love. By Theodore Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The contents of this book are epitomized by the cover design—two horsemen galloping madly through a landscape of blue and green. The tale is of highway robbery, love, and gallantry in the reign of George I. The illustrations are perfectly suited to the text or to any dozen romances you may name. Blunderbusses roar in the good old way, and the killings are performed with excellent gusto. Racy phrases like "rip me" and "stap my innards" heighten the brisk poetic style and contribute to the "color" of the period. Of approximately a hundred strong oaths and expletives, one for every three pages, two come at ends of chapters, where they produce a surprising impression of truth and virility—"By God, I have forgotten her face," and "'By God,' whispered the innkeeper." In one or two places only, the author, perhaps recalling the act of 1606, against the abuse of God's name in stage plays, etc., supplies dashes.

Although, in the main incidents, the story conforms heartily to its type, there is a certain novelty and attractiveness in the hero, something of the finer spirit of romance. Hurt in an encounter with highwaymen, he loses his memory, his name, his friends, and his clothing; but, being a dauntless blade, he himself holds up a gentleman of the road, in whose garments he reclothes himself, goes up to London, and by his fortune at cards, maintains himself in polite society under the assumed name of Captain Love. The captain is a thoroughly expurgated d'Artagnan with a touch of Monsieur Beaucaire and a strong dash of Quixote. His valor and lavishness, his grace and poetic charm trouble the hearts of ladies; but a face rising faintly from his extinguished life haunts him and safeguards him among all momentary passions. In the end, he blunders into his past, and, without having searched for it, recovers his own. If you choose, then, you may recognize the symbolic value of the captain's name, and, under the conventional mask, the quest of love for its ideal.

The Cheerful Smugglers. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: The Century Co.

In this book Mr. Butler has done what he did so well in "Pigs Is Pigs" and "Confessions of a Daddy," and not so well in "Kilo." That is, he has hit upon a fanciful idea in the domain of the commonplace, and has developed it with an extravagant humor that is neither low, like the work of one class of broad comedians, nor funereally serious like that of another familiar class. Mr. Butler seems to enjoy the knowledge that he is amusing, and now and then can't help asking the reader if he doesn't think so. The little book is very good fun.

Colonial Administration in the Far East. Vols. I. and II. The Province of Burma: A Report Prepared on Behalf of the University of Chicago. By Alleyne Ireland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $12.50 net each.

With the present exhaustive study of a typical province of British India, Mr. Ireland begins a series of volumes—the maximum number is fixed at twelve—in which he is to embody the results of ten years of investigation into the methods of European rule in Southeastern Asia. Before the work is completed, he will have consulted six thousand volumes, covering more than a million printed pages, and the student of colonial problems will have been supplied with what is not so much a report as, in fact, a cyclopædia and gazetteer for the Philippines, French Indo-China, Java, Burma, Hongkong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, the Straits Settlements, and the Federated Malay States. When Mr. Ireland began his undertaking, we had in the Philippines a problem that was both novel and difficult, and also of great national interest. Novel the Philippine problem no longer is; interest in it has waned among the people at large, but difficult the situation still remains; and whatever Mr. Ireland's studies can contribute to the wisdom and efficiency of American rule in the Philippines should be welcomed.

Mr. Ireland's account of Burma in the 1,023 large and closely printed pages that make up the two volumes is severely impersonal; with one exception, there is no attempt at interpretation and estimate. The material is partly a condensation of, and partly quotations from, an enormous number of official sources, many difficult of access, which are now placed at the disposal of the average reader. Though nominally a treatment of Burma, the books cover, to all intents and purposes, the greater part of the administration of British India as a whole. Burma was chosen as the classical province of the bureaucrat, using that term in no invidious sense. There, "the administration is of a highly organized type; the records are as complete as those of any government in the world; every incident of the administration is embodied in some report."

Under a scheme which postpones original comment for two final volumes of critical analysis and comparison, there is little room left for the reviewer to comment in turn. "No attempt has been made," says the author, "to make the report attractive to the general reader; no effort has been expended in giving the work an appearance of originality, which, while it might perhaps add something to the literary reputation of the reporter, would detract from the utility of the work." And indubitably the average reader would find it pretty hard sailing through the long stretches of quoted official reports and statistics. But the reader a little above the average will discover much to attract him in the skilful collation of document and statistical abstract, which, even in the absence of interpretative comment, tell more or less of a story by themselves.

There is some question as to the proportional treatment of the material. An opening chapter of twenty pages devoted to a general description of Burma gives over one-half of its space to an elaborate account of the Burmese forests, taken from the "British Burma Gazetteer" of 1880. Now it may be argued that however necessary a knowledge of the climate and flora of a country may be for a complete understanding of its government, detailed treatment of this kind is excessive. True, administration in Burma, as elsewhere in the East, is as closely concerned with land and forest as with revenue, police, and, crime, but nevertheless the technical minutiæ might have been spared. The chapter on Public Instruction in Burma opens with an official paper on Indian educational policy, occupying nearly one-half of the chapter; a tenth of the same chapter is given to a reformatory school for juvenile offenders at Insein, near Rangoon, which in 1905 sheltered only seventy-eight boys. The Indian official paper is worth all this space, because it is an admirable exposition of the attitude of India's rulers on the question of education, which, as events of the last two years have shown, virtually affects native loyalty to British rule; but eight pages on the reformatory seems proportionately too much.

The chapter on the Burmese Land Revenue system, because of its competent treatment of land, famine, and taxes, is of equal interest to the student and to the casual reader of the day's news from India. The charge that Great Britain is responsible for the permanent introduction of famine into India is summed up, pro and con, in a parliamentary paper of fifteen pages. Here Mr. Ireland's promise not to comment or criticise finds its solitary exception in a luminous four-page analysis of the relation of per capita taxation to earning power and exports among the people of the East, as compared with conditions among more advanced populations. This short break in the long succession of arid reports and statistics promises much for the two final volumes. Moreover, it may be that an apparently trivial fact rejected by the reviewer may become the cornerstone of an impressive generalization in the last two volumes. For the present, therefore, we have only to record the happy beginning of a monumental and eminently useful work.

There is a bibliography, a map of Burma, and a "political map of the Far Eastern Tropics."

History of the Christian Church. By Philip Schaff. Vol. V., Part I.: The Middle Ages from Gregory VII., 1049, to Boniface VIII., 1294; by David S. Schaff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The present volume, the fifth in the series planned by the late Dr. Philip Schaff, is a work at once of filial piety and of independent scholarship. At the death of Dr. Philip Schaff in 1893 he had completed Volumes I.-IV., covering the history of the Church to the accession of Pope Gregory VII. in 1073, and Volumes VI. and VII., on the German and the Swiss Reformation, respectively. He had also collected much material for a volume on the whole remaining mediæval period, an interval of nearly five centuries. In taking up this material with a view to completing his father's plan, Dr. David Schaff felt that one volume was quite insufficient for the adequate treatment of a period so long and so full of events needing careful exposition, if the history of the Reformation were to be properly linked with that of the age preceding. He has therefore undertaken to make two parts of volume five, and of these the first is now before us.

It follows in general plan and in method of execution the model set in the work of the elder author. It is the fruit of fifteen years of study in the intervals of an active teacher's life, and mainly with such materials as could be procured in the libraries most nearly accessible to the author. How extended this material was is abundantly shown by the multitude of references which fortify every expression of opinion. It is a subject of congratulation that an American scholar working chiefly in American libraries could find so complete an equipment. The division of this volume is into a narrative and an institutional part. In six chapters the outward history of the Church is followed from the first appearance of Hildebrand as the power behind the papal throne to the accession of Boniface VIII., the culmination of the mediæval system. Then in separate chapters we have the chief aspects of the religious life of the middle ages as a whole—the Crusades, the monastic system, heresy and its suppression, the learning of the day as expressed in the universities and the development of scholasticism, the sacramental scheme, the canon law, and the growth of popular forms of worship. Each of these chapters is supplied with an extended bibliography covering the whole chapter, with special lists of books for the several sections into which the chapter falls. These bibliographies constitute the chief merit of the book for the working scholar. They are carefully made and are brought as nearly to date as can be expected in a work so comprehensive as this. Bibliographies are, of course, in a sense antiquated as soon as they are printed; but they are valuable beyond all proportion to the space they occupy. We note with especial approval the frequent reference to more detailed bibliographical material.

The style of presentation is essentially the same as in the volumes of the elder Schaff. In describing this work as of the "School of Neander," the clue is given to the spirit that pervades it. It is the spirit of evangelical piety freed from narrow sectarianism and lifted above the pettiness of controversy by a sound and catholic scholarship. Nowhere does the author deny his "Scriptural" point of view. He refers beliefs and institutions to that standard as final, and we may or may not agree with this ultimate test of value. Yet one is not made to feel that scholarship has been subordinated to a theological scheme—only utilized to establish scientifically what was fixed by faith beforehand. This is conspicuously true of Dr. Schaff's presentation of the Roman Catholic system as undoubtedly valuable, even necessary, in welding together the half-civilized European peoples into a social compact out of which great things were to come, yet essentially a false solution of the social and religious problem as set by the Christian dispensation.

Little can be said in praise of the literary style. It is arid and unattractive to a degree. The notebook is in evidence at every stage. Too much space is given to personal traits of individuals which do not bear on the course of events. The narrative does not "march" at any point. Conventional phrases weary the reader by their repetition. It is hard to imagine any one really reading this book with enjoyment. Even the dramatic moments are not made to stand out as they might as the natural outcome of a clearly traced development.

An excellent detailed index greatly increases the usefulness of this useful volume.

Ice-Bound Heights of the Mustagh. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

This is the story of exploration by Dr. William Hunter Workman and his wife, Fanny Bullock Workman, along the Chogo-Lungma glacier in Kashmir. They ascended many of the environing slopes of snow, 17,000 to 20,000 and even 23,000 feet in height. In this portion of the Mustaghs, or Karakoram-Himalayas, these two Americans have made five explorations within the past ten years. Not every season has been favorable for mountaineering at high altitudes, yet virgin peaks have always been conquered, and valuable observations obtained in geography and natural history. This book recounts the work of two seasons, 1902 and 1903. It tells how Mrs. Workman in one day twice surpassed her own previous record, 21,000 feet—and finally reached the top of Lungma, at 22,568 feet. She has since climbed to 23,300 feet in the NunKun range, and Dr. Workman has gone a hundred feet or more higher on Pyramid Peak.

In his charming volume of 1894, "Climbing in the Karakoram-Himalayas," Sir Martin Conway gave not only the initial view of the Kashmir peaks and glaciers, but an insight into the methods of mountaineering there. In Switzerland, with a guide and a porter, one rushes for a summit, spending perhaps a night or two in a club-hut; and on the return there is a comfortable hotel with a good bed. This is mere skirmishing, but the Himalayas must be conquered by siege. In Hindustan there are no populous towns for a base, but in villages ignorant of Europeans or their ways the leaders must pick up their forces and their provisions. Camps are established with a regiment of attendants—fifty or sixty coolie assistants, uneducated, steeped in the notions of caste, ready to desert whenever they feel in the mood. From the basal camps, others are pushed up farther and farther, till we find Camp Riffel, for example, at about the height of Mont Blanc, an active centre for exploration. From the lower camps a train of coolies steadily carried supplies and firewood to the upper. In this systematic way siege was laid to the peaks. The very highest camp was of necessity within striking distance of the summit. The story of these camps is an important part of the volume. It is evident that the leaders of such an expedition must have money, power of endurance, and executive skill, to manage this horde of lazy and irresponsible native porters. Little wonder that Mrs. Workman thus rates the difficulties of mountaineering in this district: "the low snow-line, the coolies, and the weather." As a matter of fact, the Workmans have passed the altitude to which the natives can go and have been obliged to bring European guides. The technique of camping at high altitudes is exceedingly well set forth. The discussion of mountain sickness, for example, is authoritative, for the Workmans had many natives and at one time as many as nine Europeans above 19,000 feet. Their observations militate against the idea that one may become accustomed to the rarer air by staying in it for a number of days. Insomnia sets in and consequently exhaustion.

Conway's trip was a rapid, sketchy exploration, in the course of which he remained three months above the snow-line. He made a wide circuit, taking the Hispar and Biafo glaciers for a northern boundary, and enclosing a splendid group of mountains, Chogo, Lungma, Pyramid Peak, and Haramosh. The Workmans surveyed in detail almost everything within this circuit. The ordinary atlas presents the region very imperfectly. The Mustaghs, called by Conway the Karakorams, form the most northerly bit of the boundary of Hindustan, where Kashmir projects almost past Tibet. They are separate from the Himalayas, although of the same general character—a kindred range in the great Asiatic mountain system. In this country man had practically never set foot: the Workmans have explored, measured, mapped, photographed, and sketched it. The volume contains a large amount of interesting matter: running comment on botany and geology, and even the record of animalculæ at a height of 17,000 feet; sketches of people and notes on the nature of the country.

The publishers have done their part in furnishing excellent typography, good reproductions of photographs, and two clear maps. It is to be regretted that the paper is shiny, clay-laden, and heavy to the hand.

Legal and Commercial Transactions, Dated in the Assyrian, Neo-Babylonian and Persian Periods. By Albert T. Clay. Vol. VIII., part i., of the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Philadelphia: Published by the University. $6.

Of these first eight volumes of the series of Babylonian texts in the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Clay has published no less than four and three-quarters; in one volume, some of the work was done in coöperation with the general editor. In all, Professor Clay has brought out no less than 776 texts—or about two-thirds of all hitherto published. Since he is still a young man, this is a splendid record of scholarly activity—extensive enough in fact for an entire career. The character of Dr. Clay's work is in keeping with the amount. For some time he has been recognized as one of the best of copyists and editors of cuneiform texts; and, in the volume just issued, he maintains his enviable reputation. A number of the texts come from that part of Nippur known as Tablet Hill, the site of the supposed "temple library." Up to the present the tablets found here are of much the same character as those recovered from other mounds: chiefly business documents relating either to the temple administration or to private affairs. But in addition, a considerable number of school texts, syllabic, mathematical, metrological tablets, name lists, and the like, have also been discovered here; and apparently also some distinctly literary texts. Of the latter, however, no specimens have as yet been published. This eighth volume deals with the later period of the Assyrian and Babylonian history, beginning with the seventh century B. C., and going down towards the close of the Persian period.

In the Introduction, Professor Clay takes up a problem that has vexed scholars for many years, the identity of a ruler Kandalânu, whose name has been found on a considerable number of commercial documents. Professor Clay makes out a good case for the view maintained by Professors Oppert and Sayce against the majority of scholars, that Kandalânu is not identical with Ashurbanapal. Professor Clay shows that the evidence upon which this identification rests is elusive. This part of the Introduction is a good illustration of the careful and thorough method of the author. Whether, however, Kandalânu is a brother of Ashurbanapal, as Professor Clay is inclined to believe, is doubtful.

Of the 159 texts included in the volume, Professor Clay furnishes the transliteration and translation of thirty-one—sufficient to illustrate the general character of the documents, and to help in making the student familiar with the *ductus* of the cuneiform characters at this period. The subjects covered are unusually varied—debts, dealings in slaves, house rents, securities, ejectments, tithes, interest, and the like—so that the wide scope of the commercial activity prevailing in

Babylonia is well illustrated. Dr. Clay's translations give evidence of close study, though, naturally, in regard to some of the interpretations given by him there is room for difference of opinion. There are still many terms in this class of texts that are obscure, and it is only proper to add that, if the number of such terms is considerably less than was the case some years ago, it is due in large part to Dr. Clay's work.

A valuable feature of this volume, as of the preceding, is the complete list of proper names occurring in these texts. There are over fifty names of deities, though a number of these represent epithets rather than real names.

Science.

Three Voyages of a Naturalist. By M. J. Nicoll. New York: imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This volume suggests the old adage about the uses of adversity. The Earl of Crawford, being a victim of rheumatism and asthma, found relief, and pleasure besides, in cruising, during the severe seasons of the British year, through tropical waters, on his own yacht, the Valhalla. The medicine was doubtless not hard to take, though it must have been rather costly; for the yacht was a thoroughly rigged vessel, with a crew of sixty-five men. The Earl, being one of the trustees of the British Museum, was moved to put his voyages to some use to science and mankind, by adding a skilled naturalist to his corps of officers, and gleaning the lands and waters visited for material wherewith to enrich the Museum. "May his tribe increase!" This resolve led to the selection of Mr. Nicoll, a young ornithologist, as the naturalist of the party. How well he wrought his part is sufficiently shown by the fact that he is now, by appointment of the Egyptian government, the second in charge of the Zoölogical Gardens at Giza, near Cairo. He sailed three voyages, covering in all 72,000 miles, chiefly in southern seas. One voyage was down the coast of South America, and through the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso, Chili; thence 8,000 miles across the Pacific, and so through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean zone—making a trip around the world. A second voyage took in the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico; and a third circumnavigated Africa. During all these trips natural history collections were made, and the results to science were highly valuable, though hardly comparable therein with the famous voyages of the Beagle and the Challenger.

Mr. Nicoll's attention was chiefly devoted to birds, of which several hundreds of skins were gathered for the British Museum, a dozen or more species being new to science. Besides these, mammals, fishes, reptiles, and insects were secured, and in the subsequent descriptions the specific name *Crawfordi*, in honor of the patron, has been attached to bird, beast, and creeping thing as a memorial of his part in the expeditions. The author gives many interesting glimpses of the habits of birds, some new, others confirmatory of previous observations. At Valparaiso, the giant pelicans, which were seen perched upon the harbor buoys by day, took flight at evening and hovered over the shoals of fishes that filled the waters. Suddenly they closed their wings, plunged into the sea, and emerged with the pouch beneath the bill enormously distended with their catch. While the game bag was emptied rather leisurely, a black-backed gull (*Larus Dominicanus*) would occasionally settle on the pelican's head, and watch its opportunity to snatch a portion of the supper from its mouth. More curiously still, the larger bird, in the spirit and actual practice (a far rarer affair!) of this rude piscatorial communism, did not seem to resent the gull's treatment (p. 190). On the island of Trinidad a new tern was found, which now bears the name of *Gyris Crawfordi.* The mother bird lays but one egg, either on a narrow ledge of rock, or a branch of a dead tree (p. 45). No nest is built, a slight hollow or depression satisfying the maternal anxiety. The depression is often so small that a slight push will dislodge egg or young. Yet the egg is so nicely balanced that it keeps its pose. The hold of the fledgling is even more remarkable. Several times, as an experiment, Mr. Nicoll drove a brooding hen from her nest, in the act of leaving which she invariably brushed out her chick. Did it fall from its high refuge? Not at all. As it rolled over, it caught the edge or ridge or branch with its sharp claws, and clung tenaciously, until it finally pulled itself back. Thus, it escaped the squads of huge and voracious land crabs beneath that soon would have devoured it. Meanwhile, the investigators were fairly mobbed by the old birds, who, to divert attention from eggs and young, fluttered within a few inches of their faces, and even perched upon their hats, uttering soft, croaking protests. A like indifference to human presence was shown by the ibises on Aldabra Island, one of a group off the east coast of Africa, north of Madagascar. These interesting birds (*Ibis Abbotti*), which are much like the well-known sacred ibis, were not only quite fearless (p. 121), but waded across the pool on which they were standing, and, coming close up to the photographer's camera, began to peck at the tripod. They were driven back to the rocks, but before a plate could be exposed they came back, and were again inspecting the legs of the camera. They allowed themselves to be picked up, and, when released instead of showing signs of fear, ran around their inspectors' feet, plucking at the tags of their bootlaces. If the ancient Egyptian sacred ibises were of the same temper they may have been quite aptly the symbol of a divine fraternity in nature.

One of our author's most remarkable experiences was the view of a veritable "sea serpent" off the coast of Brazil. It was long enough in sight to permit an imperfect description and a rough sketch. Mr Nicoll was leaning on the rail of the poop deck when a large fin about four feet long and two feet out of water appeared some fifty yards off. Below the surface was a very large brownish-black patch, whose shape could not be made out. Suddenly there was thrust out in front of the fin an eel-like neck about six feet long and as thick as a man's thigh, bearing a turtle-shaped head. The head and neck were black-brown above, like the fin, but silvery white below. The creature lashed up the water as it moved with a curious wriggling motion. Mr. Nicoll considers this animal as a real type of the "great sea serpent" of tradition. He believes it, however, to be a mammal and not a reptile. This report of a trained naturalist seems to indicate that somewhere hidden in the deep seas are still extant huge living forms rivalling in size, and perhaps the descendants of, the monsters of the geologic ages.

The publisher's work is admirably done, and there are many full-page phototype plates.

"Air Ships Past and Present," by A. Hildebrandt, translated by W. H. Story, a book containing 364 pages and 222 illustrations, has been published by D. Van Nostrand & Co. Capt. Hildebrandt, who is an instructor in the Prussian Balloon Corps, has made his work popular, and has reduced the theoretical investigations to the smallest possible limits. There are, nevertheless, a few valuable formulæ. The first chapter is a rather meagre history of early efforts; the next two treat of the invention and development of the hot-air balloon—a fairly complete compilation, chiefly from French sources. Chapter iv. is a well-written explanation of the theory of the balloon; chapters v.-viii. are devoted to the dirigible balloon, from that designed by Gen. Meusnier in 1784 to that of Count de la Vaulx at the beginning of 1906, the date at which the book was written. Chapter ix., on flying machines, is not so complete as might be desired, for the author is evidently more familiar with ballooning. The chapter on kites is more thorough. The best chapters are those on military ballooning, particularly chapters xiv. and xv., on "Modern Organization of Military Ballooning"—the author's specialty. In his discussion of "Ballooning as a Sport," Capt. Hildebrandt gives interesting accounts of his numerous adventures. The author is also expert in balloon photography, and offers valuable hints regarding it. We note a few errors. On page 95 the distance travelled by Santos Dumont's aeroplane should be 220 metres, instead of 200 feet. It is also a mistake to say that Maxim's experiments were carried out with the assistance of Langley. Cody, of British kite fame, is not "otherwise known as Buffalo Bill"; the two men are cousins. So much has been accomplished since 1906 that a supplement or a new edition of this book will probably be called for within a year or two.

The annual publication (1908) by the Imperial Cabinet, "Mouvement de la population de l'empire du Japon" (folio, pp. 357+27), covering the year 1905, deals almost wholly with vital statistics. Births, deaths, marriages, and divorces are shown in detail, and, where possible, comparison is made with the records of the nineteenth century, even in its earlier years. The figures for divorce show a notable reduction in the number of divorces since the revised code went into operation. Science has also shown its mastery over diseases that once scourged the country.

In connection with the recent development of irrigation in this country special interest attaches to the irrigation problems presented in the Murray Basin, in southeastern Australia. The subject is treated

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in the *Annales de Géographie* by Paul Privat-Deschanel, who has personally investigated conditions in Australia. In the first article he described the region affected (a territory twice as large as France), the character of the soil, the precipitation, streams, and droughts. In the issue for May he shows how the water is acquired. In Queensland alone in ten years 960 wells were dug with a total depth of 221 miles, and a daily product of over 650,000,000 gallons. That the economic and social future of the country depends upon the solution of the water problem is indicated by the fact that in Queensland, in 1903, more than four million cattle perished from the failure of the pasturage. In two of the towns water was brought by rail and sold at twelve cents a quart.

The Italian Society for the Advancement of Science has issued its first volume of Transactions. It contains a number of the addresses given at the congress at Parma last September (see the *Nation* of October 31, 1907, p. 402). Among them are those of Senator Vito Volterra; of Prof. Giacomo Ciamician of Bologna on "Organic Chemistry in Organic Bodies"; Prof. Pio Foà of Turin on "The Biological Significance of Tumors"; and Prof. Maffeo Panteleoni of Rome on the "Progress of Economics." In addition, each section is publishing full accounts of its own proceedings, which may be obtained at nominal price by applying at 26 Via del Collegio Romano, Rome. Among matters deserving special mention is an account of the investigations of the Prince of Monaco in the prehistoric caves of Balzi Rossi, near Ventimiglia, and of the excavations of the Terramara made in September by Senator Giovanni Mariotti, professor in the University of Parma. After the congress had closed, an embankment of piles, the remains of a prehistoric people living in the pure bronze age, was found beneath the Via Emilia, lying at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet below the surface of a school garden at the east end of Parma. A photograph of these *palafitte* forms the frontispiece to the volume. A successful effort has been made to preserve these remains in the condition in which they were unearthed. Professor Mariotti will soon publish a full account of his explorations. This society will hold its next congress at Florence, October 18 to 25, in connection with the tercentenary of the birth of Torricelli, the inventor of the barometer. The congress will take action upon the international commemoration in 1911 of the hundredth anniversary of the publication by Amedio Avogadro of Turin of his discovery of the laws on which the molecular theory is based. As one of the objects of the society is the diffusion of scientific knowledge, any who feel interested in this aim are welcomed to membership; the address of the secretary of the local committee is Prof. Pasquale Baccarini, 4 Via Lammarmora, Florence.

The inactivity of the old Italian mathematical society, Matbesis, and, with the notable exception of the Circolo Matematico di Palermo, of the provincial and local societies, has led to the formation of the Italian Mathematical Society. The plan took shape at Rome during the recent sessions of the International Congress of Mathematicians. The first congress of the new body will be held at Florence in October at the same time as the second congress of the Italian Society for the Advancement of Science.

An Academy of Sciences for Finland will be established with headquarters in Helsingfors. One of the chief purposes will be the publication of investigations dealing with Finland.

Dr. Ludwig Mond, a manufacturing chemist of London, where he founded a laboratory of chemical research, has offered through the Accademia dei Lincei, of which he is a non-resident member, an international prize of $2,000 to be conferred every two years for the most important work in either pure or applied chemistry or chemical physics. The prize will be named in honor of the professor of chemistry in the University of Rome, Senator Stanislao Cannizzaro.

Dr. James Coe Culbertson, a physician of Cincinnati, died June 4. He was born in Ohio in 1840, served in the Northern army through most of the civil war, and was graduated from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1865. Since 1873 he had been editor and publisher of the Cincinnati *Lancet-Clinic;* from 1891-93 he was editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association;* and since 1893 he had been professor of the principles and practice of medicine in the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery. He was author of "Luke, the Beloved Physician" (1899).

The death is announced, in his fifty-first year, of Dr. Oswald Seeliger, professor of zoölogy in the University of Rostock. His works include "Entwicklungsgeschichte der Ascidien," "Studien zur Entwicklung der Crinoiden," "Tierleben der Tiefsee."

Admiralitätsrat Carl Chr. Koldewey, one of the superintendents of the great nautical institution, the Seewarte, in Hamburg, has died in his seventy-second year. He made his reputation as an Arctic explorer, sailing to Spitzbergen in 1868, and in 1869-70 to North Greenland, where he discovered Franz Joseph's Fjord.

Drama.

"*The Unicorn from the Stars" and Other Plays.* By William B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

"The Unicorn from the Stars," of which Mr. Yeats supplied the general plan and Lady Gregory a large share of the details, is one of the most ambitious productions of the Irish Theatre. In a prefatory note Mr. Yeats says that his idea was "to bring together the rough life of the road and the fine frenzy that the poets have found in their ancient cellar," and this, perhaps, he has succeeded in doing, though not in the most reasonable fashion. As drama, indeed, the piece has few claims to serious consideration, but as a study of various types of Irish character and an embodiment of the passionate national yearnings in the heart of the race, it is, in spite of its fantasy, remarkably effective. That it would be received with fervent enthusiasm by an Irish audience may be readily believed. Practically the play is an episode in the life of an ecstatic, Martin Hearne, who falls into trances, sees visions, and becomes convinced that he has a mission from on high. But he is in doubt as to the nature of it. until the chance word of a thieving beggar gives him, as he believes, the missing clue. General destruction, he proclaims, is the essential preliminary to the establishment of the new order, and he makes a beginning by leading a band of rioters against the richest house in the neighborhood. Soon afterward he is shot, accidentally, in a fray with constables and dies after confessing that he had misinterpreted his vision, "that it is in the minds of men that the battle has to be fought out." Everything, he says, must be brought to nothing once again. "Where there is nothing—there is God"—which sounds like the motto of a new nihilism. The charm of the piece lies in its characterization, its literary expression, and its poetical imaginings. Martin Hearne, in spite of his michievous delusions, is a sympathetic character. He is the idealist, pure and simple, in contrast with his two uncles, Thomas, the practical man of business, with a complete scorn for dreamers, and Andrew, who is a dreamer like his nephew, but with no power of initiative. A third dreamer is a poor priest, Father John, who, for heretical opinions, has been banished to a miserable little mountain parish where he will have none to lead astray. The other personages are four beggars, into whose mouths has been put some of the raciest peasant talk. Their conversation, with its flavor of the soil, is more vital, and, it may be added, more characteristically Irish than the speech of the more literary personages. They are presumably the literary progeny of Lady Gregory.

The other plays in the book, "Cathleen ni Houlahan" and "The Hour Glass," are both well known in this country. The appeal of the one is patriotic and of the other moral. The foundations of both are laid in the national superstitions which form a large part of the capital of the Irish theatre. "The Hour Glass" is, perhaps, the more Hibernian in spirit of the two, for although probably quite free from cynical intent, it might easily be made to bear an ambiguous meaning. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of them as plays, impossible to deny their significance as first fruits of a veritable national drama.

Among the recent additions to the Shakespeare Library (Duffield & Co.), edited by I. Gollancz, is "Love's Labor's Lost," the first of a series of reprints from Dr. F. J. Furnivall's "Old Spelling Shakespeare." The editor's Forewords, though brief, constitute one of the best discussions of the date of the play, and, incidentally, its style: and his name is a sufficient guarantee that the spelling of the 1598 Quarto has been accurately reproduced. The typography of the book is neat and attractive.

We have before us two issues of the Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare (The Shakespeare Society of New York) for the current year, viz.: "Hamlet and the Ur-Hamlet," with an introduction by Appleton Morgan, and "The Tempest," with an introduction by Frederick W. Kilbourne. In the second of these volumes we have printed on opposite pages for convenient comparison the First Folio text of "The Tempest" and the wretched adaptation of that play by Davenant and Dryden. This latter has now no interest, of course, except as a literary curiosity of a rather repulsive kind. To reprint it, however, facing the genuine Shakespearean text brings into the fullest light the vicissitudes of Shakespeare on the English stage, and the degradation of Restoration taste. The "Hamlet" volume contains the text of the Second Quarto and a new translation of "Der bestrafte Brudermord," on opposite pages. In justice to Mr. Morgan it should be said that he does not take the German play as a translation of the actual "Ur-Hamlet"—that is, the pre-Shakespearean "Hamlet," concerning the existence of which we have such abundant evidence—but as the nearest thing we have to that play. It will be observed, as the editor remarks, that this volume really has no place in the Bankside-Restoration series, and has been published in that series merely for the convenience of the Society. The present publication will undoubtedly facilitate somewhat the study of the relations of the different Hamlet plays, but it would have been better to have reproduced the original German text. The Introduction is characterized by a rather light-hearted acceptance of Shakespearean "discoveries" and contains, besides, so many typographical blunders that it seriously diminishes one's confidence in the accuracy of the reprint of the Quarto which follows in the volume.

Brentano's has just published the translation, by Arthur Symons, of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's version of the "Electra" of Euripides, which was played in this city last winter by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It is a vigorous piece of work, classic in form and spirit, worthy of a better interpretation than it received upon the local stage.

The Pioneers of London closed their season with a production of John Masefield's "Nan," which has an unpleasant story. It seems to be the natural tendency of all independent theatrical societies to go out of their way in the search for the disagreeable. But in "Nan" there appears to be some genuine dramatic stuff, and a certain amount of truth. The heroine, a penniless orphan in the family of her uncle, is the object of general contempt because her father has been hanged for murder Then comes a startling change. The innocence of her sire is established, and the government sends her fifty pounds by way of reparation for the little error that had made her an orphan. Nan, strangely enough, is not grateful, but rather embittered by the realization of all the senseless injustice to which she has been exposed, and when her false lover, who has heard of the fifty pounds, tries to restore himself to her good graces, she drives a knife into his heart. and then rushes out and drowns herself. There are truth and imagination in this stroke of tragedy as the one result of relenting misfortune. The current reviews convey the idea that the piece is badly in need of editing. The feature of the performance, all agree, was the Nan of Lillah McCarthy.

The list of French actors to be seen in London this season includes Bernhardt, Réjane, Jane Hading. Jeanne Granier, Coquelin, and Mmes. Despréś and Bartet. The Anglo-French Exhibition has of course a good deal to do with it.

Judgment has been given in Paris in the case of "Le Foyer," and it goes against M. Claretie of the Théâtre Français. (See the *Nation* of May 21, p. 473.) It will be remembered that this piece, by Messrs. Octave Mirbeau and Natanson, was accepted by M. Claretie and put into rehearsal until the latter, believing that one of the characters was libellous, refused to proceed with it further. The authors took the position that M. Claretie, once having accepted the play, could not refuse to fulfil his promise of producing it. M. Claretie refused to take this view, and declared. moreover, that he would resign if any attempt was made to impair his authority. The decision of the court orders M. Claretie to resume the rehearsals of "Le Foyer" within two weeks under penalty of 100 francs fine for every day's delay during a month, after which period, if the piece is not under rehearsal, the case will return to the courts.

Fru Hennings, the leading Danish actress, has just retired from the Theatre Royal of Copenhagen, where she had been acting since 1870. She created the parts of Nora in "A Doll's House," Hedvig in "The Wild Duck," and the mother in "Ghosts."

Music.

Another guide to the Wagner operas, by Cuthbert Hadden, is to be issued in London by T. C. & E. C. Jack. It will be illustrated by twenty-four facsimile reproductions of colored drawings by J. Byam Shaw.

Harvey Worthington Loomis has not a superior among living American composers, and although his pen is somewhat overprolific, nearly everything he writes deserves attention. In his latest production, "The Lyric Song Book" (Frank D. Beattys & Co.), he appears as composer only once; the other 129 songs are selected from the treasures of folk music and the works of composers of many countries. The collection is intended for schools as well as the home, and it is worthy of all praise, so far as the selecting and the editing are concerned. But why change the titles of two of Grieg's best-known songs, "The First Primrose" and "Ragnhild" to "Arbutus" and "The Fairy Ring?"

The Universal Edition of Music (New York: Breitkopf & Härtel) calls for a word of praise. The print is remarkably clear and beautiful, and the editing is in the best of hands; for instance, Eduard Schütt has revised Schumann's "Carnaval," and Raoul Pugno the sonatas of Chopin, in accordance with the latest lights.

Felix Weingartner is writing both the words and music for a music-drama, "Golgotha." The text is already finished, and was read before a Munich audience recently by Weingartner himself. This drama is expected to fill two evenings. The first part deals with the tragedy of John the Baptist; the second part portrays Calvary, even to the details of the crucifixion.

The death is reported from Weimar of Alexander Wilhelm Gottschalg at the age of eighty-one. He was associated for a time with Liszt, edited some of Liszt's works, and published with him a collection of the finest organ music, "Repertorium für die Orgel." He himself was both an organist and a teacher. At one time he edited *Urania*, later the *Chorgesang*, and he was also critic for Dittes's "Pädagogisher Jahresbericht." He was author of "Kleine's Handlexicon der Tonkunst" (1867).

Art.

El Greco. Por Manuel B. Cossío. 2 vols. Madrid: Victoriano Suárez.

Our appreciation of the art of Domenico Theotokopulos is the result of the efforts of the last generation of art historians. For a long time this peculiar genius remained in obscurity, ignored or misrepresented. Attention was first drawn to him by Madrazo, author of the catalogue of paintings in the Prado Museum at Madrid; but the first really noteworthy attempt to sketch El Greco's development and to expound the peculiarities of his art, was made by the author of "Velázquez und sein Jahrhundert," Carl Justi, the Nestor of German art historians. Herr Justi's article in the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* (New Series, vols. VIII. and IX.) may be regarded as the introduction of the painter to the German public. This was, however, only a sketch without any pretension to completeness; for Justi was not sufficiently familiar with the works of El Greco to write a monograph on his art and personality. The exhibition of the works of Theotokopulos, in Madrid, in 1902, excited considerable attention and provoked several treatises. Among them we may note the series of articles "Zur Kunst von 'El Greco,'" by Major Zottmann, in the *Zeitschrift für christliche Kunst*, 1906. In these we have a clearly defined outline of the different stages of El Greco's art, based on an exact personal acquaintance with the works of the painter in Spain and other countries. The biographical introduction, however, is scanty and is not based on original research. The essay of Herr Zottmann is, next to Señor Cossío's work, the most important contribution to the subject. The lack of a comprehensive monograph on this genius has been felt by all students of the history of painting; and the lacuna is now filled by the Spanish scholar and critic, Señor Cossío, who presents much new documentary evidence.

He starts with a consideration of the obscure points in El Greco's life, such as the date of his death (which occurred in 1614, and not, as generally said, 1625), his native land, his name, and the supposed portraits of him. The real story begins with the discussion of El Greco's Italian period. He must have come at a very early age to Venice, where he received his artistic education, probably in the studio of Titian, and fell under the influences of Tintoretto, Veronese, and the Bassani. From Venice, he went to Rome, where he worked for the Farnese.

Strange to say, this man, who was destined to become so distinguished a colorist, was renowned during this period (about 1570) as a miniature painter. Few works belonging to his sojourn in Italy are known, although some of them may be passing under the names of Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, or Bassano. But his art did not find full space for its development before his settlement in Spain. The exact date and motive of El Greco's coming there are not known. Señor Cossío states the different hypotheses without accepting any of them. The first documentary evidence of his activity in Spain, dated 1577, relates to the work for the nunnery of Santo Domingo el Antigno, in Toledo. With this date begins the series of powerful, sometimes strange, creations that adorn, or adorned until recently, the sanctuaries and chapels of this town. Although at the time of the arrival of the painter Toledo had ceased to be the residence of the court, it was still the seat of the most powerful ecclesiastic of Spain, the Archbishop of Toledo. The primate and his wealthy clergy were the patrons of El Greco's art. Not only did he decorate church after church, and monastery after monastery, but his powers as portraitist, sculptor, and architect were also in great demand.

El Greco's change from the Italian to the Spanish manner was not sudden; and one of the great merits of Señor Cossío's research is his noting of the painter's individuality in his earliest works, and the tracing of its development to maturity. Moreover, Señor Cossío shows clearly what art owes to this master. Not much more than fifty years ago Passavant said in his "Christliche Kunst in Spanien," that the art of the "genial, but somewhat extravagant," Greco exercised no influence on the development of painting in Spain. Justi was the first to break with this presumption; and Señor Cossío argues strongly that the apparition of the genius of Velázquez cannot be explained without El Greco. Señor Cossío's style as a writer, we may add, is extraordinarily clear. The volume contains a catalogue of the paintings of El Greco, a bibliography with critical comment on individual works, and an elaborate index.

The second volume gives reproductions of almost all the authentic works of El Greco, and, as material for comparison, pictures by contemporary artists. Toledo is the only place where the abundance of well-preserved paintings of the master enables one to form a clear idea of his power, although the Escorial and the Prado are also rich in his productions. This country, too, contains some examples of his art. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts possesses his portrait of the monk and poet, Fray Feliz Palavicino; the Chicago Art Institute, the admirable Assumption of the Virgin, formerly in the collection of the Infante Don Sebastian; the Hispanic Society, several pictures; and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a Nativity.

"Fifty Years of Modern Painting: Corot to Sargent," by J. E. Phythian (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is not a well-proportioned book. It is written by an Englishman for Englishmen, and therefore unduly magnifies British painting, and it is written by a believer in "progress" in art, and is therefore unduly neglectful of all who stand aside from the direct stream of that progress. The Preraphaelites and the impressionists loom large in it—other painters are seen through the wrong end of the telescope; and this in spite of an elaborate and evidently genuine attempt at impartiality. Ingres, for instance, is dismissed with a line or two and all the nominally "classic" painters are given short shrift. But the most curious result of the author's point of view is the transformation of some of the men he really admires. Millet appears merely as a realist and Corot as a precursor of impressionism. Seeing in them apostles of the "return to nature," Mr. Phythian is entirely blind to the truly classic nature of their art, thereby missing nine-tenths of its permanent value. The painters of America are more fairly treated than might have been expected. The book is of no importance, critically, but may have its uses as a popular account of the art of the last half of the nineteenth century.

There is an infinite deal of nothing in Beaumont Fletcher's "Richard Wilson, R. A.," the latest volume in the Makers of British Art (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). By dint of much repetition, a very little biographical fact and a very few ideas are made to fill out the looked for number of pages. That the facts are so few may well be no fault of the author, but as much cannot be said for the paucity of ideas. Indeed, there is only one idea that can be remembered—an idea that Wilson's art is essentially Celtic and to be accounted for by his Welsh origin and birth. This is dwelt upon at wearisome length, to the exclusion of any intelligible statement of the qualities of that art. A little real criticism would have been welcome both to those who know and to the greater number who do not know Wilson's paintings. All we can get from the book is to be found in the illustrations.

The centennial of the birth of Karl Spitzweg gives timeliness to the "Spitzweg-Mappe" (Munich: G. D. W. Callwey), which contains reproductions of a number of pictures by that artist.

Bernhard Berenson, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for May illustrates and comments on the important Madonna by Masaccio recently discovered in the Sutton collection, Brant Broughton, England. The Brant Broughton Madonna, capitally reproduced in the article, must count as the most monumental of the master's works. In a general discussion of the chronology of Masaccio, it is asserted that his short life is so fully filled by the works we know to be his that there is absolutely no room for the various early panels ascribed to him for the Tabitha of the Brancacci Chapel, nor yet for any part of the frescoes in S. Clemente, Rome. In general we are in accord with these views, but any too rigorous application of them seems a straining of what is after all merely presumption.

Francesco Malaguzzi Valeri, in compiling the new catalogue of the Brera, "Catalogo della R. Pinacoteca di Brera" (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche), has sensibly followed approved German models. The volume is of pocket size, contains numerous small cuts, facsimiles of all signatures, concise discussions of provenience, attributions, etc., with bibliographical notes; even the numbers of the standard photographs are duly recorded. The catalogue follows the order of the present strictly historical arrangement, but alphabetical indexes of subjects, artists, and places of provenience make it easy to use the book for reference. It is in all a model of its kind, and we would welcome the day when our American galleries were catalogued with a similar science and good sense. Corrado Ricci, former director of the Brera, now general commissioner of fine arts, contributes a brief historical introduction. The book costs five lire.

The treasures brought to light by building operations in Rome the past year have been abundant and important. In the convent garden of Santa Susanna, the site of the new Ministry of Agriculture, a section of the so-called Servian wall, the remains of a prehistoric necropolis, and some curious gold bracelets were found; outside the Porta Portese a number of tombs of the period of the empire, a fine statue of a woman, a portrait bust of a man, fragments of bas-reliefs with inscriptions, and the cover of a sarcophagus bearing a full-length reclining figure with a boy standing beside it; at the Villa Patrizi, an amphora containing over 4,000 splendidly preserved silver coins of the third century. Among them was a very rare Antonine of the Empress Cornelia Supera. A circular base, probably a part of a large candelabrum, carved with acanthus leaves, *putti*, lizards, snails, crabs, frogs, locusts, and other living things, was also found there. On the ancient Via Collatina, near the gate of San Lorenzo, workmen discovered a magnificent sarcophagus about twenty inches high, with bas-reliefs of unusual skill on the sides and ends. It was protected by an outer case, and is perfectly preserved. It bears no inscription, but a portrait, supported by Victories between barbarians and armor, on one side and the subjects of the other bas-reliefs suggest that the owner, who has not yet been identified, was a conqueror of barbarian tribes. All these objects have been placed in the Museo Nazionale delle Terme.

The director of the Forum excavations has been visiting the ruins of Roman Africa. Thamvagadi (or Tivaad) has been generally believed to have been founded by Trajan, but Sig. Boni found that the Trajan walls were built over others, which go back to the beginning of the empire. The magnificent baths and the triumphal arch belong to the period of Trajan and the Antonines, but the library, the theatre, and the Capitoline temple are buildings which show characteristics of the time of Cæsar or Augustus.

A discovery of great importance made by the members of the British School of Athens during their excavations at Sparta, is announced by the London *Times*. In the precincts of the temple of Artemis Orthia, and partly beneath the sixth century temple, discovered in 1906, a smaller temple, dating from the eighth or ninth century B. C. has been brought to light. This early shrine, which was constructed to contain a primitive wooden image of the goddess, was roofed with painted tiles and built with unbaked bricks set in a framework of wooden beams, all resting on a foundation of undressed stones and slabs. The stonework of the foundation is alone preserved, but it was found covered with débris and bricks. In a side wall are sockets at regular intervals for the beams of the framework, and corresponding to them, in lines across the floor, are stone supports, or bases, for wooden pillars supporting the roof. The temple was divided lengthwise by a row, or rows, of wooden columns. It is symmetrically placed with the great eighth century altar discovered last year, from which it is separated by a paved area of cobblestones, apparently coextensive with the earliest *temenos*, or sacred enclosure. Here an enormous number of votive offerings has been found, similar to those laid bare in previous years, except that the series is now enriched by a number of finely worked ivory lions devouring their prey and by an early seventh century ivory tablet representing a funeral scene with mourners. The great interest of this newly discovered building is its age. It is apparently the oldest Greek temple yet brought to light, and serves as a valuable specimen of a primitive Dorian sanctuary.

The Art Institute of Chicago will hold its twenty-first annual exhibition of oil paintings and sculpture October 20 to November 29. The works must be by contemporary American artists never exhibited before. The jury of selection for New York consists of Henry W. Ranger, C. Austin Needham, Albert L. Groll, and John Gutzon Borglum. The Art Institute is indebted to N. W. Harris for an annual prize of $500, to be awarded under the direction of the permanent art committee of the Institute for the best picture in the exhibition painted by an American artist within the three years preceding.

The pictures of the late Humphrey Roberts were sold by Christie, in London, on May 21, 22, and 23 for something over £65,600. Among the more notable items were the following: Constable, Opening of Waterloo Bridge by George IV., £1,155; Brighton Beach, £556; View of a Farm, £336; D. Cox, The Setting Sun, £294; G. Mason, Landscape in Derbyshire, £462; Millais, Stella, £1,102; The Gambler's Wife, £2,205; The White Cockade, £1,102; The Moon Is up and yet It Is Not Night, £997; Sir W. Q. Orchardson, Hard Hit, £3,465; Music When Sweet Voices Die, £336; A Tender Chord, £430; Escaped, £546; Briton Rivière, A Stern Chase Is a Long Chase, £315; J. Stark, Landscape, with a cottage, £231; J. M. Swan, A Broken Solitude, £273; The Piping Fisher-Boy, £304; Turner, The Trossachs, £210; F. Walker, The Plough, £420; Watts, Pretty Lucy Bond, £577; Loch Ness, £472; J. C. Cazin, Landscape, with a barge on a canal, £304; View near a Farm, with a man loading a cart, £378; Corot, Edge of a Wood, with two peasant women and a cow, £2,257; A Quiet Lake, £892; Landscape, with three peasant women, £1,470; Woody Landscape, £210; Forest Glade, with a woodman, £630; Landscape, with a peasant woman, £325; Woody Stream, with buildings and bridge, £735; Sunshine and Vapour, a river scene, £420; C. F. Daubigny, A Village, with a church and a river, £630; H. Fantin-Latour, Dahlias in a Vase, Grapes, and Peaches, £420; H. Harpignies, Evening, a moorland landscape, £787; The Lake, £210; L. L'Hermitte, The Evening Meal, £840; J. Israëls, Age, £1,417; Sailing the Toy Boat, £1,680; The Widower, £1,260; Washing Day, £1,155; Waiting, a fisherman and his child, £756; C. Jacque, The Flock, £2,625; Watering Horses, £567; J. Maris, Ploughing, £614; The Zuyder Zee, £367; A. Mauve, Ploughing, £1,023; Going to Church, Winter, £283; Millet, Seaweed-Gatherers, £409; Troyon, The Fisherman, £1,102; Sporting Dogs, £483; Landscape with Cattle, £1,207; J. H. Weissenbruch, Sunny Pastures, £267; Gainsborough, View in Suffolk, a woody landscape, £861; Mrs. Dorothy Hodges, £1,050; the Hon. Campbell Skinner, £294; Hoppner, The Gipsy, £577; Nasmyth, Dunkeld Ferry, £273; Raeburn, Dr. Handasyde Edgar, £252; Reynolds, The Hon. Mrs. Brown, £315; Romney, Lady Taylor, £420. The following drawings were sold: A. Mauve, Landscape, with a woodman, £351; Bonington, The Wagon, £210; A. C. Gow, The Garrison Marching out with the Honors of War, Lille, 1708, £267; Turner, Sallenches, Savoy: St. Martin, £630; Aske Hall, Yorkshire, £441; Folkstone, £546; Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard, £840; Lake of Geneva, Mont Blanc in the distance, £693; Sleaford, Florence from the Road to Fiesole, £210; P. de Wint, View in Lincolnshire, £220.

We note the death of John Fulleylove, well known for his paintings and for his books of architectural illustrations. Mr. Fulleylove was born in 1847. He began his career as an architect, but was early deflected into painting as a profession. Among his works are "Oxford," "Pictures and Studies of Greek Landscape and Architecture," "Stones of Paris," "The Holy Land," "Westminster Abbey."

Finance.

THE RAILWAY BANKRUPTCIES.

In the closing week of May, when signs of a turn for the better in finance and industry were appearing, the Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal Railway, with $10,000,000 stock and $49,500,000 bonds, went into the hands of receivers. This week, when the spirit of optimism had become still more general, the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad, with $16,900,000 stock and $25,000,000 bonds, similarly defaulted on its payments. The interest in these two incidents was not diminished by the fact that one insolvency was brought about through inability to pay off notes issued in the recent period of dull investment markets. The Pittsburgh Terminal failed because of inability to meet the June 1 interest on its regular mortgage bonds; but it so happened that the Wheeling and Lake Erie, whose stock was owned by the Terminal company, had put out $8,000,000 in three-year 5 per cent. notes in 1905, in connection largely with the Terminal undertaking. These notes are due to mature on August 1; the Terminal insolvency made their payment impracticable, and last Monday afternoon, the Wheeling and Lake Erie also asked the protection of the courts.

Thus the floating debt, incurred so rashly on the eve of the panic of 1907, has been the immediate cause of present railway embarrassments. Nearly $300,000,000 of such short-term notes were outstanding against the railways at the opening of the present year; largely from lack of funds to meet these maturing notes, seven railways had gone into bankruptcy before the Pittsburgh Terminal insolvency. The nine railways which have now defaulted since January 1, including the two insolvencies of the past three weeks, have outstanding considerably more than half a billion dollars in stock and bonds.

Large as this sum may appear, it is only a trifling part of the total railway capitalization of the country, which, according to "Poor's Manual," runs to the neighborhood of $16,000,000,000. A year after the panic of 1893, the Interstate Commerce Commission reported that, in the period of shaken credit, no less than one-fourth of the country's entire railway capitalization had passed into receivers' hands. Clearly, the showing of 1908 to date is vastly better; yet it leaves the inquiry as to whether these troubles have reached an end.

This cannot be positively affirmed. But it is safe to say that the worst is over, and for two reasons: First, the nine railways which have thus far confessed insolvency were in every case companies which had for some time been under suspicion. They were known as weak concerns, and would in most cases have had to face a precarious future, even without the panic. Nearly one-half of them were in the so-called "Gould system"—the bequest of the late Jay Gould to his family, comprising lines many of which had been weakened originally by the peculiar practices of that notorious financial adventurer, and had enjoyed only a slipshod management since his death. The railways not in this list have for the most part been earning and paying dividends, with a handsome margin against trade reaction. In 1893, however, even the better-managed companies were so weak that the Interstate Commission reported 61 per cent. of entire railway share capital of the country to have received that year in dividends no return whatever.

Second, a still more encouraging fact is that most of the early maturities of railway short-term notes have now passed by, and that the day of reckoning for others still outstanding is reasonably remote. Notes which matured in the period of shaken credit and diminished earnings shortly following the panic, would obviously encounter difficulties which may not arise a year or more from now, when the process of recuperation has restored credit to normal. Besides the receiverships already noted, may be mentioned the fact that the Erie would have been allowed by its managers to go bankrupt April 8, on the maturing of its $5,000,000 notes, but for E. H. Harriman's spectacular intervention. Some maturing notes, such as those of the Boston and Maine in March and of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific in April, were taken up with bonds; for others, like those of the Missouri Pacific in February, of the Interborough Rapid Transit in May, and of the Chesapeake and Ohio which are nearly due, an extension or substitution by other note issues was provided. During the rest of 1908 few railway note issues of importance, except perhaps the St. Louis and San Francisco's $9,000,000 of December 1, come up for payment. The great mass of outstanding short-term notes were put out by the railways in the sudden blockade of the investment market early in 1907, and they were made as a rule to run three years. By 1910, it is reasonable to expect a return to equilibrium.

In "Fifty Years in Wall Street" (Irving Publishing Company), Henry Clews endeavors to carry to date his volume of a banker's anecdote and reminiscence, which, under the title of "Twenty-eight Years in Wall Street," appeared in 1888. The earlier book, while superficial to a degree, had a certain gossipy atmosphere of the Stock Exchange, which rendered it readable, and made it of some value as a reflection of the Wall Street point of view. The new chapters add little of importance. Mr. Clews is enterprising enough to bring his narrative up to the panic of 1907; but when trained economists are still at a loss to assign with certainty the causes of that remarkable event, and the larger meaning of its phenomena, Mr. Clews could hardly be expected to solve the riddle. His explanation, that "the main cause was far too large a mass of credits for the amount of cash in which they were redeemable," will do well enough for people who do not care to think such problems out. It is not creditable for an author or publisher, in re-issuing a book under a new title, to neglect all changes in the older chapters. To be told, in a professedly up-to-date work, that August Belmont "was born in the Rhenish Palatinate sixty-eight years ago," that Addison Cammack "is about sixty years of age," that Edmund Clarence Stedman "is one of the notable figures of Wall Street," that Russell Sage "lives on Fifth Avenue," and that Austin Corbin has "within a year become a prominent figure in the financial world," will scarcely add to the value of a book on Wall Street.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Annals. Vols. LXI., Part I; XLIX., Part II.; L. Cambridge, Mass.
Berliner Jahrbuch für Handel und Industrie, 1907. Berlin: Georg Reimer.
Buchanan, James, The Works of. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. II. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Burns, Robert. Notes on Scottish Songs. Henry Frowde.
Charlton, Captain. A Hausa Reading Book. Henry Frowde.
Chaucer's Prologue and the Knight's Tale. Edited by M. Bentinck Smith. Putnams. 60 cents.
Clarke, John M. The Beginnings of Independent Life. Albany.
Clews, Henry. Fifty Years in Wall Street. Irving Publishing Co.
Conder, C. R. The Rise of Man. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Confessions of a Princess. C. H. Doscher & Co.
Conrard, Harrison. Quivira. Boston: Badger.
Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. No. XVIII. Index to the Fragments of the Greek Elegiac and Iambic Poets, by Mary Corwin Lane. Longmans.
Coxe, Robert Davidson. Legal Philadelphia. Philadelphia: William J. Campbell. $2.
Cresson, W. P. Persia: The Awakening East. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.
Crew, Henry. General Physics. Macmillan. $2.75 net.
Davis, Richard Harding. Vera, the Medium. Scribner's. $1.50.
English Poems. Edited by Edward C. Baldwin and Hanny G. Paul. American Book Co. $1.
Everett, Ruth. That Man from Wall Street. New York: George Thiell Long. $1.50.
Frisa, Dr. Heinrich. Deutsche Kulturverhältnisse in der Auffassung W. M. Thackerays. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Green, Max. The Jewish Question and Its Solution. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. IV. Macmillan. $5 net.
Hadow, G. E. and W. H. The Treasury of English Literature. Vol. III: Jacobean to Victorian. Henry Frowde.
Hale, William Bayard. A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt. Putnam's. $1.25 net.
Henry, O. The Voice of the City. McClure Co.
Hyslop, James H. Psychical Research and the Resurrection. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.
Irish Texts Society. The Book of the Plays of Fionn. Part I. Irish Text, with translation into English by Eoin MacNeill. London: David Nutt.
Jepson, Edgar. The Philanthropists. Cupples & Leon Co.
Kroeber, A. L. A Mission Record of California Indians. Berkeley: University Press.
Lee, Gerald Stanley. Inspired Millionaires. Northampton, Mass.: Mount Tom Press. $1.25.
Le Quex, William. The Pauper of Park Lane. Cupples & Leon Co.
Lyon, Ralph A. A Pocketful of Limericks. Boston: Mayhew Publishing Co.
McClellan, George. A Non-Partisan View of Prof. Hilprecht's work. Dr. Hilprecht's Views Regarding the Nippur Tablets from the Standpoint of an Assyriologist, by Dr. Hugo Radau. Philadelphia.
Macdonald, Frederika. The Iliad of the East. Lane.
McNally, Augustin. The Catholic Centenary, 1808-1908. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.
Marchmont, Arthur W. My Lost Self. Cupples & Leon Co.
Mars, Gerhardt. The Interpretation of Life. Appletons. $3 net.
Nabuco, Joaquim. The Place of Camoens in Literature.
New England Historical and Genealogical Register. Vol. IV.—Part I. Abbe-Frost. Boston.
Passing Voice, A. Boston: Badger.
Pearson, Henry Carr. Latin Prose Composition Based on Cæsar.—Latin Prose Composition Based on Cicero. American Book Co.
Pottle, Emery. Handicapped. Lane. $1.50.
Rhead, Louis. The Book of Fish and Fishing. Scribner's. $1.50 net.
Rimas of Gustavo A. Becquer. Translated by Jules Renard. Boston: Badger.
Santley, Sir Charles. The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Select English Classics: William Hazlitt.—John Keats.—Matthew Arnold.—Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.—Izaak Walton.—Selected by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Henry Frowde.
Solmi, E. Leonardo da Vinci. Lemcke & Buechner.
Steiner, Max von. Die Lehre Darwins in ihsen letzten Folgen. G. E. Stechert & Co.
Swayze, George B. H. Yarb and Cretine. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Tacitus. Dialogus, Agricola, and Germania. Translated and edited by W. Hamilton Fyfe. Henry Frowde.
Travis, Elma A. The Cobbler. Outing Publishing Co.
Whitney, Fred. The Heart of the Singer. Palo Alto, Cal.
Willocks, M. P. A Man of Genius. Lane. $1.50.
Wilson, Woodrow. Constitutional Government in the United States. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Windolph, Francis Lyman. To-day and Other Poems. Lancaster, Pa.
Woods, Litchfield. The Dead Friendship and Other Poems. Glasgow: F. W. Wilson & Co.
York Factory to the Blackfeet Country: The Journal of Anthony Henry. From the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada. Ottawa.

Over Against Green Peak

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1908.

The Week.

The cool giving out of the platform of the Chicago Convention, as approved by the President, in advance of the first session of that body, and before the platform committee has been appointed or has met, is about the last touch in cavalier disregard of appearance, of precedents, and of the feelings of the delegates. After this, there can be no decent reason for further pretence or concealment. The President is treating the Convention as the potter treats clay; of the same lump making one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor. And he looks for no protests whatever by the delegates. "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" It is either splendid audacity in the President, or sublime unconsciousness, which leads him to go straight to his object without one thought how his claim of complete ownership of the party will impress it. It is hard to imagine him getting angry, as Sir Robert Peel once did, because Cobden confounded the Prime Minister with the government. Sir Robert disclaimed anything more than his due share, but Cobden stoutly rejoined: "I treat him as the government, as he is in the habit of treating himself." President Roosevelt certainly has the habit of treating himself as the whole government and the entire party.

This break with the settled practice, in announcing the complete platform before the Convention has been called to order, is so violent that one suspects a strong motive for it. What was the situation at Chicago? One in which there was gathering danger that there might be a contest over certain resolutions. Large delegations were on the ground, ready to go before the platform committee with arguments for or against various proposed planks. Telegrams of protest and appeal were showering upon prominent members and the prospective committee on the platform. In a word, a state of division and even insubordination was threatening, which no resolute man in control like Roosevelt could tolerate. Hence the move seemed distinctly meant to head off revolt and to force the hand of the President's opponents. The chief matter in dispute was the President's plank calling for limitations upon the writ of injunction. That subject he urged and re-urged upon Congress, only to meet with repeated and rather humiliating refusals to accept his views. He apparently desired to compel the Convention to do what he could not force Congress to do. The anti-injunction issue has been taken up clamorously by large numbers of workingmen, therefore the bone of an anti-injunction plank must be thrown to organized labor. This is clearly part of the pacificatory arrangement which the President has been trying to make with Mr. Gompers and other labor leaders.

> It has precipitated panic, blighted industry and trade with prolonged depression, closed factories, reduced work and wages, halted enterprises, and crippled American production.

This is an extract from the Republican national platform—not, however, of 1908, but of 1896. It shows how the mind of Republican platform-builders worked, after a serious financial panic, in tracing responsibility to the party in power. There were, to be sure, observant economists and experienced financiers in 1896, who replied indignantly that the panic of 1893 was immediately brought on by the reckless Silver-Purchase Act of 1890, a law proposed by a Republican Administration and passed in the House of Representatives with a unanimous Republican vote in its favor and a unanimous Democratic vote against it. It was also pointed out, by way of remonstrance against the "panic plank," that a Democratic President had forced upon Congress the repeal of that infamous measure, and had preserved the government's financial integrity by fearlessly using the public credit to maintain the gold reserve. But no; the platform was not to be shaken by such irrelevant considerations; the lesson of the panic was that "every consideration of public safety and individual interest demands that the government shall be rescued from the hands of those who have shown themselves incapable of conducting it"—who, of course, were the Democrats, in office during the panic of 1893.

How would these same students of public and private finance fix the responsibility for the panic of 1907, when *they* were so unlucky as to be in power? This is the interesting line of reasoning in the platform submitted for ratification in 1908:

> Nothing so clearly demonstrates the sound basis upon which our commercial, industrial, and agricultural interests are founded, and the necessity of promoting their continued welfare through the operation of Republican policies, as the recent safe passage of the American people through a financial disturbance, which, if appearing in the midst of Democratic rule, or the menace of it, might have equalled the familiar Democratic panics of the past.

That is to say: We have passed through a terrific panic, for which the party in power might be blamed, if that party were the Democratic. How much worse it would have been, if a Democrat had occupied the White House! With a Democratic majority in Congress, where should we have procured the smiling sunshine and abundant moisture which have started the grain crops of 1908 with so bright a promise, and have brought a thrill of hope into the country's prostrated industries? Every one knows who caused the corn crop failure of 1894, which blighted the reviving hopes of *that* after-panic year. We do not remember to have seen the familiar theory of the Republican party as an earthly Providence more convincingly set forth than in the published draft of the party platform. It has, so far as we can see, only one false note—those "familiar Democratic panics of the past." The phrase means 1893 and 1857, of course; but where are we to classify 1873, coming on the heels of two of the greatest Republican majorities, and the longest consecutive period of Republican ascendency, in our history?

"How much did your brother spend for it?" This is, unfortunately enough, the question which will be asked of Secretary Taft from the moment he accepts the nomination. The New York *Herald* of Monday, for instance, prints an interview with Charles P. Taft, in which he was frankly asked whether he had not thus far laid out $600,000 to win the nomination for his brother. "No such thing," was Mr. Taft's reply; "no such amount of money has been spent. It is ridiculous." Perhaps it was a ridiculous guess. Certainly, the rumors which have been flying around Ohio as to what it has cost Charles Taft to get Boss Cox and the organization into line are so exaggerated as to carry their own refutation with them. But Mr. Taft is handicapped not only by being Roosevelt's echo, but by having an immensely wealthy brother who is known to be willing to make any sacrifice to land the Secretary in the White House. His enemies will make the most of this, and put forth absurd stories of Charles Taft's outlays until such time as that gentleman states the exact figure and explains just how the money has been expended. Secretary Taft has expressed his desire for a law compelling the publicity of campaign contributions. Now that his own party has denied him this comfort, we look to him to have them published of his own accord—including those sums spent in promoting his candidacy before the Convention met.

In view of the attitude of the Republican leaders towards ship-subsidies, it is decidedly ungrateful for C. H. Cramp to propose removal of tariff taxes as the real need of shipbuilders. In an interview in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, he says:

> Without raw materials free of duty it is impossible to build steamships of the type of the Lusitania and Mauretania in the United States and place them on the ocean in competition with England and other foreign countries.

He adds that he has worked for the tariff for years, but is now convinced that it is inapplicable to the shipping industry. "We levy a tax upon all goods that come into this country, but you can't do that with ships, and there is the story." Mr. Cramp was even so cruel as to deny that cheaper materials would mean lower wages. "We would still pay high prices for skilled work, but would expand our market and add greatly to the number of men employed." This is rank blasphemy in the eyes of all good protectionists, and something ought to be done to punish Mr. Cramp. We suggest that he be forbidden to make any further contributions to Republican campaign funds.

The rumor from Cuba by way of Mexico of a fund for another revolution to take place as soon as the retiring American troops have reached home, is an echo of what has long been talked in the cafés of Havana. At the same time, it is not to be dismissed as mere idle gossip. Unfortunately, revolutions in Cuba are dirt cheap. Any wealthy banker or sugar plantation owner can afford that luxury, and it is undeniable that many Cubans, and many Americans as well, are determined that the present experiment, and every future effort to teach the Cubans to govern themselves, shall fail. They will be satisfied with nothing less than annexation. Hence, in the Mexican rumor there is an unpleasant possibility, which is not lessened by the fact that the political conditions in Havana are growing worse. The triumphant insurgents are quarrelling among themselves and breaking up into smaller and smaller groups. There being no real issues before the republic, it is merely a question of who shall hold the offices. No strong man has arisen to fight for an independent and stable Cuba, and the early withdrawal of the American government after the hasty completion of a large amount of new organic law, adds to the unrest. A symptom of this is the 12 per cent. interest asked for money lent in Havana on first-class real-estate mortgages. Cuba is suffering, too, from a falling off in revenues and business due to the prevailing bad times.

Mexico now has a "wave" of anti-American sentiment. The merciful thing about waves of anti-foreign feeling, as of crime, hydrophobia, and of Merry Widow hats, is that they *are* waves, and, passing away, leave the soul in a state of beatific placidity. Mexican hostility to this country is hard to imagine, after the notable way in which the United States and Mexico have been coöperating for the last two years for peace and progress in Central America. Nor can we put aside the constantly growing community of interests between the two countries as American capital continues to pour into Mexican railways, mines, and plantations. After making the usual discount for the exaggerated felicitations that accompany state visits, it is still impossible to believe that Mr. Root's recent journey left no better feeling behind it. It is probably to the growing friendship of the last few years that whatever "wave" of animosity there is in Mexico may be ascribed. It is the inevitable reaction. The republic to the south has its parties, and after a long innings for the pro-Americanos the anti-Americanos are now having their say. And, of course, the same body of facts will serve both sides. American capital can develop Mexico or enslave it; coöperation in Central America enhances Mexico's reputation or conceals sinister designs on our part; and the presence of our fleet in Magdalena Bay is an augury of extreme good-will on both sides, or the first step towards a grab of territory by the United States.

The report that the British Admiralty is planning to go us "one better" by building a monster battleship of 21,000 tons within the next eighteen months is far from incredible. It illustrates the folly of this or any other country trying to surpass England in the race for naval power. Our own new ships of 20,000 tons are supposed to be better all-round vessels than the Dreadnought; but no sooner have we resolved on them than England surpasses her Dreadnought with the St. Vincent of 19,250 tons, to be at sea two years before ours, just authorized by Congress. As if this were not enough, she must needs jump ahead again and plan her 21,000-ton vessel, also to be ready for sea about the time the Florida and Utah are launched. Moreover, she purposes to mount 13.5-inch guns and to use gasolene engines. England has shown us the way with submarines, torpedoes, scout cruisers, turbine engines, and high-speed destroyers. There was a time when the Admiralty was just as slow to move and to adopt new ideas as our own bureau chiefs. It even repeated error after error with the same solid satisfaction.

That our government had joined with the British Foreign Office in friendly representations to Belgium as to the conditions under which the cession of the Congo Free State is to be effected, is first made known, so far as this country is concerned, in a dispatch from Brussels published last Tuesday. But on April 15 the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs declared in the Chamber:

> Two Powers, England and the United States of America, have thought it advisable to communicate to us their views. In a friendly spirit they have formulated certain wishes, submitted to our judgment certain measures. They have asked us how we interpreted the conditions of the Berlin Act regarding the betterment of the positions of the native races, and the freedom of trade now established.

At that time the Belgian Minister declined to enter more specifically into the nature of the Anglo-American proposals. Now we learn that among the desiderata formulated by us and accepted by the Belgian government are absolute freedom of commerce in the Congo, immunity from molestation for our missionaries, and a "humane and equitable" policy towards the natives. This is good news, after the recent rumor that the entire annexation treaty was in danger.

In the atmosphere of the Spanish Main the tradition of piracy still lingers, but the adventures of the steamship Goldsboro show that the game grows more difficult every year. To load a ship with what is practically a stolen cargo and sail out into the Caribbean under the protection of no nation's flag, argues courage and imagination. It is true that about two years ago a Cuban banker did succeed in making good his escape, together with a large fortune belonging to other people, by sailing on his own ship for Venezuela, where, under the protecting wing of Castro, he is reported to be prospering. But it is a different thing to start out on a Central American peddling expedition with a stolen pack and in a stolen cart. Moreover, manners in the Caribbean have been lately improving. Along the Chinese coast, in the South Sea Islands, and near the Persian Gulf, the old profession has survived; though even there the wireless telegraph and the ever-ready torpedo-boat are hurting the business. But an American who follows in the footsteps of Kidd and Lafitte, we can only look upon as an interesting survival in an age when there are insurance funds to be borrowed, railways to be merged, and banks to be directed.

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, the director of the Harvard Gymnasium, calls attention in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June to the great improvement in the physique of both college athletes and students during the last twenty-five years. The average weight and height of the Harvard student of 1880 were just about the same as of the American youths from twenty-one to twenty-six years of age who entered the Federal army at the outbreak of the Civil War. The present-day undergraduate is an inch taller, from four to eight pounds heavier, and about 30 per cent. stronger. In 1880, Dr. Sargent reports, only 50 per cent. of the Harvard students would have surpassed the height and weight of the army average, while to-day 65 per cent. are superior to that standard. This, he says, "is a most remarkable uplift in growth and development for any considerable body of men in any country or community to have attained in twenty-five years"; though he admits that if all the students were measured, instead of the 60 or 65 per cent. who come under his observation, there might be a change in the average height and weight. Even with this limitation, no one will dispute the wonderful improvement in the health and physique of the average college community, whether of girls or young men. It is plain to every observer that students, as a whole, like the bulk of the American people, take better care of themselves than they did twenty-five years ago, and understand better the needs and capacity of the human machine. Yet Dr. Sargent is not content with this remarkable showing; he is so impressed by the fact that the physique of all the scholarship men of to-day is below that of the average student, that he wishes the university to establish a certain standard of physical work, to be reached by the scholar before he can receive his degree. The deficient students he divides into two classes: those who take honors merely and come from the more prosperous homes, and those who stand high and receive stipends. The physical state of the latter is particularly distressing to Dr. Sargent, for it is not only below that of the average of to-day, but also that of 1880. Hence the desire for some kind of stimulus which shall compel the hard-working "grind" to devote a part of his time to physical development. It is, of course, no new idea that a certain amount of gymnasium exercise should be included in a college course. But at Harvard, with its thoroughgoing application of the elective system, such a requirement would seem hardly practicable. The best stimulus, as a matter of fact, is the growing knowledge that a weak physique is the worst possible equipment for the true scholar.

So many of our American families of wealth buy large portrait galleries of alleged ancestors, and are so careful to conceal the humble employments of the founders of their fortunes, that it is a genuine surprise when the truth is actually gloried in. Clarence H. Mackay, whose gift of a statue of his father to the University of Nevada was unveiled last week, has chosen to have him portrayed in the garb of the miner, pick in hand, and wearing the familiar high boots of the pioneer. It was thus that the elder Mackay made his beginning, and it was infinitely better that he should be pictured thus than in the dress of the board-room, of the dinner party, or the yacht, or in the "frock coat of statesmanship." That such men of vigorous personality, whatever their origin, can rise, remains the greatest glory of the Republic; and no memorial could better stimulate the Western students who are to enter the Nevada School of Mines. It is pleasant to add that the artist, Gutzon Borglum, has made the most of this uncommon opportunity.

By the way he received Dr. Hill at Berlin, the Kaiser showed that if impulsive men are likely to rush into mistakes, they often know how to make up for them graciously. In order to greet our new Ambassador, the Emperor broke up a vacation day at Potsdam and also disregarded the precedent that a foreign ambassador shall be in residence at least a week before he is received in audience. Dr. Hill had been in Berlin only three days, from which the amateur statisticians and expert gaugers of court favor may figure out how much more than ordinarily acceptable Mr. Tower's successor is. Every one in Berlin, of course, is now bound to make amends for the few unpleasant weeks that followed the announcement of Dr. Hill's appointment, and it may well be that in the end the affair will redound to his profit. What will be remembered is that Ambassador Hill was charged with not being enormously rich, and if there are circles at Berlin where such a disqualification counts heavily, there must be other sections of German society to whom the appointment of an ambassador in accordance with our old tradition of scholar-diplomats will not fail to appeal. We venture to say that even where the Junker rages, ability counts; and Dr. Hill will find in the relations between Germany and this country and the general European situation no lack of opportunity for showing his mettle.

The vigorous press law for which most Englishmen in India have been calling has at last been sanctioned by the Viceroy's Council, and, joined with it, comes an anti-explosives law, directed against open outrage and violence. Alarm grows sharp in India when the hitherto inoffensive Bengali takes to wielding the weapon of the Russian revolutionary and the Spanish anarchist. In the Punjab, too, till recently the supposed seat of loyalty to the British rule, the infection of unrest is spreading. Wherefore the old contempt for the weak-stomached native of Bengal is giving way to something of fear. So long as the Babu confined himself to oratory and boycott he was a nuisance. When sedition grew hot in the press, and school strikes were followed by public demonstrations, the native movement became something more of a nuisance. Still, the idea of an actual uprising against British rule was too preposterous to be connected with Bengal. But the bomb, though in the hand of the unwarlike Babu, is a very concrete danger. Terrorism is difficult to combat where the sympathy of a large element of the people is with the terrorists. And the position of the English in India, lost in a vast native population, may be harder in this respect than even that of the Russian government. There is this great difference, however, that England, while ready to make use of the mailed hand when necessary, is not as a rule stupid enough to find content in repression. Under British rule, vindicated authority is most often followed by a surrender of authority to demands that are reasonable and just.

Persia continues to exhibit the characteristic symptoms of a nation passing from an old order into a new. There is this remarkable exception, however, that the transformation from an Oriental despotism into a Constitutional state has been attended by comparatively little fighting and a minimum of bloodshed. The people of Persia must be either models of self-restraint or of native gentleness. For nearly two years there has been increasing ferment. A Constitution granted by one Shah has been ratified by his successor (who in secret has plotted against it), and, in spite of the utter inexperience of the new Parliament chosen to work it, has succeeded in maintaining itself unimpaired. The new Parliament has had to deal with an empty treasury, a treacherous sovereign, revolt, and disorders in the provinces, and with foreign aggression on the northern frontier, where Russia and Turkey have already fixed their teeth into delectable slices of Persian territory. Here is a rough parallel to conditions in France at the beginning of the great Revolution. And, if other points of similarity are wanted, we have various uncles and brothers of the Sultan trying to play the Philippe Égalité to the Louis XVI. of Mohammed Ali Shah, a patriotic priesthood taking the lead in the work of national reconstruction, and a fondness for fêting and otherwise celebrating Constitutional triumphs that are by no means secure. But of Bastille stormings, attacks on the Tuileries, and September massacres, Teheran has not tasted. The French of Asia seem to have all the progressiveness of their European models, without their liability to sudden excess.

PINING FOR TARIFF REVISION

At the first glance, nothing could well be more comic, or impudent, than the present assertion of the Republican party that it is bursting with desire to reduce the tariff. It now comes forward as the "original tariff-reformer." Burning with eagerness to set its hand to the work of cutting away the duties behind which monopolies take shelter, it informs the voters that all it needs is another lease of power from them in order to undo every tariff iniquity. This is to be the view of the Chicago platform. It will be the burden of Republican campaign speeches. Even a man so steeped in the gall of protection bitterness as Chairman Payne, declares:

> As surely as the next Administration is Republican, the preparation of a tariff-revision bill will be undertaken by the Committee on Ways and Means very soon after the election.

Thus we have the urgent and even pathetic appeal of a great party to the country: "For Heaven's sake, back us up in our determination to do what we have been desperately longing to do for many years."

The puzzled voter may be pardoned for scratching his head and asking: "Why have you waited until now?" Not for lack of power; the party has been in full control of all branches of the government for twelve years, with the Dingley tariff growing all the while more out of date and offensive. Neither has it been for lack of promises. The tariff was going to be "revised by its friends" in 1900, and again in 1904; but not one faithful wound of a friend has been dealt it. President Roosevelt was resolved to send in a special tariff message in December, 1904; but the tariff's friends, or the people's enemies, managed to frighten him out of that determination, which was, like all his, firm and irrevocable. Two years ago, Secretary Taft declared that the duty of reducing the tariff was "immediate." What has hindered a puissant party from doing the very thing it has so passionately desired to do?

We cannot tell; we simply record the mystery. There are those who will say that this inability of the Republican party to have its way with the tariff is more than mysterious; that it is suspicious. We know that Republicans are now most eager to cut down the Dingley duties, for they solemnly asseverate that they are; yet even in the act, one can but discern that in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of their passion to revise the tariff, there is a certain temperance. There is eagerness, but it is strictly limited. Thus we have the semi-official declaration from Washington in the *Tribune:*

> If the turn of the political wheel should elect a Democratic majority in the House this autumn, there will be no tariff revision next year. This announcement will be made with considerable emphasis, for on the face of the proposition it may be seen that no revision could be brought about by a Senate and House divided on the great issues involved. Therefore, the voters of the country will be informed that if they want changes in the present tariff schedules they had better see to it that the Republican party be retained in power, both in the executive and legislative branches of the government. The Republican leaders will not hold out hope of tariff revision on any other terms.

This seems passing strange, my masters. If there is a Democratic House, it will certainly be a revisionist House. Hence it ought to be all the easier to get the work done. A Republican President has welcomed Democratic assistance in fighting for a big navy, and other measures near his heart; why not in getting rid of tariff enormities? Is he that is with me, really against me? The way the thing is put makes it appear that it is a tariff revision only as a campaign issue, and not as an object desired for itself, that the Republican party is thinking of.

And the question arises whether, in so bluntly stating the plan, the Republican managers are not much less astute politically than they imagine themselves to be. Is it wholly discreet for them to betray the fact that they count upon controlling the Senate in any event, and that a Democratic House will be powerless against it? One of their great arguments against Bryan is to be the peril to the country of unsettling legislation. But here they are admitting that they possess in the Senate an insurmountable barrier to anything of that kind. If the Senate can block Democratic tariff revision, it can block any other kind of Democratic mischief. Hence it would seem that, in their method of wheedling the voters into electing a Republican House, the party is disabling itself from terrifying the country with the possibility of Bryan.

In a large way, however, this sudden pining of the Republican party for tariff revision is to be looked upon as something much more significant than mere campaign tactics. Republican capacity to learn from the enemy is marked Especially under President Roosevelt. the party has seemed to take as its recipe for success: "Denounce the Democrats for favoring policies inimical to the welfare of the country, and then when you have got into office, quietly adopt those policies yourself." Accordingly, it would not be a departure from good precedent if the Republicans really undertook to steal the livery of Democracy to *dis*-serve the tariff in. It seems to have become clear to the party leaders that they have to do with a settled discontent, even among Republicans, over the class legislation of the Dingley tariff, and with a widespread movement to do away with as much of that injustice as possible. Life-long tariff-reformers will not, at any rate, be so inconsistent as the Republicans in refusing to accept a revision of the tariff from any hands but their own. If the Republican party does its belated duty, we will cheerfully receive that payment on account, and ask for the rest. And if it should prove to be the case that the Republicans should win through taking up the reform of the tariff, that fact would only emphasize afresh Democratic stupidity in abandoning all these years their one triumphant issue.

THE DESPISED MORAL ISSUE.

As usual, personality leaps to the front in the comment upon the extraordinary fight which was crowned with dazzling success at Albany last week. The first questions men ask are: "Who fought? Who won? Who gets the glory?" We come out of the struggle with a new hero and a new leader. The country is ringing with the name of a man previously unknown. Again the path of duty has been the path of glory. One of those immigrants who are ruining the United States by lowering our moral standards, Senator Foelker has shown a stern fidelity which a Puritan might envy, and a devotion which a Cavalier would know how to admire. People are saying that he may now have "anything he wants." He appears to be a man who wants the approval of his own conscience more than anything else; and he has set an example, and won a fame, which are at once a political inspiration and of a price above any possible political reward.

As for Gov. Hughes, who takes his great triumph so simply, he has impressed anew his fine qualities upon the nation. Such a capacity as his for moral leadership in public life has not been displayed for many a year. Every one concedes that, but for him, the intrenched race-track gamblers could not have been dislodged. And even his enemies admit that he led his fight with consummate ability, with perfect temper, and fought no man unfairly. As is said by the New York *Sun*, which has not supported Gov. Hughes nor warmed to the anti-gambling fight, he "offered no rewards for compliance and uttered no threats of Executive retaliation." The *Sun* adds a tribute to his "remarkable patience, uncommon vigor, genuine faith in his cause, and magnificent perseverance."

The time has been when the Republican party would have jumped at the chance to get such a man to lead it in a Presidential campaign. But it is jumping at command in another direction this year. Because Mr. Roosevelt had a personal dislike of Gov. Hughes, it was necessary for the party to look elsewhere for a candidate. And in all this long and dubious contest, wherein the moral forces of New York were banded together as never before and calling anxiously for recruits, not one word of sympathy or encouragement came from the State's most eminent citizen. The Oyster Bay Republican Senator voted against the Governor. The President was prevented from giving any aid by a sudden scruple about his Constitutional limitations! Now that the fight is won, Gov. Hughes is entitled to say to the great moral warrior of the age: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We have had glorious fighting, and you were not there!"

Principles, however, overshadow even personalities, and are really more instructive to one who will closely attend. Senator Foelker may cease to be talked of; Mr. Hughes may come back to his law office (though he cannot fail to remain one of our chief national assets); but the great political teaching of this wonderful campaign will abide. It is that there is no force so potent in politics as a moral issue. Politicians may scorn it, ambitious men may despise it or fight shy of it, newspapers may caricature or misrepresent it; but it has a way of confounding the plans of those who pride themselves on their astuteness, and rendering powerless the most formidable enginery of party or boss. This was the secret of Gov. Hughes's strength in his single-handed contest. He flung himself boldly upon the moral sentiment of the State. He was able to pierce to the popular conscience. His own unselfishness being transparent as the day, his refusal to wage anything but an open and honorable warfare being absolute and unquestioned, his steady insistence upon the fundamental morality of his cause was what swung the State to him, and compelled the Legislature to bow before a greater power than itself.

The occasional winning of such moral victories in public life is as bracing as a breath from the north in summer. It helps to keep alive the belief in the sound instincts and the sure progress of democracy. The philosophic Italian writer, Guglielmo Ferrero, has recently been pointing out the contradictory ideas about progress in civilization. He makes the point that if modern nations are not to be driven to ennui or decadence by the very success of a material civilization, they must have the tonic of struggle for moral improvement. It is, therefore, both reassuring and heartening when a man can go as Gov. Hughes has done before a great democratic community, with a single and naked question of morality, and get such an overwhelming response. He has uncovered a political power of which the professional manipulators of elections and legislatures are ignorant. But, then, it is an old reproach against politicians that they do not know their own trade. In the midst of their sneers at a moral issue and at "Charles the Evangelist," they found themselves swept away by a mighty force which they had no means of either measuring or resisting.

STANFORD AS A GRADUATE SCHOOL

President Jordan of Stanford University, in his last annual report, urges the abolition of the undergraduate college. His views on this subject have been briefly outlined in the press dispatches, but the complete report, just received, presents his case more fully. Thus far Stanford has been chiefly a large college; "its university work, though not extensive, has justly commanded respect." He then asks whether Stanford is to be a college or a university, or a compound of both; and he answers that in his judgment, "the last cannot be a permanent condition in any of our large institutions." He thus sums up his case:

> Collegiate instruction is relatively cheap. It is given well in upwards of two hundred institutions in America, and more or less badly in as many more. University work on a large scale is expensive. If properly undertaken, it is the choice privilege of the few institutions that are generously endowed or that are the educational pride of wealthy States. Among these Stanford University must stand. Its great endowment was given for that purpose, and its freedom from outside control enables it to undertake lines of work and long-continued series of investigations, efforts of the highest intellectual type, which would not find support in public institutions with their natural tendency towards the demand for immediate results.

As a step toward the desired end, he proposes, within the next five years, to add two years to the entrance requirements—that is, to take only students who have completed the work of freshmen and sophomores and who are presumably ready for the advanced work that is proper to a university. He would then give the bachelor's degree in two years.

The experiment, if tried, will be extremely interesting. University study in this country—that is, our professional and graduate schools—has in general been an outgrowth of the college. The graduate school was begun as a sort of continuation of the undergraduate course. Schools of law, medicine, engineering, and theology have sprung up beside the college, and often the requirements for entrance have been as low as those for college, or even lower. Indeed, some engineering schools have taken boys who are younger and more poorly trained than the average entering freshman. Even to-day it is only the stronger schools of law, medicine, and theology that demand for admission a full college course or its equivalent. The two notable attempts to establish independent graduate work in this country have been Johns Hopkins and Clark; but both institutions have found it desirable to organize also an undergraduate college. One reason is that the university needs a feeder. A man who has gone through the regular course, say, at Harvard, Yale, or Columbia, is likely to stay there for graduate work. He knows the teachers; he has formed social ties; the studies he has already pursued articulate closely with those which are to follow. The independent graduate school must therefore offer extraordinarily attractive courses, it must have the ablest professors, the best of libraries and laboratories, and the largest resources if it is to compete with the graduate schools which rest on a college.

And here arises a difficult problem of administration. Graduate work, as President Jordan says, is costly. A single highly paid professor may conduct only two or three classes with a pupil or two in each. In Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Cornell, on the other hand, many of the professors devote at least part of their time to undergraduate classes—some of them largely attended. Moreover, the advanced courses are often open to qualified juniors and seniors, as well as to students who have already received degrees. Thus the basis of financial support for a course is much broadened. Indeed, it is not unfair to say that a considerable portion of the graduate instruction in the universities we have just mentioned, and in many others also, is a comparatively inexpensive by-product of undergraduate instruction. An enormous endowment, then, is necessary if an independent graduate school is to offer anything like the facilities which an undergraduate and a graduate school combined may command. On this point President Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation—whom President Jordan quotes—said in his second annual report:

> Whatever may be the advantages of the combination of the college and the university into one organization, I am convinced that it would be of immense value to the educational system of the country if a few strong universities could be established, with generous facilities for social intercourse, but without undergraduate colleges. Such institutions would, if properly endowed and supported, constitute an independent influence in the formation of university standards which could not fail to benefit all universities alike. It is to be regretted that some of the newly founded institutions did not forego the prestige of an undergraduate college for the sake of this leadership.

This leadership is what Stanford is now to attempt. Neither the Johns Hopkins nor Clark has had enough money to equip thoroughly all its graduate departments and secure the most competent teachers and investigators. Each could use to advantage several million dollars more. In certain lines, then, neither of these universities can offer advantages that are indubitably superior to those elsewhere; and in other branches the Ph.D. of Johns Hopkins or Clark may mean less than a similar degree from Harvard or Columbia. The man who wants the very best, then, does not always have to go to either of the universities which profess graduate work as their specialty. But Stanford—as soon as San Francisco and the State of California have fairly recovered themselves—will have the interest on twenty-five or thirty millions. Its site is by no means ideal for graduate work. Students may be disinclined to spend their first two years at one college and then break off to attend Stanford. But if, in spite of these drawbacks, Stanford, with its vast wealth devoted solely to advanced work, cannot build up a great graduate school, then, for at least a generation, the attempt will probably be given up as hopeless.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.

The criminal statistics for England and Wales for the year 1906 have lately appeared. The volume is of unusual interest because it completes a half century since the annual returns of trials at assizes and quarter sessions were superseded in 1857 by more complete statistics of crimes and offences and criminal proceedings. The commissioners have regarded it as a suitable occasion for reviewing the movement of crime since 1857. Owing to extensive changes in criminal law included in the Consolidation Acts of 1861, exact comparison with the figures of 1857 is not always possible, but a brief retrospect is given and is full of interest.

The number of persons tried for indictable offences in 1906 (59,079) very closely approximates the figures of 1857 (54,667). It appears that the number of thefts for 1906 is almost the same as in 1857. But in fifty years the population has increased from nineteen and a quarter millions to thirty-four and a half millions. In proportion to the population, thefts have therefore diminished about 40 per cent. Offences against the person show no marked tendency to increase. There are positive indications of a great decrease in highway robbery. The figures in 1857 were 625, as against 209 in 1906. There is less opportunity for Dick Turpin to follow his profession to-day than in the old times when footpads were numerous; but satisfaction at this change is somewhat chilled by noting that the offences of burglary and housebreaking are increasing. In 1857 the figures were 1,644; in 1906 they were 3,174. The commissioners attribute a part of this apparent increase to the shorter sentences customary in 1906 as compared with 1857. This raises the question whether professional thieves belonging to this class do not need some more effective treatment than the short sentence. An habitual criminal law providing for the prolonged confinement of professional criminals might materially alter the figures. Arson has practically been stationary, as has also forgery. Prosecutions for riot, common fifty years ago, are now comparatively rare—138 in 1857, and only 26 in 1906.

A social and penological indication of marked importance is seen in the great increase in the number of prosecutions for attempts to commit suicide. There has been a continuous increase from 18 in 1861, to 298 in 1906. Here is ground for investigation as to the reason for the increased number of suicides, and as to the causes, such as intemperance. The question arises also whether the cataloguing of suicide as a crime and the punishment of attempts at suicide by imprisonment are rational ways of dealing with such cases. Of the number prosecuted in England last year for attempted suicide, 78 were committed to prison. Under the code of New York, suicide is also defined as a crime, and the makers of the code felt obliged to explain the reason that no penalty is attached to it:

> Although suicide is deemed a grave public wrong, yet from the impossibility of reaching the successful perpetrator no forfeiture is imposed.

Attempted suicide in New York is ranked as a felony punishable by imprisonment in the State Prison not exceeding two years or by a fine not exceeding $1,000, or both. While this offence is still catalogued as a crime in the code, the commitment of persons to prison for attempts upon their own life has been practically abandoned in New York; and, so far as we know, the fear of imprisonment has no deterrent effect upon this class of offenders. Its natural influence might be to cause the person contemplating suicide to take even greater pains to make the attempt a success.

While there has been a gratifying decrease of crime in England, the tables of non-indictable offences of a less serious character have grown from 215,787 in 1857 to 618,714 in 1906. Many of these are due to the contravention of police regulations. There has been a large increase, however, in commitments for drunkenness: 75,859 persons in 1857, and 211,493 in 1906. When we ask what are the causes of this changing phase of crime and the general reduction of crimes against property, it must be ascribed not to drastic laws or a severe penal system, but to the development of educational and preventive work. It is evident, on the other hand, that no penal system has corrected, or will be likely to correct, those forms of crime which are directly due to intemperance; hence it is not surprising that English statesmen are turning their attention to measures for regulating and reducing the liquor traffic.

GASTON BOISSIER.

A lecturer in a German university once remarked, with a certain pride, that no teacher in the institutions of his country bore such a title as *professeur de l'éloquence latine;* a professor of classical philology roamed too wide a field to be thus circumscribed. Truly the ideal scholar should have interests both deep and comprehensive—but titles sometimes are misleading. The great Frenchman whose death on June 10 is deplored by scholars of every sect, professed the mere title of *l'éloquence latine,* but he revived in his teaching and his written works all that *eloquentia* meant to Cicero, to Quintilian, to Petrarch and the Renaissance.

Gaston Boissier was born in 1823 at Nîmes, in the Provence, a delightful region, almost as Roman, with its ancient remains, as Italy itself, yet with an atmosphere in which Italian mellowness is infused with the clearer and subtler spirit of France. Perhaps it was the constant sight of the Maison Carrée and the Roman amphitheatre of his native town that turned the attention of the youthful Boissier to archæology. Archæology, certainly, in its most significant aspect—the imaginative reconstruction of the past—was a dominant interest throughout his career. His earliest publications were on literary themes, but on such themes as involve a new creation of lost material; he discussed in his Latin dissertation for the doctorate, the manner in which Plautus translated Greek plays—plays no longer extant; he wrote on the poet Attius and the Roman tragedy of the republic—tragedy that has come down to us in scattered fragments; he essayed a task that has fascinated many—the reconstruction of the life and writings of the erudite Varro; he argued that Seneca's plays could not have been written for the stage. Of these works, the earliest appeared in 1857, and the latest in 1861; during part of this time, and before, he had been professor of rhetoric at Angoulême and Nîmes.

But Boissier was attracted by the actualities as well as the possibilities of antiquity. Appointed in 1861 to the chair of Latin eloquence at the Collège de France, he began appropriately with a course on the times of Cicero. In a brilliant lecture of introduction, he implies that the study of history means to him the study of personalities; Cicero and his friends are to furnish the clue to the movements of the age. To these personalities he devoted special essays, later to be combined into one of his most popular and delightful books. A passing reference to Saint-Simon and a comparison of Cicero and Mme. de Sévigné are prophetic, too, of further works to come; there is hardly a paragraph of the brief lecture which did not later develop into some fuller treatment. To Boissier's hearers, his theme, so eloquently presented, must have thrilled with an almost contemporary interest, for France had passed from an age of Republican revolution to one of Imperialism. The lecturer gives this element of modernity just enough prominence, and protests against the abuse of it:

> Ces illustres morts nous sembleront mériter mieux que de servir d'instruments aux querelles qui nous divisent. et nous respecterons assez leur mémoire et leur repos pour ne pas les traîner dans l'arène de nos discussions journalières. Nous n'ou-

> blierons jamais que c'est outrager l'histoire que de la mettre au service des intérêts changeants des partis, et qu'elle doit être, suivant la belle expression de Thucydide, une œuvre faite pour éternité, κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί.

These words might be pondered by those who would save classical studies for our age by connecting them with modern occurrences or modern literature. A teacher who makes Horace dull will not enliven him by humbling Milton's strains for accompaniment; a teacher like Boissier, though concerned at many points with the relations of the classics to modernity, interprets absolute values which make their direct appeal.

That a professor of Latin eloquence would interpret his subject broadly is shown by Boissier's appointment in 1865 as *maître de conférences* at the École Normale to succeed Sainte-Beuve in the course on Latin poetry. Latin poetry, too, is a restricted subject, but as yet the fame of Sainte-Beuve has nothing to fear from what professors of classical philology have achieved in universal criticism. Eleven years later, Boissier was elected to the French Academy, in the place of M. Patin. In the interval there had appeared, besides his studies of Cicero and his friends, a noble group of essays, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* which develop the various interests conspicuous at the beginning of his career. His archæological tendencies now result in a discussion of the progress of archæology and in a sketch of ancient life in Pompeii; based on sober fact, this brilliant portrait makes the pages of Bulwer and Sienkiewicz seem tawdry and dull. The publication of Le Blant's "Inscriptions chrétiennes de la Gaule" suggested an interpretation of this new material; the appearance of those important works, the "Histoire poétique de Charlemagne," by Gaston Paris, and "Les Épopées françaises," by Léon Gautier, inspired one of the most penetrating and universal of all his writings, an essay on recent theories of the epic. A series of papers treated of Roman society under the Empire, and there followed in 1874 a more profound study of the Roman spirit in the two volumes on "La Religion romaine," in which the treatment is by no means confined to religion, but includes among other things an appreciation of Virgil and of Seneca, quite as important for the literary criticism of these authors. Finally there had appeared a work which includes and supplements his earlier studies on Roman society, and is significant likewise for the history of philosophy and for literary history—"L' Opposition sous les Césars." Varied interests, searching analysis, profound generalizations characterize these writings; they show the universal outlook, a spirit of placid Horatian urbanity, a sprightly wit. Their author was justly selected as successor to Patin and Sainte-Beuve.

Two of these essays, not so much before the public to-day as Boissier's larger works, give more definite expression than these do to those ultimate principles which guided him as author and as critic. The essay on the progress of archæology and that on the theory of epic are really documents of literary criticism; they present different aspects of the same problem and hold an important relation to ideas current at that time and at this. The first gives small comfort to those who regard a proper contempt for science as a part of the humanist's outfit. Boissier is intensely interested not only in the great scientific advances of the last century, but in the minutiæ of philology, which he regards as material for the enrichment of appreciation. A doctor's dissertation restricted to Roman door-knobs or the inscriptions on lead *tesseræ* would have aroused in him, not gentle laughter, but sincere respect, if the task were well performed. In fact, in discussing the progress of epigraphy, he speaks of "Mêmes ces balles de plomb des soldats sur lesquelles on inscrivait des plaisanteries," and remarks: "Que des choses n'y trouvons nous pas dont les historiens n'ont pas parlé, et qui nous rendent l'histoire plus vivante." Nor did he indulge in easy vituperation of whatever goes on *au-delà du Rhin*; it is not as a jest that he tells of Ritschl's course on Latin grammar which finished part of the alphabet—it is to commend the intellectual curiosity of the two hundred students who attended such a course. In brief, he criticises French scholarship for its lack of minute analysis; he prophesies for it a great career in case French clarity assimilate German science—a prophecy which his inspiration has helped largely to fulfil. For him, Latin eloquence and classical philology are, it would seem, synonymous terms:

> C'est abandonner l'antiquité que de se contenter de la connaître à peu près et seulement par ses côtés littéraires. Les sociétés et les littératures anciennes ne redeviennent vivantes pour nous que lorsqu'on descend au détail, et cette prétendue critique qui s'amuse à discuter à propos des auteurs, qui, après un examen superficiel, fabrique des théories, qui recherche partout les idées générales afin de se dispenser d'avoir des idées précises, est la mort des véritables études.

This wholesome regard for science, and its incorporation in something larger, might not prepare Boissier's readers for the views on literary criticism expressed in his essay on the epic. He recognized the value of the modern schools; like his favorite Saint-Simon, he found it "bon d'avoir le nez tourné à l'avenir." The results of historical and philological criticism he welcomed, but in a period dominated by the influence of Taine, he rejected the doctrine which "prétend juger l'homme et ses productions comme on classe les plantes en botanique, comme on décompose les corps en chimie." In an earlier essay, contrasting the moral revolution effected by Christianity with the insignificant poetry which at first accompanied its triumph, he concluded that we are ignorant of the causes that produce great men and bring on the great ages; in the matter of literary inspiration, the wind bloweth where it listeth. He pleads for a large and flexible appreciation, capable of understanding all countries and all times, epochs civilized and epochs primitive. His discussion of the epic is a model of this very sympathy and discrimination. Unlike the pseudo-classicist, he recognizes in the Middle Ages something more than the playground of Goths and Huns; unlike the pseudo-romanticist, he refuses to call Virgil's epic artificial; he expends genial satire on Mommsen's criticism of Latin poetry, though in his former essay he had given this scholar the highest praise as scientist and historian. The ideas suggested in this paper on the epic still deserve the attention of writers on two baffling themes—the authenticity of the Homeric poems, and the nature of popular poetry.

Of further honors bestowed on Boissier, it is necessary to mention only his election to the Académie des Inscriptions in 1886, and his appointment as perpetual secretary of the Académie Française in 1895. As to his writings, one could almost predict, from what he had done, the volumes on Mme. de Sévigné (1888), and Saint-Simon (1892). Archæology appears again—and more than archæology—in his "Promenades" through Rome and Pompeii and the country of Horace and Virgil, and in his "L'Afrique romaine" (1895). His interest in both Roman religion and the origins of Christianity finds expression in the splendid volumes on "La Fin du paganisme" (1891), which have inspired admirable works by French scholars in the same field. Finally, he published a volume on Tacitus (1903), and one on "La Conjuration de Catilina" (1905). The surpassing importance of these works for the student of antiquity and for the modern historian has already received attention in these columns. It is interesting that, in his last book, he should return to the subject with which he began his course on *l'éloquence latine.*

I have pointed to two distinct classes in Boissier's works, one archæological in spirit, devoted to the reconstruction of what no longer exists; one interpretative, devoted to accessible records. There is no absolute cleavage between the two. His reconstructions proceed carefully on the basis of the known; his interpretations do not end with what is before us; they reconstruct personalities and ideals—Cicero and his friends, Tacitus and the method of the ancient historian. Both undertakings are of the highest order. They depend on a quality without which classical studies or any other studies are dead—the creative imagination. Boissier modestly said of his Catiline that it contained nothing new; so there is nothing new in the chemical ingredients from which a new substance is formed. E. K. RAND.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

It is well known that American editions of several of Thackeray's books were published prior to the recognized first English editions. Some were collections of magazine contributions issued with the authority of their author, but many were pirated or unauthorized. To a less extent the same thing is true of Dickens. Two pamphlets of this character not included in any of the published bibliographies of Dickens have recently turned up. The first has the title:

> Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, Once Mayor of Mudfog, and Oliver Twist; or, The Paris Boy's Progress. By "Boz," Sold by all the Principal Booksellers. New-York 1837.

This contains 52 pages, measuring 6⅛ by 3¾ inches, in pink paper covers. Of the two sketches mentioned on the title, the first, "Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble," appeared in the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, January, 1837. The second, the first two chapters of Oliver Twist, appeared in *Bentley's* for February. No doubt, they were reprinted as soon as the February number of the magazine reached America. Chapters iii. and iv. appeared in the March number; but this pamphlet contains no mention of any continuation. When Oliver Twist was published in three volumes, 8vo, the next year, some alterations were made. The first sentence in the magazine and in this pamphlet begins: "Among other public buildings in the town of Mudfog," etc. In the first and later editions this is altered to "In a certain town which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning," etc.

The second of these pamphlets is entitled:

> Travelling Letters. Written on the Road. By Charles Dickens. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1846.

This is a 12mo., consisting of title and 22 pages of text, bound in brown paper. The pamphlet is very thin, but the wrapper is lettered lengthwise "Dickens' Travelling Letters.—Part I." showing that when the cover was printed the intention was to make the volume much thicker. Dickens visited Italy in 1844 and 1845. On his return he contributed a series of articles to the *Daily News*, No. I. of which was issued under his editorship, January 21, 1846. These sketches continued irregularly through January, February, and March. Later in the year they were collected in book form as "Pictures from Italy." The three "Letters" included in this pamphlet appeared in the *Daily News* for January 21, 24, and 31. Together they fill pp. 1-37 of the first English edition. The date at the beginning of the narrative which is "eighteen hundred and forty-four" in the first edition, as it was in fact, is "eighteen hundred and forty-five" in this pamphlet. On the publication of the English edition Wiley and Putnam brought out an American edition, "Price 38 cents." It is not likely that more than this Part I. of these letters was ever published in this form.

Correspondence.

"VIRGINIANS" IN 1630.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the "News for Bibliophiles," in the *Nation* of June 11, is described "a bibliographical curiosity" entitled "Pathomachia," published in 1630, and containing this passage: "Arrant Traytors, doe not the verie Virginians know that the Person of a King is sacred."

This is "a very early reference to Virginians," according to your bibliographer, who remarks: "It would be interesting to know what account of Virginia was in the memory of the writer when he made that reference." Your bibliographer is apparently under the impression that by "Virginians" the 1630 author meant the English colonists in Virginia, is disturbed at the contemptuous opinion of them seemingly entertained by the author, and wonders whence the opinion was derived. If this assumption is correct, it can be shown, I think, that your bibliographer's anxiety is misplaced. For by "the verie Virginians," the 1630 author meant not the English colonists in Virginia, but the *Indians* of Virginia. Just as, throughout the seventeenth century, by "an American" was always meant a native of America—that is, a North American Indian; so, too, prior to 1630, by "a Virginian" was always meant a native of Virginia—that is, an Indian. At least, no instance before 1630 is known to the present writer of the employment of the noun Virginian except in reference to an Indian. On the other hand, it can be shown that early in the seventeenth century the word "Virginians" was sometimes applied to the Indians of Virginia.

In his "Map of Virginia," published in 1612, Capt. John Smith headed a section "Of the manner of the Virginians government" (p. 34). These words were repeated in 1624 by Smith in his "Generall Historie of Virginia" (book II., p. 37), and were reprinted by Purchas in 1625 in his "Pilgrimes" IV., 1703). It should be added, in passing, that a chapter in W. Strachey's "Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia," written about 1612, is headed: "The manner of the Virginian government, their townes, their howses, dyett, fowling, and hunting, their gaming, musique, dauncing" (Hakluyt Society edition, p. 69). James Rosier's "Trve Relation" of Waymouth's voyage was first printed in 1605. Almost the last words were: "The names of the fiue Saluages which we brought home into England, which are all yet alive, are these" (Gorges Society edition, p. 160). When Rosier's Relation was reprinted by Purchas in his "Pilgrimes," some changes and additions—whether by Rosier or by Purchas, I do not know—were made at the end; and the above words were altered to "The Names of our *Virginians*" (IV., 1667). In 1606 George Percy wrote:

> At Port *Cotage* in our voyage vp the Riuer, we saw a Sauage Boy about the age of ten yeeres, which had a head of haire of a perfect yellow and a reasonable white skinne, which is a Miracle amongst all Saluages.

In the margin are the words, presumably written by Purchas, "Yellow haired *Virginian*" ("Pilgrimes," IV., 1689).

When was the noun Virginian first applied to an English colonist in Virginia? In a letter dated Saybrook, Connecticut, November 6, 1636, Lion Gardiner wrote to John Winthrop, jr.:

> I heare that the Bachelor is to bringe vs provision, I pray you forgett vs not when shee comes from the Bermudas with some potates, for heare hath beene some Virginians that hath taught vs to plant them after a nother way, and I have put it in practise, and found it good (Mass. Hist. Colls., Fourth Series, VII., 54).

Were these "Virginians" Indians or white men? If the latter, it is the earliest example of the noun in that sense known to the present writer. It is worth while to quote from a pamphlet printed in 1638. In his "Trve Relation," or history of the Pequot war, P. Vincent declared that "the long forbearance and too much lenity of the English towards the Virginian salvages, had like to have been the destruction of the whole plantation." A little later, speaking of the New Englanders, Vincent said:

> In a word, they have built fair towns of the land's own materials, and fair ships, too, some whereof are here to be seen on the Thames; they have overcome cold and hunger, are dispersed securely in their plantations sixty miles along the coast, and within the land also, along some small creeks and rivers, and are assured by their peace, by killing the barbarians, better than our English Virginians were by being killed by them" (Mass. Hist. Colls., Third Series, VI., 37, 42).

Here, then, as late as 1638, a writer has to use the qualifying adjective "English" to distinguish the English colonists in Virginia from the aborigines.

Can there be much doubt that the 1630 author, when he made the above reference, had in mind the account of Virginia published by the redoubtable Smith?

Albert Matthews.

Boston. June 12.

AUTHORS AND THEIR OWN BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an interesting article by Prof. Hiram Corson, entitled "A Few Reminiscences about Robert Browning," which recently appeared in the *Cornell Era*, the writer states that once, when visiting the English poet, he took the opportunity to ask about a certain passage in "The Ring and the Book." Browning's reply was: "I don't remember the passage. It has been some time since I read the poem, and I haven't a copy of it in my house!" As Professor Corson suggests, the poet probably gave away to his friends all "author copies" he received from his publishers, and so had none left for himself.

In this connection it may be interesting to recall a similar and perhaps even more striking confession on the part of Goethe. On his way from Weimar to Switzerland, Goethe stopped off at Frankfort to visit his mother and his old friends. From there he sent a letter to his friend, the physiologist Sömmerring, and under date of August 21, 1797, wrote: "And what will you say to it, if I ask you to purchase for me at Forster's auction, the older as well as the later edition of my collected works?" Goethe, after specifying the "reasonable figure" which Sömmerring's offer was not to exceed, then adds the most surprising statement: "I haven't had a copy of my works in the house for several years." Then, as if he felt it incumbent upon himself to justify his request for his own works, he explains: "I have a special reason for going through them again at this time." Such confessions as these would seem to contradict the notion which, as Goethe himself puts it, charges authors with "liking best to read their own works."

C. H. Ibershoff.

Cornell University, June 14.

THE ART-HISTORICAL EXHIBITION AT BRYN MAWR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Every student of art who was able to visit the exhibition of photographs at Bryn Mawr, noticed in the *Nation* for June 4, must feel grateful to the private collectors who contributed generously to the success of the undertaking. The exhibition suggests the reflection that it should be the ambition of every earnest collector to see his art in its exact station and setting, and to this end to allow of the most exhaustive illustration and comparison. This is, of course, ideal; but a complete illustration of old masters in America in good photographs would much amaze us. It would also much instruct. For a very brave attempt at such illustration the Bryn Mawr authorities deserve high credit.

William Rankin.

Roselle Park, N. J., June 9.

Notes.

In the autumn we are to have a long work on "Charles Dickens and his Circle," by W. Teignmouth Shore.

Arthur Dasent believes that many letters from J. T. Delane were omitted in his recent biography, and requests that any such be sent to the publisher, John Murray, No. 50 Albemarle Street, London, for use in a second edition. The letters will, of course, be returned.

"Over against Green Peak," by Zephine Humphrey (Henry Holt & Co.) is a record of country life far above the average of its class in the qualities which go to make such a book enjoyable. Three women of New York, after unsatisfying experience in mere summer boarding, buy an old house with a bit of land in Dorset, Vt., and set up for themselves. It is a situation about which any amount of commonplace might easily be written, but the reader at once finds that he is not dealing with a commonplace mind. The author sees the things that are worth seeing, and she has a rather unusual command of simple, dignified, and effective English. She does not blink the difficulties of housekeeping in the country, caring for a horse, picking and marketing the produce of the little orchard, and other such tasks; but is perfectly willing to forego the city privileges and conveniences which must be purchased at the cost of light, space, and serenity, of mountains and sky and silence.

The Neale Publishing Company (New York and Washington) has projected a series of volumes under the general title of The Huntsman in the South, the first of which deals with Virginia and North Carolina, and comes from the pen of Alexander Hunter, author of "Johnny Reb and Billy Yank." The fox chase and the old-fashioned "coon-hunt" seem especially to waken the author's enthusiasm, though duck shooting naturally claims a large share of his attention. Mr. Hunter has much of interest to tell, especially in his reminiscences of the older South, but he is not imbued with the newer ideals of sportsmanship. His duck shooting stories are too often mere illustrations of the wasteful methods which threaten the total extinction of that sport, and can hardly please the discriminating reader. One who stops to consider can only be disgusted with such stories as that of the wealthy club member who spends two months on the club preserves entirely alone, and reports a record of eight hundred ducks slaughtered. The author speaks of two hundred and sixty canvasbacks in one day as the finest bag within his own knowledge. He should rather have said the most disgraceful. The man who slaughters in that style should have his records posted in the abattoirs of Armour or Cudahy, not published in the literature of gentleman's sports.

Dr. Emile Reich, author of "Foundations of Modern Europe, 1760-1871" (The Macmillan Co.) is not a well-equipped historian. For example, he believes that documents of a later date than 1760 at the British Record Office are, "as a rule, not fully accessible"; he may be interested to hear that even Foreign Office papers, the most jealously guarded of all, may be consulted without any difficulty, for more than half a century beyond this date. He tells us that the Czarina Elizabeth "sacrificed hundreds of thousands of men" to the belief that Prussia was the hereditary enemy of Russia; but the fact is that there was no hereditary enmity whatever at the time of the Seven Years' war, and that Russia had made no such sacrifices; further, it was Peter III., not Catherine, who was responsible for the change of policy that possibly saved Frederick the Great. She was more hostile to Frederick than her predecessor. But it is not only in detail that this work fails, but in larger generalizations, which might, if well founded, counterbalance some degree of inaccuracy in minor points. Of the revolutions of 1848, the most important and interesting, according to our author, was that of Hungary; for this opinion he advances a number of reasons, among which perhaps the most striking is that in Hungary "every peasant is eloquent." In preaching the sacred duty of war, Dr. Reich declares in sweeping fashion that when "we study the period of a nation that has for one motive or another kept peace, given up martial aggressiveness, in other words, acted up to the advice of the modern millionaire philanthropists, we invariably find that nation come to grief and ruin. Consider . . . Austro-Hungary. Since 1866 she has . . . abstained . . . from . . . wars . . . and has consequently suffered . . . a loss of real power, such as she never suffered in the times of her greatest defeats under Napoleon." Furthermore, it is impossible to establish any such comprehensive statement as that on page 99: "Marie Louise was the most flippant, the most sensual, and morally the weakest woman of her time." Nor (p. 111) that the war of 1812 between England and the United States was brought about "chiefly through the manœuvres of Napoleon." But enough has been said to demonstrate that Hungarian eloquence can never be a substitute for historical judgment and historical sense.

Two volumes, with a total of 745 pages, seem a good deal to devote to a woman whom Sainte-Beuve once sketched for us in thirty-five pages. But this "Princess of Intrigue," Geneviève de Bourbon, Duchesse de Longueville, so elaborately studied by H. Noel Williams (G. P. Putnam's Sons) was something more than a professional beauty of her time; she participated in all the great events of one of the most turbulent periods of the seventeenth century, and was at the very centre of its political, social, and literary life. Mazarin placed her among the three women capable both of "governing and upsetting three great kingdoms." The Princesse Palatine and the Duchesse de Chevreuse are the two others. Indeed, this conscientious but somewhat longdrawn biography is less a study of a single character than a picture of a whole period, the first part of the seventeenth century, from the declining years of Henry IV. to the spectacular accession of Louis XIV. The Thirty Years war, the negotiations of Munster, the government of Mazarin, the intrigues of the Fronde are part of this picture; there is not an important society, religious or literary, not a fashionable set, where Mme. de Longueville does not appear. She shines at the Hôtel de Rambouillet when it was at its height with Corneille and Voiture as protagonists; after her conversion from a life of dissipation to one of mortification she entrusts her soul partly to the care of the aristocratic Carmelite sisters, partly to the austere régime of Port Royal. By following her, we become acquainted with all the men and women who were then making history, among them La Rochefoucauld, Beaufort, Guise, Coligny, Turenne, and Mmes. de Sévigné, de Chevreuse, de Sablé, and de Montbazon. The author does more than mention these. To almost every one he devotes long digressions that somewhat break the thread of the narrative. As a history of French society this carefully prepared and richly illustrated work will be valuable to readers who have no access to the French material which the author has used freely.

"A Sister of Marie Antoinette," an account of the life of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples, by (Mrs.) Catherine Mary Bearne (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is an energetic essay in book-making by main strength. The secondary sources have been ransacked and freely transcribed, no expense has been spared in the matter of illustrations, and a story full of intrinsic interest is told in a style of vivacious dulness, with a syntax of its own. The heroine herself is, in any presentation, a striking type of woman in politics. Her hatred and dread of Napoleon, the trouble she managed to give him, and her embarassment when she became his grandmother-in-law, form a dramatic theme which hardly needs the enlivenment furnished by her entanglement in the affairs of Nelson and Lady Hamilton. In her realm, as in that of Prince Otto, politics and love affairs were hardly distinguishable in method, in content, or in importance.

For more than half a century, between the years 1714 and 1771, Christopher Dock, a native of Germany, taught school among the Germans in what is now Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. In 1750, he was with difficulty persuaded to write a detailed explanation of his method of school management, which was published by Saur, the Germantown printer. Interesting in point of time, this, the earliest American book about school teaching, is remarkable for insight into human nature, for the admirable character which it revealed, and for its minute statement of an educational method which substituted the law of love for the rule of force, long before the change had been made in the school world. Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, formerly commissioner of education in Porto Rico, now superintendent of the Philadelphia schools, has collected and translated into English all of the writings of Christopher Dock, which, with a brief sketch of his life, illustrations showing some of his schoolroom furniture, and reproductions of his manuscripts, are published in one volume by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, in an edition of 1,000 copies. An introductory note is supplied by ex-Gov. S. W. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, who first made Christopher Dock known to the educational world with a translation of the "Schul-Ordnung" and an English version in the original metre of one of Dock's hymns.

An excessive modernity, including a style not infrequently verging upon the flippant, characterizes "Our Colonial Curriculum," the presentation of Colyer Meriwether's diligent research among the textbooks, educational histories, and schemes of study relating to some of the colonial colleges of America (Washington: Capital Publishing Company). Mr. Meriwether's exploration has been confined mostly to the colleges of New England and Virginia. Doubtless, as Mr. Meriwether argues, a large proportion of effort was wasted in educational directions in the past, as in every manifestation of energy, but is it quite certain that the educators of to-day, with their increased knowledge of nature, have overcome nature's method of doing much to produce a little? It should be said in Mr. Meriwether's behalf that in a paragraph now and then he modifies the force of his argument, and suggests that perhaps textbooks do not tell the whole story and that, may be, after all, the educational effort of the past was not entirely thrown away.

The Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons) has put out "Altera Colloquia Latina," adapted from Erasmus, with notes and a vocabulary, by G. M. Edwards. We have often wondered why these colloquies are not more used in American schools. They have a certain sparkle which carries the student on from day to day.

To those who wish to sip in condensed form that intoxicant known as the Wisdom of the East we recommend a series of slender booklets published under that title by E. P. Dutton & Co. Each volume contains the translation, in full or in part, of some famous book from Egypt, China, Japan, Judea, or Persia. The work is done by good scholars, and several at least of the introductions are of considerable interest. Earlier volumes included the wisdom of India.

John Lane Co. has a new edition, after thirty-eight years, of Frederika Macdonald's "Iliad of the East," with the illustrations by J. Lockwood Kipling, which will serve to renew interest in a clever and popular abridgement of the huge epic Rāmāyana. The book makes no pretensions to learning, and is professedly put together from Fauche's French version of the Sanskrit, yet, even after such a profession, it is fair to grumble a little at the careless use of diacritical marks in transliteration. Why should the poem be Ramayāna on the title page, Ramāyana in the introduction, and Rāmāyana (which is right) in the notes? However, the story's the thing, and the tale of Rāma and his bride, their forest wanderings, and the fight with Rāvana, is presented in a way to attract the hasty English reader. The introduction argues, successfully, we think, that modern sentiment is really in many ways closer to the romanticism of India than to that of the European middle ages.

The second half of Redhouse's translation of the "History of the Resuli Dynasty," by El-Khazreji, is edited for the trustees of the Gibb Memorial by E. G. Browne, R. A. Nicholson, and A. Rogers (Leyden: Brill; London: Luzac & Co.). This part, like the first, abounds in anecdotes illustrative of Moslem life in Yemen in the fourteenth century, a period otherwise little known. Exceptions have been taken to the translation as well as to the chief editor's choice of this particular work, and Mr. Browne here defends his action. Certainly if El-Khazreji's History is not the best work for the Gibb Memorial, it is nevertheless valuable; and if Redhouse's translation is not without faults, it yet gives the sense of the original fairly well. An index of proper names and other things is added.

Arabic scholars will welcome the publication of the Arabic text of Yaqut's "Dictionary of Learned Men," by the trustees of the Gibb Memorial, under the competent editorship of Prof. D. S. Margoliouth. The first volume, containing part of the letter Alif (the names are arranged in alphabetical order), is based on a single Bodleian manuscript, the only manuscript of this volume known to exist. For the correction of the text the editor has had to depend on works used by Yaqut or works that borrowed from him. The proofs were read in part by the late Sheikh Al-Yaziji G. Zaidan, and other well-known experts.

Dr. Israel Davidson's "Parody in Jewish Literature" (The Columbia University Press) is an extremely creditable bit of work. He has not only made an exhaustive study of the subject in all its ramifications, its beginnings in Talmudic literature, its development in the early middle ages, its alternate decline and revival in subsequent centuries to our day; but he has shown as well how attractive Hebrew writings may be from the literary point of view—a new line of inquiry to many. It will be a surprise to those who regard Hebrew as strictly a religious or theological study to learn, ,under Dr. Davidson's guidance, of the spread of the parody or burlesque from travesties of Talmud and Mishrah to caricatures of varying phases of Jewish thought and custom. Evidently there was an undercurrent of genial humor even in ages when residents of the Ghetto had little apparent cause for joyousness. The author devotes the first part of his work to the history of Jewish parody. In his second part he gives a detailed account of famous Jewish parodies. In addition, he publishes new texts of Provençal parodies. A full bibliography is given with a mass of critical notes.

President J. M. Thomas of Middlebury College, in his little book entitled "The Christian Faith and the Old Testament" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.),. raises once more the question of the value of the Old Testament to Christianity. The allegorical method of interpretation which made the Old Testament mean what it does not mean, and which put the Old and the New Testament on the same level of authority, has been superseded by the historical method. In this change of method, a change of values arises. The religious value of the Old Testament rests no longer in the words as such, but in the men of faith, whose progress in religion is recorded in that ancient literature. The accepted results of modern criticism and the sketch of the progress of religion from Deborah to Amos, are both admirably presented. Dr. Thomas will succeed, in our judgment, in stirring up in his readers the desire to study the Old Testament with intelligent appreciation.

In his "Cities of St. Paul" (A. C. Armstrong & Son), Sir William M. Ramsay states his latest opinions touching the cities of Eastern Asia Minor associated with the name of Paul—Tarsus, Antioch, Iconium, Derbe, and Lystra. The author directs the attention from Paul the theologian to Paul the philosopher, the one in whom "for the first time since Aristotle, Greek philosophy made a real step forward." In discussing the activity of Paul, Ramsay postulates a distinct philosophy of history, which is stated thus: (1) the divine alone is real; all else is error; (2) a society or a nation is progressive in so far as it hears the divine voice; all else is degeneration; (3) all men and every human society can hear the divine voice; but they must coöperate ere the communication can take place (p. 12, ff.). While Ramsay admits that Paul's view is not inconsistent with the best thought of the Hebrew prophets, he contends that such a view "could not have been thought out in the form which Paul gave it without a training in Greek philosophy." Readers who hold that Paul is more Jew than Greek, more prophet than philosopher, and who believe that Paul gets his world-view from Daniel and the Jewish apocalyptists and his broad-minded universalism from his religious experience of the divine power which he calls Christ or Spirit, will be stirred if not convinced by this important work. The book itself is well furnished with maps, plates, and cuts, but unfortunately has no index.

A short time ago, Dr. R. H. Charles published an English translation with full introduction and commentary of the interesting ethical document known as The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, a document written in Hebrew about 100 B. C., but now existing, with Christian interpolations, in various translations—Greek, Armenian, and Slavonic. In the present volume ("The Greek Versions of the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," Henry Frowde), which closely follows the former volume, the scholar has a Greek text which definitely supersedes that of Sinker, and a practically exhaustive *apparatus criticus* of all the versions. No student of the ethics of the New Testament can afford to neglect this inspiring voice from Late Judaism. A sentence or two from Charles's translation of the sixth chapter of Gad may be quoted to indicate the value of the Testaments:

> Love ye one another from the heart; and if a man sin against thee, speak peaceably to him, and in thy soul hold not guile; and if he repent and confess, forgive him. But if he deny it, do not get into a passion with him, lest catching the poison from thee he take to swearing, and so thou sin doubly. And though he deny it, and yet have a sense of shame when reproved, give over reproving him. For he who denieth may repent so as not again to wrong thee; yea, he may also honour thee, and be at peace with thee. But if he be shameless and persisteth in his wrongdoing, even so forgive him from the heart and leave to God the avenging.

The twelfth *Lieferung* of Prof. Morris Jastrow's "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann), containing part of Chapter xx., "Vorzeichen und Deutungslehre," corresponding to Chapter xix. of the original, brings this translation within sight of completion. There is to be one more part, to which will be added an excursus by Dr. Hüsing on the "Gods of Elam," a full bibliography and indexes. The author also promises a "Bildermappe," containing temple plans, representations of typical gods and demons, religious and mythological scenes from seal cylinders and votive objects, processions of the gods, sacrificial scenes, and the like. The complete translation, exclusive of the cosmology, etc. (that is, the last seven chapters of the original), which is reserved for separate treatment later, will be about twice as large as the original work, published ten years ago. The next step, apparently, will be the translation of this translation back into English.

"Philotesia: Paul Kleinert zum 70. Geburtstag dargebracht" (Berlin: Trowitsch & Sohn), is a collection of technical articles by associates and friends of Professor Kleinert of Berlin. Among the contributors are Adolf Harnack, Hermann Diels, Karl Holl, Paul Gennrich, Emil Kautzsch, Ernst Breest, Eduard Simons, Daniel von der Heydt, Emil Meyer, Eduard von der Goltz, Rudolf Frankh, Hans Kessler, Julius Kaftan, Karl Müller, Graf Baudissin, Carl Schmidt, Max Lenz, and Emil Seckel. The topics include Oriental, Jewish, and Greek religion, Christian antiquities, the Reformation, earlier Protestantism, and modern church problems. The many-sided character of Kleinert explains the exceptional range of topics.

As the twenty-first part of the well-known series, Porta Linguarum Orientalium (Berlin: Reuther & Reichard), Prof. C. Brockelmann of Königsberg will publish a "Kurze vergleichende Grammatik der semitischen Sprachen." This work is intended to take the place of Prof. H. Zimmern's "Grammatik," now out of print and not to be republished. The larger work of Dr. Brockelmann on the same subject, known as the "Grundriss," of which a part has been published, will soon be completed. It will contain in full the scientific processes, while the "Kurze Grammatik" will give the results in a manner especially adapted for students.

"Einsames Land: Erzählungen und Stimmungsbilder," by Dr. Wilhelm Münz (Frankfurt a. M.: J. Kauffmann), contains an orthodox Jewish rabbi's thoughts on the practical religious questions of the time.

"An des Daseins Grenzen: Geschichten und Phantasien," by Max Haushofer (Munich: C. H. Beck), is a posthumous collection of speculations on the problems of the great beyond by one who felt the presence of death and was endowed with an exceptionally brilliant imagination.

The fourth annual issue, for 1907, of A. Hortzschansky's "Bibliographie des Bibliotheks- und Buchwesens" (Leipzig: Harrassowitz) contains about 150 titles more than the issue for the previous year, in spite of the omission of not a few periodical bibliographies of special subjects. This omission would seem to be a mistake, especially if taken in connection with the enumeration of such fugitive material as annual reports and finding lists of American public libraries.

In "Luther, wie er lebte und wirkte," by Hugo L. Braune (Leipzig: M. Heinsius Nachfolger), the leading feature is the abundance of fine illustrations; the text is little more than an explanation of the pictures.

"Luther et le Luthéranisme," a work by the Catholic professor of theology in Moulins, Dr. L. Cristiani, is a criticism of the German reformer and his work. It appears with a preface by Dr. Baudrillart, rector of the Institut Catholique of Paris. Special chapters are devoted to "La Grossièreté de langage de Luther" and "Luther et le démon." (Paris: Bloud & Cie.)

To the student of contemporary history the book by Eug. Réveillaud, "La Séparation des églises et de l'état" (Paris: Fischbacher), offers a great variety of useful material somewhat loosely knit together but presented in an interesting fashion by a practised journalist and politician. The author, a member of the French Chamber, played a distinguished part in the debate on the Separation law. His book contains his own and many other speeches, with a running commentary on the debate. The first part gives an historical résumé of the relations between Church and State in France; the third part, the text of the laws of 1905 and 1907, with the ministerial circulars that their enforcement necessitated.

The Danish Academy of Sciences has published the "Anecdota Cartographica Septentrionalia," edited by Axel Anthon Bjornbo and Carl S. Petersen (32 folio pages of text with 11 charts, 3 colored). This is a collection of rare charts dating back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They are mostly maps of portions of Scandinavian lands, but the collection includes also a chart of North America, 1636, by Joris Carolus.

The present copyright law in Russia, which is based on governmental decrees of 1828, 1830, and 1857, is being thoroughly revised by the Duma. The new provisions aim chiefly at the protection of foreign authors, whose productions are translated into Russian. Authorship rights for foreigners are to extend over a period of fifty years.

The Société Préhistorique de France will hold its fourth annual congress at Chambéry (Savoy) the last week in August. Three days will be devoted to business meetings and visits to the museums, private collections, and monuments of Chambéry. The rest of the week will be spent in scientific excursions to Aix-les-Bains, the town and lake of Annecy, the lake of Bourget, which will be dredged for prehistoric relics, the lake of Aiguebelette, the sculptured rocks of Mont Cenis, and the Tarentaise valley. Among the topics discussed will be the "Age of the Lake-Dwellers," "The Relation between the Palæolithic Period in Savoy and Glacier Distribution," "The Neolithic Period in the Alps," and "Prehistoric Sculptured Rocks."

The International Historical Congress of the War of Independence and the Period (1807-1815) will take place at Saragossa October 14 to 20. According to present arrangements, it will be divided into six sections, as follows: (1) Political history of the Peninsula (1807-1815); (2) military history; (3) internal history; (4) relations with the history of foreign countries; (5) studies relating to the siege of Saragossa; (6) bibliography, memoirs, biography, correspondence, unedited material. All persons may take part by sending their address and fifteen pesetas to the president of the committee of organization, Bureau de l'Exposition Hispano-Française, Saragossa.

The Rev. George Edmands Merrill, president of Colgate University since 1899, died June 11. Born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1846, he was graduated from Harvard in 1869, and from the Newton Theological Institution in 1872. After holding pastorates in Baptist churches in Springfield, Mass.; Salem, Mass.; Colorado Springs, and Newton, Mass., he was called to Colgate. He was author of "The Story of the Manuscripts" (1881), "Crusaders and Captives" (1890), "The Reasonable Christ" (1893), and "The Parchments of the Faith" (1895). He also wrote on the Song of Solomon in the "American Commentary" on the Old Testament.

William Leete Stone, a voluminous writer on subjects in American local history, died in Mount Vernon June 11, at the age of seventy-three. After graduation from Brown in 1858, he was admitted to the bar, but he gave a large amount of his time to business and to writing. Among his books are "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson," "Revolutionary Letters," "Pausch's Journal," "Burgoyne's Campaign and the St. Leger Expedition," "Life and Military Journals of Major-General Riedesel," "Letters and Journals of Mrs. Riedesel," "History of New York City," "Reminiscences of Saratoga and Ballston," "The Saratoga Battle Grounds," "Ballads of the Burgoyne Campaign," "Sir John Johnson's Orderly Book," "Historical Guide Book to Saratoga Springs and Vicinity," "The Starin Genealogy," "The Stone Genealogy," "Life of Governor George Clinton," and "Life of John Hay." He also contributed largely to Appleton's "Cyclopædia" and Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography."

The Rev. George Clark Hutton, D.D., at one time joint-principal of the United Free Church of Scotland College, Glasgow, has just died at the age of eighty-three. He has to his credit a large number of theological works, including "Divine Truth and the Fact of Its Self-Revelation," "The Rationale of Prayer," "The Ascent of Man," and "The Case for Disestablishment in Scotland."

The Parsi community of India has lost one of its most distinguished scholars by the death at Poona, at the age of seventy-five, of Shams-ul-Ulma Sirdar Khan Bahadur Dastug Hosang Jamsap, Ph.D., high priest of the Parsis of the Deccan, who traced his descent from an unbroken line of the Zoroastrian priesthood through many centuries. According to the London *Times*, he was familiar with at least a dozen languages, in addition to Gujerati, his mother tongue, and at the time of the mutiny his mastery of Persian and Urdu was of great assistance to the British authorities in the discovery and interpretation of treasonable correspondence. But it was in realm of Zoroastrian research that he was most distinguished. He worked with the well-known Avesta scholars, Drs. Haug and West, devoting himself specially to the second of the two languages of the Zoroastrian scriptures, Pahlavi. A difficult and obscure work in that language, known as "Shikund Gumani," which he next edited, was published by the Clarendon Press, under the supervision of Dr. West. The Bombay government, recognizing the importance of such research to the Parsis of Western India, bore the cost of the publication of this and kindred works. The Parsis of the Deccan held their chief spiritual guide in great veneration, and quite recently those of Poona published an ornate volume of his sermons and addresses.

LEADERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Jefferson Davis. By William E. Dodd. [American Crisis Biographies.] Pp. 396. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Alexander H. Stephens. By Louis Pendleton. [American Crisis Biographies.] Pp. 406. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Judah P. Benjamin. By Pierce Butler. [American Crisis Biographies.] Pp. 459. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

Lee and His Cause: or the Why and the How of the War Between the States. By John R. Deering. Pp. 183. New York and Washington: The Neale Publishing Company. $1.50.

At last Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, and Judah P. Benjamin, the three leading statesmen of the Confederacy, have received adequate treatment as historical characters. Benjamin, aside from his record in the United States Senate and in the Confederate diplomatic correspondence, might almost have been called a mere tradition. Both Davis and Stephens were to nearly all elderly Southerners, objects of excessive admiration or of excessive dislike; but neither was well known in the North. The credit for this rehabilitation belongs to three young Southerners: Mr. Pendleton, a Georgian, and Messrs. Dodd and Butler, college professors in Virginia and Louisiana, respectively. Their tasks were very different, and they have not shown equal research and skill; yet each has manifested such wholesome sympathy with his subject while preserving such independence of thought and frankness of expression as to make his performance pleasing and highly valuable.

No open-minded person can read Professor Dodd's account of Jefferson Davis and continue to doubt that this famous Mississippian was first of all a thoughtful gentleman of quality; a clear-headed, upright, industrious, and progressive Secretary of War; a dignified, able, and thoroughly honorable, although highly ambitious Senator; and a President whose unflagging zeal and powers of leadership and administration proved him to be, if far from perfect, still the best available head of the Confederacy. And even in his weaknesses he was an almost perfect exponent of the people and the cause he served. Davis can hardly be called a thoroughly great and lovable character, like Lee or Lincoln; but as he had in him some of the stuff of which heroes are made, he will always inspire interest and respect. With equal clearness and force. Professor Dodd has destroyed Davis's constant assertion after 1860, and the common Southern belief, that he was a conservative. Davis's natural poise and excellent manners forbade that his methods should be those of the "fire-eaters." But the policies he advocated, the demands he made for the protection and strengthening of slavery were exactly in harmony with the main aims of Rhett, Yancey, and the other furies. With Davis as a running illustration, Professor Dodd shows the growth of the Southern infatuation for slavery, which, in the Southwest, advanced to the verge of an open and enthusiastic demand for the renewal of the African slave-trade. In Professor Dodd. however. Davis has a stout defender whenever he merits one. as he often does; and whether the biographer praises, defends, or criticises, he displays that most important but really rare quality in an historian—a passion for truth and a certain mental delight in compelling its acceptance.

Notwithstanding his superior qualities Professor Dodd must take heed lest his errors furnish hostile critics with weapons for his own destruction. He writes of Andrew Johnson as a shoemaker, instead of a tailor; of "Trescott of the War Department" when he means Trescot, Assistant Secretary of State; and of "Stonewall" Jackson's corps, instead of brigade, at the first Bull Run. South Carolina. according to Professor Dodd (p. 209), was richer than Massachusetts in 1860, although, in fact Massachusetts was then nearly twice as rich as South Carolina, after counting four-sevenths of South Carolina's whole population, the slaves, as wealth, when the Massachusetts laborers were not so counted. Then we are told (p. 321) that the Confederate cause might and ought to have been saved by rushing cotton to Europe in 1861; but the policy in which the Southern leaders were perhaps most nearly unanimous until 1863, and the one without which secession would probably not have been risked was, that by locking up the cotton in the South, England and France would have to come and break the blockade and help end the war. The Confederacy had no ships; and until the blockade became substantially effective, except against small ocean greyhounds, the price of cotton was not sufficient to tempt English ships of a kind that could both carry much cotton and enjoy a reasonable prospect of escaping confiscation. Accordingly this is a mere academic theory, which originated with the least practical of the Confederate chiefs. Professor Dodd asserts (p. 219) that there was a Confederate law making the African slave trade piracy. The Confederate Constitution did indeed forbid that trade, but it left to the Confederate Congress the task of making that prohibition effective by laws and penalties. The Congress did nothing whatever.

Unless you have been in scraggy Crawfordsville, looked over that plain house called Liberty Hall, with its unimpressive surroundings (which were once thought to resemble an academic grove), have seen the wretched roads and the many half-barren hillsides of that region, and have visited the abandoned and never fertile farm known as "the Stephens homestead." with a little cemetery in which are buried Stephens's kindred, mostly of the humblest class, you cannot fully appreciate either the resources or the limitations of the Vice-President of the Confederacy. Stephens's lucid speeches and morbid letters may seem to have left nothing untold; but they alone do not fully explain why, in a certain sense, everybody loved "Alec." or why he was also bitterly hated. How did it happen that at times he had more mental power than the ablest, and yet at other times was the weakest of the weak? By nature conservative, why did he crave political power and admiration at any honorable price? Although amply endowed with nominal courage and independence, why did he so often run with the crowd or pout in semi-solitude? We suspect that Mr. Pendleton is a martyr to circumstances. To solve the many enigmas of Stephens's life it would be necessary to study the sage of Liberty Hall as a physical weakling among giants, and a mental giant among weaklings, to analyze the Southern mind as it showed itself in different grades of society, and to expound the social and political dynamics of slavery. It should be remembered that the South does not relish criticism, especially when analytical. Our biographer may well have asked, with the poet:

> Had I words to complete it,
> Who'd read it, or who'd understand?

He has, at least, confined his narrative to an account of Stephens's main acts, without making a clear perspective or attempting a philosophical explanation of either the man or the epoch. Perhaps the most that the South would welcome as yet would be a mild and candid description of Stephens's acts, wise or unwise, his manners, and the qualities of his heart. Without adding anything valuable to the printed materials, Mr. Pendleton has given a good popular account of this pathetic career.

Few American public men have been so prominent in their inconsistency and unsteadiness as Stephens. Like a firefly, he was all light one moment and all darkness at another. Perhaps he will be longest remembered for his bold opposition to the Mexican war, his insistence that that war was not prompted by the interests of slavery, and then his equally bold insistence that slavery should fully share the spoils; for his speech at Augusta, 1859, telling the South that the advantages gained up to that time would be fruitless without "an increase of African slaves from abroad," because "it requires people of the African race to make slave States"; for his argument against secession, which was soon followed by great zeal in defence of secession; and for nearly four years of irrational, bitter. and very harmful opposition to Davis and to measures absolutely necessary to Confederate success. Of the many great handicaps of the Confederacy he was, says the latest biographer, the greatest. Ignoring the eternally true maxim, *inter arma silent leges*, he wailed, plotted, and caused serious embarrassments because, in a time of violent revolution, the letter of the Constitution was not strictly followed. On these and other subjects Mr. Pendleton has commented with a frankness that is admirable, although it will be certain to arouse unjust criticism. Yet there is nothing severe in Mr. Pendleton's comments, and he generously praises Stephens's numerous personal virtues.

In one chapter Mr. Pendleton seems to have felt entirely free to choose his own course. There he makes a long and interesting review of "Seventy Years of Disunion"—the different occasions when nullification or secession were conspicuously threatened. Not even here, however, does he impress one as a ripe student of history. Most of his chapters are meandering, conspicuously journalistic, and fail to show familiarity with the different phases of the larger questions. Professor Dodd preempted much of the general history; but Mr. Pendleton has not improved his opportunities. Surprisingly few details have ever been written about the Confederate Senate, over which it was Stephens's duty to preside; yet Mr. Pendleton has not vouchsafed to us more than a few commonplace remarks about it, and the words "Senate" and "Congress" are not even indexed.

What was most needed in relation to the smiling, silver-voiced, and facile Benjamin—unquestionably the most talented man in political life in the Confederacy, and Davis's closest friend and chief support in council—Mr. Butler has supplied. Long ago Benjamin's own relatives had become convinced that the thoroughness with which he had destroyed his papers and letters would make a satisfactory biography of him impossible. Yet Mr. Butler, from a thousand out-of-the-way places, has dug up the needed material and made an important and original contribution to history by presenting a practically complete record of this man, who was extraordinarily successful in law and in politics in America and in law in England. Benjamin's political career in Louisiana has been traced by a remarkable use of the newspapers of the time. The method is not new, but the results are above praise. At each period of Benjamin's life the biographer has found nearly all that was needed. Benjamin's letters describing his adventures by land and sea between the downfall of the Confederacy and his arrival in England, and the account of his second rise and more wonderful success, would seem like highly-colored romance if we did not know that they record facts. There was at different times a strong suspicion that Benjamin's honesty was not so unfailing as his smile and his readiness for any fortune. Mr. Butler makes no sophistical pleas. He admits, and even describes, the rather common suspicions, but he does not go to a conclusion, either one way or another, any further than the plain evidence warrants.

How did it happen that Benjamin freed himself from the obsession about "King Cotton," and, as a last resort to save the Confederate cause, inspired the policy of enlisting slaves as soldiers, and finally offered to surrender slavery itself for recognition? The reason is that he alone of all the prominent Confederates was a cosmopolitan. Like nearly every Northerner who settled in the South, he did as the Southerners did. This brilliant and not too scrupulous English Jew, who was partly educated at the North, who was the foremost lawyer in Louisiana, who was counted as one of the ablest and most agreeable Senators, and who tried planting on a large scale, had kept his mind active by reading literature and by an annual trip to Europe. Such a man could not long cherish what his biographer calls the "arrogant assumption that the old world must come and make suit to the Confederacy for its friendship." He, unlike all but a few, knew and enjoyed other civilizations, and could not be content with slavery-and-cotton provincialism.

Deering's so-called "Lee and His Cause" perfectly illustrates that old witticism that the Holy Roman Empire was thus styled because it was not holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. Yet perhaps this little volume of Memorial Day sentiment and of countless purple patches made up of fancy and fact, is not entirely worthless. It is so different from the foregoing biographies that it at least serves to point a contrast between the sentimental and imaginative and the realistic and historical methods of representing the past.

CURRENT FICTION.

King Spruce. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Bros.

A story of the Maine woods and the lumber interests needs to be unusual if it is to attract attention, since for these many years the logs have been floating down into print on floods of ink. Mr. Day's story stands up like a mountain peak among lesser fellows for its large proportions and virile treatment. The word power applies in full meaning to his novel, which has the dual strength of the hills and of humanity. Rough, often cruel, hills they are, and rough, contentious, humanity. But the petty is unknown. Man fights his fights, lives his isolated months in the wilderness, recognizes, whether for keeping or for transgressing, the wood's code, and helps or injures in large ways. One must not be squeamish as to scenes of violence. Nature's noblemen are forced to adopt nature's methods; nature's ignoblemen even more.

Added to the universal interests there is a contemporaneous situation. The timber baron aspires to be elected Governor of Maine. He is the exponent of all that is Philistine in lumbering and greedy in politics; while the young hero aims at intelligent forestry and enlightened legislation.

The Under Groove. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The McClure Co.

There are two bits of wisdom which the world is fond of bestowing on would-be authors. The young dramatist is told that the first ten minutes of his first act must be twaddle, because people are then taking their wraps off and banging seats. The young story writer is told that there is no market for volumes of short stories. The effect on the dramatist is that he meets the demand, and turns out twaddle. The effect on the writer of stories is that he publishes volumes of short tales which are bound together by the personality of a single dominating character, detector of crime, criminal, or mere dispenser of philosophy in dialect. From the number of such books published in the last few years, it is to be supposed that the device is a successful one, and that a volume of short stories with a single hero sells more easily than a collection of unrelated tales. But if it is true that such books sell more easily, it is also true that they read with increasing difficulty after the third or fourth chapter. Even Arthur Stringer, in his latest volume, has not escaped the pitfall of monotony, and this in spite of a style and method incomparably superior to the average level of craftsmanship that is brought to the writing of stories dealing with crime and Byronic criminals. In themselves the eight stories, with one or two exceptions, would make good reading; the first story is excellent. But the author has intensified the element of sameness by resorting in them all to that familiar device of the electric wire which, whether for telegraph, telephone, or power current, he has employed in earlier books.

Matthew Porter. By Gamaliel Bradford, jr. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

The theme of contemporary American politics continues to tempt our novel-makers, for the most part in vain. Why is it, the patient reader must ask himself now and then, that fumbling and half-heartedness are the rule in such attempts? Why are these honest and epoch-making statesmen, who are created almost hourly for our edification, such practical nuisances and bores? And why are the eager ladies whom they instruct, or who instruct them, in the duties of citizenship so uniformly dummy-like in their Egerian rôle? Why does the whole affair so commonly impress one as having been made "out of whole cloth?" Perhaps the reader does not take his politics seriously enough; or is it that he takes his fiction too seriously?

Mr. Bradford is a close student, and, as it were, an accomplished amateur, of politics. His Matthew Porter is Democratic candidate for Governor in that grim Republican stronghold, Massachusetts. He is possessed of or by an idea upon which his campaign is founded. It is an idea of engaging simplicity, to the effect that more power should be vested in the Governor, and less in the Legislature. He proposes to introduce what is practically the English Cabinet system into State politics, thereby enabling the Governor to direct legislation as well as to administer the laws. He is supposed to have immense personal force (to tell the truth, it does not leap from the page) by means of which he not only sways the crowd, but dominates the corrupt and reluctant bosses of his party. His means are not always upon the high heroic plane that an American is entitled to expect of his imaginary statesmen—as witness the interview with one Rooney, in which the reform candidate remarks, "I'm not the kind to make promises and I won't go into office tied up in any way; but I'm not the man to forget my friends either. If I'm elected, there'll be something for those that have helped me—provided they behave themselves and deserve it." One hardly marvels that "this sounded more like politics as Rooney understood them," and one inclines to think Rooney hardly dealt with when his request for a bird in the hand is met by a virtual threat of blackmail. Rooney "behaves himself." Porter is nominated and finds himself pitted against a Back Bay villain of a Republican whom in due season he defeats at the polls. Here the story ends, the implication being that the man has no difficulty in governing as he has said he will govern. His programme is simple enough:

> Let the Governor go to the people and say, "Look here. You elected me to do a certain thing. Here's a troop of nobodies who get in the way and tell me I shan't do it because it doesn't suit them. What about this?"

But it is a pity we do not see the Governor in action. For the rest, the narrative is cumbered with many irrelevant persons, and the inevitable love-theme is a wearisome affair.

The Postscript. By Eleanor Stuart. New York: The McClure Co.

That style of graceful, if studied, nonchalance conveyed from its Latin sources and made popular of late by Mrs. Wharton and others, continues to extend its mild influence. Miss Stuart shows herself mistress of it in the present little volume, the stuff of which is slight enough, but the way excellently contrived. The story-teller in this kind proceeds as an adept; finesse is the watchword. Things are to be said simply, though not commonly; but things in themselves are understood to be by no means simple. Saliency is to be given to subtilty in dealing with all data recorded, from the lifting of a lady's eyebrow to the after-worry of a homicide. It must be said that Miss Stuart's elegance has now and then the effect of strain. Her phrasing is almost too uniformly felicitous. It is well to read, "Peacocks spread the lazy vanity of their tails, and the sun made jewels in them like a guest dispensing largess at parting"; but the manner does not always fit the matter; all her little fishes of description cultivate the deep-water accent. At times the effect is frankly ludicrous. She comes upon a portrait of her dead husband in his youth. He wears a queer hat, but looks like a good deal of a man:

> Under obsolete headgear peered fearless Sandro's forces of the soul. This disciplined character—even in a photograph—smote the year 1888 with eternal verity, elemental force, and his peculiar energy which succumbed only to death.

This sounds like nonsense of a particularly irritating sort; it should be recorded at once that the writer seldom sinks to that level of unnecessary portentousness. The story is the not unfamiliar one of the young widow whose adoring memory of her husband is threatened with blight by the slander of an interested person. Her faith is restored, and, in her new sense of spiritual possession, the old sense of physical loss well-nigh ceases to be. The heroine is a rather commonplace little person, and one feels that the writer somewhat exaggerates the importance of her experience. Such a type, to acquire meaning, needs the sublimation of an interpreting art, and will by no means be put off with decorations of a fashionable artifice, however cleverly applied.

In the Dead of Night. By John T. McIntyre. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

For those who love a real mystery with a fortune of $200,000,000 at stake, with a grinning Chinese villain, three murders in a night, lurid scenes in Mott Street, a piratical dash on the East River, a lovely heroine, and a master hero just landed out of the stoke hole of a steamer which brings him from a South American revolution—for such as these is "In the Dead of Night." Mr. McIntyre has been unusually successful in ravelling up his mystery, but, as too commonly happens in these stories, the solution is an anticlimax. Too much that excited our curiosity is found to have been the mere work of chance; the dénouement is huddled up and arbitrary. Withal, we class ourselves unshamedly with those who take pleasure in such productions.

The Clutch of Circumstance. By James Barnes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In "Wonderland" this would be called a portmanteau story. Not content with the motive of lovers parted by slander and fraud, incriminating photographs and damning silences, the author gives us the drug-taking motive, the flippant other woman, the labor strike, the dynamited dam, then the murder and mystery motive, the familiar trial scene, the death-bed confession; and he finally lets us gayly cheer the bride. It is unquestionably commodious and fairly interesting. But the portmanteau story to be perfect must be packed solidly or on the journey the contents fall to hitching and fidgetting.

The persistent use of "will" for "shall" is not original with Mr. Barnes. Unfortunately he has abundant precedent. But let him look to his guides. Simplified grammar is, we trust, still in abeyance.

In Korea with Marquis Ito. By George Trumbull Ladd. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book carries its contents in epitome on the cover. Stamped in gold is the emblem of embattled Japan and her war-flag of sun and broad rays, obscuring the Korean symbol of cosmic dualism. The rising sun makes nearly invisible the lesser play of light and shadow. The story as stamped and printed is one of fact. Whether the symbol presages ultimate truth the oracle does not yet whisper; for Japan has not yet annexed Korea.

For the serious student Dr. Ladd's book by no means supersedes the works of Dallet, Hulbert, and others who have studied Korea in the perspective of history, language, and literature. It is, however, a clear and timely statement of personal impressions, unusual opportunities and experiences, and strong convictions. Its general tone is that of an advocate, even to partisanship. Yet the report corresponds closely with the knowledge of those who in the cool atmosphere of the study and from the native literature, have learned the truth about Korean character and history. Here is a nation, geographically unfortunate in being set between the two opposing nations of China and Japan. Under the crucial test of contact with Occidental civilization and adjustment to the new conditions, Korea has made a tragic failure. Professor Ladd's picture is a sad one. Instead of giving the people honest government and popular education—the cheap defence of nations—the rulers of Korea resorted to cunning and treachery. To play off one set of foreigners against another has been their idea of statesmanship. The real council board has been in the harem and eunuchs have been advisers of state. Patriotism has rarely risen above the idea of self-aggrandizement and personal plunder. When the native assassin (since this book was published) wounded Korea on American soil by shooting Stevens, he removed from earth the man who, under every scheme of plunder, whether ostensibly Japanese, American, or otherwise foreign, sought and found a native scoundrel.

It is perfectly true that while Japan was wrestling with Russia, hundreds of disreputable Japanese were in Korea as bullies, rowdies, and even as friends. One must not judge Japan by her soldiers only, who are under the discipline of a thousand years of knightly tradition. Indeed, as a people, the Japanese seem almost to possess a dual personality. Outside the canons of Bushido, there is no such general code of ideals or practice restraining the city rough, the rustic clown, and other rascals who are sufficiently numerous in Japan and who, when abroad, match Korean cunning and cowardice with brutal violence. Such undeniable facts have furnished men like F. A. McKenzie in his books "The Tragedy of Korea" and "The Unveiled East," the editor of the *Daily News* published in Seoul, and Homer B. Hulbert a basis for their vehemence of statement regarding Japanese cruelty. To each of these writers Dr. Ladd pays his respects. The coming of Marquis, now Prince, Ito to Korea, was the signal for the arrest and deportation of scores of these rascals who so violently misrepresented Japan's purpose and policy in Korea. As soon as peace allowed, Japan's chief constructive statesman was sent to begin what may be his crowning work in making Korea a modern state. Holding the military party in Tokio at bay, Ito, who as early as 1863 threw down the torch and sword to follow the slower, but surer methods of the civilian, now insists that Korea shall not be annexed but, though deprived of her power of intrigue, shall work out her own salvation by uplifting her people and developing the country's resources.

This is the burden of Dr. Ladd's book. With wealth of example, argument, and transcripts from varied experience, he sets forth his faith with extraordinary clearness. He is also courageous. Known as a lifelong friend of Christian missions, he yet lays open, with a surgeon's knife, the political motives that underlie much of the emotional Christianity of the converts and points out the unwisdom of some missionaries who seem to imagine that the kingdom of God is of this world. In one respect Professor Ladd's strong partisanship is at fault. The judicially-minded man, who remembers the days of incendiarism, assassination, and bloody turbulence of feudal Japan, cannot go with Dr. Ladd in his apparent ascription of current performances of bitterly disappointed patriots to the permanent characteristics of Korean people. Indeed to one who saw the real Japan of the seventies there is nothing discouraging in the future of the Koreans. Japan seemed once as hopelessly divided as Korea to-day.

The author's text is supplemented by protocols and treaties and is indexed and illustrated.

Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. Vols. I. and II. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.75 each.

When Professor Spingarn has produced his third volume of the present work, we shall have, beginning with Gregory Smith's "Elizabethan Critical Essays" and ending with W. P. Ker's "Essays of Dryden," a pretty complete library of our critical literature through the seventeenth century. To these may be added D. Nichol Smith's "Eighteenth-Century Essays on Shakespeare," which gives the heart of the critical debate of that age, and brings us down to the voluminous literature of the romantic revival.

All these works are notable for their excellent editing, and not least notable the two volumes just published. As for the essays, letters, and poems reprinted, it can only be said that they cover practically the whole field of seventeenth-century literary discussion, with the exception of Dryden's work, which Professor Spingarn has wisely left to be consulted in Professor Ker's edition. No one familiar with the age need be told that much of this writing has historic interest only, and that even in this respect it is for the most part disappointing. Yet there are a few of these essays that still challenge attention. First of all comes the selection from Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," with its biting analysis of the "three distempers . . . of learning: The first, fantastical learning: the second, contentious learning; and the last, delicate learning; vain imaginations, vain altercations, and vain affectations." It would not be difficult to fit the threefold warning of Bacon to the writers and scholars of to-day. Jonson's "Timber" also is full of grave discourse. His influence as champion of classic tradition, stalwart in theory but in practice often unfaithful, has never been properly worked out; perhaps we shall have such a study in the new edition of his works promised by the Clarendon Press. In the "Answer to Davenant" Thomas Hobbes gives his famous division of poetry into heroic, scommatic, and pastoral according to "the three regions of mankind, court, city, and country." Here, as in all his writings, he proves himself one of the great and undeceived knowers of human nature. Next in interest are Thomas Rymer's "Tragedies of the Last Age" and "Short View of Tragedy," unfortunately too long to be included in full. Macaulay thought Rymer "the worst critic that ever lived." We are not so sure about that. It is certain that Rymer had an abnormally keen scent for incongruities and absurdities; and his general condemnation of the Elizabethan drama for its defiance of simple structure and of moral consistency is as right from one point of view as from another is Lamb's ecstasy over the passionate beauty of individual scenes.

But withal the bulk of these two volumes is not only poor in substance, but so confused in aim that only a trained scholar is able to follow its lines of real development. If so presumptuous a generalization were permitted, one might find a curious alternation of unity and dispersion in the last four centuries. In the sixteenth century there predominates the single idea of a return to nature, as exemplified in the past—to the classics in the southern humanism, to the early fathers in the northern Reformation. The seventeenth century is confused by cross-currents of opinion, out of which gradually emerges the eighteenth-century conception of nature and reason—they are one—as the basis of philosophy, religion, political rights, and taste. Again, the nineteenth is broken up by uncertain tendencies pointing in every direction, from which there is apparently forming a conception of humanitarianism destined for a time to dominate every branch of philosophy. Whether so regular a scheme of contraction and expansion is fanciful or not, at least it is true that the critical literature represented in Professor Spingarn's volumes is filled with hints of half-digested ideas and marked by gropings in many directions. To such an extent does this prevail that, without the right key, a reader may flounder through treatise after treatise, and seem to get nowhere at all. The key is a knowledge of the contemporary and precedent critical writing of Italy and France. And here our editor, with his perhaps unique familiarity with this literature, comes valiantly to the rescue.

His Introduction is not easy, nor altogether agreeable, reading. There is a kind of bustling haste in its procedure, which might have been relieved by better composition, without sacrificing the ideas. It is, nevertheless, a highly valuable piece of work, showing in a single page more real grasp of the subject than Saintsbury's "History of Criticism" displays in a chapter. Here you will find the half-conscious hints of the English writers thrown into relief by comparison with the works of the Continent, so that what seemed a jumble of incoördinate and personal predilections takes the form of a large and almost continuous movement. These variously used terms of wit, humor, rules, judgment, fancy, nature, taste, reason, decorum, sense, profit, pleasure, become clear sign-posts on the way from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. Take, for example, these few lines of Professor Spingarn's on the most elusive word in language, Nature:

> This is the key of the whole matter: the universe conceived as governed by law, with general human nature as a microcosm of this mechanical order on the one side, man's mere whim on the other. So Rymer distinguishes nature alike from romance (*i. e.*, "la vague imagination") and from mere historic fact (*i. e.*, nature not réglée); and something of the same connotation still subsists in such phrases as "an unnatural mother" and the like. The century's outlook on life is summed up in a single critical term; no wonder then that the term should limit itself more and more to the specific interests of the age—to that social order which seemed the best safeguard against individual whim, and to the regulated life of cities—and that these should extend themselves in their turn until they seemed commensurate with nature itself. Civilized society was governed by the same order and law which seventeenth-century science was discovering in the physical universe, and the social code therefore represented the equivalent of "nature" in man's life. It was on this side that the Horatian "decorum" connected itself with "nature." When Johnson distinguished custom from nature, when Houdar de la Motte distinguished between the natural and the *naïf*, and Shenstone between natural and sentimental, they were not merely making distinctions of terms or adding to our knowledge; they were giving a new interpretation of life itself, such as the previous century would not accept. "Wenn Künstler von Natur sprechen," said Goethe, "subintelligieren sie immer die Idee, ohne sich's deutlich bewusst zu sein." The mechanical universe of the philosophy of Hobbes and Locke is thus the basis of seventeenth-century criticism; and the sense of mechanical order in nature was implicit in all thought. This was the highest justification of the Rules: they represent the order that is found in nature; they are "nature still, but nature methodized."

Such a paragraph shows the fulness of Professor Spingarn's learning and the somewhat crabbed condensation of his style. When his idea is once firmly grasped it affords a clue to unravel a large amount of misty talk about nature in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as in the present. Some of the most interesting of the critical treaties are reserved for the third volume, which promises also a full index.

Personalism. By Borden Parker Bowne. Pp. xli., 326. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

This volume comprises six lectures, delivered by Professor Bowne in 1907 at Northwestern University on the N. W. Harris Foundation. They expound the author's metaphysics of personalism, which he summarizes as follows:

> A world of persons with a Supreme Person at the head is the conception to which we come as the result of our critical reflections. The world of space objects which we call nature is no substantial existence by itself, and still less a self-running system apart from intelligence, but only the flowing expression and means of communication of those personal beings. It is throughout dependent, instrumental, and phenomenal (p. 277).

We are thus invited to believe that only these personal beings really exist, and that, as they communicate with one another, they project "on the great space and time screen"—which screen itself exists only through the mental construction of these persons—what we call nature. They project accordingly solar systems, mountains, lakes, and rivers, forests and the mineral resources of the earth, their own bodies and the bacteria and bacilli which at times infest their bodies. They impart to all these things the principles governing them, and thus make possible the various operations of nature, such as lightning and thunder, plague, pestilence, and famine. It is evident, therefore, that these persons have a good deal to communicate to one another, and that their remarks are often unkind and unseemly. Professor Bowne does not enumerate the instances of their communication with even the meagre details upon which we have ventured. If he had done so, it is difficult to believe that he would exhibit so much calm assurance about the truth of his metaphysics, or that he would think that his views must inevitably force themselves upon reflective inquiry. In the times of romanticism, when the imagination knew few restraints, and philosophers prized intellectual experiences of the dialectical kind above serious inquiry, Professor Bowne's metaphysics would doubtless have found a congenial atmosphere. But to-day, when the business of philosophy is not to create intellectual confusion in order to remove it afterwards through metaphysical theory, and when we are forced to think of persons, not as the creators of nature, but as parts of it whose great problem is that of self-maintenance, his metaphysics is likely to provoke amusement in many minds, rather than serious consideration.

Yet this kind of metaphysics is by no means uncommon at the present time. It maintains itself with conspicuous success in important seats of learning. The critic of it is hardly justified, therefore, in dismissing it simply because it amuses him. He is, doubtless, under obligation to discover the causes of its vitality. These are various, but two of them may be specified here because they are prominent in Professor Bowne's book.

Personalism and its kindred forms of metaphysics may not improperly be described as spiritual philosophies. They tend, because they make the things of the spirit prominent, to produce an emotional uplift which other philosophies usually fail to impart. We naturally demand of philosophy that it should afford consolation, but while naturalistic metaphysics is much more in harmony with our present scientific and industrial achievements, it has not generally succeeded in replenishing the springs of emotion. It finds it difficult, and, perhaps, inappropriate to conclude its speculations as Professor Bowne concludes his sixth lecture, with the quotation: "To as many as receive him, to them gives he power to become the sons of God." It presents itself, consequently, to many minds not simply as incomplete, but as essentially inadequate and misguided. Then, too, philosophy is strongly humanistic and can hardly fail to lay emphasis on personality. "Not to form abstract theories," says Professor Bowne, "but to formulate and understand this personal life of ours is the first and last duty of philosophy" (p. 318). That may be a restricted, but it is a noble conception of philosophy. It can be developed—witness Prof. George Santayana's "Life of Reason"—with beauty and intelligence without descending to the kind of metaphysics which "personalism" promulgates. But just because Professor Bowne emphasizes "this personal life of ours," he gives to his metaphysics the semblance of an interpretation of that life. Thus one cause of the vitality of his metaphyhics is found in its ministry of consolation and its regard for personality. Its genuine inadequacies are thereby obscured.

We find another cause in the fact that the metaphysics starts from the problem of knowledge and is controlled almost exclusively by that problem. The key to the interpretation of the world is sought not in what knowledge may reveal about nature, but in what knowledge may reveal about itself. Philosophy becomes thus detached from the natural and empirical checks which restrain the sciences and keep them from wandering so far away from nature that they can develop internal logical consistency at the expense of truth. Now to make the fact that we know, a problem, irrespective of the detailed consideration of the actual concrete information which we have about nature, has been a fashion current in philosophy since the time of John Locke. From the nature of the case it is a fashion whose devotees need not be at all concerned with those bodies of knowledge which are the results of scientific investigation. Philosophers of this type can find the deliverances of science entirely irrelevant to their philosophizing. It is natural, therefore, that they should feel a certain security about their own conclusions and impart to their reasonings an internal logical consistency which knows no external restraint. As science is not invoked for material, it need not be invoked for proof or refutation. The philosopher comes thus to believe that he has attained intellectual freedom and that he possesses profound insight.

Here is Professor Bowne's central argument:

> If the things themselves are really processes in space and time, they become anything articulate for us only through the ideas by which we fix the processes into a meaning. But, on the other hand, it is plain that these processes could not be grasped through these ideas unless they were really the expressions of ideas. It would be incredible that we should know things by ideas essentially unrelated to them; and as the ideas by which the things are constituted are independent of us, there must be a supreme intelligence behind the things which makes them the bearer or expression of the ideas. We cannot understand noises unless they are informed with thought, and they can be informed with thought only as there is a thinker at the other end. In the same way things can be grasped by thought only as they are the products of thought (pp. 118, 119).

A rushing river makes a noise. We may not ask Professor Bowne to produce the thinker at the other end, for his metaphysics is built up, not by considering that there are such things as rivers, but by considering the fact that we sometimes hear them.

Primitive Secret Societies: A study in Early Politics and Religion. By Hutton Webster, Pp. xiii, 237. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Professor Webster has hit upon an interesting and in some respects important topic of the miscellaneous science, if it be a science, known as folklore. Indeed, it was rumored some time ago that Dr. J. G. Frazer, who is the master of all who know in this out-of-the-way division of human learning, was devoting himself to the study of one branch at least of Professor Webster's theme—initiation ceremonies. It is obvious that these in their origin might throw light upon such diverse topics as the mass, freemasonry, the communion table, college "hazing," the Eleusinian mysteries, and indeed all the observances which guard exclusive portals. Mr. Webster has not even glanced at the wider issues of his subject. He keeps in a business-like manner to his theme and collects from the more or less familiar sources the practices relating to the societies within the clan and within the tribe from which some sections are excluded either by age or sex or other disqualification.

His starting point is the separation of sexes in the "men's house" found throughout Polynesia and even elsewhere. Adopting A. Crawley's ingenious view of the sexual origin of this separation in his "Mystic Rose," Professor Webster treats the "men's house" as the outcome of what he terms the puberty institution; and he deals with the secret rites, the training of the novice, and the power of the elders. All observers are agreed that the training the young savage receives on passing from boyhood to manhood is of the greatest possible value, and that it would be well if more civilized youths were equally drilled in obedience, in self-restraint, and in knowledge of the proper attitude toward the sex problem. These portions of the book are filled with curious and interesting details which lighten Professor Webster's somewhat wooden treatment with vivid detail.

After discussing the development and functions of tribal societies, Professor Webster traces their decline. He then advances to the chief novelty of his investigations, his attempt to prove that these societies are developments and manifestations of the original totemic organization of society. The evidence he adduces is scarcely convincing; and altogether the condition of our knowledge with regard to totemism has been so revolutionized by W. B. Spencer and F. J. Gillen that such a reconstruction is at the present moment somewhat hazardous. Nevertheless, Professor Webster's careful collection of facts constitutes in itself a valuable contribution.

Ancient Jerusalem. By Selah Merrill. Illustrated. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $6 net.

Dr. Selah Merrill's acquaintance with Jerusalem dates back to 1869, when he was connected with the American Palestine Exploration Fund, organized to conduct explorations east of the Jordan, while the English Fund cared for the West. In connection with that work he wrote "Explorations East of the Jordan"; and he is also author of a small popular book, "Galilee in the Time of Christ." For sixteen years he was American Consul in Jerusalem. His long experience in the Holy Land and his special opportunities for investigation led us to expect from this volume much pleasure and profit. We have been greatly disappointed.

It is a book of magnificent spaces, stately in appearance, printed on paper so heavy that the 400 pages feel like 600, with broad margins, short chapters, further divided, for the convenience of the reader, into sections, without foot-notes, with numerous maps and plans, and a reasonable number of photographic illustrations. Somewhat the same lavishness of space which we find in the printing of the book appears also in its composition. Many of the maps seem to be mere repetitions, only a close study revealing some small point of difference. Similarly the argument advances slowly, in a circular manner, as it were, with frequent repetitions.

The gist of Dr. Merrill's thesis is that, contrary to the generally accepted view of the present day, but in accordance with the view first propounded, we believe, by Robinson and now maintained by Conder, the original city of Jerusalem lay not on the eastern, or Temple, hill, but northward of the present Zion, or westerly hill, in the neighborhood of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and that the Acra, which plays so prominent a part in the story of the Maccabean contests, was located at this spot. The tombs beneath the Church of the Holy Sepulchre he believes to be the tombs of the ancient Kings of Judah. Dr. Merrill holds that he who would explore scientifically the topography of Jerusalem must begin with Josephus's account of the siege of Jerusalem in 70 A. D., and work backward and forward from that date; and he depends mainly upon Josephus, as he interprets him. To support this view that the hill north of Zion was the original city, the site of David's Millo, and of the Acra of the Maccabean period, Dr. Merrill abandons the commonly received view that Gihon of the Bible was the Virgin's Well, identifying it with Birket-Mamilla to the northwest of Jerusalem. Dr. Merrill is quite out of sympathy with modern views, and especially with modern views of the date and composition of Old Testament books, and on that account he fails to use the Bible effectively in his topographical studies. Moreover, his whole presentation is one-sided; he cites only that which tends to support his positions.

Science.

North American Trees: Being Descriptions and Illustrations of the Trees Growing Independently of Cultivation in North America, North of Mexico and the West Indies. By Nathaniel Lord Britton, with the assistance of John Adolph Shafer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $10 net.

This is one of the volumes in the American Nature Series, a group of works designed to "answer questions which the contemplation of Nature is constantly arousing in the mind of the unscientific intelligent person." The series is to be comprehensive. According to the prospectus, it is to include the following divisions: Classification, Functions, and Realms of Nature, Working with Nature, Diversions from Nature, Man in Nature and Evolution. The present volume, the third in the first division, ought perhaps to be judged as a member of the series rather than as an independent treatise. If it is compared with some of the recent works on North American trees, such as C. S. Sargent's "Manual" or R. B. Hough's "Handbook," a decided preference would probably be expressed for either of the latter on the score of convenience, and of superiority of illustration. Professor Britton, who is director of the New York Botanical Garden, has been compelled by the demands of the series to give us a ponderous work instead of a handy manual. The amateur would not carry this bulky volume into the woods for the identification of trees; but in the home library it can fill an honorable place.

The author has endeavored to meet the "unscientific intelligent person" about halfway, by giving great prominence to the common instead of the botanical names. In the descriptions of species, for example, the common name comes first, in large type, and with excellent effect. There is always the objection that the common names may be different in different localities, as in the case of wintergreen, checkerberry, boxberry, etc.; but in this period of upheaval in biology, the scientific names are not the same everywhere. This latter statement is abundantly illustrated by Professor Britton's treatise. For instance, a Florida tree belonging to the four o'clock family, here figures under the name Torrubia longifolia, whereas, Sargent gives it as Pisonia. The common name "blolly" is easier to remember than either.

Although Professor Britton has marked the geographical limits on the title-page as north of Mexico and the West Indies, he has wisely included many references to outlying species which are practically within reach of our South. Many tropical species, like mahogany, have invaded our extreme Southern limits, and they deserve a certain place in a treatise like this. The authors have brought together a considerable amount of trustworthy and valuable information relative to uses, pharmaceutical and other. There is a good glossary of technical terms, and a double index, which appears to be full and accurate.

Next week the Macmillan Company will publish the third volume of the "Cyclopædia of American Agriculture," edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey. This volume is devoted entirely to animals.

Henry Holt & Co. have in press a volume by Vernon L. Kellogg, called "Insect Stories," to be issued in their American Nature Series.

In "Nature Study: a Manual for Teachers and Students" (Charles Scribner's Sons) Frederick L. Holtz of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers has achieved a difficult and important task. He has attempted a practical textbook, embracing the whole field of natural science, for teachers of nature in normal training schools. No one mind can cover all parts of so vast and varied a field with equal ability; and it is therefore not strange that Mr. Holtz has treated some of his subjects superficially. Nevertheless, his book ought to be a helpful one to those for whom it was written. A somewhat jagged colloquial style results from the writer's adopting the attitude of a lecturer or instructor of a normal class. Part iii. gives "a graded course of nature study" which outlines for novices in teaching a method of continuous work which, though necessarily crude and incomplete, has many useful hints. In an appendix Mr. Holtz has a largely extended and classified list of useful books. This gives an impressive view of the enormous amount of nature literature afloat. And yet one observes some remarkable omissions, and wonders on what principle some of the selections have been made. Imagine, for example, a brief but excellent note on spider life wherein the writer ignores Emerton's "Common Spiders" and McCook's "American Spiders and their Spinningwork"; or that sends teachers to the ants, but gives them no clue to the last-named author's works on those insects, or to the numerous and admirable papers of Prof. W. M. Wheeler of New York, *facile princeps* among American (or indeed the world's) myrmecologists.

In the "Insect Book" (New York: the John Lane Co.), W. Percival Westell has given a brief but effective study of the more common insects of Great Britain. It does not aim to be a complete treatise. It does not affect strict scientific modes, but seeks to win the attention of the average reader to the attractive habits of creatures that everywhere surround us. Although written for British readers, it may well find a place upon an American library table, for the insect fauna of the two countries has much in common. Mr. Westell has succeeded in writing a delightful little book, easily read at a sitting, and in the main, accurate. But can he find good authority for his statement (p. 58) concerning "the wood ant" (apparently meaning Formica rufa), that "male ants accompany the females and help them to construct the insect city"? This seems to be wholly contrary to the general character of the male ant as a confirmed "gentleman loafer." One might also doubt if Mr. Westell has not gone too far in his aim to be popular and simple, by omitting so generally the scientific names.

Wilhelm Ostwald has issued, under the title "Der Werdegang einer Wissenschaft" (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft), a new edition of his "Leitlinien der Chemie," only a little more than a year after the publication of the first edition. In speaking of the relations of Berzelius to his successors, Professor Ostwald enlarges on the frequent fate of a great man, especially if he be a leader in science, to be superseded by his followers, who, so to speak, stand on his shoulders. In the life of such a man we can distinguish, says the author, three periods. At first he stands alone, far ahead of his time, understood by none; then the younger generation grasps the new idea and carries it triumphantly over all obstacles, while the leader, relieved from detailed investigations and intent chiefly on pointing out the way, gradually loses touch with the younger men. Now the third period begins, the most pathetic in the life of a great man, when he either entirely steps aside, content to let the development take its course, though he himself be out of sympathy with it; or when, from a sense of duty, perhaps, and wishing to serve his cause as long as life and strength remain, he struggles against the new ideas which he cannot understand, and which he regards as tending to destruction.

Henry Phipps of Pittsburgh has offered a large gift to the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore—the amount is said to be $500,000—for the foundation of a Psychiatric Clinic, on the lines of similar institutions in Europe. The funds are to provide for the construction of a four-story hospital building on the Johns Hopkins Hospital grounds, to accommodate sixty patients, together with rooms for private patients, modern apparatus, and laboratories for the investigation of mental abnormalities. In addition, Mr. Phipps will maintain a skilled medical and nursing staff, and will pay the salaries of a professor of psychiatry and his assistants.

Drama.

Tragedy. By Ashley H. Thorndike. [The Types of English Literature.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

It must be said that the *genre* attempted by Professor Thorndike in this not bulky volume is extremely difficult, if not impossible. In the first place the separation of tragedy from comedy forbids a full and unified historical view of the stage, and as a matter of fact Professor Thorndike's study suffers seriously in this respect; the physical conditions of acting in Shakespeare's day, important as they are for understanding the drama, are hurried over as being only half within his province. And to divide the work of a man—for most of the older dramatists wrote both tragedy and comedy—between two independent treatises must result in strange inconveniences, to say the least. On the other hand, even with one-half of the drama reserved for another book, it is impossible within so brief a compass to deal satisfactorily with English tragedy from the beginning almost to the present. Side lights and illustrations must be sacrificed. Thus, the personality of the tragedians can be seldom and scantily touched on. Yet the possible gain from anecdotes may be measured by Professor Thorndike's passing allusion to the fact that Marlowe's plays were composed to set off the acting of Edward Alleyn, whose stature (he was nearly seven feet tall) and imperial port had not a little to do with encouraging Marlowe in his extravagances as well as in his brave translunary things. And, beyond these lesser matters of biography lies the great field of history. There is only one way of comprehending the sudden alternations of passion, the bewildering conversions, and the whole absence of moral consistency in the Elizabethan tragedy (outside of Shakespeare, though even he does not entirely escape the confusion), and that is by comparison with the actual careers of the day. The life of Mary Stuart is the best commentary on the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

We must insist then that a good deal of the present work is necessarily unsatisfactory. It is not complete enough in detail to serve the scholar; it is often too meagre to preserve human interest. But, within the limitations, Prof. Thorndike has succeeded commendably. Perhaps, in his introductory chapters he has just fallen short in the difficult task of defining tragedy and marking out the scope of the work before him. Thus, in discussing the inevitable *katharsis*, he queries:

> Is it true that these elements of relief are always felt, or are always triumphant over our depression and dismay? May not the impressions of pain and destruction be unrelieved and overwhelming? What relief or exaltation is there in the first impression from "Œdipus," "Lear," or "Ghosts"? We are filled with confusion, dismay, pity. We cannot separate ourselves from the misery. We feel the intolerable burden of the world's woe. Our sympathies struggle beneath it, vainly, despairingly.

It seems to us, without entering into the question at large, that the impression produced by "Œdipus" and by "Ghosts" is essentially different, moral and liberating in the one case, physical and contracting in the other; and that this difference might have pointed the way to certain important generalizations which would have been serviceable throughout the book.

Elsewhere Professor Thorndike does not miss his opportunities. His tracing of mediæval methods into the Renaissance drama, his contrast of Christian and Senecan ideas, his connection of the Restoration with the Elizabethan stage, are notable both for scholarly understanding and clear execution. He is at his best, perhaps, in these historical sections, yet his characterizations of individual writers and plays, despite the limitations of space, are at times excellent. His comments on Chapman, for instance, are remarkable for saying much in little space. He is, of course, strong in praise of Shakespeare's fundamental qualities. Nevertheless, he is not afraid to speak of the "Elizabethan looseness of coherence" that marks the close of "Hamlet," or, while calling "Lear" an astounding triumph, to add that it does not "free itself entirely from a confusion of archaisms and absurdities." After the enormous efforts of Shakespearean scholars to justify the extravagances of these plays, it is good to hear the simple truth.

It is clear that Professor Thorndike has room in his sympathies for both the romantic and the classical conceptions of tragedy, as is shown particularly in his account of the eighteenth century. "Not one of the literary forms in which the eighteenth century excelled," he says, "and not one fully representing the pseudo-classical theories, tragedy cannot be fairly judged as representing classicism versus romanticism." The true romantic would not have given up his advantage so readily as that. Indeed, Professor Thorndike can add:

> Stage illusion and precision of effect may be aided by an observance of the unities, and the limitation of the action to a single plot, a few persons, and a few scenes—Shakespeare and encomiasts of his art to the contrary notwithstanding.

Yet, as a sign of his breadth or, may it be? a mark of conflicting ideas not quite reconciled in his mind, he can in the same chapter speak of "Johnson's salutary condemnation" of the unities.

Three new volumes (reckoning the double number as one) of the Tudor Facsimile Texts, from T. C. & E. C. Jack, of London, call for little comment, as they are of precisely the same character as the earlier issue reviewed in the *Nation* of April 16. For the present publication, Mr. Farmer, the editor, has taken four out of a group of seven "'Youth' and 'Prodigal' Plays," which together will cost £6 2s. 6d. net. One of the present quartos is a double number, containing the two parts of Henry Medwall's "Nature," reproduced from the only known copy (in the British Museum) of the only known edition (c. 1486-1500), though fragments of other copies exist. The second play is "Hickscorner," from a copy of the edition printed by Wynkyn de Worde some time in the first years of the sixteenth century. The date of composition is limited by an allusion to Newfoundland, discovered by Cabot in 1497, and another allusion to the ship Regent, destroyed by the French in 1512. The third play, "Youth," is from the unique copy, in the British Museum, of the edition of 1562. The relation of this edition to the two earlier known editions of the interlude will be set forth in another volume of Mr. Farmer's series. These collotypes, we need scarcely repeat, are beautifully made and reproduce the originals as exactly as human ingenuity can effect. J. A. Herbert, of the manuscript department of the British Museum, has compared the copies with the originals, and noted the least variation. In one or two places, the copy is slightly blurred, and in one place there is a spot, about the size of a pinhead, above a letter in the copy which is not in the original—variations that can scarcely alarm the most minute scholar. There are fifty plays already printed or in preparation, and others will be added if sufficient support is forthcoming. In one respect the usefulness of the books might be much improved at a comparatively small cost. A reprint in modern type ought to be added. This in double columns would require only a few pages of these quarto volumes.

Volumes XXIV. and XXV. of the Dowden Shakespeare have just been issued, in this country, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co. They contain "The Comedy of Errors," edited by Henry Cunningham (who prints "W. W.'s" translation of the "Menæchmi" in an appendix), and "King Richard the Third," edited by A. Hamilton Thompson. Mr. Cunningham holds to Malone's theory that Shakespeare spent part of his youth in an attorney's office.

The earlier and more general chapters of Jeannette Marks's "English Pastoral Drama" (London: Methuen & Co.) are feeble and sophomoric. The latter part of the book, which deals with specific pastoral dramas from the Restoration to the date of the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," has some value in so far as it gives brief notices of plays that very few even among professed students of the drama have read. The most valuable section of the book is the bibliography in the appendixes.

Among the most important of recent contributions to French dramatic literature is a versified drama which is a genuine poem, the "Polyphème" of Albert Samain, a piece in two acts which has been given by the Comédie Française. The author died eight years ago, known for rather subtle, exquisitely worded poems. This posthumous production is more likely than any of them to remain in French literature.

"Le Théâtre nouveau," by René Doumic, gives a literary appreciation of recent plays by the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The place the drama holds in contemporary French literature is shown by the fact that so many successful playwrights have been rewarded by seats in the French Academy—Paul Hervieu, Henri Lavedan, Jules Lemaître, Edmond Rostand, Maurice Donnay, and Jean Richepin in this volume. Among the others criticised are Lucien Descaves of the Goncourt Ten, Brieux, F. de Curel, Alfred Capus, Pierre Wolff, and the veteran Catulle Mendès. It is an event that Émile Faguet, another Academician, should have been obliged by ill health to abandon the historic chair of theatrical criticism at the *Journal des Débats*; his successor is Henri de Regnier.

Maurice Pellisson has translated into French the Danish investigations of Karl Mantzius on "Molière," the theatres, public, and comedians of his time.

Robert Mantell promises that at his engagement in this city next season he will give a spectacular revival of "Richelieu"; "The Merchant of Venice," with the scenery, dresses, and properties used by Beerbohm Tree in London; and "King John." This last is the most interesting announcement of all. It is so long since this play was presented here that it will come as a positive novelty to the vast majority of playgoers. Yet, as an acting play it stands high in the Shakespearean list. It is full of vital character and effective scenes. But it requires something more than one competent actor and a company of sticks. This was one reason, probably, why it did not figure in the later repertory of Edwin Booth. There are great possibilities in the parts of Hubert, the Bastard, Arthur, Elinor, and Constance, as well as in that of King John himself; and much may be made, by really able performers, of such lesser characters as Philip and Pandulph. Mr. Mantell, by a process of survival, has become, perhaps, the most prominent of our dwindling group of tragedians, and with capable support, especially in the leading female parts, he might become a dramatic figure of comparatively imposing dimensions. But he is not an actor strong enough or brilliant enough to make his way to the front, while laboring under such a handicap as he has been subject to during the last few seasons.

The London Stage Society has just produced "Links," by Herman Heijermann, the author of "The Good Hope," in which Ellen Terry played here some time ago. It is an intimate study of domestic life with dashes of coarse realism which are neither necessary nor pleasant.

During his coming tenancy of the London St. James's, Forbes Robertson will rely upon a new play by Jerome K. Jerome. He has, however, arranged to give a series of matinées of Henry James's piece, "The High Bid," produced a couple of months ago at Edinburgh.

Francis C. Bangs, whose death is announced from Atlantic City, was a sound and useful actor in his day. Born in Virginia about seventy-five years ago, he made his first appearance upon the stage in Washington, and soon became known as a promising novice. In the civil war he fought on the Confederate side. Upon the restoration of peace he returned to the stage, playing William Tell and other parts. He also taught elocution. His reputation, however, rested chiefly upon his Marc Antony, in which character he played, first with Edwin Booth, and later in the revival of "Julius Cæsar," with Davenport as Brutus and Barrett as Cassius. At first his performance was one of conspicuous merit, worthy of association with the fiery and intellectual Cassius of Barrett and the noble Brutus of Davenport; but in course of time it degenerated into an exhibition of mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. Afterward he played with success in "Sardanapalus," "The Silver King," "Michael Strogoff," etc. While his strength endured he was always an effective player in romantic melodrama.

Art.

The Keramic Gallery: Containing Several Hundred Illustrations of Rare, Curious, and Choice Examples of Pottery and Porcelain from the Earliest Times to the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By William Chaffers; second edition, revised and edited by H. M. Cundall. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $12.50 net.

How to Collect Continental China. By C. H. Wylde. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Lead Glazed Pottery. Part I.: Common Clays. By Edwin Atlee Barber. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.

A well-made and valuable, if somewhat colorless book, which undertakes to cover the entire field of pottery, has been improved, and, in many respects, brought down to date in Mr. Cundall's revised edition. The late William Chaffers came of a family of English potters. He had an encyclopædic mind, which from early youth was directed mainly to study of the keramic arts. The excellences of his chief work, "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain," have been freely acknowledged. "The Keramic Gallery" is less monumental, though as a popular presentation it has served a useful purpose. The substitution of admirable half-tone illustrations in place of the specially mounted prints accompanying the earlier volume would justify the new edition even if no changes had been made in the letterpress; and more than one hundred illustrations have been added in the new edition. It is, indeed, primarily a picture book of the achievements of the world's potters down to 1800. Changes in the text, as prepared by Mr. Chaffers, have been made solely in order to correct inaccuracies; and a few additional paragraphs contain material which was not within Mr. Chaffers's scope.

It would be strange if in a book covering so wide a field, a few minor inaccuracies and lacunæ did not still remain. The story, for example, of Böttger's discovery of kaolin in adulterated wig powder is stated as if it were well authenticated fact, instead of belonging, as many writers maintain, with the legendary accounts of Tell and the apple. Again no reference is made to recent discussions of the origin of imitations, discovered in England, of Chinese porcelain, apparently belonging to the Elizabethan era, and possibly made in Great Britain. Fault, possibly, might be found with the technical description of the treatment of clays, as practised at every good pottery. In particular the relationships of "lean" and "fat" earths—as fundamental in the potter's practices as the relations of "warm" and "cool" on the painter's palette—have certainly not been clearly developed.

But the book as a whole is a treasure house of trustworthy information. That from its nature the discussion lacks continuity, that developments in the art are never exhaustively and not always even suggestively followed out, is not, perhaps, to be charged against it; the letterpress of an illustrated "Gallery" is not expected to be a masterpiece of critical exposition. The data, at all events, have not been arranged in accordance with chronological and evolutionary sequences. The chapter on Persian pottery, for instance, has been placed at the very end of the book. Yet on the confines of Persia stanniferous pottery originated, and connection can be traced—as is indicated in another chapter of "The Keramic Gallery"—from the Persian potteries across northern Africa, through the Hispano-Moresque wares to Italy and the rest of Europe. Again, the discussion of Chinese and Japanese potteries and porcelains is singularly scanty and inadequate. In brief, the new edition is more likely to be useful to the collector who wants to know the characteristics and marks of, say, the hard-paste porcelains made in the provincial town of Wallendorf, in Saxe-Coburg, than to the student who desires rightly to relate the development of pottery to the history of civilization.

That details regarding the facture and marking of soft and hard-paste porcelains may be grouped around general truths in a manner illuminating to every-day readers, has been demonstrated in a much less impressive, and less expensive, volume than "The Keramic Gallery." C. H. Wylde's "How to Collect Continental China" is, to be sure, simply a popular monograph, printed on only moderately good paper, though with excellent illustrations on glazed inserts. For the benefit of collectors, it abounds in technical information; whole pages are given up to lists of the principal marks used at Sèvres and other manufacturing centres. Yet, because the description of each type is led up to with a little exposition of the personality and motives of the potters, the book leaves an impression of being readable and entertaining.

The central theme is that European potters in the seventeenth century, through a change of fashion that established a preference for Eastern porcelains rather than the enamelled wares popular up to that time, were compelled either to make some kind of porcelain, or go out of business. The art began in imitation; that it ended by exhibiting admirable qualities which, though delightful in and for themselves, differed radically from the prototype, was the result of no intention on the part of the originators. Wherever porcelain began to be made in Europe, the prime aim was to keep at home some of the money that was being spent upon Oriental products. In succinct narratives, Mr. Wylde describes the adventures and experiments of the founders of the principal European porcelain works—of such men as Böttger and Tschirnhaus, in Germany, and Charles François Hannong, the first maker of hard-paste porcelain in France. The illustrations are mostly groups of museum pieces, admirably selected. The author's hints concerning the detection of forgeries would, if consistently followed, put money into the pockets of many Americans who haunt auction rooms at home and abroad.

Dr. Barber's "Lead Glazed Pottery" is a useful addition to the series of Primers of Art for which the collections of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art afford extensive material. The information regarding the development of sgraffito and slip-decorated wares of European countries has been carefully collated from the accepted authorities. The author's original contribution has undoubted interest. German immigrants late in the seventeenth century started numerous small pot works in Pennsylvania; and Dr. Barber has brought together for the first time entertaining data concerning these early attempts. If pictures had been omitted, an impression might have been left of rather an important fictile art—one comparable with that of making colonial furniture. A few of the tulip decorated dishes, as a matter of fact, are not altogether contemptible as works of art. But many of the illustrations reveal among the colonial potters the crudest draughtsmanship and taste. The worst of these, it should be said, belong to the post-revolutionary period. A sgraffito pie plate, by Johannes Neesz of Tyler's Port, Pa., depicting an impossible George Washington on a horse a little larger than an eohippus, is a particularly horrible example.

The third volume of the "Storia degli Scavi di Roma," by Commendatore Rodolfo Lanciani (Rome: Loescher), carries the history from the accession of Julius III., in

1550, to the death of Pius IV., at the close of 1565. Between the reigns of these two pontiffs fell those of Marcellus II. and of Paul IV. The reign of Marcellus is notable only for its extreme brevity—twenty-two days—and for the fact that he is said to have contemplated the banishment of all music from church services, from which dire possession he was delivered by hearing a mass of Palestrina. The Popes whose names mark the beginning and end of the three lustra covered by Lanciani in the present volume are both noteworthy to the student of Roman topography and archæology. Under Julius III. three great villas and their collections of antiquities were built up—the Villa Giulia, the Villa Mattei, and the Villa Medici. The story of these three undertakings forms the main part of Lanciani's chapter on this reign. He also describes the dispersion of the treasures, overstepping, as in the second volume, the chronological limits of his period in order to avoid a disjointed narrative. The reign of Pius IV. has left its mark all over Rome for the veriest tourist to observe and admire. The many embellishments of the Vatican Palace, the fortifications of the Borgo and of the Castle, the Porte Pia and del Popolo, with the roads leading from them, the restoration of the Acqua Vergine and of the Pantheon, with scores of other important works, have made a lasting impression upon the character of the city. The volume concludes with full indexes, after the general manner of those in the preceding volume, and an interesting appendix on the Roman antiquaries of the sixteenth century.

Under the general title of Studien über christliche Denkmäler, Johannes Ficker is publishing through Dieterich, in Leipzig, an elaborate collection of archæological material from the early Christian church. The fifth and sixth parts, entitled "Kleinasiatische Denkmäler aus Pisidien, Pamphylien, Kappadokien, und Lykien," by Hans Rott, with additions by Dr. K. Michel, L. Messerschmidt and Dr. W. Weber, contain 8 tables, 130 illustrations, and an archæological chart of Asia Minor. The data are mostly the result of special research during the years 1906 and 1907. The four other parts of the series, which have all appeared within the past twelve months, are the following: "Gebet und Bild in frühchristlicher Zeit," by Karl Michel; "Die frühchristliche Darstellungen von der Kreuzigung Christi," by Johannes Reil; "Das geographische Mosaik von Madaba: die älteste Karte des heiligen Landes," by Adolf Jacoby; and "Die christlichen Denkmäler des ersten Jahrtausends in der Schweiz," by S. Guyer.

The house of Wilhelm Weicher of Leipzig has begun, in pamphlet issues, a richly illustrated work, "Die Meister der Malerei und ihre Werke: fünf Jahrhunderte Malkunst in Deutschland, Italien, Spanien, Frankreich, England, und den Niederlanden," by Max Rooses, director of the Museum Plantin Moretus in Antwerp. The author purposes to give a careful account of the development of painting in Europe from the year 1400. The first fasciculus, devoted to the earliest painters of the Netherlands, promises good things. The work is to appear in twelve parts, with nearly five hundred illustrations, and to be completed by the end of the year.

At Christie's, London, May 29, the collections of the late Sir James Knowles and the late Sir Robert Loder were sold. Among the more important items were the following: Watts, The Rider on the White Horse, £273; D. G. Rossetti, Proserpine, £325; Romney, Portrait of a Lady, in white dress, £315; Hoppner, Mrs. Sophia Dawson, in white dress, £997; Mrs. Sarah Dawson, in white dress, £703; William Dawson, in blue coat, £220; Reynolds, Woody Landscape, intersected by a stream of water, £430; Gainsborough, Portrait of the Artist's Daughter (Mary the youngest), £4,777; Portrait of the Artist's Wife (Margaret Burr), £2,782; Lawrence, Heads of Emily and Laura, daughters of C. B. Calmady, Esq., £588; Two Young Children, with fruit in a landscape, £399; A. and L. Le Nain, A Children's Concert, £1,333; Claude Lorraine, The Fishermen and Angler, £671; J. van de Capelle, A Calm, £1,102; J. Ruysdael, The Bleaching-Ground, £987. A Drawing by T. M. Richardson, In the Pass of Glencoe, brought £242.

Finance.

FINANCIAL MARKETS AND NOMINATING CONVENTIONS.

One of the traditions of financial markets is that a Presidential election, in its effect both on general trade and on the stock exchanges, is very unsettling. Immediately before the nominations there is likely to be almost complete suspension of activity on the exchanges. On May 19, transactions on the New York Stock Exchange were 1,400,000 shares, and they followed a series of "million-share days." As recently as June 2, the day's trading nearly touched the million-share mark. Yet on four days of last week, when the Republican Convention was assembling at Chicago, the daily record did not rise above 200,000 shares. On one day it declined to 147,000, and it has continued around that insignificant figure during the present week. This action is by no means without precedent. A few weeks before the nominating convention of 1904, from a million to a million and a quarter of shares were often sold on the New York Exchange; yet in the week before the nomination the daily total dropped to between 200,000 and 240,000. In May, 1900, the average full day's trading ranged from 500,000 to a million shares; but on the eve of the Republican Convention at Philadelphia, in the third week of June, it ran repeatedly as low as 150,000 shares.

On each of these three occasions, the decrease was due unquestionably to the feeling of large investors and speculators that they were facing an uncertainty. True, McKinley's renomination was taken for granted by every one in 1900, and Roosevelt's in 1904. Nevertheless, there remained the chance of a different outcome. Nominating conventions, however docile, are subject to peculiar influences. The financial mind has never quite got over the shock of 1896, when Bryan's florid oratory set the Democratic convention wild, and overturned all previous plans. Apparently, the Republican Convention of this present week had as sure a programme before it as did those of 1900 and 1896, but it was still a mass-meeting in the guise of a nominating convention, and this was still an after-panic year. People who buy stocks in expectation of higher prices, or sell in expectation of lower, have evidently taken counsel of prudence pending actual results, as they did four and eight years ago.

This particular restraint is only temporary. The question of larger interest is, just what effect the campaign itself may be expected to have on trade, and thence on the financial markets. In other words, will the traditions of a dull and reactionary "Presidential year" be fulfilled in 1908, or not? The first point to examine is the real cause of the unsettled markets of previous Presidential years. Were they a result merely of the fact that a change of executive was possible? The possibility of such change means uncertainty as to public policies. Therefore business plans naturally halt. For example, a manufacturer may prefer the lower tariff; but it will make considerable difference to his business plans and arrangements which policy is pursued, and he cannot well make extensive preparations for the longer future until he knows under which he is to work. Uncertainty as to the standard of value, as in the campaign of 1896, and to a less degree in 1900, is even more unsettling; for the verdict at the polls might mean absolute financial confusion. It is not strange that, while such an issue was being fought out, industry should have rested on its oars.

How much of the "Presidential year reaction" has been attributable to these particular causes, and how much to general doubt as to the effect of unseating the party in power, is an open question. General considerations would seem to have been the controlling influence, for example, in the trade hesitation during the campaign of 1880, when neither currency nor tariff was really at issue. That such reaction was almost wholly absent, after the nominations of 1904, may probably be ascribed, not alone to the fact that the currency had ceased to be a point of dispute, but to the country's conviction, from the first, that Mr. Roosevelt's success was assured.

It is at least possible that, as events develop, a similar feeling will arise this year, in spite of the practically uniform precedent, that the party in power during a severe financial panic is unseated in the ensuing Presidential election. Events beyond the control of either party have thus

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far been unusually favorable to the Republicans. Nothing usually stops financial reaction or distress more speedily than an extraordinarily abundant and profitable harvest; and at the present moment, this is precisely what is indicated.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Art in England during the Elizabethan and Stuart Periods. Lane. $2.50.
Bailey, Joseph Whitman. First Impressions of Europe. Grafton Press. $1.25 net.
Bayne, S. G. Quickstep through Scandinavia. Harpers.
Brisbane, Arthur. Mary Baker G. Eddy. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. $1 net.
Bureau of Labor Statistics of the State of Illinois, Fourteenth Biennial Report of the. Springfield: Phillips Bros.
Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, Classified Catalogue of the. Part IV. Pittsburg.
Chaddock, Robert E. Ohio Before 1850. Columbia University.
Childs, Mary Fairfax. De Namin' of de Twins. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1 net.
Dieserud, Juul. Science and Anthropology. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Dillon, John M. Motor Days in England. Putnams. $3 net.
Elkus, Savilla Alice. The Concept of Control. New York: The Science Press.
Enright, Maurice. The Ridgefield Tavern. Brooklyn: The Eagle.
Galsworthy, John. The Island Pharisees. Putnams. $1.50.
Greenwood, William. Horace. Des Moines, Ia.
Gresham, Otto. The Dred Scott Case. Chicago: Barnard & Miller.
Hamilton, Cecily. Diana of Dobson's. Century Co. $1.50.
James, Henry. Views and Reviews. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. $1.50.
James, William. Dictionary of English and German Languages. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Kent, George H. The Ware Collection of Blaschka Glass Flower Models. Cambridge, Mass.; University Bookstore.
Kintzing, Pearce. Long Life and How to Attain It. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Land Title Registration Law of the State of New York. Completely Indexed. Albany: M. Bender & Co.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The Immortality of the Soul. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. $1 net.
McDermott, Charles H. The Gospel of Greed. Boston: Chapple Publishing Co.
O'Sullivan, Denis. The Cold-Storage Baby. Oswego, N. Y.: Ontario Publishing Co.
Pemberton, Max. Sir Richard Escombe. Harpers.
Pollock, Simon. The Russian Bastille. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Preuss, Arthur. A Study in American Freemasonry. St. Louis: B. Herder.
Pyle, Howard, and others. Adventures of Pirates and Sea-Rovers. Harpers. 60 cents.
Rhodes, James. The Training of the Imagination. Lane. 50 cents.
Roberts, Charles G. D. The House in the Water. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Roeder, Adolph. Practical Citizenship. New York: Isaac H. Blanchard Co. $1.50 net.
Ross, Edward Alsworth. Social Psychology. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Sarolea, Charles. Cardinal Newman. Imported by Scribner's. $1.25.
Scudder, Sam. The Counterfeit Citizen. Broadway Publishing Co. $1.50.
Selous, Frederick Courtney. African Nature Notes and Reminiscences. Macmillan. $3 net.
Stanton, Rossington. An Essay on the Distribution of Livelihood. New York: C. O. Farwell. $1.50.
Strachey, J. St. Loe. Problems and Perils of Socialism. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
Talbot, Arthur N. Tests of Cast-Iron and Reinforced Concrete Culvert Pipe. Urbana; University of Illinois.
Tardieu, André. Notes sur Les États-Unis. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
Taylor, John M. The Witchcraft Delusion in Colonial Connecticut. Grafton Press. $2 net.
Upson, Henry S. Insomnia Nerve Strain. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Walker, W. L. The Teaching of Christ. Imported by Scribner's. $1 net.
Ware, Richard D. In the Woods and on the Shore. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Yriarte, Charles. Francesca Di Rimini. Translated by Arnold Harris Mathew. London: David Nutt.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908.

The Week.

It was to New York, not to Mr. Sherman, that the Convention threw the Vice-Presidency. The managers thought it safest to play the old winning combination, Ohio and New York. Hayes and Wheeler, Garfield and Arthur, McKinley and Roosevelt—now Taft and Sherman. The latter has been a plodding Congressman, like any other. Outside his own State, he has been known merely as an excellent parliamentarian. As a practised Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House, he has been an excellent presiding officer; and if the only function of the Vice-President were to be President of the Senate, the choice of Mr. Sherman would be thoroughly justified. But the possibility that he may become President of the United States, seemingly never occurred to the Convention. The work of the Presidency is now a crushing burden; its risk to life obviously great; and the Constitutional successor ought always to be selected with a view to his fitness for the greater office. In that light, not even Mr. Sherman's warmest friends have ever put forth claims in his behalf. To nothing but geography, and the strategy of the campaign against Bryan, does he owe his nomination. It seems also to have been overlooked that Mr. Sherman has one serious drawback. As chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, he went to Mr. Harriman two years ago to solicit money. His rebuff led to Roosevelt's violent attack upon the man from whom he himself had taken $260,000 in 1904. In a year when the whole question of campaign contributions is to play an unprecedented part in the battle, it was a tactical mistake for the Republicans to put forward a man who will so vividly recall their eagerness to get corporation and "undesirable" funds.

The attempt to reduce the Southern representation in the National Republican Convention has failed again. Representative James F. Burke of Pittsburgh was leader in the fight to equalize the representation of voters in the Convention in which 13,000 Ohio voters had one delegate, while 136 voters in South Carolina had an equal representation. Thus the Southern Republicans wield an influence wholly disproportionate, when one remembers the solidarity with which the South votes for the other side. More than that, these Southern delegates made possible the dictation of Taft's nomination by the President, precisely as their venality made it possible for Hanna and his McKinley syndicate to buy the nomination twelve years ago. It is impossible to pretend with a straight face that the conventions of 1896 or 1908 represented the will of the bulk of the Republican party. Shrewd party managers of the Hitchcock and Hanna types, using money or Federal influence, will often be able to name the Republican nominee months or years in advance of the Convention. But for the Ohio delegates, who were bound, we suppose, to stand by the men who have made Taft's nomination possible, this injustice and source of corruption would have been ended last week.

Senator Lodge's speech at the Convention could not but shine by comparison with that of Senator Burrows. The Massachusetts Senator has always had a literary taint, and makes crisp phrases and insinuating epigrams by second nature. His address as permanent chairman at Chicago reads well—though that, according to Fox, is the most fatal praise that can be given an orator—and evidently went well with his audience. Was it wholly discreet, however, for Mr. Lodge to rub it into the Democrats so hard about their desiring to draw a veil over their past, especially in the matter of their advocacy of silver? In that matter the Senator himself is a "man with a past," and a past that he would give much to forget, or be able to cover up. In April, 1894, when the Wilson tariff was before the Senate, Mr. Lodge moved an amendment of which the confessed object was to force England to abandon the gold standard. His proposal was that discriminating duties should be levied upon British goods until British discrimination against silver should be abandoned. The plan was so petty, and so futile because in plain contravention of existing treaties, that the Massachusetts Senator could get little support for it except from Stewart of Nevada and the Populist Senator from Kansas, Mr. Peffer. But the cultured representative of Massachusetts stuck to it manfully, and declared that he wanted to "strike at English trade" in order to compel Great Britain to change her standard of value. To crown his effrontery, he taunted the Democrats, who had "paraded in large sections of this country as the only friends of silver," with not daring to go as far as he would in behalf of the sacred metal. "Politically," he said, "I should be delighted to see them kill an amendment which looks to a discrimination against England in the interest of silver." And there was no prophet handy to tell the Massachusetts Senator that, fourteen years later, he would be twitting the Democrats with their infatuation over the silver heresy, and be posing himself as its stern and unyielding enemy! As Mr. Lodge was taught at Harvard to say, Oh trumpery, oh morris!

The great "fight" which a free Republican Convention was to make over the platform, oozed away. Comparison of the document as finally adopted with the official and inspired version put out the Tuesday before, shows that the committee asserted its independence only in occasional and minute changes in phraseology. The one exception is the much fought-over anti-injunction plank. Here we find a real departure from the President's form of words. His language was denounced as a "straddle"; the final output of the committee on resolutions is a straddle plus a dodge. The method was to join contradictories together in such a way as to make a nullity. The plank now reads as follows:

> The Republican party will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts, State and Federal, and will ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty, and property shall be preserved inviolate. We believe, however, that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction, or temporary restraining order, should be issued without notice, except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted.

Compromise is written all over this, to the extent of making it practically meaningless. If the labor leaders are pleased, or fooled, by it, they are more gullible than we think. The most ignorant of them must know that the qualifying phrase, "except where irreparable injury would result from delay," covers really every case of injunction. Injunctions are asked precisely in order to prevent irreparable injury. The final form of the plank undoubtedly implies a good deal of a retreat by the President; but he and Secretary Taft seem to think that what is left of their original will be sufficient to delude the labor vote. Yet it is they themselves who are deluded, if they think so.

In the original draft of the platform, the "currency plank" also attracted particular attention for several reasons, not least of which was its distinct declaration that the Aldrich-Vreeland emergency currency bill was a temporary makeshift. That hodge-podge of an expiring session, passed only under a threat of holding up the public buildings appropriations, was, to be sure, "especially commended," but it was described as "a temporary enactment, designed to protect the country from a repetition of such stringency only until there can be established a permanent currency system that will avoid all emergencies." The concluding clause had the marks of innocent naïveté, the notion of a currency system which would forever prevent tight money as a sequel of over-speculation being novel, even to optimists in the matter of currency reform. The platform committee struck out the concluding clause; but what was of considerably larger significance, they struck out also the words "temporary enactment" and substituted the word "law." This was plain enough intimation that the real platform-makers regarded the Aldrich-Vreeland patchwork as a good enough currency statute for the banks and the people, and that the further protestations of the platform, regarding the "need" for a system which will meet everybody's wants, stop fluctuation of interest rates, and be "in harmony with Republican doctrine," are mere buncombe. We are likely to hear more of this humbug of the past session in the discussions of the approaching campaign.

By appointing Luke E. Wright as Secretary of War, Mr. Roosevelt expects, undoubtedly, to aid Mr. Taft in the South. That section will be flattered by the admission of an erstwhile Southern Democrat to a Republican Cabinet, and Mr. Roosevelt's great personal popularity in the South will be further increased. But the appointment will not help to soothe those negroes who are disturbed over Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of the race, and condemn Mr. Taft for having lifted no finger in behalf of the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. They know that as a successor to Mr. Taft in the Philippines Mr. Wright was far inferior to him, that his Southern prejudices were extended to the Filipinos, and that no one mourned theie when Mr. Wright became the first American Ambassador to Japan. His knowledge of Philippine affairs undoubtedly constitutes a valid reason for Mr. Wright's selection. But the army will sigh for a Secretary chosen with some regard to his fitness for administering the military branch of the service, and will regret the old conditions when the Secretary of War had time for something else besides the affairs of our colonial dependencies.

In resigning the leadership of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, John Sharp Williams emits a battle-cry of no particular strength or clarity. His pious hopes for Democratic success in November are contrasted curiously with the vast utterings of Republican confidence at Chicago. "Whether we earn success at the polls next November or not, we have deserved it, and that is all that poor mortals can do. We cannot compel fate." Poor Democratic mortals, Mr. Williams means, of course, since, so far as the other party is concerned, it never has allowed itself to doubt that fate, nature, and nature's God stand ready to obey its behests. As for the Democratic party, so habituated have its leaders grown to moving about in the twilight of discouragement and defeat, that even so good a fighting man as John Sharp Williams, on an occasion that eminently called for a vigorous slogan, can only condition Democratic success on very large "ifs." It may be that the Hon. Champ Clark, upon whom the succession to the leadership falls, will be able to break the spell. Mr. Clark's high spirits are known. He, too, fights well, but he bears the burdens of office more easily than Mr. Williams. He can "convulse" the House. He may perhaps do something to convulse the Democratic party into hopeful activity.

President Roosevelt's injunction to Rudolph Spreckels not to falter in his effort to purify San Francisco politics will, no doubt, hearten the reformers who have been trying vainly to place behind the bars Schmitz, Ruef, and other criminals, large and small. The way the boss and his creatures have slipped through the meshes of the law is enough to discourage anybody. The President is particular, too, to say that the "slander and wicked falsehood" with which Mr. Spreckels and his associates have had to contend are merely the lot of all reformers. He himself has suffered; hence it is with genuine personal sympathy that he calls on Mr. Spreckels "to do the work without flinching, and without losing our good humor and common sense, without becoming angered or losing our heads." The President himself never having berated anybody or lost his temper, or be-adjectived any reactionary, the advice is particularly valuable. It is only fair to say, however, that many of the men and the newspapers that have criticised Mr. Spreckels and his associates have done so from excellent motives, and not in the desire to retard justice or shield the wrongdoers. Unless our observation has misled us, there is a growing feeling in the West that some of the methods of Messrs. Spreckels and Heney were as high-handed as those of the grafters they have run to cover. Meanwhile, it would be interesting to know what Schmitz would say to this latest letter of the man who entertained him in the White House when he was already under indictment.

After years of investigation and months of legal battling, a conviction has been secured from a District of Columbia jury of two out of four defendants charged with defrauding the government out of valuable public lands in Oregon and Washington. It was necessary to bring the trial to the capital because in the West the prevailing sentiment has made conviction of land and timber thieves almost impossible. We have repeatedly spoken of this moral blindness on the part of an entire section of the country to a species of transgression whose great excuse is the frequency with which it is practised. The President's efforts at introducing a stricter enforcement of the public land and forest reserve laws have been received with piteous outcries by the "interests" who would maintain that in the bounteous West you can make a living only by illegal fencing or fraudulent occupation. Congress has not risen up to the support of the President's policy of public-land defence. The same conditions that result in pulling to the surface hosts of prominent citizens wherever the investigator's drag-net goes, and in making punishment by the courts extremely uncertain, have placed the Congressional management of our land and forest policy in the hand of committees overwhelmingly Western. Of the Senate Committee on Public Lands two out of fifteen members are from east of the Mississippi; of the House Committee the ratio is seven out of twenty. The verdict of the Washington jury comes as encouragement when encouragement in a good cause is greatly needed.

The killing of a marine on the battleship Mississippi by a professional prize-fighter is the second or third "accident" of this kind in the navy within the last two years. In the previous instances, the "boxing matches" were between sailors; this time civilian talent was asked on board to make things interesting for the crew. We shall be told, of course, that such incidents are bound to happen in the search for the strenuous which is necessary to toughen men. But the question will not down, why such brutal prize-fights should be permitted on board of our men-of-war. About every State in the Union prohibits them as contrary to public order and morals, and as a result the prize-fighter goes about his business after the manner of the midnight burglar, and is always in fear of arrest. The one place where he is welcomed with open arms and where men are openly encouraged to follow in his footsteps is the navy. Why not devote a couple of our battleships to this sport altogether, if it is so desirable? They could be anchored off this city or Philadelphia or San Francisco, and the sporting fraternity would contribute liberally to their upkeep.

If President Eliot could be conceived

of as having been waiting for an opportunity to reply to the author of the "mollycoddle" and "milksop" speech on Harvard athletics, delivered a year ago last February, one can imagine him putting special zest into his correspondence with Mr. Roosevelt about the suspended oarsmen. Mr. Eliot almost seems to have drawn upon the President's own vocabulary. There is a familiar ring to these two sentences:

> A keen and sure sense of honor being the finest result of college life, I think the college and graduates should condemn effectually dishonorable conduct. The college should also teach that one must never do scurvy things in the supposed interest of or for the pleasure of others.

When that was read by Mr. Roosevelt, he must have known the sensations of the eagle pierced by an arrow feathered from his own wings. He should have remembered that only last year at Harvard he declared it "mere nonsense" to do anything to limit intercollegiate contests, since they alone kept alive the love of athletics, while "athletics tend to develop moral courage no less than physical—the courage that dares as well as endures, the courage that will fight valiantly against the foes of the soul." The idea that an athlete could do anything except "in honorable and manly fashion," was unthinkable to Mr. Roosevelt. This was, of course, simple ignorance or credulity, on his part. Those actually in touch with what has gone on in the college athletic world have seen too many examples of deceit, trickery, cheating, and the general demoralization bred by the overmastering desire to win.

It may be true, as some philosophers maintain, that modern scientific discoveries have not raised the average of human happiness, but it is undeniable that they preserve and lengthen human life. The bacteriologist who traces the source of a deadly disease to a microscopic organism and thus facilitates its prevention, may seem a less heroic figure than a fireman who rescues women and children from a building in flames, but he may save thousands where the fireman saves one. At the same time, he can only suggest preventive measures; it remains for the community to carry them out; and often the ignorance or carelessness of individuals frustrates all the good work of the scientist and the health board. Contaminated milk, for example, kills so many infants, especially during the summer months. In some cities, even the poor now have an opportunity to secure pure milk, but, unfortunately, it does not remain pure, being exposed to the visits of flies which infect it with the germs of divers diseases. The belief is still current that milk is particularly dangerous to infants when it has turned sour; but this is true only when sourness implies age and contamination. Pure sour milk is now regarded as not only harmless, but remedial, in intestinal disorders. The fly is the offender; on it we must wage a war of extermination if we would save infant lives; and mothers must be taught that our common houseflies are as dangerous as the tigers and snakes of the Indian jungles.

The outcome of the latest British bye-election will come as a sharp reminder to the Liberal party that, in spite of the encouraging result of the last two Scotch elections, the long winter of their discontent is by no means over. Pudsey, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, after going Liberal in January, 1906, by a majority of 3,502, was captured by a Conservative on Saturday, though by the narrow margin of 113. Parliamentary majorities, like everything that lives, begin to die as soon as they are born, and bye-elections in Great Britain have come to be looked upon as corresponding to the physical deterioration of advancing age. But it is the rate of degeneration that counts, and in this respect the government has had sufficient occasion for worry and puzzled reflection. Is it still the fear of Socialism that is lashing on the British electorate towards Chamberlainism? The government's old-age pension bill is one which admittedly the Opposition would have soon been forced to take up, and therefore does not put the country in greater peril of Socialism than would be the case under a Conservative government. Is it the fear of Home Rule? With that question agreement has been reached by the Liberal leaders that the present Parliament cannot deal. And there rests the anomaly that a government with an elaborate programme of popular reforms finds the country going against it. The Education bill, now under discussion, is regarded as the nearest approach to a pacific settlement that has yet been offered. The Irish Universities bill has been accepted by the Opposition. David Lloyd-George's Patents bill and Port of London bill have been enormously popular. Sir Edward Grey conducts foreign affairs in a way that gets praise from Liberals and Conservatives alike —and an old Liberal constituency which held true in the dark years of 1892, 1895, and 1900, and piled up a great majority in 1906, goes over sharply to the other side.

The final voting for the Prussian Diet shows that the Conservatives have gained eleven seats and the Centre nine, while the National Liberals have lost twelve and the Free Conservatives four. Since the Conservatives now have 152 and the Centre 105, for all practical purposes, the Diet is unchanged. But the Liberals and the Radicals of all sections feel deeply chagrined that they have not only made no progress, but have actually lost ground. That the Socialists have obtained a representation of six pleases that wing of the Radicals which believes in an alliance with the Left. The Liberal press has been quick to say that this is a deserved rebuke to their party for permitting itself to be as clay in Von Bülow's hands. Two of the Liberal seats won by the Socialists are in Berlin, in a highly intelligent portion of the city, and this gives an added touch of bitterness to the cup. Not even the wrongs of the unfair indirect suffrage were properly utilized by the Liberals in their campaign. The effect of their Reichstag alliance with the Conservatives seems to have had a paralyzing effect upon them, as must all such compromises with principle. As for their deadly enemies, the Centre and the Agrarians, they are stronger than ever, and more than ever ready to favor reactionary measures and the granting of special privileges. Only the fact that the Socialists have entered the Diet and the hated Poles have captured two more seats, despite their proscription by the government, can detract from the satisfaction of the classes in control.

In adopting the government bill for double-tracking the Siberian Railway, the Russian Duma has merely sanctioned the completion of the original projectors' plans. The matter, however, became important only with the outbreak of the war against Japan. It has ever since been busily discussed. The excellent record made by the Siberian single-tracked road during the war is a matter of common knowledge. What a doubled line could do in that second war with Japan which many in Russia hope for, and many fear, seems to the former class obvious. One track supplied Gen. Kuropatkin with 900,000 men and equipment. Two tracks might recover Manchuria. But the military argument is not the only one that can be adduced. Eastern Siberia, if it is to be held for Russia, must be planted with colonists from Europe. There is not merely the remote danger of a second Japanese advance, but the actual pressure of a steady Chinese immigration from the south which is threatening a peaceful reconquest of the territory once Mongolian. In European Russia overcrowding must be combated by emigration, so that the need exists at both ends of the 6,520 miles of rail from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok. Russia's readiness to assume the enormous cost of construction indicates that the Czar's subjects, like other peoples, have confidence in their future. It throws, too, a rather strong light upon the lavish predictions of national bankruptcy in which Russians and foreigners alike have been fond of indulging.

THE WORK BEFORE MR. TAFT.

Mr. Taft's equipment for the Presidency, all fair-minded men admit. The winning charm of his personality, no one who has met him can fail to have perceived. He is a hard worker, with a great range. No public man has more thoroughly "looked over the plant," as we have heard one business man express it. Compared with Mr. Bryan, he is steadiness itself. His private life is irreproachable. Yet all these qualifications may go for nothing in a Presidential year like this, unless there be added to them a firm sagacity and an unyielding independence and courage in meeting the great issues.

The chief task now laid upon Secretary Taft is to emerge. For two years his personality has been lost in another's. In 1906, he said in an important speech in Maine: "Speaking, not for the Administration, but for myself." Since then he has not spoken for himself. He has had no voice or wish which was not the Administration's. The big, resolute, forceful man, has let himself be led like a child by Theodore Roosevelt.

That this complete suppression and submission have irked the Secretary has been well known to his friends. He has given in to the attitude of being another man's man, as a disagreeable political necessity. When told that his position was one of much embarrassment and even humiliation, he himself has said: "I know, but I have got to stand it." His distinct implication was, of course, that when the time came, the people would find him standing upon his own feet, thinking his own thoughts, going his own way. That is what the country now looks to him to do. Are we to get back again the Taft that we knew before he put himself into the hands of Roosevelt to be made President? Two years ago, everybody would have said that Mr. Taft would be certain to prove the most plain-spoken and independent of Presidential candidates. He had bearded and defeated Boss Cox. He had told the severe truth to Southern Republicans. He had declared for immediate revision of the tariff. Could it possibly be expected that this man would cling to his seat in the Cabinet, accept the patronizing of his chief, and in every way make himself the shadow of another? The mournful judgment of the Roman historian—*nisi imperasset*—must have occurred to many of Secretary Taft's friends; if he had not done it, all of them would have said that he was incapable of doing it.

We speak of this only to show how imperative it now is that Mr. Taft should assert himself as his own master. He needs to do it, first of all, in order to allay if possible the immense resentment at the way in which his nomination was brought about. Let no friend of his be deceived on this point. Americans do not like to see a Convention coerced. They are not pleased at the unscrupulous use of Federal patronage, and of official threats, to force a candidate upon a party. And in spite of all the jokes which a good-natured people make about it, they do not approve of delegates turned into puppets moved by wires from the White House. They will smile at it, but in their hearts they resent it, when the President issues his glorification of himself as the sole author of Taft's nomination, like another Creator looking upon his work and pronouncing it very good!

This is the initial difficulty which Mr. Taft must apply himself to overcome. From being an echo, he must become an original voice. It is highly probable—indeed, given the nature of Mr. Roosevelt, it is almost certain—that the attempt will be made to run the campaign from Oyster Bay and the White House. Mr. Taft cannot permit that with either self-respect or safety. It is one thing to round up delegates; it is another to dragoon millions of voters. Persuasion has got to do the work of electing a President; and the readiest way in which Mr. Taft can persuade the people is to go to them in his own name and convince them that he means to make himself henceforth the lord of his own fate.

There will be especial reason this year for such a virile display of the personality of the candidate. The outlook is confused. Party lines are badly broken. Labels and names are going to count for less than ever, leadership for more. The platform will go for little compared with the man who stands upon it and interprets it. Who can read the balanced commonplaces, the calculated non-committal, of the Chicago platform, and not feel that it requires to be supplemented by the vigorous declarations of the nominee? The anti-injunction plank, as it stands, is a meaningless mush. It is for Judge Taft to make clear his own position. The promise of free trade with the Philippines is hedged about "with such limitation as to sugar and tobacco as will avoid injury to domestic interests." Will Secretary Taft, one of whose titles to distinction is that he has long fought for a free market for our Filipino wards, permit such a sneaking withholding, while pretending to give? The question will be put to him in the campaign, and a positive answer will be necessary. So there will be in many other matters upon which the platform is studiously vague. The tariff plank may mean anything or nothing. But Mr. Taft is able to make his tariff policy perfectly explicit, and should do so. On the question of the rights of the negro, the platform is not nearly so definite as was that of 1904, much less direct than was the Ohio State platform this year. But the matter will be critical in the campaign, and Mr. Taft will make it plain whither his abolitionist inheritance and his love of justice and fair play will carry him.

TACT IN RULING RACES.

In some respects, the situation of England in India to-day resembles that of the United States in the Philippines. John Morley—"Lord," in his case, does not yet come trippingly on the tongue—in a speech to the members of the Indian Civil Service the other day, put the matter tersely and correctly. He said that there was an undeniable "estrangement" between an alien government and the native populations. What were the causes of it? The main one was "a living movement in the mind of the people of India," with which Englishmen had not yet learned how fully to sympathize and skilfully to deal. Thousands of Hindus are now educated, and they have ideas and aspirations which it is the business of the government to satisfy. And unless order can be reconciled with that satisfaction, "the fault," said the Secretary of State for India, "will not be theirs. It will be ours. It will mark the breakdown of British statesmanship."

Comparison of this attitude of the man responsible for the government of India with that of Americans charged with the duty of administering the Philippines, is not one to heighten our patriotic pride. Take, for example, last Friday's action of the Philippine Assembly, in voting before adjournment that nothing but independence would satisfy the national desires, and that it ought to be granted quickly. In this, too, we see a "living movement in the mind of the people"; and it is also a movement, as Mr. Morley said of the agitation in India, "for objects which we ourselves have all taught them to think desirable objects." Yet what is the stand of the American authorities in face of this significant manifestation? It is one of incredulity and contempt. Governor-General Smith at once takes to telegraphing that the resolution of the Philippine Assembly amounts to nothing; that the natives do not know what they are talking about; that it is ridiculous to speak of their being fit for independence, and that the whole movement may safely be ignored. In a word, our official attitude is that of "pure repression," which Lord Morley declared to be simply impossible for liberty-loving Englishmen.

John Bull may love liberty, but he shares with Brother Jonathan the distinction of belonging to what has been called "the worst-mannered race on the face of the earth that has been summoned, in the providence of God, to have rule over the best-mannered peoples in the world." Tact in bearing and graciousness in speech count enormously in removing friction between a ruling and a subject race; but they are almost the last things an Englishman or an American thinks to be necessary. More than forty years ago Cobden thought it an ominous sign that English officials in India usually referred to the natives as "niggers." That word is as common in the Philippines as it is in the South. Complaints of overbearing insolence by the ruling class come also from Egypt. An Englishwoman who has lived there for many years recently wrote to a newspaper at home:

> We are hated! loathed!—and no wonder. The French and Germans, on the contrary, get on all right with them. A native told a friend of mine whose German name deceived him, that they will sell their cotton cheaper to a German—to any one rather than at a better price to an Englishman. I wish something could be done. I wish educated English men and women would realize that to be courteous is just as much a duty as to be honest. This sounds exaggerated, but I really believe rudeness rouses more hatred and bitterness than good honest cheating.

Lord Cromer dwells in his book upon this defect in Englishmen. After doing for the natives all that they knew how, in their blunt, awkward, and supercilious way, the only result was to find themselves thoroughly disliked; while the Egyptians would clasp to their bosoms the first Frenchman that came along. One trouble is that John Bull is no linguist. Like our own Governors-General in Cuba and the Philippines, he thinks it beneath his dignity to learn a foreign tongue. And he is as amazed and indignant as an American to find that foreigners cannot address him in his own beloved English. A recent street scene in Cairo illustrates the point. An old resident of the city writes:

> I met a friend one day in the bazaar at Cairo, who had been unhorsed, or rather unassed, and who, to the amusement of a crowd of donkey-boys who had gathered, was ejaculating in fury. "Where's the police? You beastly fellows! Why don't you talk a language I can understand? Where's the police?"

It is a time-worn moral. If manners maketh man, certainly manners maketh a governor of subject races. Well-settled political convictions and sound principles of government are essential in planning any protectorate or form of superior control, but almost as important—in practice, often more important—is tact. Thoroughly to understand the native, and then to enter sympathetically into his life and even his dreams, is the beginning of wisdom for ruling races.

THE LUXURY OF HATRED.

> Although at peace with all the world, and secure in the consciousness that the American people do not desire and will not provoke a war with any other country, we nevertheless declare our unalterable devotion to a policy that will keep this republic ready at all times to defend her traditional doctrines, and assure her an appropriate part in promoting permanent tranquillity among the nations.

This sentence from the Republican "plank" on the army and navy is as meaningless as it was intended to be. Anybody can subscribe to it, though sober and pacific persons cannot subscribe to President Roosevelt's policy of a big fighting force on land and sea. The question, of course, is how many soldiers and ships we need in order to protect ourselves and promote permanent tranquillity among the nations.

The real issue is raised in a few pregnant words in an interview with Herr von Holstein recently printed by the Paris *Matin:* "Hatred between nations is a luxury, the cost of which is incalculable." Herr von Holstein wielded for many years an enormous influence over the external policy of Germany, and his long experience in the German Foreign Office enables him to speak with authority. It is therefore significant that he looks forward to a time when hatred will be put an end to as a useless expense. His plain implication is that hatred between nations is ethically on the same footing as hatred between persons, and similar in results. Nearly one hundred and forty years ago Burke eloquently argued that those principles of morality which apply to the individual apply also to men in the mass—to political parties and to whole peoples. The notion has made but slow headway. It is only within a few decades that a considerable public opinion has come to support the view that for fifty or for one hundred thousand men to kill their fellows, except in self-defence, is as unjustifiable as unprovoked murder committed by the individual. This is the idea that underlay President Wilson's baccalaureate sermon at Princeton, in which he maintained that the so-called corporate conscience is, in last analysis, a group of individual consciences; and that the respectable gentlemen who lie and steal for the sake of a corporation belong in the general category with other liars and thieves. It is equally true that the men who hate the Germans and the Japanese, and who try to make political capital by declaiming against the foreigner and stirring up enmity, and who adopt the manners of the bully toward weaker peoples, are no whit better than the men who hate their neighbors in the same street and bully their poor relations.

And most of our loud talk about readiness to defend ourselves is nothing but a reflection of that sheer, blind distrust of the foreigner which is characteristic of ignorance and chauvinism. For example, the argument for four battleships, urged upon Congress in its last session, was not supported by detailed evidence and reasoning. There is never any such analysis of our naval expenditure as any well-conducted business house would demand from its executive officers. It would be interesting to see our experts, from the President down, divide the items of the naval appropriation bill into two headings:

> 1. That which is essential to national safety.
>
> 2. That which is not.

Then under each item we should like to see the clear proof that this particular hundred thousand dollars—or million—is a necessity; that to refuse to vote it will really imperil our standing; that four new battleships are imperative, rather than three, or two, or one. Of course, we can scatter vessels all over the earth, put one in every port; but where is it vital to our interests to maintain a battleship, where a cruiser? How large a fleet must we actually have in the Philippines, within easy reach of Panama, along the Atlantic seaboard, or in the Mediterranean? These questions must be capable of a rational answer. It is not enough to reply with a sweeping generalization about "preparedness." That really begs the question. If preparedness means anything, it means a definite number of vessels of definite kinds, definitely distributed, with regard to certain definite dangers.

But once we attempt to translate the frantic clamor for a big navy into such concrete terms, we perceive the emptiness of the whole pretence. People are asked to pour out their millions in response to the silly watchword of our "fighting" admirals that what we want is fewer statesmen and more battleships; in response to somebody's vague, unuttered, and unutterable suspicions about the sinister designs of Japan or Germany or Great Britain; in response to absurd appeals to the war spirit. The agitation is an attempt, not to convince the intellect, but to play upon the emotions—and those, too, far from the highest. In fine, the military mania is in essence a mania of hatred; and of all hatreds it is the costliest. Herr von Holstein had before his eyes the spectacle of Europe groaning under its armaments, and Germany in particular facing huge deficits. But expenditures for which Germany and England have some excuse are sheer waste for us. We are relatively free from the entanglements that vex European Powers. Our position makes it almost inconceivable that any nation should attack us unless we provoke it beyond endurance. Why, then, should we think it necessary to continue in our policy of rivalling the navies of the Old World? Such a course is at bottom a manifestation of hatred, and of a hatred the cost of which, in money alone, is incalculable.

THE REALLY ACADEMIC.

It would be an interesting Teufelsdröckhian speculation to consider the causes of the increasing vogue of the academic cap and gown. Only a few weeks ago, Ambassador Bryce commented on the matter at the College of the City of New York. Forty years ago, he said, this formal garb was absolutely unknown here, apart from the judges on the Supreme Bench. Much more recently than that, the clothes-philosopher might have beheld the graduating class saying farewell to alma mater in the modern abomination of full dress and stove-pipe hat. Now in many a college, East and West, he would see under broad-spreading trees a long and stately procession—gray-haired trustees golden-tasselled, as gorgeous as kings, the corps of instruction radiant with the colors of American and European universities and their several faculties, the white masters of arts, the full black cohorts of the bachelors—moving rhythmically across the grass to slow music. How suggestive of the marching ages, of tradition, of the solemn linking of the future to the past! But what, the philosophic observer would inquire, is the relation of these new clothes to the wearers? What is the spirit of innovation? Is it economy, fashion, peacock pride? Or has some inner change come over the gamin and scapegrace spirit of the students, as over the prose and practicality of the elders, corresponding to this outward change in splendor and state?

It is possible that this reversion to academic dress foretokens a general reaction against the over-secularization of our seats of learning. The days of the cloister and of detachment from mundane affairs seem very remote. No one is likely to speak of Harvard or Michigan or Dartmouth or Chicago as a "home of lost causes" or a "queen of romance." Schooled into a painful dread of unworldliness, they now meet the world more than half way. The retiring, unpractical scholar, nourishing impossible dreams, is becoming a thing of the past. The modern scholar inspects mines, advises corporations and Cabinet ministers, reforms spelling, improves steel rails, and perfects the breed of cattle. The State universities, often developing around a farm and carpenter shop, have most completely broken down the barrier between the academic and the secular. Directly dependent upon the State for support, they are constantly reminded that they must not live unto themselves, but unto the immediate needs of the people. Their fundamental principle of honoring every truth by use has doubtless been wholesome and invigorating.

Yet something of the finer spirit of the old college life has been lost through the more intimate contact with the world. There are cloistral virtues as well as cloistral vices; some of the choicest elements of liberal culture thrive only in a certain academic isolation and tranquillity. As W. B. Yeats says, "Two conditions are essential to the making of a poet, multitude and solitude." If a man passes with a sensible shock from the atmosphere of the college to the atmosphere of the world, and *vice versa*, he learns much both ways. He is constrained to test the world by the college, and the college by the world. Nothing is more severely educative than the necessity of confronting sharply distinct ideals and standards, and choosing among them. When the college was a comparatively isolated colony, it was better able to simplify the problems of life and to compel reflection upon fundamentals. It was better able to embody and suggest those old-fashioned graces of culture which, in spite of all the tedious chatter to the contrary, can never be taught—can only be suggested and exemplified. It was better able to preserve its store of fine traditions, to insist upon its own stately ways of thought, its academic dignity of action.

We are all too apt to undervalue the academic virtues, and to the undergraduate the most distasteful of all things is ceremony. But it is also the most subtly formative, invisibly carving the moral lineaments gross or fine. A beautiful and elevated chapel service, a decorous university assembly, a commencement oration choice in diction and lofty in tone, the procession, with its venerable pomp—how much these things have heightened his love for a "hieratic order and beauty in the conduct of life," the student learns in his later shocks of revulsion at the theatrical or unrestrained manner and the vulgar bearing and language of many a popular orator and preacher. It would be impossible to forget the address on the death of a favorite pupil delivered by an old classical professor who had read his Sophocles and Lucretius for fifty years—its deep feeling, eloquently expressed, yet moulded and subdued by the austerity of his character and his august bearing toward death and the mystery. It was sternly beautiful and nobly consolatory. It dignified the dead youth and purged the emotions of the audience with something of the effect attributed by the ancients to tragedy. That was the true academic, in the presence of which ribald tongues and hearts hold their peace, disciplining their souls by silence. We ought to rescue a fine word and fine idea from degradation: the father of all the academics was Socrates, praying under the plane trees: "O Pan, and all ye gods that haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward man!"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT.

One of the most interesting phenomena of our time is the rapid growth of the Christian Science cult in the United States, from which it is now spreading to foreign climes. Closely allied as it is to other systems of belief—such, for instance, as Faith Cure, Mental Healing, Metaphysical Healing, New Thought, etc.—it is distinguished from them all by its material success, by the large number of its devotees, and especially by the fact that, while these other cults have in common with it a basis in a misconceived idealism, it surpasses them all in the absurdities of doctrine taught by Mrs. Eddy.

> The first reading of her chief work, "Science and Health With a Key to the Scriptures," leaves the impression, in spite of much that is strikingly beautiful and true, that there is a prevailing tone of incoherence, contradiction, illogicality, and arbitrary, dictatorial assertion, with no regard for evident fact either in the realm of objective nature or of history.

Had this sentence been written by a hostile critic it would appear to be a fairly strong expression of disapproval. It is found, however, in "The Interpretation of Life" (p. 700), by G. C. Mars,* who is a reverent follower of Mrs. Eddy; and it may therefore be accepted as an acknowledgment of the doctrinal weaknesses above spoken of. The ready acceptance of the teachings of Mrs. Eddy by educated, intelligent, and even talented men and women will surely be looked upon by our descendants as a valuable commentary upon the quality of our intellectual development. In this connection Mr. Mars's work is interesting; for it is virtually an apologetic of nearly 800 closely-printed pages which he tells us is "the fruit of more than twenty years of reading, observation, and thought." The book deserves attention mainly because it will, without doubt, be hailed by the Christian Scientist as an adequate reply to all hostile criticism. Mr. Mars covers the realm of science and philosophy, enters into a detailed exposition of the Kantian and post-Kantian metaphysics, and deals lightly with an enormous number of problems which, though of the greatest significance, have little logical relation with his final outcome—that in Mrs. Eddy's teachings we have (p. 761) "the most significant and comprehensive interpretation which has yet been put upon life."

It is easy to consider this movement in a coldly critical spirit, to impugn the motives of the leaders, and to look with disdain upon the logical weaknesses of those who follow; but if we are not entirely devoid of human sympathy, we must regard the matter from quite another point of view. Here are immense numbers of men and women, whom we meet in the ordinary affairs of life without questioning their keenness of intelligence, who nevertheless follow teachings which imply logical blindness and uncritical unintelligence. They cannot act thus without what are to them sufficient reasons. One of the strong forces which lead men to Christian Science is strongly exemplified by Mr. Mars: viz., the relief from effort to think clearly; the joy of being admitted to a mystic communion in which people are taught to say with Mr. Mars in his closing sentence:

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* *The Interpretation of Life*: in Which Is Shown the Relation of Modern Culture to Christian Science. By Gerhardt C. Mars. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

> He who would know whether or not Christian Science is true, can never determine it by the measure of a discursive logic or an academic criticism. But giving himself up to his deepest intellectual insight and highest ethical volitions, he must *think* it, *feel* it, and *will* it; and then he will find himself dropping the illusions of his material existence, and entering into the spiritual realities of a new heaven and a new earth.

This particular attraction is, however, offered by many other mystical cults, and we are therefore compelled to look further for the special cause of the spread of Christian Science. This is apparently the fact that faith in these doctrines carries with it for many people great physical benefits which they have come to believe cannot be gained in any other manner. It may be, as will be indicated later on, that we are not far from being able to present a thoroughly rational doctrine which will account for the curative effects above referred to; but until such a doctrine is presented in a form that can be comprehended by those of average education, we must not complain if men and women are willing, like the martyr on the rack, to agree to accept any kind of doctrine, and to deny any and all of reason's dictates, if they believe that by so doing, and only by so doing, they are able to check tortures they are enduring.

The fact that this new teaching is taking many from the long-established churches, coupled with the undoubted successes its devotees have had in the treatment of disease, has led certain of the clergy to study it with mingled alarm and sympathy. If we may judge by the contents of a book* which the publishers announce as "official," the clergy of the Emmanuel Church in Boston are moved by both of these emotions. On the one hand, they fear for the future of the established churches unless they follow in pathways closely parallel with those trodden by Mrs. Eddy's followers, while, on the other hand, they are convinced that the methods of Christian Science in the cure of diseases of certain types are singularly effective. According to the statement on page 1, the object is "to describe in plain terms the work in behalf of nervous sufferers which has been undertaken in Emmanuel Church, Boston." Dr. Worcester tells us (p. 13) that "this movement bears no relation to Christian Science, either by way of protest or of imitation." This statement must be taken as an honest opinion, but it is difficult to believe, as he goes on to say, that the movement "would be what it is had the latter [Christian Science] never existed." In any event, it is clear that the cures effected by Christian Scientists and the Emmanuel Church clergy result from methods of essentially the same nature. It is clear also that both agree that religious emotions and conceptions have a notable effect on disease; and the Christian Scientists will probably hold Dr. Worcester's assertion that he would lead us "back to Jesus" to be but a restatement of the teaching of Mrs. Eddy. It is true that the views of the Emmanuel Church workers seem much more intelligible than those expressed by Mrs. Eddy, who, according to our authors, "interprets Scripture in a way that excites the scholar's disgust" (p. 300); but, in this respect, these critics themselves cannot be said to be beyond censure, and it is improbable that Mrs. Eddy's disciples will acknowledge that our authors have made an advance; rather are they likely to maintain that all that is valuable in the Emmanuel movement is directly copied from their own tenets and practice.

The authors urge, however, one marked difference between their doctrine and Christian Science, in that such medical treatment as they advocate is taken under the advice of skilled physicians. In this they profess to go back to the habit of the Apostolic Fathers.

This consultation with physicians is the more important because the Emmanuel healers decline to treat organic nervous troubles and limit themselves to the cure of what they describe as functional nervous diseases. Our authors further argue that the mind has direct power over the body and that there exists in each of us a "sub-conscious mind" which is "a normal part of our spiritual nature" (p. 42), but which is "purer, more sensitive to good and evil than our conscious mind," and which "has more direct control of our physical processes than the conscious." They then attempt to show that by suggestion and auto-suggestion this powerful sub-conscious mind is able to react favorably upon the nerves. The use of hypnotism is not in general recommended, but certain forms of suggestion are deemed most effective when presented to the "sub-conscious mind" in the hypnotic trance.

Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb further maintain (p. 293) that "faith simply as a psychical process or mental attitude . . . has healing virtue," and that (p. 294) "the more deeply personality is involved in any given ailment, the more necessary is it that faith should have an object worthy of men's ethical dignity"; *i. e.*, that this faith should be directed toward God. Hence the value of the association of religion with psychotherapy. It is held (p. 312) that without question "the prayer of faith has an immense influence over the functions of organic life," and (p. 316) that "when we pray long and earnestly for the moral and physical welfare of another, our soul not only acts on that soul, but our prayer rising in the mind of God directs his will more powerfully and constantly to the soul for which we pray." This, in brief, is the argument of the book so far as it is an attempt to place upon a rational basis these therapeutic practices.

The authors, to be sure, dwell upon certain matters which do not evidently relate to the doctrines as above stated. They recognize, for instance, the individuality of the physician as a factor of the highest importance (p. 263); and when they teach us that "morbid thoughts can be driven out only by other and healthy ones" (p. 272), they are enunciating a rule which has been followed for many centuries not only by doctors and clergymen but by all sane advisers of wide experience. The final chapters are devoted to an interpretation of "The Healing Wonders of Christ," whom the writers look upon as setting an example which they follow; and to a discussion of the "Outlook of the Church," of which the thesis is that the Church to-day "is not bringing the whole force of the Christian religion to bear upon the lives of the people" (p. 371); that we must go "back to Jesus" and try to live again His life in all its fulness. Here the implication is that unless the Christian Church makes itself the guardian of physical as well as moral health, it will not only fail of its mission, but will lose all its influence.

No one will deny that much suffering may be alleviated and certain cures effected through treatment by suggestion, a treatment which is used by many physicians openly, and by many others without recognition of the nature of the process. It is not surprising then to read of the success of the devoted clergymen and doctors who have joined in the clinical work at Emmanuel Church. Every one will wish them a continuation of this success, which probably has been in no small degree due to the fact that neurasthenic patients are likely to be timid souls who stand in awe of the ordinary physician, a fallible man speaking for himself, but who yield their confidence to the priest whom they look upon as the representative of an all-wise, all-loving, and all-powerful Father.

We cannot, however, concede that religion is dependent for its persistence upon any such collateral physical benefit, and it is very doubtful whether many thoughtful Christians will agree that Christ's healing of the sick was of the very essence of his message to humanity. To suggest that our clergymen must become doctors of the body if the influence of Christianity is to be maintained is a cry of despair which ill becomes one who holds firmly to the faith professed by the writers of this book. No doubt confidence in the medical adviser is essential to the success of such treatment as is here described, and in certain cases doubtless such confidence is most readily attained in connection with religious teaching. This fact might lead properly to closer relations between doctor and clergyman, and a greater willingness on the part of the clergyman to trust the trained expert. But if we may judge by comparison of the present with the past, the functions of the priest and of the physician are likely to become more and more distinct with the development of specialization.

As already stated, the authors offer an explanation of the process of effecting cures through religious influences which is much more rational than the theories of Christian Scientists, Faith Curists, Metaphysical Healers, and the like, yet the book still leaves much to be desired in this particular. One finds at times too ready an acceptance of current notions, and at times not a little vagueness of conception. It is not obvious that a sharp line can be drawn between organic and functional disorders, whether nervous or other. Nor is it clear that the words "nervous" and "nervousness" are used with accuracy. And when we turn from the physical to the psychic side we find equal vagueness and even certain contradictions. The word "spiritual" is constantly employed as though it referred to a special substance within us distinct from the body and mind (p. 390, last lines), or even distinct from the body and soul (p. 379). Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb state (p. 315) that telepathy "is regarded by many sane and sober men as, if not actually proved, at least exceedingly probable," and base upon this supposed fact their explanation of the influence exerted by prayer upon the "mind of God"; yet in another connection Dr. Worcester scouts (p. 65) the notion of "telepathic bond between the operator and every subject he attempts to treat" as a "baseless assumption."

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* *Religion and Medicine.* The Moral Control of Nervous Disorders. By Elwood Worcester, D.D., Samuel McComb, D.D., and Isador H. Coriat, M.D. Pp. 416. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.

If we now turn to the main theses, we discover that the first step involves a number of assumptions that cannot be taken for granted. No competent psychologist will hesitate to agree that each individual has a "sub-conscious mind" provided we mean by this term what may better be described as sub-attentive consciousness, that is, mental activity of an individual which exists without "awareness"; without the individual's appreciation of its existence. This, in fact, is all that the term "sub-conscious mind" can properly mean. But it certainly would be difficult to prove that the "sub-conscious mind" as thus considered "has more direct control of our physical processes than the conscious," and "is purer, more sensitive to good and evil than our conscious mind."

The great weakness of our authors' explanations and arguments, however, is rooted in their fundamental assumption that the mind has control over the body in certain directions and is powerless in others. The Christian Scientist is theoretically more consistent in maintaining that the mind's power is exerted over the whole realm of our bodily activities. While opponents of this cult are able to disprove any such wide extension of the mind's power, they in turn leave us with the highly unsatisfactory notion of the common man who holds the relation between mind and body to be purely haphazard and lawless. This is so formidable a difficulty that it seems worth while to note that it is avoided by the adoption of another hypothesis which also aids us greatly in our comprehension of the relation of therapeutic influences to our mental states. This hypothesis, which is now held by a large proportion of our leading psychologists, is what is known as the theory of "parallelism," the theory of correspondence between changes in the activities of nerve and changes in mental states. According to this theory in its thoroughgoing form, each change in the nervous system on the physical side is accompanied on the mental side by a coincident change in the psychic system which we call consciousness, and vice-versa. The relation between mental state and bodily state is thus looked upon as one of coincidence, or correspondence, or concomitance. Thus we are not forced to assume the existence of any causal interaction between mind and body whatever; for the facts may be equally well explained by assuming that such causal relations as exist are quite within the physical series, or within the mental series respectively. As Clifford put it, we say, "A feeling of chill made a man run." We have here two parallel series, one mental, the other physical. "Sometimes one series is known better and sometimes the other; so that in telling a story we speak sometimes of mental and sometimes of material facts." When we say, "A feeling of chill made a man run," we should say, strictly speaking:

> The nervous disturbance which coexisted with that feeling of chill made him run, if we want to talk about material facts; or the feeling of chill produced the form of sub-consciousness which coexists with the motion of legs, if we want to talk about mental facts.

The importance of this consideration appears when we consider that if it is adopted we are compelled to restate the facts with which our authors deal, and in so doing we find an explanation of the phenomena here considered in terms closely related to our more ordinary conceptions. Thus we should say that what our authors call the "sub-conscious mind," but what we describe as the sub-attentive consciousness, is the psychic correspondent of unemphatic activities in many nerve parts, while clear consciousness is the psychic correspondent of emphatic activities in certain nerve parts the location of which is more or less known to us. If this be true, then with a change in the form of this sub-attentive consciousness, a change must at the same time occur in the form of the corresponding unemphatic activities of nerve; just as it happens that if the clear consciousness is changed, a simultaneous change must occur in the emphatic activities in the special nerve parts spoken of. If, then, suggestion yields an emphasis of certain ideas in clear consciousness, as it does in every movement of our waking lives, there must at the same time exist an emphasis of the activities of certain nerve parts. Furthermore, if we have evidence, which we seem to have, that suggestion can also effect changes in our sub-attentive consciousness ("sub-conscious mind"), then it must be that when these sub-attentive mental changes take place some changes must also occur in the unemphatic activities of the nerve parts which correspond with the "sub-conscious mind." It is to be noted that the changes of nerve activity which thus occur, whether accompanied by clear consciousness or not, may under certain conditions result in benefit to the whole system of nerves.

Turning to the efficiency of auto-suggestion, we may note in the first place that the definition of it (p. 93) is practically a definition of voluntary action, that is, "a self-imposed narrowing of the field of consciousness to one idea, by holding a given thought in the mental focus, to the exclusion of all other thoughts." The "practical hints" as to auto-suggestion (pp. 105 and 106) amount to injunctions to retire into the realms of undisturbed reflection and then to emphasize voluntarily the series of thoughts which seem likely to bring the fullest benefit. We are thus led to see that we are here dealing with the so-called power of the will over our bodily activities in general and especially over those which are related with morbid functioning. In this connection it is worth our while to remind ourselves that the best of psychologists since Locke have agreed that there exists within us no will entity that acts; that what we describe as "the will" is a concept built up out of material given in our experience of willing or choice, *i. e.*, of the rejection of one and the welcome of another of two incompatible ideas.

Now it is true that in certain cases where we are dealing with series in which acts of choice enter, we, as Clifford says, sometimes know the mental series better than the corresponding physical series. We experience that mental state which we describe as an act of choice, say, to go to the right rather than to the left; but do not think of the physical change of nerve activity which accompanies this mental act. Following this mental experience of choice, we note certain changes in muscular action resulting in our turning to the right. We then speak of the mental act of choice as having caused the physical change in bodily action. But under the view here considered, if the causal relation is to be spoken of, it seems more proper to say that the physical change of nerve condition coincident with this mental act of choice caused the physical (muscular) changes resulting in the turning to the right.

If then we accept this hypothesis it would appear that the efficiency of will, and of auto-suggestion in relation to disease, may be explained as follows: If you can induce the persistence of a notion in attention you have at the same time also induced a more or less permanent condition of nerve activity which must tend to modify future conditions of nerve activity, and these modifications may be in the direction of the reëstablishment of unbalanced conditions. Thus, if a person "wills" the disappearance of a pain he "wills" the replacement of the painful mental state by some other that is not painful. To his mental act of will there corresponds a physical change of nerve activity; and if the pain disappears after the act of will, it is because the alterations of nerve activity accompanying this act of will actually bring into existence a new physical condition to which corresponds the new and non-painful mental state. Now we have much reason to believe that painful mental states correspond with inefficient activities in nerve, and the displacement of painful mental states by others that are not painful therefore means that inefficient nerve activities are displaced by other and more efficient activities. The physical parts whose activities were inefficient (to which corresponded the mental painfulness) are thus brought to a condition of relative quiescence which is a condition favorable to recuperation. If, therefore, there be no serious lesion, the replacement of the painfulness may well be accompanied by repair of the nerve parts affected, which will therefore be in future less liable to display recurrence of the previous morbid condition and its corresponding painful mental state.

The physician in fact has always at his command two types of symptoms, one the patient's physical condition as objectively viewed, the other the corresponding mental condition of the patient as it is communicated to him. In some cases the physical condition alone is emphatic enough to attract attention, although the patient may be unable to distinguish the corresponding mental condition which we know must exist: thus a change in the nature of the "knee jerk" may indicate to a psychiatrist a morbid condition of which his patient has no psychic indication. There are other cases where there is no physical indication of diseased nerve tissue, which, however, the skilled diagnostician feels certain will be found because of certain morbid psychic states of which his patient tells him. We are thus led to see that without dependence upon the doubtful hypotheses suggested in the book before us we may treat a vast proportion of the cases dealt with by our authors, using suggestion, and auto-suggestion, and hypnotism, if need be, to bring into existence desirable changes of mental state, realizing that we cannot bring about this result without at the same time changing the conditions of nerve activity in the patient, and that these changes may be followed by more or less fundamental alterations of physical condition, to which will correspond alterations in the nature of the patient's personality.

Question may well be raised, however, whether any large proportion of the cases treated successfully by the Emmanuel Church or Christian Science methods would be benefited if the patients looked upon the matter somewhat as we have just done, or if they saw any other explanation of the phenomena which might appear more logical and less open to objection than ours. In other words, we are led to ask how far these cures are dependent upon the appeal to the mysterious, to the miraculous. The fact that they are effected as well by the Christian Scientist, as by the saner and more reasonable Emmanuel workers seems to indicate that it is the method that counts and not the substance of the connected beliefs. Nevertheless, any one who has had much experience with the frailties of human nature must be convinced that not a few of the patients whose illnesses are alleviated would not be thus benefited unless they felt that they were under supernatural influences. And this raises the broader question whether it is folly to teach wisdom where ignorance is bliss. Those who believe that the attainment of pleasure or the avoidance of pain is of highest significance in this world will tell us that it were better to accept even necromancy than to lose the opportunity to relieve human suffering. There are those, on the other hand, who feel that there are other more important ends than the hedonistic, that the greatest nobility of character cannot be gained so long as men fail to face the facts of life as they understand them, that in the long run it will be to the advantage of the race to risk the continuance of some suffering among weaklings whom the arts of magic alone can relieve, rather than to curtail the development of clear thinking and rational activity among the common people.

H. R. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A New England book of great rarity as well as historical importance is Winslow's "Good Newes from New-England: or a true relation of things very remarkable at the Plantation of Plimoth in New-England, Printed by I. D. for William Bladen and John Bellamie, 1624." The title-page was twice printed, the earlier form having twenty-five lines only. Later in the year a new title was printed containing two additional lines above the imprint: "Whereunto is added by him a briefe Relation of a credible intelligence of the present estate of Virginia." This "briefe Relation" made an additional leaf, with the signature mark ")(2" and was bound at the end. Although this leaf properly belongs in copies of the second issue only, it is sometimes found in copies of the first. Justin Winsor was apparently uncertain about the variations, and in his "Earliest Printed Sources of New England History," says that the book was issued "possibly in two issues" in 1624. He was able to locate copies in the British Museum, Lenox, Boston Public (Thomas Prince's copy), the Massachusetts Historical Society, and John Carter Brown libraries. The Deane copy noted by him, and which brought $800 at Libbie's in March, 1898, is now in the Pequot library in Southport, Conn. The copy once in the Harvard Library has, according to Winsor, disappeared. Yale University and the Library Company of Philadelphia also possess copies, and another is in the Ayer library in Chicago. There are copies in at least two private collections in this city, one being the Sheffield copy, doubtless the finest in existence, as it is uncut at side and bottom. The title-page is of the earliest form, but the additional leaf relating to Virginia is at the end. It brought £250 only at the Sheffield sale on November 5 last, but from the catalogue description it would have been supposed to be of the second issue, and no mention was made that it was an uncut copy. The Ashburnham copy, which brought £240 in 1900 (and which is also now in New York) was of the second issue.

The Florence Press Books is the title of a new series to be printed in a special "Florence" type designed by Herbert P. Horne. The "trial impression" is to be a reprint of the earliest known guide-book to Florence, "Memoriale di molte statue e pitture, sono inclyta cipta di Florentia," published in 1510. The "first Florence Press Book" will be "The Fioretti, or Little Flowers of S. Francis." This is a newly revised version of Professor Arnold's translation, and will contain collotype reproductions of twenty-five contemporary drawings by an unknown hand, which are found in a manuscript preserved in the Laurentian library. Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose" will be the second book. The edition of each of the above three books will be 500 copies on paper, and ten copies on vellum. The books are to be published for the Florence Press by Chatto and Windus. A few years ago there were hundreds of collectors of "special press" books, some, it is true, subscribing solely with the idea of selling the books when prices had sufficiently advanced. All of the earlier issues of the Vale Press, the Essex House Press, and the Elston Press (not to mention the Roycroft Press), were subscribed for before publication, and prices immediately advanced. But, with a few exceptions, they are now far below the subscription price, and when bought are not bought as special press books, but for their reading matter, apparently. It will be interesting to see whether this new series will receive adequate support.

In a catalogue recently issued by Sotheran & Co. of London, they offer the autograph manuscript three pages, folio, of Robert Burns's "The Twa Herds," which Burns himself said was "the first of my poetical productions that saw the light." The same catalogue describes a series of forty-seven letters of Walter Savage Landor, addressed to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and eighteen letters of Swinburne also addressed to Mrs. Linton, and mainly referring to Landor.

Among the books sold by Messrs. Hodgson from the libraries of H. H. Dobree, the late Dr. Rutherford, and others were: Boccaccio's "Le Décameron," 5 vols., £51; Parkinson's "Paradise," 1629, £15; Montaigne's "Essays" (slightly defective), 1603, £14; Ackermann's "Microcosm of London," 3 vols., £13; "The Roadster's Album," colored plates by Newhouse, £46.

Correspondence.

A DEFECT IN THE "CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to call the attention of those of your readers who purchase volume II. of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" to the character of the Chaucer bibliography appended to it at pages 514-527. This list is of necessity condensed and selected; but it is a selection which pays no heed to the intrinsic value of the monographs mentioned, and which does not group together the titles of works now superseded and of the papers which displace them. Under the head of Translations, room might have been found for the principal modernizers and translators of Chaucer, had the bibliography been pruned of errors and repetitions.

More than this, misstatements which Furnivall and Skeat have done their best to correct begin in this volume a new lease of life. Nicolas again appears as an editor of Chaucer, owing to the printing of his life of the poet with various collections of the poems; and Tyrwhitt also becomes editor of the Poetical Works, thanks to the deceptive title of the 1843 Chaucer, on which his name was used. The compiler of the Cambridge bibliography deduces from the 1843 edition a connection between it and Tyrwhitt's Chaucer-work (the "Canterbury Tales" only) of 1775-8; he accordingly creates for Tyrwhitt a "ghost-edition" of the Works, to which he assigns the date 1775-8, and multiplies the falsification by adding "Last edition, 1843."

The construction of the bibliography from catalogues and indexes is evident. It is to be regretted that the great "Cambridge Literature" should lend its sanction not only to the regeneration of old error, but to the creation of new.

Eleanor P. Hammond.

Chicago, June 13.

COMMERCIALISM AND THE GRADUATE SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The charges brought against the graduate school by Dr. Stuart P. Sherman in your issue of May 14 are too sweeping and too picturesquely expressed to be quite true. The facts are not, I think, quite so startling as Dr. Sherman's version of them. Dr. Sherman seems to have been generalizing from insufficient data—to be specific, from his observation of conditions at Harvard a few years ago. He is not quite fair even to the Harvard of that day; and since then conditions have improved. Knowing him to be a Harvard man, one might suppose from his letter that no advanced courses in literature were offered in the Harvard Graduate School. On the contrary, I am glad to bear witness from my own experience that a man may spend two or three years at Harvard in the profitable and delightful study of literature, and that he will find there admirable courses of exactly the sort which Dr. Sherman desiderates. To be sure, he must pay the price; he will probably not be able to write after his name the magical letters which are the open sesame to professorships in certain colleges and universities. But is the price so great? That man cares little for the study of literature who rates it lower than the doctor's degree. Dr. Sherman's attack, I think, was directed at the wrong place. He might more justly have attacked the materialistic spirit of men who prefer the Ph.D. to the study of literature; or he might have exposed the still popular fallacy that the degree is a certificate of training for teachers.

The situation of a young man who goes to Harvard intending to study English literature as a preparation for teaching is briefly this. He is confronted by a large number of courses in philology and in literature, some of the latter being "snap" courses, and some of them being thorough and admirable. He is advised to take courses chiefly literary during the first year. At the beginning of the second year he comes to a fork in the road. He finds that most of his fellows who have spent a year or more in study look forward to the doctor's degree as the crown of their earthly ambition. If he decides to become a candidate for the degree, he is practically compelled to devote the second and third years largely to courses in philology, and to "original research." He may if he pleases choose a literary subject for his thesis; but he finds his task much harder than that of the student who chooses a purely philological subject. The doctor's degree, that is, has generally been thought of as standing primarily for "scientific" work.

On the other hand our student finds that a number of most inviting literary courses are open to him—courses in drama, in composition, in comparative literature. These courses he believes will be stimulating, perhaps inspiring, at any rate invaluable to a teacher of literature. But no tag with magic letters on it awaits him at the end, and strong influences are brought to bear to keep him out of these literary courses and to herd him into the courses in philology.

The consequence is that some of the best and most thorough literary courses number scarcely four or five students, while perhaps thirty able-minded men may be found reading the Song of Roland at the rate of three or four lines a day and tracing the etymology of every word on strictly scientific principles. The literary courses are there, but they do not lie on the shortest road to material success. The "exceeding high mountain" from the summit of which "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" are visible, is there; but if any one is surprised that so few care to climb it, let him remember that in those regions no bread is to be had except by miracle, and that butter is not even hinted at. The saying "man shall not live by bread alone" thus proves susceptible of a new interpretation, suited to our prosperous "American ideals."

It is written that no man can serve two masters; and certainly the average student cannot in three years acquire a decent knowledge of even the most essential parts of English literature, and at the same time complete the work prescribed at Harvard for the doctor's degree. True, it is customary for the fledgling doctors, when their theses are finished, to spend a few weeks "cramming literature" from such convenient manuals as Stopford Brooke's little primer. But this second-hand knowledge is full of pitfalls. It did not save Dr. Sherman's acquaintances, for instance, from wondering what Dryden thought of Rousseau, or from telling their pupils that "Burke was an ardent advocate of the French Revolution."

The fact is that the work for the degree is regarded by many students as a necessary evil, which must be encountered in order to "get a start" in teaching. The degree has a certain market value, and is sought by many chiefly for this reason. A professor of English (Ph.D., Harvard) recently assured me that his work for the degree had been absolutely useless to him in teaching. Perhaps he overstated the case a little for the sake of picturesqueness. But if the degree administered at Harvard is to be regarded as a certificate of training for teachers, there is evidently something wrong with it. The difficulty may be partly remedied by the new degree in comparative literature. There is something wrong too, I cannot help thinking, with students who are willing to sacrifice preparation necessary for good work in their profession in order to "get a start." It is safe to say that even if Esau had never been tempted to sell his birthright, he would have been no great credit to the family.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, June 1.

NODDING HOMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Col. Theodore A. Dodge in his critical history of Napoleon, speaking of the French army, said that it was not a parade army, but a fighting machine. Referring to the parade of the army of the Potomac and the Western armies at the close of the civil war, he adds:

> Among all the troops the world has seen, it is doubtful whether one hundred thousand men could have been collected from any source equal for intelligence and all around soldierly qualities combined, to the one hundred thousand that might have been chosen from the men who passed before Abraham Lincoln on those two days' National Review.—Vol. II., p. 321.

Rhodes's History, Vol. V., p. 141, states that Mr. Lincoln died April 15, 1865, and that the review in question took place May 23-24, 1865, or about six weeks after Mr. Lincoln's decease. Is not this an illustration of the fact that occasionally Homer nods?

ISAAC L. MILLER.

Plainfield, N. J., June 18.

Notes.

The Index for the current volume of the *Nation* will be printed with the issue of July 9.

On Saturday of this week Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish a volume of William H. Taft's speeches, under the title of "Present-Day Problems."

The next issue of the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will be the second volume of Samuel Butler's works, and will contain, besides miscellaneous reflections from his note books, the hitherto unprinted "Characters," from a manuscript in the British Museum.

A pamphlet, written by Prof. L. S. Rowe of the University of Pennsylvania, and published by the American Association for International Conciliation, announces a tentative plan for coöperation among the universities of North and South America. It is proposed to establish a foreign students' information bureau, and a scientific bureau, to serve as a centre of information, and means of communication among the workers in any particular field. The scheme has already received the endorsement of three of the leading South American institutions: the National University of La Plata, the National University of Chili, and the University of San Marcos, at Lima. The last-named is the oldest university in this hemisphere, having been founded in 1551, eighty-five years before Harvard.

The University of Oviedo, Spain, will celebrate its three hundredth anniversary September 20-30. One of the ceremonies will be the unveiling of the statue of the founder, Fernando Valdes y Salas, Archbishop of Seville. There will be excursions to celebrated places in the neighborhood, a pedagogical exhibition, lectures, and sessions of various societies.

The manuscripts of Edmondo de Amicis in the possession of his family have been given by his son, Ugo de Amicis, to the city of Turin.

The fourth Universal Congress on the Esperanto Language will meet at Dresden, August 16-22. The second triennial International Conference on the Blind will be held at Manchester, England, July 27 to August 1. It is proposed to hold an international congress on instruction in domestic economy and home industries, at Fribourg, Switzerland, September 29 and 30.

The Accademia dei Lincei has announced this year's award of the three royal prizes of $2 000 each. Prof. Angelo Batteli of Pisa is given the prize in physics for a long series of investigations of the action of liquids, osmatic pressure, and oscillatory discharges. To the author of "Annali dell'Islam," Leone Caetani, Prince di Teano of Rome, is given the prize in history, while that in classic, Christian, or mediæval archæology is divided equally between G. T. Rivoira, the author of "Origine dell' architettura lombarda" (See the *Nation* of February 20, 1908, p. 180), and Prof. Adolfo Venturi of Rome, for his recently completed "Storia dell' Arte Italiana" (See the *Nation* of November 7, 1907, p. 429).

"Motor Days in England," by John M.

Dillon (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a beautifully printed and illustrated account of a trip through the southwestern part of England—as far east as London and as far north as Leamington. Some of the pictures are half-tone reproductions of photographs. The more attractive illustrations, however, are from drawings by the author, who. through a lawyer, exhibits a feeling and skill that professional artists often fail to attain. Several of the sketches of buildings at Oxford are especially to be commended. There is a map of the route, a table of distances, and a whole chapter of practical suggestions. Otherwise the text is rather slight. Mr. Dillon has read widely and appreciatively; and the literary and historical associations are always uppermost in his mind. His remarks on these subjects, however, are rather obvious, his quotations familiar.

The third volume, "Jacobean to Victorian," completes "The Oxford Treasury of English Literature," compiled by G. E. and W. H. Hadow. To embrace the writers of three centuries within the covers of a single moderate volume means that only the leading names can find a place, and that the number of extracts from each must be very small. Even such a man as Southey must be left unrepresented, with the excuse that "his poetry is like Bayard's horse, which 'had every virtue and only one defect, namely, that it was dead.' " We think the case might be made a little better than that for the scribe of Greta Hall; "Thalaba" is not quite dead. But, in general, the brief critical remarks in the introductions are well-balanced despite their extreme brevity and occasional wit. If the sarcastic quality of Thackeray's prose is dwelt on to the exclusion of his sentiment and pathetic brooding on the insufficiency of life; and if no just discrimination is made between the childish and the sublime in Wordsworth—these are but the excesses we must expect in any critics who come to their subject with romantic prejudices. As a compensation they speak more fairly of Dryden and Pope than is commonly done in these days. In the selections they keep pretty well to the beaten path, as indeed they should in a work intended "for students who are beginning a general course of English Literature." The Clarendon Press has printed and bound the volumes in its usual attractive manner.

"Farm—Cottage, Camp, and Canoe in Maritime Canada," by Arthur P. Silver (London: George Routledge & Sons), would seem at first blush to be something of an advertising puff of the province of Nova Scotia, though, in view of that country's undoubted advantages both to the sportsman and the gentleman farmer, a legitimate one. The book, which is better printed than bound, is made up of a rather heterogeneous collection of papers on husbandry, angling, and hunting. The many illustrations are of varying excellence, but they serve to give the reader a good idea of the character of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. A number of minor mistakes might be noted, such as the statement that it is *sine qua non* that the horn with which the moose is lured by the "caller" shall be made of the bark of the *yellow* birch. The volume has no index. Mr. Silver, an excellent sportsman, unfortunately died before his book was finally revised.

"From Pekin to Sikkim" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), by Count de Lesdain, is the account of his unique wedding journey, the bride being nineteen, "undertaken to gratify our wish to cross country hitherto unknown, and, if possible, to increase the geographical knowledge of our day." With this object, they went from Peking to Mongolia, and thence through Tibet to India, being the first Europeans, he asserts, to cross the forbidden land from north to south. Almost inconceivable hardships were endured from the nature of the country traversed (largely deserts), from the inefficiency of their caravan people, and from the torrid heat and arctic cold, one of their camps being at the height of 19,300 feet. Though the monotony of the desert is felt in the narrative, which is largely taken up with trivial details, it gives a vivid picture of life and conditions in little known parts of the empire. The general impression left is discouraging, especially as respects evidence of the increase of the opium habit. Of Ning-hsia the capital of an ancient kingdom, he says: "Opium has largely killed this city, all of whose inhabitants indulge in this drug." On the other hand, the indications of great but undeveloped natural wealth, both agricultural and mineral, are numerous. Among the noteworthy incidents of the journey was the discovery of the jealously guarded tomb of Jenghis Khan. It consisted of two small tents, in one of which was a chest with handles containing the ashes of the body, "a fit emblem of the eternal migration of one who overran so many countries when alive, and even after his death has not found rest." Relatively little space is given to the crossing of Tibet, the chief impression left by the narrative being that "here we fell in with the worst enemy—the irresistible, clinging, ubiquitous, invidious enemy—mud!" The count seems to have made scientific observations throughout his journey, but there are few references to his purely geographic investigations, or their results. A map enables the reader to trace the route, and there are thirty-two reproductions of photographs, some of scenes of great beauty.

Between the Southern leaders, who believed slavery all good—a blessing and an interest to be protected and extended at all hazards—and the Northern leaders, who took just the opposite attitude, Douglas studiously searched for a middle course, so as to evade the question. As he himself confessed, he did not care whether slavery was voted up or voted down; and, as Lincoln said, he endeavored to prevent the voters from caring. He is the most conspicuous illustration of how a politician can be both powerful and successful and yet ignore the fact that there is a great moral sense among the people. It was because of this obliviousness to morality in politics that the late Carl Schurz used to call him "my pet aversion." James Ford Rhodes made an earnest but not altogether successful effort to give the "Little Giant" historical respectability. And evidently Prof. Allen Johnson, in his "Stephen A. Douglas: A Study in American Politics" (The Macmillan Co.), started with the hope of finding something like a hero; but as the author advanced, he fully mastered the subject and the period, and his sober judgment controlled. Without ceasing to be susceptible to Douglas's best qualities, he has not been able to reach favorable conclusions. He furnishes us the fullest and most vivid picture of Douglas's remarkable, almost terrible, powers as a debater. These powers were not in the strength of logic, but in skill as a sophist, as an artful juggler with words and phrases and the deceptive use of emphasis. With absolute self-control, thorough knowledge of all the main facts, and a very superior literary finish, Professor Johnson gradually lets us see that Douglas's greatness was as a politician who can win support and exert political influence for personal or party purposes, and that he was nearer being a great demagogue than a great statesman. And, on the whole, Professor Johnson has made good his sub-title, for he has produced "a study in American politics" that has all the life and realism of a moving picture in which Douglas is the most conspicuous figure.

The third edition of Scargill-Bird's "Guide to the Public Record Office, London," has been so far rearranged and rewritten as to constitute practically a new work. The former editions (1891, 1896) may, therefore, be regarded as antiquated and not worth buying even at second hand. The movement which has been going forward in the last decade, looking to a more scientific grouping of the records, is responsible for this result, and its good effects are manifest on almost every page of the present work. The most conspicuous change is the substitution for the former alphabetical arrangement of subjects of a grouping under the heads of the several courts or offices from which the records emanated, while the separation consequent thereon of records relating to a particular subject has been counteracted by means of a carefully prepared index. Though many paragraphs of the former editions remain untouched the changes are so complete as to leave scarcely a page unrevised, while the new material in preface, text, and appendices has added nearly sixty pages to the work. Students of Ameriican colonial history, familiar with the former arrangement of the state papers and departmental records, will need to study carefully the new system, particularly as far as it relates to the War Office, Colonial Office, and Home Office; for in these groups the reclassification is a thorough one. When lists and indexes of these collections, now in preparation, are printed, and when the guide in process of compilation, under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is issued, the material in the Record Office relating to our history can be easily determined beforehand by any one desiring to visit that repository.

When a book has been on our table for some time, and has been found serviceable in daily use, it is only common justice to recommend the work to others. In his "Guide bibliographique de la littérature française" Hugo P. Thieme (of the University of Michigan) has made a valuable reference book for the period from 1800 to 1906. In the first part the authors are arranged alphabetically. The dates and places of birth and death (if dead) of each author are given; then a list of his publications, with format, date, and publisher of first edition; and last, references to his work and critiques from some 270 journals. In a second part there is a bibliography by subjects. The work does not pretend to be complete, but the number of authors included is so great as to render it sufficient for any ordinary demands. (Published by H. Welter, Paris.)

The Crown Theological Library now includes a translation of Adolf Harnack's "Sprüche Jesu" ("The Sayings of Jesus," translated by J. R. Wilkinson; G. P. Putnam's Sons), which was noted in these columns on its appearance in 1906. It is not a popular treatise, or a discussion of the teachings of Christ, but a minute critical study of the discourses which are common to the first and third Gospels, but which are not found in Mark. These discourses are now held by many scholars to have been derived from an earlier document, which disappeared when it was embodied in the gospels we now have. This document is called Q, and its restoration furnishes the earliest authority on the life and teachings of Jesus. Professor Harnack endeavors to restore this document, by careful comparison of Matthew and Luke. He submits the text to thorough examination, and records his conclusions as to the grammar and style, as well as the historical and religious point of view, of this earliest Christian writing. The work is an important one for critical study of New Testament literature and the life of Christ.

Principal Alfred E. Garvie's "Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus" (A. C. Armstrong & Son) leaves somewhat the impression of a student's note-book. The preparation of the volume extended over many years, and a large number of articles and discourses have been embodied—all of which may account in part for the repetitions, the frequent recurrence to the same themes, and the frequent long quotations. The author has been engaged upon a vast and difficult subject, and he has recorded at length the views he has considered and his criticisms upon them, rather than brought into clear and consistent statement his judgment of the matter in hand. His purpose is to study the mind, heart, and will of Jesus, as portrayed in the Gospels. He does not share the feeling that it is unseemly to try to penetrate to the mystery of the inner life of Jesus, but complains that "an exaggerated importance is attached to a knowledge of contemporary custom and costume," and that "enough has been written about the scenery, the upholstery, and drapery of the life of Jesus." Dr. Garvie's conclusions are conservative.

The three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the University of Jena is to be celebrated on July 31 and August 1 by the dedication of the new university building.

"Schwänke aller Welt für Jung und Alt," by Oskar Dähnhardt (Leipzig: Teubner), is a rich collection of international popular humor, even Eastern Asia and Africa being represented. The work is illustrated by fifty-two characteristic drawings by Alvis Kolk.

"Die Schriften des neuen Testament," by Johannes Weiss, a condensed commentary for the general student along strictly modern lines, has proved so acceptable that the publishers, Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht, of Göttingen, announce a corresponding work entitled "Schriften des alten Testament," which is to include, however, for the present, only the leading books. Two volumes, one by Prof. Hermann Gunkel and a second by Prof. Bruno Baentsch are to appear early in 1909.

The Boersenverein der deutschen Buchhändler has just issued from Leipzig its report of the book publications of Germany for 1907. The total is 30,073, an increase of 4.77 per cent. over the preceding twelvemonth, when the number was 28,703. In 1901 the output was 25,331; in 1902, 26,906; in 1903, 27,606; in 1904, 28,378; in 1905, 28,886.

Governmental statistics for Prussia show that the number of high schools for girls under state and municipal control has in the last five years increased from 213 to 270; the number of pupils from 53,000 to 71,000. The number of male teachers in these schools is now 1,238, an increase of only 179 in these five years; while the number of women teachers is 1,920, an increase of 656. In addition to these public high schools for girls, Prussia reports 675 private schools of this character, with an attendance of 85,000.

The death is reported of the Rev. Joseph Woodfall Ebsworth at an advanced age. Mr. Ebsworth was a special student of ballad literature, contributing much on that subject to *Notes and Queries*, and publishing a number of books. Among his works may be noted "Karl's Legacy," "Westminster Drolleries," "Bagford Ballads," "Bagford Poems," "Three Centuries of Molash Annals: Burial Registers," "Roxburghe Ballads," "Sempill Ballads," and "Robin Hood Ballads."

From Copenhagen comes the news of the death of Prof. V. M. Fausbóll in his eighty-eighth year. He was one of the pioneers in the study of Pali, the language in which the southern Buddhist scriptures are preserved, and as early as 1855 published his great work on the Jâtaka.

BIELSCHOWSKY'S LIFE OF GOETHE.

**The Life of Goethe.* By Albert Bielschowsky; authorized translation from the German, by William A. Cooper. Volume III.: 1815-1832, from the Congress of Vienna to the Poet's Death. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

It is doubtless inevitable that the biography of a great man who passed the middle of his eighty-third year should induce in the reader's mind a touch of lassitude. Especially is this true of a Goethe, who started out with such superabundance of dæmonic energy, of hopeful aggressiveness. When we read of the Frankfort days, of Leipzig, Strassburg, Wetzlar, of Weimar and its youthful duke, even of the Italian Journey and the Revolutionary period, we echo involuntarily Wordsworth's sentiment, "to be young was very heaven," itself an echo of "Hermann and Dorothea." But this story of a slow decline, a story in which impulse has given place to reflection, hope to memory and regret, is necessarily a story of shortening days and falling leaves, and all the other premonitions of a winter of discontent.

To this general inevitableness must be added the special fatality of Bielschowsky's premature death. Had our author lived to complete his work, the *pièce de résistance* at least of the present volume would have been by one hand, the chapter on "Faust" would have been composed in all probability in a tone to harmonize the young Goethe and the old, and make us realize to the full how that extraordinary poem is a lifelong diary and confession. As the case stands, we have twenty-five pages by Bielschowsky and eighty-seven by Theobald Ziegler. With the work of the Strassburg professor in itself we have no quarrel; as an independent essay upon the Faust poem it is scholarly, sober, helpful, and in the main sympathetic. Still, it is not quite in the tone of Bielschowsky, nor does it bring out to the full the parallelism between the poem and the life of the poet.

Of the poem it is scarcely our province to speak; "Faust," like the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia," is a literature by itself. We must content ourselves with submitting a few suggestions. Too much stress is laid upon the fact that the poem is not an artistic unit. Did Goethe ever intend it to be such? Does not Ziegler go too far in the judgment, p. 356:

> Whoever considers the style of the First Part beautiful cannot be pleased with the pompous, often intricate [involved?] style of the Second Part. And one who likes the latter cannot possibly have a right appreciation of the strength and simple beauty, the matchless sturdiness and purely human tenderness, of the former.

One "Faust" interpreter, assuredly, who knew his "Faust" as few have known it—we mean Bayard Taylor—enjoyed and appreciated to the full every word in both parts. We fail to see wherein lies the insuperable difficulty of enjoying both parts; not, of course, every situation and line, but the two parts as complements to each other. For they are reflexes of the younger and the elder Goethe. Another feature of the "Faust" is grievously overlooked. The poem, apart from the Gretchen story, is a *satire:* in the First Part a fairly direct satire, in the Second a cleverly veiled satire. If we have only the courage to cut out the Gretchen-story, placing it by itself as "probably the greatest masterpiece of poetry ever written," p. 288, *only not an integral part of the real Faust-story*, we shall find it quite possible to enjoy the rest of the First Part and all the Second Part as an unequalled satire of life from the point of view of the philosopher. Being thus a satire, the poem is exempt from the artistic rules or principles which govern the usual drama or epic. Hence the frequent neglect of "motivation" and method. Evidently the poet felt that he was not under obligation to make his situations and the actions of his characters more than superficially plausible; he merely asks us to accept his utterances for their general availability. In treating the character of Mephistopheles, Ziegler regards Merck, the friend of Goethe's youth, as having sat for the original. This is the customary interpretation, and up to a certain point is not to be rejected. It is a question, however, whether the interpretation does not do Merck overmuch honor. Merck had talent, but was not a genius of high order; he was far from possessing the boldness and unerring instinct which mark the spirit of eternal negation. It was a favorite idea of Bayard Taylor, though not expressed in the notes to his translation, that Goethe got the most characteristic traits of Mephistopheles from his teacher Herder. The idea is well worth careful investigation. Certainly Herder had the genius which was lacking in Merck.

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* Reviews of previous volumes were printed in the *Nation* of May 24, 1906, p. 430; and December 19, 1907, p. 569.

The present volume offers at least one chapter, by Bielschowsky, which presents Goethe both in youth and in age; it is the chapter on Goethe's lyric poetry. Here we range from the days of Friederike and Lili to the "Rising Full Moon" of Dornburg, 1828; we wander with the comfortable assurance that it is all one and the same Goethe, the poet with the all-seeing eye, with the word and the tone for every passing mood. For one who knows his Goethe thoroughly from this side, there is pure delight in renewing one's old friendships and studying them more deeply and connectedly under the guidance of systematic criticism. The chapter has been to us the most stimulating in the entire biography.

Not so with the chapter on the "Wander Years." Despite Bielschowsky's enlightened erudition, our attitude remains that of Mephistopheles toward the song of the sirens. The chapter tickles the ear, but reaches not the heart. The "'Prentice Years" are at least a story, or the semblance of a story; the characters come and go somewhat as they come and go in life, and they do something. But the sequel is hopelessly amorphous; nothing is done, yet there is much talk of this and that. The incidents, or scenes, or groups, or episodes are—in homely parlance—pitchforked together. In comparison, the most disjointed scenes of "Faust" are models of Aristotelian rigor. We ask our readers to note what is said of Eckermann's manipulation, p. 193. If it be true, p. 195, that "the two great fundamental ideas . . . are work and resignation," we fear that the reader must bring to his task almost as much work and quite as much resignation as the poet brought to his.

No such trouble attends the reading of the chapter entitled "The Naturalist," by Salomon Kalischer. In the sober tone which befits a man of science, the Berlin professor expounds one by one the chief features in Goethe's marvellous scientific activity. From this lucid and temperate presentation of facts the least scientific reader will gain an insight into Goethe's aims and method. Even the poet's much-denounced doctrine of colors is revealed in its truth, not as the physics of color, but as the now accepted physiology of colors. The entire chapter, in substance and in form, is a valuable contribution to what may be called, for want of a happier term, popular science in the best sense.

In conclusion, we note a serious defect in Bielschowsky's plan; there has been no provision for a separate chapter upon Goethe as critic. This defect is on a par with the neglect of "Dichtung und Wahrheit," mentioned in our review of the second volume. In sober truth we are unable to understand how a biographer of Bielschowsky's temperament, or indeed any biographer worthy the title, should fail to recognize adequately Goethe's preëminence in criticism. For of all critics, modern critics certainly, Goethe seems to us the most enlightening and stimulating, more helpful to the general student than even Lessing. His entire life, indeed, was a philosophical criticism of himself and others. Yet his utterances are so scattered, so characteristically matters of *Gelegenheit*, that the reader feels helpless without the guidance of a patient investigator who shall collect and properly coordinate them. Here forsooth is a promising field for many a "dissertation"!

Of the translator we have only to say, in parting, that he maintains his high level of excellence. We congratulate him most sincerely on having persevered to the end. There are things which, well done, are their own reward.

CURRENT FICTION.

Vera the Medium. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Davis is always easy to read. With his neat, tailor-made style, his aplomb, his skill at presenting a few types, he need never be at a loss for an audience. That he goes deep cannot be said. The promise which the Van Bibber stories held years ago, has never been fulfilled. He has not gone ahead; he still writes for the undergraduate, and still no doubt pleases him. "Vera the Medium" well illustrates his knack. The material is not of a durable kind, but it is well-tailored; it puts up a good Fifth Avenue front, and is perfectly at home on Broadway. In short, it is literature according to the *boulevardier* of the island of Manhattan, and may be hailed good-naturedly as such.

The Van Bibber in the case is a district attorney, and the damsel he is fated to rescue is one of those shady parasites upon the public folly whom it is a part of his duty to keep within bounds. She is involved in a plot to divert the millions of a dying man from their rightful heir, or rather owner. She knows what she is doing, and the better part of her nature, which is in love with the district attorney, revolts from it. But mediumship has been her inherited profession, and considerations of loyalty to certain persons who have befriended her intervene. She commits herself deliberately to trickery of the dying man, but in the moment of success repudiates it, reveals the fact and nature of the fraud, and is whisked away from the vengeance of friends and enemies by the district attorney, to be good and happy with him forever after. The tale cannot be supposed to throw much light upon the nature of district attorneys, and as a study of the character of the typical young girl "medium" certainly adds nothing to the earlier portraitures of Mr. Howells and others. It has, however, the facility and the engaging boyishness which are what one looks for in this quarter.

Exton Manor. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In the preface to the American edition of his novel Mr. Marshall writes; "Every other English reviewer who has written about 'Exton Manor' has mentioned the name of Anthony Trollope." We need not, therefore, by a similar allusion, rouse in the author's mind the philosophic sense of "having heard it before," but may safely leave the American reader to the guidance of "every other English reviewer." Mr. Marshall makes frank declaration of allegiance to that body of English novelists "who introduced you to a large number of people, and left you with the feeling that you knew them all intimately"; adding "That particular note of intimacy seems to be lacking in the fiction of the present day, and I should like to have it back." And so would thousands. A story of village tempests in a village teapot, where the tea is not "strong," will be found agreeable and recuperative. That the village is Beaulieu in the New Forest will make instant appeal to many American readers, as they elicit their glimpses of forest, abbey, and moor.

The facts that the vicar is "High," and that there is a deceased wife's sister among the tenants of the Manor, are the two bones of contention. The conflict pleasantly rages on and on and on, and the reader likes to have it. He regrets the arrival of the 483d page, and that, too, without falling deeply in love with any one of the characters, without discovering a vast treasure house of humor, possibly without feeling acutely on the two causes of war. The humor lies chiefly with two nice, queer old characters, Browne and Turner, who have a squabbling liking for one another and a loyal love and hatred for their common friends and foes. The attraction of the book is rather like the attraction of looking from a window at the passers-by or at the opposite house. Seen through a frame and from a good front seat, even plain commonplace becomes drama. Not a little of the blessing and benefit of "Exton Manor" comes from the prevalent other novel, whether it be the romance of machinery, economics, millinery, or problem.

Ashes. By Grazia Deledda; translated by Helen Hester Colvill. New York: John Lane Co.

Sardinia is the scene of "Ashes" (Cenere), the latest of Grazia Deledda's novels to be translated into English; and in it she paints the beauties and desolations of that island, and the characteristics of its primitive people with her usual vivid touch. It is in these things rather than in the conduct of her narrative that Grazia Deledda's power lies, and most readers will feel that the story wanders through its fascinating setting too slowly, with too many dreamy pauses and backward looks.

We start life with the hero at his birth, and in spite of the disproportionate minuteness with which certain stages of his development are traced, he holds our interest and sympathy throughout the story. Of peasant origin, and a foundling, he grows up ardent, ambitious, and idealistic, the two great aims of his life being to win a position which shall enable him to marry his patron's daughter, and to find and reclaim the mother who had deserted him in his childhood. The conflict of these aims makes up the drama of "Ashes." The interest of the love-story is decidedly subordinate to that of Anania's relation to his mother, both before and after their tragic meeting in the mountain hut. This meeting is the great scene of the story—a scene of much dramatic power and truth, with touches of high imagination. The characters immediately surrounding Anania are, with the exception of the girl he loves, well-drawn and vital, but there is an outer circle of shadowy peasants whose talk is so lacking in the pith and humor of Hardy's rustics and of our own rural types that we can but feel it as a tiresome interruption.

The translation, by Helen Hester Colvill, is a somewhat uneven piece of work, at its best so good that one wonders to find the sense of the original a little blurred in certain passages. It is, as a whole, a readable and adequate rendering of "Cenere."

The Simple Case of Susan. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

True love cannot run smooth to-day without an automobile—still less can mistaken identity and elopement. Farces no longer rattle. They speed and skid. In the complicated case of the simple case of Susan there was a deal of both speeding and skidding. Too much must not be asked of farce in the way of reasonableness, but one may ask a little more than M. Futrelle has here supplied us withal, or else a little less—in other words, none. We accept his dashing West Point lieutenant as a necessary part of the joke, but we are pained at his having an aristocratic Virginian pedigree and a real military status; and we make positive moan when he snubs his general on a point of etiquette. We like him silly, but we want him neither absurd nor real. For the most part the story bubbles frothily along, evoking an occasional smile—a trifle much, much lighter than air.

R. J.'s Mother and Some Other People. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Bros.

The distinctive merit of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester Tales" no doubt tempts one to be over-exacting with regard to her other stories. We miss in these scenes and persons the quaintness and ripeness of Old Chester, its Doctor Lavendars, and its Willy Kings. The present bits of fiction are evidently quite "magazinable"—have, indeed, been "magazined." The pathos and sentiment of "R. J.'s Mother" are just what the special public, the thirty-five-cent public even, obviously wants. The tear they bring to the easy eye is not, one reflects, a tear to be proud of. The fact of artifice is too readily apparent, the means employed too patent. R. J., for example, is bell-boy in a New York hotel, to which comes presently a man of middle age, whose eyes are threatened. Many years before he has lost his wife and young son, and in fancy the child has lived and grown up with him. R. J. is a friendly cub, and turns out to be just the age of the dream-boy, to a day. Hence a gradual growth of interest on the man's part, and a final determination to give the boy some schooling. The boy, however, represents a single slip on the part of his mother, a poor but virtuous actress; and she has sworn, for the sake of the boy's faith in her, to owe nothing further to any man. So the mild benefactor offers her marriage, that he may have unquestionable right to care for the boy; and for the boy's sake she accepts. Then the boy dies—is killed off, one may fairly say—and the matrimonial bargain, though the man chivalrously offers to clinch it, is dissolved. Follows a return to his provincial home, and the speedy discovery that he and R. J.'s mother really need each other. Present from the outset, whether in foreground or background, has been a sister-in-law of his, who rather unpalatably illustrates Mrs. Deland's occasional tendency to caricature, and who is no doubt largely responsible for one's impression of the story as a thing made, not born. The other tales are, with the exception of "The White Feather," in a similar vein. They leave one, as we have intimated, a little homesick for Old Chester.

Purple and Homespun. By Samuel M. Gardenhire. New York: Harper & Bros.

Purple is the Lady Victoria, not only "a rose among women," but "the daughter of a hundred earls"; homespun is he, the man of her choice, a plain United States Senator, of distinguished manners, but inferior, even ignoble, birth. Lord Francis Wemyss is the harmless, if useless, British ambassador at Washington. He is "the last of the direct line," but it is proposed to provide suitably for the succession by marrying his daughter Victoria to a half-nephew, heir of the title. This gentleman is precisely the combination of fool and knave which American tradition of the English army officer requires. He has betrayed and deserted a middle-class girl in youth and when his cousin agrees to marry him he remarks: "I say, Vic, this is too good of you, old girl!"—facts which sufficiently place him. The only unaccountable things about him are his name, Algeron, as it is consistently spelled, and the fact that he marries not Vic old girl, but the partner of his youthful indiscretion.

But it is not to be supposed that the action is all upon the plane of British melodrama. Most of it takes place in America, and the feeling is intended to be American. The marriage of Lady Victoria to the Senator of poor and not very honest extraction is a triumph of democracy. The opening chapter is an object-lesson as to the perquisites of the popularly governed. It recounts a familiar interview between the Senator and the President, in which that ruler (whose identity is hardly veiled) displays the paternal and jocular interest in the private affairs of his subject which has so endeared him to the nation. He congratulates Senator Treemon on his recent reëlection:

> "You know the State," said Marshall Treemon. Irrespective of the population outside, there's my chief city, which has a system of politics all its own. My metropolis is full of——"
>
> The President lifted his hand with a quick laugh.
>
> "We won't say what your metropolis is full of," he replied. Sufficient is the fact that you won the State, and won it fairly Now that we have it, let's keep it."
>
> "Let's keep the whole country," said Treemon, looking up."
>
> "Good!" ejaculated the President. "I intend to keep it."

Thereupon the Senator is rallied upon his attentions to the ambassador's daughter, who has just fled back to England to escape his snares. It must be said that this interview as a whole is sufficiently interesting to prepare the mind for more of a story than actually follows. On the whole, the affair is labored and inconclusive. There is a lot of business about a group of Socialists in New York and their affairs. The Senator goes among them, and greatly to his astonishment learns that Socialism is not nihilism, etc. One of their leaders is the once poor girl whom Algeron has betrayed, but who presently comes to a glory beyond that of Socialism. The most interesting person in the book is an Irish Maggie of the Mark Tapley type, who does not seem to deserve the horrid experience thrust upon her.

Federal Usurpation. By Franklin Pierce. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Whatever one may think of Mr. Pierce's methods or conclusions, it cannot be denied that his vigorous plea for State rights, cast as it mainly is in the form of a stinging arraignment of President Roosevelt and his policy, is worthy of thoughtful consideration. Neither the facts nor the tendencies which they show are, of course, new, although no recent writer has so carefully collected them. Ever since the years of the civil war, when arms imposed silence upon more than one law, and of Reconstruction, when Republican leaders rode roughshod over constitutions and rules of justice, Mr Pierce notes a steady and ominous progress in centralization and in Federal encroachment upon the reserved powers of the States, culminating in the well-known course of the present Chief Magistrate. The outspoken criticism of Federal judges; the proposal of Representative De Armond that the President be empowered to remove Federal judges at his discretion; the declaration of President Roosevelt, in his Harrisburg speech, that the powers of the Federal government should be increased "through executive action, through legislation, and through judicial interpretation and construction of law"; the payment of pensions on executive order; the unauthorized collection of customs duties in San Domingo; the virtual seizure of territory and rights of control in Panama, and the Brownsville affair, are only the more striking illustrations of what Mr. Pierce believes to be a deliberate purpose to enforce the will, or even the whim, of the Executive without regard to constitutional restraint.

The same baneful purpose is shown in other departments of the government. The protective tariff, foundation and stay of a rank paternalism; the multiform activities of the Department of Agriculture, most of which Mr. Pierce finds lacking in constitutional warrant; the arbitrary power of the Speaker, joined to an iron-clad committee system and a ruthless suppression of debate in the House; and the easy passage of unconstitutional appropriations, like those for irrigation work within State lines, illustrate the absolutist tendency of recent Federal legislation. The Supreme Court, having sustained a greenback currency and rendered a Federal income tax impossible, holds, in the Mankichi case, that indictment by a grand jury and conviction by a unanimous verdict in a murder case are not fundamental rights of the citizen in Hawaii.

The essential facts on which Mr. Pierce's elaborate arraignment is based cannot, of course, be gainsaid. When, however, we turn to the remedies which Mr. Pierce offers for existing ills, and which, in the long run, must be the justification of his sweeping indictment, we confess to a feeling of disappointment. We agree with him that the Constitution has been, in some respects, outgrown, and ought to be amended, but we also agree with him in believing that nothing short of a political or social crisis, comparable in gravity to that which resulted from the civil war, will be likely to bring such changes about. Mr. Pierce is too good a lawyer not to know that a written constitution develops by usage as well as by judicial construction, and that the tendency under our system has been from the beginning to hold that what is not forbidden by the Constitution is permissible; but he gives scanty weight to these considerations in bis arguments. To say that we have not parliamentary government in the United States is to say only what every tyro in political science or constitutional history knows; but to say that we ought to have it is obviously to plead for reform, not by process of amendment, but by way of constitutional revolution. We concede the desirability, on many grounds, of popular election of United States Senators, merely noting that the change is, in practice, rapidly coming about without formal amendment; while the extension of the referendum, the control of monopolies through taxation, and the reduction of the volume of private and special legislation, are cordially to be approved. On the other hand, the lengthening of the Presidential term to seven years, without reëligibility, is one of those counsels of perfection regarding which some generations of discussion have failed to bring about the faintest trace of agreement even among reformers themselves.

The fact is, we have always, as a nation, been far more concerned with the substance of government than with its form; and while, from the standpoint of the lawyer and the philosopher, this is admittedly a weakness, competent observers have more than once pointed out that the evil consequences of our inconsistency are less than might naturally be expected. The difficulty, as Mr. Pierce more than once intimates, is that the great majority of us are so absorbed in getting a living or accumulating wealth, that we do not pay much heed to government or administration unless they oppress or grievously neglect us. But the great popularity of President Roosevelt, which Mr. Pierce apparently deplores, is not due to the fact that he is "dazzling the nation with visions of empire," but to the widespread conviction that he has seriously, and with much success, tried to cope with great social evils. That, in the great fight which he has made, he has paid little heed to his constitutional limitations, needs no volume of four hundred vigorously written pages to show; but to hold that he is making shipwreck of the Constitution, reducing the States to geographical expressions, and turning the republic into an autocracy, sounds to us less like a searching constitutional criticism than like a wail of despair.

Prehistoric Japan, by Neil Gordon Munro, 421 illustrations. Tokyo: The Z. P. Maruya Co.

To the already somewhat extensive list of books on the archæology of Japan Dr. Munro, resident of the Far East, and an anthropologist of some note, contributes an interesting addition in "Prehistoric Japan." The book is far more comprehensive than its title implies, as it deals not only with the men of the stone age, but with the Yemishi, the Yamato, and other races inhabiting Japan down to the close of the age of the dolmen builders, at the beginning of the historic period, about 700 A. D. The work is divided into two parts. The first seven chapters—Part I.—are occupied principally with the inhabitants of the Stone Age. After treating briefly of Palæolithic and Neolithic conditions in Japan, the author goes into a full description, accompanied by linguistic proofs, and excellent illustrations from drawings and photographs, of the pit dwellers and their customs, including an account of implements, utensils, ceramic and other arts, dress, and social relations. The six chapters of Part II. are devoted almost wholly to the Yamato race, which is supposed to have exterminated or absorbed the original inhabitants, with the exception of the Ainu remnant still clinging in Yeso and the northern islands.

This work is of special value, for its bearing upon three questions that have long attracted anthropologists.

The first is as to the indentity of the race occupying the Japanese archipelago in the Stone Age. Japanese scholars have been inclined to assume that these people were descendants of some Eskimo race, because the drawings on the fragments of pottery found in their pit dwellings show large round eyes and no beards. This view Dr. Munro opposes and he agrees with those who identify the men of the Stone Age with the ancestors of the modern Ainu. To him the occurrence of crude pottery and iron in the ancient cave and pit dwellings of Japan and the neighboring islands, is the clearest proof that these places were the abodes of the Ainu ancestors. Thus he contends (against Prof. Tsuboi) that the Ainu were makers of pottery, for he maintains that he has found several undoubted specimens of their work in the cave dwellings of Saghalien and the Kurile islands. The inference of Eskimo origin drawn from the beardless drawings above mentioned, he regards as unwarranted; for though the Ainu are admittedly a hirsute race, they were known to shave in times of mourning; and the large round eyes of the figures, might, he thinks, be interpreted to represent the seer of the tribe.

On the second question, whether it was these aboriginal Ainu tribes, or the Yemishi of native Japanese ethnology, who opposed the advance of the invading Yamato, Dr. Munro does not appear quite so clear. But he is satisfied that various colonies from the southern islands of Japan, including even the Philippine group, may have settled from time to time in Japan; and that these united with the aboriginal inhabitants in resisting the intruders from the Asiatic mainland.

Thirdly, since much more is known about the Yamato than about the older races Dr. Munro treats this subject with a greater lucidity and assurance. The Yamato are regarded as the ancestors of the modern Japanese, to whom the subject is at present of special interest in view of the fact that since the growth of Occidental discrimination against them on racial grounds, they are disposed to seek an Aryan rather than a Mongolian ancestry. Dr. Munro sides with those who believe the Yamato race to have come from the Chinese mainland by way of Korea. The immigration began probably about 500 B. C., and continued down to the dawn of Japanese history, say 700-800 A. D. The Negrito, Malayan, or other tribes, that may have founded colonies on the islands, probably at first offered a feeble resistance, but were in time either exterminated or absorbed by the invincible race of Yamato. The conquest was more likely to have been by slow process of amalgamation than by force of arms, and the fertile generations continued to receive an increment of culture and civilization from the Chinese mainland all through the long period of increasing occupation. There is here, of course, a wide divergence from the views of those who are inclined to regard the race of Yamato as largely Malayan or Indonese. But some of the greater difficulties of the subject do not seem to be wholly elucidated by Dr. Munro. It is well known, for example, that the Yamato were great dolmen builders; many specimens of their work are to be seen throughout Japan. If the Yamato came from China, how is it that none of their dolmens are to be found there? To come upon anything at all corresponding, we must travel as far west as the Caspian, and the adjoining region. Korea contains some traces of dolmen building, but not of a kind identical with that in Japan. In the Japanese dolmens are found iron, bronze, and pottery that show an advanced stage of civilization. Moreover, it appears that the Yamato were in the country a considerable period before they began to build dolmens; during that time they erected only simple mounds for the reception of their dead.

Dr. Munro concludes that the present Japanese are a much-mixed race, the predominating elements being the Negrito, Mongolian, Palasiatic, and Caucasian; and that the amalgamation took place both before and after the invasion, and up to the time when the Yamato became supreme in the islands of Nippon.

Big Game at Sea. By Charles Frederick Holder. Illustrated. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. $2 net.

Favorite Fish and Fishing. By James A. Henshall. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.

To look at the photograph of Mr. Holder, for instance, opposite page seventy, one might easily imagine him by habit and preference an in-door professional man to whom the yellowtail just brought to gaff is a new experience. Readers of angling literature have long ago learned to know him, however, as one of the boldest adventurers who ever handled rod or harpoon, ready in the interests of either science or sport to tackle almost any creature that swims the seas, and always insistent upon the highest ideals of sportsmanship. It would take a new and liberal definition of angling to include many of the exploits described in this volume. The initial chapter introduces us to the sea-bat, or devil-fish, a specimen of which Mr. Holder harpooned from a small boat on the Florida reef and clung to successfully through a long and sometimes perilous chase until the monster finally undid itself by running high upon a mud flat. We quote a sentence or two describing the effect when the sea-bat felt the harpoon:

> It appeared to fly into the air, rising,

> an appalling mass of flesh, out of the seething waters, its side wings beating the heated air as it rose, then falling with a crash and the reverberating sound we had listened to the night before; fell as a square twelve feet by ten feet and weighing a possible ton might fall.

One could hardly imagine Izaak Walton as the protagonist in this exploit, and still less in that of the next chapter, where Mr. Holder actually dives to the bottom on the edge of the outer reef, and attempts with his bare hands the capture of a big green turtle. After a few moments' desperate struggle, during which Mr. Holder rose to the surface often enough to get at least the minimum allowance of oxygen, the turtle worked over the edge of the reef and dove into the deep cold water, when Mr. Holder was of course obliged to loosen his grip. "It's jest like I told you, sah," said the negro boatman as he came to the surface. "If you kin stay down yander twenty minutes you kin do it." Surely Mr. Holder deserves the title of the Rough Rider of sea angling.

Of course these are the extremes, and Mr. Holder has no ambition to raise sea-bat spearing or submarine turtle wrestling to the rank of a recognized branch of sportsmanship with an organized club, prizes, officially attested records, and printed rules and regulations. After all, his main interest lies in what sea anglers at least recognize as legitimate game fishes, such as the tuna, the tarpon, the sea bass, the barracuda, and the yellowtail. For what he has done to establish and maintain a decent standard of ethics in the capture of these fishes he deserves credit second to that of no other American sportsman who has labored to relieve the joy of the rod from the reproach which the brutal and the thoughtless bring upon it. In our review of one of his former books words were used which he misinterpreted as an indictment of the good faith of his statements in matters of ascertainable fact. Nothing of the kind was intended. When Mr. Holder tells the weight of a fish actually brought to his own scales, or those of any of the reputable clubs with which he is connected, when he gives the weight of a rod, the fineness of a line, or the time spent between strike and gaff in any given capture, the matter is settled for any reader who knows anything of Mr. Holder. A good part of any angler's writing is not, however, the record of physical measurements, but the impression of stirring scenes and struggles upon an imagination which, if not somewhat excitable, would be seeking its pleasure in other fields. Hence the reader is entitled to his own opinion as to whether the language is within or beyond the range of possible occurrence. Let us quote a few words from a description of a battle between two swordfishes:

> They turned about each other possibly three or four times, then like battering rams came together with a strange whistling sound and an impact that tossed the white churned spume high in air, came together as only bodies weighing two or three hundred pounds can, when impelled by animate vibrant engines of unknown power; came together and remained there, whirling, tossing, tail in air, rolling over and over, twisting, writhing, bending like blades of steel, waving, fanning the spray-filled air until the myriad-hued ocean whose every move caught the splendid tints of the clouds, looked like the centre of some strange volcanic disturbance, in which flashed the fins and dim form of Turner's masterpiece—the Slave Ship.

This would hardly stand the laboratory tests of a scientific age, but, none the less, we wish long life to Mr. Holder's pen.

Dr. Henshall's writing has the same flavor as of old, the ineradicable preference for the black bass, the unwillingness to admit that the large-mouthed variety is inferior to the small, and the same delightfully old fashioned habit of introducing occasionally the Prioress of Sopwell, with her "Treatyse of Fysshinge with an Angle." The bass, the grayling, and the trout fill the bulk of his volume, but he yields to the more strenuous coterie so far as to give fifty pages to the tarpon and other big game fishes of our southeastern coast. He has found some sport in tarpon fishing, but with the little fellows of from ten to forty pounds, taken with the salmon rod and gaudy flies, and hence hooked in the mouth, not in the throat. He is not exactly convinced that methods which aim to hook a fish in the gullet, although surer to result in capture, are ethically commendable. He admits the fascinating excitement of capturing these monsters of the deep, but the Waltons and Cottons and Bethunes, he thinks, "would view with wonder and silent sorrow the tendency of many anglers of the present day towards strenuosity, abandoning the verdure-clad stream, with its warbling birds and fragrant blossoms, for the hissing steam launch and vile smelling motor-boat in pursuit of leaping tuna and silver king." And we are inclined to agree with him.

English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Manor and the Borough. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Vols. II., III., pp. viii., vi., 858. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $7 net.

The first volume of Sidney and Beatrice Webb's "English Local Government" (reviewed in the *Nation* of February 7, 1907, p. 135) sketched the government of rural England through the parish vestries and the benches of justices. In these two volumes, the second instalment of this great work, Mr. and Mrs. Webb carry their research into the organization of the manor and the borough, as these existed from the Revolution of 1689 until the first great reform of English local government in 1835. One of the first acts of the Parliament, which was elected after the reform of the House of Commons in 1832, was to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the government of the incorporated cities and boroughs in England and Wales. Though the report of this commission has long been familiar to students and historians, a popular and accessible account of it has hitherto been greatly needed. No part of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's volumes affords more interesting or instructive reading than the chapters devoted to this subject. Mr. and Mrs. Webb compute the number of boroughs, in 1833, at either 199 or 205, according to the view taken of the status of six doubtful cases. Of these boroughs, 160 in England and 18 in Wales were reformed by the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, and were given the excellent form of local government which has so greatly contributed to the wholesome and enterprising character of municipal life in England.

The special merit of the section of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book which is devoted to the manor is that it brings out the kinship of the early English town to the feudal manor, and the fine gradations which existed up to 1835 between the manor which had a wholly rural population and the borough which, by purchase or gift, had become possessed of manorial rights, and probably also of the actual landed property to which these rights had attached. Mr. and Mrs. Webb also bring out the continuity of English life, and show how closely English people are touched, even in the twentieth century, by the old feudal bonds and customs which formed the manor organization; and how recently many large towns have purchased their freedom from the ancient lord of the manor. Lancashire presents a number of such instances among its industrial townships. Oldham, Bolton, Heywood, and Rochdale, all grimy and prosperous cotton towns within twelve miles of Manchester, freed themselves between 1878 and 1893 from the Manor Court of Salford; and in Salford itself, with its 250,000 inhabitants, "the ancient court of the Wapentake, or Hundred, of Salford survives to this day." The early organization of the manor was adapted to a community occupied in the tilling of the lord's land and of the common lands of the villeins. As soon as any industry caused an aggregation of population, some further organization was necessary. Hence grew up the manorial borough, where the lord still retained his supremacy, and dispensed justice in his own courts; but where the inhabitants obtained from him various rights of self-government. From this beginning sprang the English municipal corporation.

The great variety in borough government previous to 1835 is well brought out by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. Many boroughs were governed by close corporations—small and self-elected cliques, who did not admit their fellow-townsmen to any share of responsibility. In others there was a much greater popular element. In all, however, the right to elect members to Parliament had by 1689 already become of paramount importance, and this right led to an increasing interference by outsiders, who sought to control borough representation. Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not, with some of the nineteenth century reformers, think that the connection of the boroughs with Parliamentary elections was the sole root of the inefficiency and rottenness in municipal government which was ended by the act of 1835; nor do they look upon the corporations as so wholly bad and ineffective as it has long been the fashion to regard them. The close bodies especially, as distinguished from those corporations in which the general body of the freemen were represented, find apologists in Mr. and Mrs. Webb:

> We watch close bodies pursuing a policy of improvement of the commons, which, at the cost of individual freemen's rights, would augment the value of the corporate estate; we see them willing to develop the accommodation and usefulness of the market; we see them taking long views of the requirements of the port; and, against the interests of individual freemen, and even of the present generation, administering in the larger interests of an undying corporation. No candid student can doubt that, as between the

close corporation, on the one hand, and what we have called the municipal democracies, on the other, it was especially in the management of their corporate property that the close bodies have the advantage.

Besides the local authorities already described (the justices and vestries of county and parish, the manor courts, and the borough corporations), there were, between 1689 and 1835 numerous statutory *ad hoc* authorities—boards of commissioners to manage the relief of the poor; to cleanse, pave, and light the towns; to erect markets, or provide docks; to maintain roads, or embank rivers. These statutory authorities are still to be described in forthcoming volumes. The undertaking, when completed on the scale and with the thoroughness of the three volumes already published, will form one of the great historical works of the present century.

The Standard of Usage in English. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50 net.

It is hard to conceive what audience Professor Lounsbury's volume of essays in popular philology will benefit. Affected purists, such as some teachers in old-fashioned seminaries for young ladies, might profit from Professor Lounsbury's vigorous statement of the futility of artificial standards and from his examples, gathered partly from early volumes of the Oxford Dictionary and partly from his own research; but they would probably be so offended by his chronic irritation and by his gratuitous sarcasms that they would not finish his book. The average magazine reader—the chapters first appeared, abridged, in *Harper's*—who was pleased by the linguistic tolerance of the essays, would probably be misled.

The attitude of the book is mainly negative, an exposure of false standards, to such an extent that one's final question is: Well, is there any use of standards in English? Professor Lounsbury believes that such destructive criticism is that most needed. "It is not from the quarter of license that any danger to our speech arises. If peril exist at all, it comes from the ignorant formalism and affected precision which wage perpetual war with the ancient idioms of our tongue. . . . Amateur champions of propriety" are "ensconced at every fireside. In colleges and academies and high schools they constitute an army of assumed experts, who are regularly engaged in holding in check any attempt to indulge in real or supposed lawlessness." Few careful readers who have to use contemporary books of reference, such a scholarly work, *e. g.*, as the "Cambridge Modern History" or scientific books, popular or technical, or who notice the ingrained inaccuracy of much newspaper and periodical writing, will agree that the danger from purism even begins to compare with that from license. Careful readers or writers probably agree that many useful distinctions in vocabulary and grammar are being lost and that the fine accuracy of the language as a tool of expression is consequently becoming dulled by such general indifference. It is, therefore, helpful that, as Professor Lounsbury admits, "men should hold and express opinions about the propriety of usages already existing or coming in, and do all that in them lies to bring about the rejection of what they deem undesirable." It is only harmful to treat such efforts, though often mistaken, in an attitude, like Professor Lounsbury's, of almost indiscriminate ridicule.

One is inclined to believe that this attitude results from a fundamental wrongness of principle. Professor Lounsbury accepts as the sole standard of usage the practice of "the best speakers and writers." In applying his standard he includes all the "great writers"; for "it is idle to suppose that a man who has attained the highest eminence in literature will not, in the vast majority of instances, have been particular as to the proper treatment of the material with which he has been dealing." Now there is every probability that the "great writer" has been particular as to the treatment proper for the effect he chiefly desires—the larger literary effectiveness; but he may have been indifferent or insensitive to minor niceties. The splendid eloquence of Ruskin did not save him from much small inexactness of expression; the journalistic training of Dickens left throughout his amusing or touching pages much slovenliness of expression.

The style of Professor Lounsbury's book illustrates this insensitiveness. Too frequent for excuse, in a work by a scholar, on such a subject, are the examples of confused number ("Landor's reckless assaults upon 'the vernacular idiom' . . . furnishes a most amusing chapter in his stormy life," p. 149. "There will consequently be found in individual writers a condition of things which seem to bear directly against the truth of the general conclusions deduced," p. 277); or of ambiguous pronouns ("While what is said of it [the word *female*] may be itself absolute truth, it leaves out so much of the truth that it tends to produce an altogether wrong impression," p. 221). Shortly before the inconclusive paragraphs on *shall* and *will* occurs the sentence: "Were all of this class of writers to fail us here, we would have to regret the impairment of the speech thereby produced" (p. 159). A volume of protest against "schoolmastering the language" should give better evidence that the writer has mastered his language.

The History of New France. By Marc Lescarbot; with an English translation, notes, and appendices by W. L. Grant; and an introduction by H. P. Biggar. 3 vols. Vol. I. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

In selecting Marc Lescarbot's "History of New France" as the first of its publications, the Champlain Society has made, on the whole, an admirable choice. Of the several published narratives upon which students must chiefly rely for the early history of New France, nearly all save Lescarbot were already accessible in modern reprints, as well as in adequate translations. For Champlain, we have the Quebec edition of 1870, edited by Abbé Laverdière; and C. P. Otis's translation published by the Prince Society in 1880, and reprinted in 1907 in the series of Original Narratives of Early American History. Charlevoix scarcely needs reprinting in the original, as the 1744 edition, especially the octavo in six volumes, is readily procurable and not very expensive; and J. G. Shea's translation (1866) leaves little to be desired. The same may be said of Shea's translation of Le Clercq. Cartier we have in several forms, more or less satisfactory; and Dr. R. G. Thwaites has given us both text and translation of the Jesuit Relations. Of the editions of the "Histoire de la Nouvelle-France," published during Lescarbot's lifetime, the first in 1609, the second in 1611 (reprinted the following year), and the third in 1617, all are to-day practically unobtainable, and are to be found only in large reference libraries. Tross's reprint of 1866 in three volumes is useful, and may still be picked up for a few dollars, but for some unexplained reason Tross reproduced the 1612 issue, instead of the enlarged edition of 1617. The only translation hitherto available has been that of Pierre Erondelle, published at London in 1609, under the title "Nova Francia; or, the description of that part of New France which is one continent with Virginia," and reprinted in the Harleian collection of Voyages, 1745. This translation, admirable as far as it goes, covers only Books IV., V., and VI. In the Champlain Society edition, on the other hand, we have the text of the 1617 edition, embodying Lescarbot's latest corrections and additions, as well as the first translation of the entire work.

The first of the three volumes includes Mr. Biggar's Introduction, Mr. Grant's Preface, and the translation and text of Books I. and II. Book I. describes the "Voyages and Navigations made by the Commission and at the Expense of Our Most Christian Kings Francis I. and Charles IX., in the New Land of Florida and Virginia, by Captains Verrazano, Ribaut, Laudonnière, and Gourgues"; and Book II. the "Voyages Made Under Captain Villegagnon Into the Antarctic France of Brazil." Both books are, therefore, rather in the nature of an introduction, than the history of New France itself, though Lescarbot's proposed boundaries of the colony made it practically conterminous with the continent of North America. Indeed, it is in Books IV. and VI. alone that we have the record of Lescarbot's own experience in the New World; the remainder of his work is practically a summary of the recorded voyages of others, valuable mainly because of his comments.

It must not be forgotten, however, that Lescarbot's History possesses an importance of its own as literature, and that in this respect it has no rival in the early books of New France. Mr. Grant in his Preface brings out the peculiar quality of Lescarbot's style, and at the same time admits the difficulty of reproducing it adequately in translation:

> Lescarbot, like Herodotus, whom he so much resembles, should be read in the original. Each tells his tale with that well-bred simplicity which marks the gentleman, with the same mixture of apparent credulity and keen skeptical intelligence. There is a touch of condescension in the professed deference with which each dismisses some well-worn legend, perhaps dear to his audience.

To the example quoted by Mr. Grant, the following might well be added. Speaking of Verrazano, Lescarbot says:

> One writer relates that on reaching Cape Breton, which is the entry for sailing to-

> ward the great river of Canada, he was captured and eaten by savages. This I can with difficulty believe, seeing that he gave to the King the above account of his voyage.

Not the least interesting part of the present volume is Lescarbot's half-serious conjectures as to how and when America first became known to the ancients. One may particularly commend his entertaining theory that this continent had perhaps been peopled by Noah immediately after the Deluge (p. 47). Inevitably, in a translation of such a difficult author, there are many points that ono might question. No two competent translators would agree as to the best version of many passages. Nevertheless, Mr. Grant's translation as a whole is admirable, and worthy of a place beside Otis's Champlain and Shea's Charlevoix. The text, however, offers opportunities for many more useful notes than Mr. Grant has seen fit to give, and Mr. Biggar's Introduction might have been considerably enlarged.

Science.

"Long Life and How to Attain It," by Dr. Pearce Kintzing, professor in the Maryland Medical College (Funk & Wagnalls), is the third book recently published, dealing with the span of human existence. Élie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" (see the *Nation* of February 6, p. 132) was, to be sure, published in French several months preceding its translation into English, but the fact that it is being widely read and commented upon in America is sufficient evidence of public interest in the subject. Prof. C. S. Minot's, "Age, Growth, and Death," approaches the subject from the point of view of an embryologist. Dr. Kintzing, as a physician rather than an avowed disciple of pure science, takes up the matter from the practical side and devotes himself to rules of hygiene and the results of non-observance of them. He shows quite clearly that longevity is after all a relative matter, and that some men, judged according to accomplished results, have lived longer when they have reached forty than others who toil on until seventy or eighty. The factors predisposing to long life, Dr. Kintzing sets down truthfully if somewhat tritely, viz., power of digestion and assimilation of food; lack of useless material, *e. g.*, fat; moderate eating, little alcohol; and the cultivation of a cheerful, placid temper and regular, temperate habits. He also notes that the first-born of a family are likely to live longer than the last-born, but does not attempt to explain why, although theoretical reasons are not far to seek. Throughout the volume it is evident that the author is a lover of rural life, and his fondness for aphorisms which stick in the memory serves to strengthen his arguments in favor of the country as a habitation. But dweller in city and country alike will agree with him that "an honest plumber is the noblest work of God."

John J. Ward's "Some Nature Biographies" (John Lane) is a loosely connected series of nature studies in the Grant Allen style, mostly in the field of entomology. The several chapters, which first appeared as separate papers in the popular magazines, are interesting and well written, and give evidence both of a sound knowledge of the best authorities and considerable independent observation. The numerous photographic illustrations are illuminating. An interesting feature of the volume is a set of photographs of a pleasing Warwickshire landscape taken, one in each month of the year, from the same spot. Nothing could better indicate the evenness of the English climate, as compared with the extremes with which we are familiar in the northern United States.

Perry D. Frazer's "Rod Making" (Forest & Stream Publishing Co.) is put forth as the first volume of a series under the title, The Angler's Workshop. Although it lacks the charming style and broad view of the late Henry P. Wells's "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," which must ever remain an angling classic, Mr. Frazer's work, the different chapters of which have appeared in *Forest and Stream*, has the advantage of greater modernity, and may be regarded as indispensable to the inexperienced amateur in rod-making. The author indulges in the unsubstantiated statement that "rent and glued cane rods" were invented and first made by Americans, while the facts are that three-strip rods of cane were rather common in England in the forties, at which period they were, so far as we know, not made in this country. The drawings in Mr. Frazer's book are helpful, but the full-page illustrations are quite irrelevant.

Louis Rhead's "The Book of Fish and Fishing" (Charles Scribner's Sons) is somewhat superficial in character, the result of a desire to cover the entire field of both salt-water and fresh-water angling. While Mr. Rhead's ideas are in the main sound, his sins of omission are serious. Even an elaborate table of contents cannot possibly take the place of an index. The important question of cost is hardly touched upon; while the authority of a manual which, in treating of the best localities for salmon-fishing, fails to make any mention of Newfoundland, is at least open to doubt. There are many examples of slipshod English.

To the amateur gardener who wishes to keep a record of his operations we can recommend two useful volumes. One is "The Commuter's Garden Record," compiled by Amy Carol Rand and published by H. M. Caldwell Co. In this the names of flowers are set down in alphabetic order with directions as to proper date for planting, nature of soil required, time of blooming, and other matters of the sort. Half of the book is a "Record of Flowers" in diary form to be filled out by the gardener. The book is prettily made and suitable for a gift. Loring Underwood's "Garden Diary and Country Home Guide" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is a larger volume printed as a diary for the year, with brief bits of timely garden advice printed above the page for each day. An ingenious index at the back will enable the user to follow his record of each plant throughout the season.

A hitherto unknown writing of Roger Bacon was discovered recently by the French physicist, P. Duhem, member of the Paris Academy, in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The manuscript, which came originally from the library of Louis XIV., dates from the second half of the fifteenth century. It is part of Bacon's Opus Tertium of 1267 and connects directly with the part published by Brewer in London in 1859. Duhem prints an extract from which he concludes that the English philosopher was acquainted with the composition of gunpowder—a point that has been disputed.

"Südafrika: Eine Landes-, Volks- und Wirtschafts-Kunde," by the geographer and traveller of the University of Breslau, Prof. Siegfried Passarge (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), is a valuable addition to our knowledge of South Africa. Although more popular than technical in character, the work is based on scientific investigation. Passarge believes that South Africa was originally connected with South America and Australia. There are 47 illustrations, 34 charts, and many profiles.

The fourth Latin-American Scientific Congress, which will be known also as the first Pan-American Scientific Congress, will meet at Santiago, Chili, December 1. The sub-divisions will consider the following subjects: (1) mathematics, (2) physical sciences, (3) natural sciences and anthropology, (4) engineering, (5) medical science and hygiene, (6) law, (7) sociology, (8) pedagogy and philosophy, (9) agriculture and zoötechny. The following-named persons have been designated to represent the United States: W. H. Holmes, Bureau of American Ethnology; Col. W. C. Gorgas, United States army; Prof. Bernard Moses, University of California; Prof. William B. Smith, Tulane; Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, University of Wisconsin; Prof. Leo S. Rowe, University of Pennsylvania; Prof. William R. Shepherd, Columbia; Prof. A. C. Coolidge, Harvard; and Prof. Hiram Bingham, Yale.

Drama and Music.

Maria Stuart im Drama der Weltliteratur vornehmlich des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts. Von Karl Kipka. Pp. viii+423. Leipzig: Hesse.

Of late years German scholars have produced various monographs upon leading characters in the modern drama; for example: Moeller, "Die Auffassung der Kleopatra in der Tragödienliteratur," (1888); Mix, "Zur Geschichte der Cäsartragödien" (1890); Speck, "Katalina im Drama" (1906). To these may be added Secundus, "Geschichte der Salome von Cato bis Oscar Wilde," of which two parts have appeared, and which, although not restricted to the drama, touches it at various points. Such works have peculiar value for the student; by tracing the movement of a dramatic theme from generation to generation, and from land to land, they elucidate changes of fashion and differences in national temperament. If not exactly "comparative literature," they are at least a step towards the better definition of that much-vexed study. The present work by Kipka is the most ambitious of its kind, and offers the most attractive theme. Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, Catiline, it is true, have not lost interest for us, but we have settled down to a pretty stable estimate of their respective values. Whereas the Queen of Scots still arrays the world of scholars and readers into hostile camps, is still the occasion of angry debate and the shedding of much ink.

The fates were unkind, not by provoking

much inkshed, but by killing Mary a century too late. Had Mary Stuart lost her head with Buckingham in the times of Richard III., or even with Warwick and Perkin in the reign of Henry VII., we might have got from some stout-hearted Elizabethan a drama commensurate with her extraordinary personality. But not even the man, or men, who ventured to put upon the boards the father and mother of Elizabeth, with the unfortunate Katharine and Wolsey, could afford to take so much as a side glance at Fotheringay Castle. Besides, why should the Elizabethan dramatists, patriotic to the verge of absurdity, interest themselves in England's most dangerous enemy? So it was that the only men who were able to handle effectively the most tragic Queen, passed her by and left her to the feeble efforts of indignant but uninspired Continental Catholics. The first half of Kipka's work is a careful study of these efforts in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish; they may all be briefly ticketed: *facit indignatio versum*. One play alone appears to be an exception, that by the Roman Della Valle, 1628. To judge from the abstract and brief quotations (pp. 108-111), Della Valle possessed dignity, grace, and an insight into tragic situation. Noteworthy is the feature that Mary is not beheaded but *guillotined* (p. 110 and note). The Dutch poet Vondel and the Germans, Kormart, Reimer, Haugwitz, and Gryphius (pp. 127-184) are—if possible—less interesting even than their Romance brethren; the discussion of their writings can have only an historical value.

Banks's "The Island Queens, or the Death of Mary Queen of Scotland," the first English drama, is a tiresome Restoration piece, which gets all the credit to which it is entitled. Yet we must protest energetically against certain of Kipka's general conceptions. In the first place, it is wrong to blame the Puritans for the mediocrity of the Restoration drama. The old dramatic impulse had used itself up; it would have run its course in any event, had there never been a Commonwealth. In the next place, our author, like many of his contemporaries, is too fond of calling things "Germanic." We on our part do not believe that English traits and manners of the seventeenth century are in any sense Germanic. Still less can we approve of Kipka's heading his Section 6: "Maria Stuart im germanischen Drama des 17. und 18. Jahrhunderts," and including under it the English writers Banks, John St. John, Mrs. Deverell, etc. There was indisputably a Germanic language, the progenitor of English, Dutch, German proper, Scandinavian, and the like. But there never was a Germanic drama. The drama of England was plain English, nothing more; it worked out its own destiny in utter ignorance of the second *Lautverschiebung* or of Anglo-Frisian unity.

Students of modern literature will be interested in Kipka's estimate of Schiller and Alfieri. It is carefully worked out and full of information. Why Section 9 should be headed "Rückschau und Ausblick," and bundle together Björnson, Swinburne, and "Michael Field," not to speak of Slowacki, Schneegans, and David Graham, is to us anything but clear. The drama of the latter half of the nineteenth century needs more analysis and classification than the author has given to it. We should not be severe, however, in our judgment; for the author (p. viii.), alludes most feelingly to the difficulties of his undertaking. The estimate of Swinburne's trilogy is exalted enough; some of us would say, too exalted. Still, we are aware that the shuttlecock of opinion has not yet ceased to fly to and fro. On two points only will we express our opinion. The trilogy is not a trilogy of plays, but a long-drawn-out romance in dramatic form, and the poet's elaborate rhetoric becomes tiresome. Then, we cannot go to the length of admitting that Swinburne's Mary "ist ein harmonisch fesselndes Bild hoher Einigkeit mit sich selbst" (p. 377). Whoever will maintain that Swinburne's Mary, any more than the real Mary, was never fundamentally at odds with herself, must have more poetic faith than we have.

The index is not sufficient for a treatise of such complexity, and the table of contents is practically useless. Some of the author's best work is in the appendices, of which the fourth: "Gedichte, Romane, Musikwerke," will be especially helpful to the general reader.

Henry Miller has engaged Isabel Irving to play the chief female part in Percy Mackaye's comedy "Mater," which he will produce in San Francisco next month. He will play the leading male part himself on this occasion, but another actor will be seen in it when the play is brought to New York in the autumn, as Mr. Miller is to resume his original character in "The Great Divide."

Bertha Kalich will begin her fourth starring season, under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske, in October, but will not be seen in New York until after Christmas. A new play has been written for her by Madame Fred de Gresac, whose name is known in this city in connection with "La Passerelle" and "The Marriage of Kitty." The story is said to deal with social, artistic, and theatrical life, but to be free from the usual domestic complications. Nor is it tragic in tone, being conceived chiefly in the vein of comedy, although well provided with dramatic situation. Such is the official proclamation. If it is well founded, there seems to be some ground for hope that Madame Kalich may, at last, have found a piece in which her unquestionable ability can be displayed.

Sir Charles Wyndham has revived Mr. Davies's "The Mollusc" at his Criterion Theatre in London with marked success, and it is plain that the vitality of the piece is by no means exhausted. The acting honors are again divided among Miss Mary Moore, Sir Charles Wyndham, and Sam Sothern.

Frank Stayton's comedy of the Middle Ages, "The Two Pins," does not seem to be of much dramatic or—although it is written in blank verse—literary consequence, but it is fairly interesting and amusing, and, as it is excellently acted, is likely to do well at the Aldwych Theatre in London. Mr. Asche, in the character of a burly, tyrannical, but not ill-humored feudal lord, has a part which fits him exactly, and Lily Brayton is not less well suited in the heroine.

For the first time the King of Saxony has bestowed the title of professor of music on a woman—a teacher named Aglaja Orgeni.

One of the novelties of the London season has been a concert devoted entirely to the works of royal composers, of whom the number is considerable. It was given by Miss Aleys Lorraine. *Truth* recalls Brahms's sarcastic remark that it is always injudicious to criticise such works, since one could never be quite sure who might not have written them.

Fifty-three years ago, when Wagner conducted a series of Philharmonic concerts in London, he declared that English orchestral musicians played like machines, never varying their dynamics, and that it would be easier to get sparks of enthusiasm out of a German dance-musician. But the times have changed. August Spanuth has been revisiting London and he writes in the *Staats-Zeitung*: "What shall I tell you about the London Symphony Orchestra? It ranks next to the Boston Orchestra, so great is its excellence. . . . Half a century ago Richard Wagner could still reproach these 'leathern' musicians with being unable to play either forte or piano, and to-day they prove themselves equal to all technical demands, besides indulging in shadings and nuances which arouse the admiration of musical epicures."

Art.

ART AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

LONDON, June 13.

Workmen are still conspicuous at the Franco-British Exhibition in Shepherd's Bush, but the work is sufficiently advanced for an idea of the show as a whole, and also of different sections in particular, among them the Fine Art section.

It is unfortunate that the first impression given by the exhibition is one of tawdriness and commonplace in the architecture. Both entrances are singularly wanting in dignity, while the detail is worthier of a country fair than of an exhibition supposed to celebrate and to cement the friendly relations between two powerful nations. The English, whose genius is not for originality, speak of their exhibition as "The White City," but the borrowed name only invites a comparison that proves how little it is merited. Shepherd's Bush has nothing of the stateliness and beauty of Chicago. The buildings are white, it is true, but here all resemblance ends. The scale is small, the architecture nondescript, the ornament exaggerated and trivial, the grouping of the buildings ineffective.

Disappointment is not left behind at the door of the Fine Art Palace, where, however, there is enough of interest to help one to forget it. The central sculpture court and the galleries which it separates are divided equally between the French and the British. On my first visit it seemed to me that France came less creditably out of the inevitable comparison than Great Britain. But a second visit has shown me that this is simply because more is expected of France in matters of art, and because the French have been singularly unfortunate—or official—in the selection and hanging of their pictures. Before the exhibition opened, there were rumors of differences in the several juries of selection and of consequent resignations, and this would explain much in the French section.

However, the first disappointment over, fine and epoch-making pictures are discovered, though the Hanging Committee, by scattering them has made their discovery a question of time and patience. Had chronological order been more strictly followed, as in Paris in 1900, the gain would have been enormous. The period covered goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and there are small but characteristic examples of Isabey and Delacroix—the latter's sketch, fine and full of color, for the ceiling of the Galerie d'Apollon; there are portraits by Ingres and Baudry, eastern subjects by Decamps and Régnault, the work of the now almost, but undeservedly, forgotten, Théodore Chasseriau—a large enough group to serve as reminder of the conflict between classicism and romanticism in the early part of the century. Coming down further, Corot, Millet, Troyon, Rousseau, Courbet have a place, but better examples of each and all of them might easily have been secured. The Daumier by Corot, lent by the Ville de Paris, is of unusual beauty, and interesting both as a portrait and a painting, but the two landscapes are not of his greatest; while Courbet's La Sieste, also lent by the Ville de Paris, with its tight and niggled trees and rather conventional arrangement, would explain to no one the part Courbet played in the realistic movement of the middle of the century. As little judgment has been displayed in the selection of the work of the impressionists, who are not reached until several galleries have been passed. Manet's Brioche is a triumphant study of still life; his Liseur is characteristic of the period when Velasquez was the paramount influence in his work, and Le Printemps is wonderfully fresh in color, charm, and quality of paint; but these three pictures would not help students who had never seen Manet before to understand why he was such a power in his day, why he attracted such a following of artists, and goaded the critics to such fury. It is the same with Monet. One of his Haystack series is shown, a fine study, without question, of sunlight. There is also one of his Thames series, Waterloo Bridge, with the factories and chimneys of South London beyond; but it only proves that Monet could not see London, or that his technique could not render London atmosphere. The third picture is the best, an early one, of Dutch tulip fields, but it is not very remarkable and the three together would not be sufficient to justify Monet's present reputation. Renoir fares better, for La Loge is among his most typical paintings, and his other two are of only less note. But, though he and Pissarro and Sisley hang with Manet and Monet, the series has not been well enough chosen to account in itself for the importance of Impressionism in the history of art in the nineteenth century.

The drawings and prints are shockingly arranged, on crowded walls, mixed up anyhow with miniatures, water-colors, architectural plans, and decorative designs. I hesitate, therefore, to speak of them, though, in the medley, I chanced upon engravings by Lepère and an etching by Rodin, drawings by Millet, Raffet, Rehouard, a collection of portraits by Ingres.

The sculpture includes examples of Rude and Barye, Rodin and Bartholomé Frémiet and Falguière, Dalon and Mercié. It could have been improved by the exercise of that more liberal policy which the committee in each section seems to have gone out of its way to avoid.

At the first glance, the British galleries appear to maintain a higher standard. The reason is that they are better hung, while the retrospective series begins at an earlier date than in the French collection. The work goes back to the first English painter of any distinction, William Dobson. The greatest of all, William Hogarth, is included, and if the examples chosen are not of his finest, one, Ranelagh, has a special interest as a landscape, a subject he so seldom painted. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, of course, are prominent, and one of the most celebrated Gainsboroughs can be seen, The Blue Boy from the Duke of Westminster's collection. I know of no better Opie than the Portrait of Mrs. George Warde, in large hat, with blue ribbons, and I have never seen a more splendid, a more supremely beautiful Wilson than A View on the Arno, golden and serene as a Claude.. Turner's Mercury and Herse hangs near, as if to emphasize the triumph of Wilson, whose fame is less, chiefly because he had no Ruskin to proclaim his greatness from the housetops. Constable's Dedham Vale and Bonington's Fish Market, Boulogne—though not showing him at his best—make one wish that the national classification had not been insisted upon, and that these two painters could have hung with the Frenchmen who accepted them as masters long before they were recognized at home.

There would have been a still better opportunity for comparative study had the Realists of the mid-century been shown in their most characteristic work together, irrespective of country. As it is, the pre-Raphaelite pictures, though not very numerous, are enough to prove one thing—that Ford Madox Brown towers head and shoulders above the group. It matters not who was the first to adopt certain methods, or to paint sunlight—he was the great man among them all. Rossetti's Blessed Damozel and Mariana are crude and artificial, Holman Hunt's Isabella and the Pot of Basil is a mass of tedious and inartistic detail, even Autumn Leaves, in which Millais is said to have reached the very heights of pre-Raphaelite expression and poetry, is melodramatic and weak, as they now hang side by side with Ford Madox Brown's work. To study that masterpiece again is to wonder anew—to wonder at its realism, for he had the sense, like the Frenchmen, to go for his subject to the world he knew and not to classical and mediæval dictionaries; to wonder at his power of composition, the unbelievable mass of detail brought into one harmonious whole; to wonder at the light with which it is filled, and at the character recorded in every figure, from Carlyle in the foreground to the sandwich man, seen far beyond, toiling along the sunlit, hilly street of Hampstead.

Could anything show how ephemeral a phase pre-Raphaelitism was in English art, it would be the contrast when the rooms, where these pictures hang, are left for the galleries devoted to living painters. The Brotherhood did not release British art from the yoke of anecdote, nor teach it the value of personal observation and sound technique. If some of the French rooms suggest the old Salon, almost all the modern British rooms recall the Academy. But the Briton knows how to be liberal when it is to his advantage. A residence of a few years in the country has been accepted as qualification for admission, greatly to the Exhibition's advantage. For Sargent, Abbey, Mark Fisher, J. J. Shannon, are found among the painters, Whistler and Pennell among the black-and-white men.

There is a gallery in the Irish Village, which gives several painters another chance to exhibit, and it is interesting to find that J. J. Shannon and Mark Fisher, who can be British or American as occasion requires, can also become Irishmen. The best work here is unquestionably by William Oupen, who knows how to paint if he has not learned how to see things with refinement or distinction, and by Nathaniel Hone, direct descendant of the more famous Irishman of the name. Mr. Hone is absolutely unknown in England, but his landscapes and marines have a vigor and a feeling for the beauty of cloud-swept skies and wide lonely stretches of sea and meadow land, that, now they have been seen in London, should bring him the name and fame he merits as artist above any of his countrymen. N. N.

The Toledo, O., Art Museum has received from E. D. Libbey a gift of $105,000, which will be used in erecting a new building.

The Third International Congress for the Advancement of Drawing and Art Teaching will meet in London, in August, 1908. The expense of an American exhibit and representation must be paid by private subscriptions. The committee in charge consists of James Hall, Ethical Culture School, Sixty-third Street and Central Park West, New York city; Charles M. Carter, Denver, Col.; Prof. William Woodward, Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans. The treasurer, to whom checks are payable, is Cheshire Lowton Boone, Montclair, N. J. Through the efforts of the American committee, a collection of material has been made, illustrating the methods of art training in our public schools. This country will be represented by Mr. Carter and Henry T. Bailey.

H. M. Caldwell Co. sends us two booklets, part of a series on the Great Galleries of Europe, dealing with the Luxembourg and the Tate Gallery. Apart from a few pages devoted to the history of the galleries, the text is confined to brief perfunctory notes, beneath the plates, which might well have been spared. The pictures chosen for illustration are of the more popular order, though occasionally a more serious work of art finds admittance. The reproductions are fairly well executed half-tones.

At the last meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions in Paris, a report was read by M. Merlin, the director of the excavations at Tunis, on some important discoveries recently made at the bottom of the sea. Divers had come on ancient ruins at a distance of about four and one-half miles from the shore. These proved to be marble columns, bronze statues, etc., some in comparatively good preservation. Several of these, especially a fine statue of a youth, have already been secured by the divers. It is hoped to recover the rest of the objects, though it will probably involve considerable expense and time.

Robert Gibb, R. S. A., well-known for his military pictures, and for twelve years curator of the National Gallery of Scotland, has been appointed painter and limner to the King in Scotland. His predecessors in that office have been Raeburn, David Wilkie, William Allan, and Noel Paton.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen A. Brown Collection of Music in the Public Library of the City of Boston, Catalogue of the. Vol. I., Part I. Boston: Published by the Trustees. $1 per part.
Allen, James. The Heavenly Life. R. F. Fenno & Co.
Anecdota Oxoniensia. Yûsuf and Zalîkhâ, by Firdausî of Tûs. Edited by Hermann Ethé. Henry Frowde.
Baughman, Nanny Randolph Ball. The True Way of Life. Burlington, Ia.; Published by the author.
Bronson, Walter C. English poems. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Chapman, John Jay. Four plays for Children. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Denys, Nicolas. The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia). Translated by William F. Ganong. Toronto: The Champlain Society.
Dumas, Alexandre. My Memoirs. Translated by E. M. Waller. Vol. IV. Macmillan. $1.75.
Luras, Victor Hugo. Universal Peace. Broadway Publishing Co. $2.
Economic Coöperation Among Negro Americans. Atlanta, Ga.: University Press. $1.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. The Shoulders of Atlas. Harpers.
Greenwood, G. G. The Shakespeare Problem Restated. Lane. $5.
Gregory, Caspar René. Das Freer-Legion. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hendrix, Eugene Russell. Christ's Table Talk. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. $1 net.
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